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Perfect.

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1880.

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

HAVING occasion to go one Sunday from one part of Kent to another, I found that I could save some fourteen miles of railway journey, and nearly an hour in time, by walking across from one station to a parallel one on the other line of railway, instead of proceeding to London Bridge and exchanging from one carriage to another. The day was unusually fine, and the walk was a decided improvement on the train, as far as enjoyment was concerned. As I was inquiring at the station where I left the line as to the way to take, a tall, rather high-shouldered man, with a pair of piercing eyes, a wide mouth, and a large but somewhat upturned nose, who had travelled in the same train, but not in the same carriage with me, came up and said, "Going to —— station? So am I. I can show you the way, if you like to step out." Rather pleased with the idea of a companion, I thanked the stranger, whom I may as well call the Doctor, for such I found reason to believe him to be. "It is a nice day for a brisk walk," said I. "I see that Dr. Parkes, or Sparkes, or somebody in the *Nineteenth Century*, says a man should take as much exercise in the day as is equal to a duty of 150 foot

tons. I have no notion what that means, but I should think it means a good bit of walking."

"Oh," said the Doctor, "I can easily explain that if you wish to know."

"I should be very glad," said I, "for I have observed how one fails to understand a subject very often for want of a very little simple explanation."

"It means," said my companion, "the amount of work necessary to raise a ton for 150 feet, or 150 tons for one foot, which comes to the same thing."

"But," said I, "I have no idea that I could raise a ton for one foot, let alone 150."

"Probably not, if you put it in that way," said the Doctor. "But look at it thus: how much do you weigh?"

"I am not sure," said I.

"I should say about 11st. 7lb. or 8lb.," said he. "But we average people at 15 to the ton. Now, suppose you were to walk up a hill 150 feet high, you would have raised the fifteenth part of a ton for 150 feet. That would be the same thing in work—or duty, as it is called—as to raise one ton for ten feet. It would be ten foot-tons of work."

"Then," said I, "to take the amount of exercise recommended, I must go up such a hill fifteen times in a day?"

"That is just it," said the Doctor; "only of course you would do some work in coming down again, which would have to be taken into account."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you for the explanation," said I. "But I don't see how the work done is measured. You can't weigh everybody, and measure how high they climb in a day."

"It would be rather a tedious process," said the Doctor. "But I can tell you how work is measured. It can either be measured in foot-tons, or in foot-pounds, which is a more usual unit; or it can be measured in units of heat."

"I know working hard makes one hot," said I; "but how heat is to be measured, or is to measure work, beats me hollow."

"Nothing is more simple," said the Doctor. "The discovery was made by Dr. Joule, but it has been tested by many other scientific men here and in France, and we are all there or thereabouts. What is called a Joule's Equivalent, or a British unit of heat, is that quantity of heat which would raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit in temperature. And that same quantity of heat, if turned into work, would raise 772 pounds one foot. It would do 772 foot-pounds of work."

I was still rather perplexed at this idea, new to me, of heat doing work. But at that moment I heard the rapid snorting of a locomotive, as of some gigantic animal labouring with its load, and the idea seemed to flash into my mind, "Is that what works the locomotive?" asked I.

"Indeed it is; that and nothing else," replied the Doctor.

"But I thought that was steam?" said I.

"Vaporising water," said my companion, "or raising steam, is one of the most convenient modes of applying the heat released from coal by combustion to effect work. But it is the heat that does the work; and that in the proportion I tell you."

"Ah," said I, "I should have taken much interest in scientific matters if I had had the advantage of learning them. But they were not taught when I was a boy, except, I suppose, to engineers and that kind of people. Really I am glad to fall in with you, your conversation seems to open one's mind. Then, I suppose," added I, "—for the subject quite took hold of my imagination—" that that is just the difference between the steam horse, as we call it, and a live horse? The steam horse moves by heat."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "and the live horse too."

"Oh! the live horse moves himself," said I; "that is because he is alive."

"Then," you will be surprised if I tell you," said the Doctor, "that the live horse, or the live man, moves exactly as much by the conversion of heat into work done as the locomotive does."

"I can't see that," said I. "'And the man?' why look!"—and I gave a little bound into the air—"I do that of my own will. It is my spirit that causes me to leap—not heat—why, it makes me hot to do it."

"All those ideas about spirit," said the Doctor, "are survivals of the old theological theory, which has been entirely abandoned by all educated men."

"You surprise me," said I—as he looked very steadily and solemnly at me—"you don't mean that educated men—that you for

example—have any doubt as to the existence of the soul, and the future life, and the Almighty?"

"Not any," replied he, with a smile.

"Ah! I am glad to hear that," said I, "for you quite frightened me."

"Five-and-twenty years ago," said the Doctor, "I should have said—any educated man would have said—simply that no one knew anything about such things as you mention. Now our investigations have gone further, and we are able to say positively that there are no such things."

"No such things?" asked I, "no such things as what?"

"No soul—no future life," said he. "What you call God is the *substantia* of Spinoza—a mere general term for the totality of phenomena. You and I are as much machinery as the locomotive; and shall be taken to pieces like it when our work is done, and the pieces used up for other purposes."

"I am sure you cannot be joking," said I; "but really that seems to me a very terrible idea."

"Why so?" said he. "On the contrary, look at the old theological notions. They were terrible, if you like. What did they not threaten you with?"

"But," said I, "if there were—if there could be—any truth in what you say, would not the consequences be dreadful?"

"How?" asked he.

"If you take away the idea of a future life, and a future condition depending on the use made of this life, do you not relax all the social bonds? do you not take away all that enforces right action?"

"The wise man," said the Doctor, "will do what he thinks right because he thinks it is right—not because he is bribed to do it, or threatened if he does not."

"But the man who is not wise?" said I; "and, after all, they are the immense majority."

"Truth," said the Doctor, "vindicates itself. Fear of consequences must not strangle truth."

"Well," said I, "I am not competent to argue with you. The subject is so new to me, and evidently so familiar to you. But what you have said troubles me very much. How can you know, for instance, that I have not a soul?"

"I can prove that to you very easily," said the Doctor. "Can you take out of a bag more than you have put into the bag?"

"No," said I. "At least, not more than there is in the bag. But I may not know what is there, or who put it in."

"Just so," said the Doctor. "Now, you are the bag, and I can tell exactly what has been put in to make you move, and feel, and think."

I am afraid I did nothing but stare at my companion. I felt quite flabbergasted.

"All organic matter," said the Doctor, "consists, in the first instance, of a substance called protoplasm. Certain mineral substances are also employed in the structure of the skeleton; but I am speaking of the tissues; the nerves, which are the most important, and the muscles, and the veins, and the blood. Well, all these are only more or less modified forms of protoplasm. And all protoplasm is composed of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which are themselves composed of the elementary substances, as we call them, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. All living things, then, are made of these chemical elements, so that we know exactly what is put into the bag."

"But," said I, "does that prove that there is nothing else there?"

"What should put anything else there?" said he.

"I may not be able to reply; but I don't think that that proves that there is not something else," said I.

"Very fairly argued," said the Doctor; "then there we come back again to what I was telling you about Joule's Equivalent. Until that discovery of the conversion of heat was made I could only have said, 'I see no evidence of what you call a soul.' Now I go a step further—in fact, the whole way further. I prove that there is no soul, by ascertaining exactly the source of all vital phenomena. I can measure all the work you do in the day in foot-pounds, and I can tell you to one foot-pound whence comes the heat required to do the work."

"That seems very strong, I must admit," said I.

"We can arrive at the same result, pretty closely, by two different ways," said he. "First of all by observation—a long series of observations; on armies, hospitals, schools, all sorts of great collections of men or women. We can ascertain exactly the average amount of food required to support life, and to enable the train, for instance, to travel so many miles. We can find how much heat is produced by the combustion of that amount of food; and we find that that is exactly equal to the work done."

"And what is the other mode?" asked I.

"We can ascertain the amount of air that passes through the lungs in a day—and how much of the oxygen of the air is converted into carbonic acid in the lungs; and we thus know the quantity of heat due to that consumption of oxygen. And we find that to tally exactly with the other calculation."

"When you say combustion,"

said I, "I suppose you don't mean flame!"

"No, no," said he. "A very proper remark. It is a slow chemical combination that takes place, while visible combustion is a rapid and violent combination. But exactly the same amount of heat is produced by the combination, whether it is slow or rapid, provided that the quantities of the combining elements are the same."

"Then you mean," said I, "that what we should call the wasting of the body is a kind of combustion."

"Exactly," said the Doctor; "if you take more food than you consume by work, you grow fatter or heavier. If you increase your exertion in the day, or diminish your quantity of food, you consume more than you assimilate. You burn more fuel than you put into the tender, and the tender becomes lighter in consequence."

"So you put it this way, if I understand," said I; "you account for all my motion by the combustion of the food which I have eaten, and which has been first converted into my tissue, and then burnt in me in producing this motion."

"That is just it," said he.

"And you find, over a long series of experiments, the balance to be exact between the food consumed and the work done; and you also find the balance to be right between the oxygen taken into the system and the heat produced, converted into work done."

"Really, you do credit to my teaching," said the Doctor; "I could not have expressed myself more exactly."

"I suppose, then," said I, "that, as you know so exactly what this protoplasm is, and how it is used to build up living creatures, you can readily make it."

"Why, no!" said the Doctor;

"no one has succeeded in doing that."

"Then how is it made?" I inquired.

"Chiefly by the process of vegetation?"

"Yes?"

"Plants, in growing," said the Doctor, "have the faculty of taking up water, ammonia, and carbonic acid by their rootlets or leaves, or other organs. From this mixture they eliminate—chiefly by the respiratory process carried on by the leaves—a certain proportion of oxygen, and thus form the basis of the vegetable tissue, which forms, in its turn, the food of animals."

"So that animals assimilate the food first prepared by the process of vegetation?"

"Just so."

"Well," said I, "I wish to be clear. Now, suppose we take the instance of an egg."

"Go on," said the Doctor.

"A new-laid egg—a hen's egg, or a house sparrow's egg—that has in it all the elements of protoplasm."

"Exactly so."

"Well, I have been told—indeed I suppose there is no doubt of it—that after the egg is laid it grows cold; the bird does not begin to sit for some days."

"That is the case."

"But when all the eggs are laid the bird begins to sit, and warms them. After that, she has to sit regularly till they are hatched. If the egg is allowed to grow cold a second time it is addled."

"No doubt."

"And what becomes of the material for the future bird then?"

"It putrefies."

"Then these elements of protoplasm have a very curious sort of affinity for each other. If they are left to themselves they putrefy. If they are warmed, and then

chilled, they putrefy. If they are warmed, and kept at a certain heat for a certain time, they become formed into a bird."

"That is just so. You see an instance of the power of heat."

"I understand that heat is essential to the process of forming the chick in the egg. But it seems to me that there must be something more. You know the exact chemical composition of the egg. Now, if you make that composition, chemically, and warm it, and keep it warm, you do not produce a chick."

"No, we do not."

"Then it seems to me, on your own showing, that there is something taken out of the egg which you don't put in—which you can't put in to your artificial egg, and without which the real egg becomes addled."

"The heat you mean."

"No, I do not. I think there is a something else—a something that you cannot put in. Heat you can put in; but heat is of no use without there is life; and you have said nothing yet to show me that you know what life is, or how it is put into the egg. It seems to me that you have omitted the most important factor in the whole reckoning, and that your reckoning is entirely invalidated by the omission."

"Well," said the Doctor, with a smile, and not a very pleasant one, "I cannot, of course, expect to eradicate inveterate prejudice in one conversation. But think it over, and you will see that I am right. Never mind the egg; look at the exact mode of accounting for all your movements, on the principle of the equivalents of heat."

"How many equivalents go to a thought?" asked I.

"It is difficult to say exactly," replied he. "It depends on the

molecular changes in the brain. We know the principle is the same, because mental work exhausts the system, and requires food, like physical work. We cannot ascertain everything at once, but we are on the road to do so. There is no doubt as to the principle."

"Then," said I, "supposing thought to require so little fuel that we may leave that out of the question for the time, all animal motion, you say, is due to combustion of animal tissue?"

"Yes," said he, "that is indubitable."

"Then, if you could measure all the animal motion going on in the world in millions of horse-power, you would have a measure of the consumption of animal tissue?"

"Yes, an exact measure."

"And that animal tissue is formed, partly by the process of vegetation, partly by assimilation in the animal, out of carbonic acid, ammonia, and water?"

"Yes, that is quite right."

"Then an energy equal to all these millions of horse-power must have been first exerted to combine carbonic acid, ammonia, and water in that combustible tissue?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"Pardon me. It seems to me just everything. These elements will not combine spontaneously. You cannot combine them by any chemical process. You cannot make protoplasm. There has been a force liberated by the consumption of the tissue. An equal force must have been exerted for

the combination of the elements into that tissue. That force is what I call life, and until you give me some better explanation, I shall take the liberty to call it a vital force, or a direct exertion of non-material powers, which old-fashioned folk, like myself, call spiritual power."

"Oh," said he, rather testily, "if you get on that old tack again it is of no use talking."

"I beg pardon," said I; "I have tried to follow your tack exactly. You say that the demonstration of the non-existence of a soul, a Creator, or a spiritual existence, is derived from the fact that the liberation of heat by the combustion of animal tissue accounts for all animal motion. There may, perhaps, be two words about that. But, allowing it to be the case, I put the question, what combines these elements? They are not found combined. You cannot combine them. It is only by the vital process that they are combined. It follows that there is a non-material cause of the vital process, to which, in the first instance, all vegetable growth, and then all animal growth, and all animal motion, as well as all the resistance of organic matter to decay, are originally due. That something is what I mean by spirit or spiritual power."

"Positively," said the Doctor, "I shall miss the train if I don't run. Good day." And off he set at a round pace, leaving me by no means wholly convinced that he knew himself to be quite right.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

THE ONE CERTAINTY.

Lightly I hold my life with little dread,
And little hope for what may spring therefrom,
But live like one that builds his summer's home
For coolness on a dried-up river-bed,
And takes no thought for frescoed blue or red,
To paint the walls, and plans no golden dome,
Knowing the flood, when autumn rains are come,
Shall roll its ravening waters overhead.

And wherefore should I plant my ground and sow?
Since, though I know not of the day or hour,
The Conqueror comes at last, the alien foe
Shall come to my defenceless place in power,
With force, with arms, with ruinous overthrow,
Taking the goods I gathered for his dower.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

II.

A PARABLE.

I built a house for quiet and dim peace,
A place whereto when weary I might go
To sit alone, and let the pent tears flow,
And feel a little while their bitter ease.
I built my house, I ringed it round with trees,
And often when the sun and winds were low
I sat and mused there, while there seemed to grow
A rest begotten of dear memories:

But strange unholy shapes with snake-wreathed brows
Did throng my refuge and defile my grove.
So now no more about that house I move.
Still it looks peaceful through its shadowing boughs;
But voices from within the calm disprove.
What say you, then—shall I not burn my house?

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

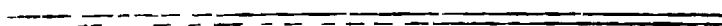
III.

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED TO BE ABSORBED
INTO THE INFINITE.

Sweet soul, that strivest so thyself to tear
Out of this outer wilderness of things,
Would that I too were given the power of wings .
To follow thee within the infinite air
Whence all things live,—to fly and watch thee there,
Lose in the Uncreate thy flutterings ;
Then, while thy sleep its deepest softness brings,
One deed within that Presence I would dare.

—To pray thee forth ! . . . to watch thy soul emerge,
Soothed by the large impress of God's own hand,
Made strong to climb and stand upon life's verge,
Yet holding still the Glory Unconfined :
'Twould be my joy to see thy strength expand,
Thy mind reflect the light of Infinite Mind.

K. C.



"ARIEL:" A VISIONARY ROMANCE.

I.

"A pale dream came to a lady fair."

FLOWERS! Flowers! Flowers!
The very air seemed full of these sweet souls, so utterly perfect in their life. Tossed blossoms lay even upon the carpet of the room; great baskets fresh from floral hothouses stood upon the chairs, just opened, filling the whole place with perfume and beauty. Upon the tables bowls were filled on every side with crowded exquisite-ness, white bells and maidenhair sprays, great arums and wonderful pale roses, which come in mid-winter under glass to make glad the heart of exotic man, who has left behind him, in his mad pursuit of what he calls life, the meaning and the unstimulated passion of nature. Deep, indeed, was the vivid beauty which flooded the room, and intoxicating was the sweet scent from the great handfuls of forced mignonette which lay in a basket upon the centre table. Magical was the glimpse into that utterness of relinquishment which belongs to actual beauty; here its emblems lay massed, surrendered, plucked, gathered, chaotic, their lives sundered suddenly by man's disturbing hand, yet entirely beautiful to the very last. Wild flowers—who talks of wild flowers? Oh, ye winds of heaven, whispering your untaught secrets to the dim ears of mountain harebells, what can you guess of the vividness and strange ephemeral sense of glory that dwells within the half-opened blossom of a rose which has been

forced by man's desire, not fed by Nature's simple bounty?

Stephanotis; yes — heaped, cluster upon cluster. Oh, how sweet, how luscious is that strong delight of odour which fails description, and can be suggested only by the name of the flower which generously creates this wonder of the senses! Lilies of the valley embracing chastely, and hiding within their loving leaves, because the air is so full of life that is stronger than theirs. And now turn aside from all this soft, sweet, melting vision of beauty, and look at those camellias. Strangely enough, a great shallow vase is brimming with Russian violets, just by the side of a box which is filled with cotton wool and camellias—the two poles of flower beauty. The violets, nestling into the moisture which they love, fill the air with a fragrance that is as true, as humble, as unconscious, as lovely a thanksgiving as the song of the skylark, as the hymn of the archangel Michael. The camellias—red, white, striped, voluptuous, and silent, giving no scent, and caring for nothing but a statuesque repose. What are they? Drawing-room beauties. Well, perhaps so; and even if so, perfectly beautiful.

"Oh, God! Oh, my God! How I love beauty!"

These words—the utterance of a man, the outcry of a distressed spirit—broke upon the silent odorous room. A man, alone, save for the overwhelming presence of these flowers, sat upon a chair, the

only chair unoccupied by flowers, and rocked himself as though in pain. His hands were clasped around one knee, and he had caught himself up as if in a spasm of thought. Truth to tell, a second since he had been revelling with all the delight of a voluptuous nature in the marvellous beauty around him. But a spasm had indeed passed over him and left him writhing.

"I can buy this," he went on, "buy it and look at it. I ask why—why cannot I be it? Why am I made to worship beauty with my whole capacity of worship, and yet to be incapable of it?"

He rose, went to a long mirror at the side of the room, and anxiously scrutinised himself. He formed a strange picture in the midst of the magical flower faces reflected all around him. He was dressed like a youthful dandy; he was an ugly old man—yes, very ugly; yes, very old. He could see it himself, for nature had endowed him with good eyesight and a rational intelligence.

"There's no disguising it," he said to himself, "I am getting old; and yet—and yet"—with a change of expression—"the women still seem to like me. I wonder whether they do, or whether the little devils pretend? I am ugly now. I can feel like an angel when I look at these sweet soft flowers—so perfect, so beautiful, so effortless. I feel like a fiend when I look at myself—padded, rouged, and certainly not beautiful!"

He shook his fists at his own reflection with a spasmodic ferocity, and returned to the chair on which he had been sitting when this mood came over him.

"I wish I could forget myself," he went on, speaking aloud still. "Why has the Creator given us a consciousness? I don't want one, not in the intolerable modern

sense. I only want to know I have senses and to see and feel beauty. Oh! I wish someone would come in! I shall go mad if I am alone much longer!"

"You are not alone," said a voice behind him—a voice very soft and luscious, so soft that it did not startle him any more than the fall of a roseleaf would have done. Yet that voice had a hidden volume in it—its whisper could hold an audience spell-bound.

"So it is you," he said, without turning immediately. "How much of my absurdity have you witnessed?"

"Why all of it, at a glance," she answered, "if you mean this gathering of flowers."

Relieved, he turned round and advanced towards his visitor.

"Then you did not see me shake my fists at myself?" he asked, as he came to her with outstretched hand of greeting.

"Ah! don't step on those lilies," she cried, by way of reply, and then after a little pause added, "Oh yes, I did, of course. I saw the worshipper of beauty stand before her altar—the looking-glass, and I heard his voice also."

"You are very cruel," said he, much disconcerted.

"No I am not," she answered. "You are horribly vain, and I know it. I have your secret—you cannot escape me."

"Madonna!" he exclaimed in amazement, "what do you mean? you did not hear me aright."

"I saw, if I did not hear aright," she replied. "No man who was not intolerably vain would go and look in the glass at the reflection of a paltry human being when he had all these glorious flower faces around him to look into."

"But you see that human being happened to be me," he answered, "and there always seems to be something rather special about

one's own individuality. Now, come and sit. Flowers even must give place to Madonna, for she is more beautiful than they;" and he swept away a huge bunch of roses from a chair.

"One of your compliments," said she, as she took the vacated seat. "You like to pay compliments for the very sake of paying them. How the whole atmosphere of prettiness pleases you."

"Well, can I help it?" he asked, piteously. "It is my atmosphere. If I were an artist, you would admire instead of despising me. But I am not creative, only appreciative. Because the master hand has made me after this fashion, great creatures like Madonna consider me frivolous."

"Not frivolous," she answered, "only mistaken."

"About what am I mistaken?" he asked, looking at her with a curious expression, as if he half expected to receive some help from her, yet at the same time wholly despaired of help.

"About what?" repeated Madonna, rather absently. Her eyes had lost themselves among the flowers, and in an instant's space of delight she had almost forgotten the presence of the man who had gathered this crowd of splendour. Now she looked back into his face and remembered.

"In this," she replied, "that you persist in contemplating the flowers and forget their roots and leaves."

"What do you mean?" he answered. "It is only the Creator, the gardener, and the flower itself which has to do with its roots. We need only observe the result, just as we look at an artist's picture, not his palette."

"Quite true," answered Madonna. "That is exactly what I mean. The flowers are taught of God to proceed on simple artistic lines.

They nourish their roots and fling out their leaves to draw breath, and are finally crowned by that highest moment of energy when the flower opens. You expect to open your flower all at once."

"You talk enigmas, Madonna," he said. "I am growing old, and I have not found any flowering time yet."

"True again, but then you have always expected to flower all at once. You have prevented your flowering by never attending to your roots. You have accepted that theory of yours about being only appreciative much too humbly. Don't you ever think that after all we must everyone of us be artists? The creative mood is the spark that links us to our divine origin. Some are artists upon canvas or in marble; or, greater still, in words; but the greatest artist of all is he who makes life itself plastic beneath his hands. The fluidic atmosphere which passes from one human being to another is a more subtle medium to work in than any paint, even were it mixed by Perugino himself."

"I am lost," he answered. "I don't know what you talk of. These flowers are beautiful externally. I desire to be this also."

"So you may be," she said confidently. "These flowers are beautiful externally as you say; but we know them to be innocent and inoffensive. We know their mood is beautiful while they grow, because their efforts and effects are all beautiful and innocent. I hear my horses pawing; they are very impatient. Will you come out with me?"

He gladly went with her, for he dared no longer be left in that room, now made a ghost chamber by the thoughts which the flowers had called forth.

"You could spare a few of these, could you not?" said Madonna,

looking back thoughtfully as she was leaving the room, her skirts held closely round her that they might not sweep any beautifulness away with them.

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "will you have some? I shall be so glad! I am sick of them;" and he stooped and began to gather up a quantity of roses, of stephanotis, of hothouse mignonette, till he had an armful of sweetness.

"Just a few," said Madonna, looking on with a curious smile lurking on her lips, "just a few to take to a little friend of mine, whom, with your permission, we will go to see. She will be so delighted with these sweet blossoms!"

Laden with flowers he followed her down to her carriage.

"Whom are they for?" he asked, as he took his place beside her and piled the flowers upon the opposite seat.

"Who? Can't you guess?—for little Bopeep, of course. You have seen her, haven't you?"

"Yes, I think so, once; a pretty little girl. But you know I admire fine women," he added, with a glance at Madonna, who, leaning indolently back, smiled within herself at his compliment. She was far too seasoned by admiration to think of it again in its reference to herself, but it amused her to see his ready return to his love of gallantry. A few moments since she was his friend, now she was a fine woman. She did not care to speak to him again yet awhile; she could calculate on his replies while this mood was on him. So they drove through the streets in silence.

"I suppose Miss Bopeep has plenty of lovers, though she is such a slip of a girl," remarked Mr. Litton after a pause. "Genius is enough for some men, without beauty."

"Oh, but she is beautiful, if only

by virtue of those eyes of hers," exclaimed Madonna, warmly, and then she suddenly checked herself; "though, certainly, it would not be a beauty to your taste. But, indeed, little Bopeep has no lovers; she is like a marble statue when she is with men. I wish some one had the power to fire that child's heart!"

"Why?" asked Mr. Litton, regarding her with surprise.

"Oh, because it isn't good to live on dreams altogether," said Madonna.

"And does she?"

"Yes; she goes to dreamland for her beauty, and I believe that child worships beauty even more utterly than you do. That is why I asked for these flowers for her. Now we are arrived, will you carry up some of the flowers?"

With their hands full of blossoms and fern-leaves the two left the carriage and crossed the pavement of the narrow street into which they had driven, to the open door of a not very cheerful-looking house. Up the stairs they climbed, and at the end of the second flight, seeing Madonna still patiently mounting, Mr. Litton cried for mercy, and space to draw a little breath.

"Does she live all up here?" he said; "no wonder she sees visions if she lives so near the sky."

Madonna looked back smiling at his affected exhaustion.

"Yes," she said, "here little Bopeep and her old nurse live all by themselves in a flat just small enough to turn round in, right at the top of the house. Now, are you ready to come on?"

With a groan Mr. Litton started afresh in her footsteps. Madonna, reaching the top of the narrow stairway, knocked at a sort of toy front door which headed the stairs. In an instant it was opened by Bopeep herself, and, as he stood

there looking at her over Madonna's shoulder, Mr. Litton understood what that lady had meant about her eyes. They were strange eyes, deep-set, and half-shut; it seemed as though the heavy lids were never fully raised, and yet, from beneath those half-closed doors the eyes had a look as if full of sight, and able to see both through and beyond anything immediately near them. Mr. Litton felt himself somewhat extinguished by the sense that this young girl looked over his shoulder instead of at him. But he did not regard these curious eyes as being at all beautiful.

"I am so glad to see you," the girl exclaimed rapidly, putting out both hands to Madonna, "and oh! what flowers!"

"My friend, Mr. Litton, has brought you these," said Madonna, moving aside for that gentleman to enter the pigmy hall and make his bow to the slender girl with the strange eyes, who had already clasped a great handful of blossoms to her breast, and seemed as though absorbed in the sheer bliss of their presence.

"I knew she would like them," said Madonna, prosaically; "do put these others down, dear Mr. Litton," and she led the way, as though she were in her own home, into a tiny sitting-room. It was a very quaint room, and at first Mr. Litton looked about him in some surprise wondering what made it so quaint, for it was furnished with an almost painful simplicity, and even scantiness. But immediately he saw what produced the curious effect: the room was lit principally by a skylight, immediately under which was a stand of ferns. The centre of a room is not generally the place in which plants thrive, and their situation here seemed odd, but yet was pretty; the only other window was a queer little projecting bow,

in which were some more plants. Under the skylight, beside the ferns, stood a music stand with an open score upon it, and a violin lay upon a chair. There were only a few other chairs, some little tables, and a few books in the room; yet there was a pretty look about it all, which reminded Mr. Litton of that artistic effect which Edgar Allan Poe was said to produce in an otherwise empty room by the disposition of one chair and a hanging bookshelf.

"Put the flowers on this table, Mr. Litton," said Madonna; "and now, Bopeep, talk to us instead of to those roses; or will you play a little?"

"I will play," said Bopeep, "I don't think I can talk except to the flowers,—you have brought me such a gush of beauty."

She took up the violin, and as she took it in her hand her eyes contracted and grew dimmer, and the brightness of her face seemed to lose itself in a strange mistiness of expression. She played a wild sweet melody, which thrilled them both—even Madonna, who knew well the magic of the girl's touch. When the last quivering note had died away, she put the violin gently down, and came and sat by Madonna, with a look of deep weariness upon her face.

"I am so tired to-day," she said. "I have been practising all the morning—and it is so sweet to do it when Ariel helps me—but it leaves me tired."

"You should not do so much of it," said Madonna, with an air of reproof combined with a look of awe, which puzzled Mr. Litton very much.

"I cannot help it," said Bopeep, looking up with her strange eyes full of an unconscious pathos, "you see it is my life."

"Do you find your life in music?" asked Mr. Litton, interposing with

interest—for he began to wonder where this curious, genius-struck girl found her pleasure (without which he held no one could live). There was nothing external in this garret to give it to her, he thought, looking round on the plain signs of more than simplicity of living with which the room abounded. She turned when he put this question, and looked at him for the first time as if she really saw him.

"No," she said, "but I find it in the world to which music leads me."

Nothing was said for a minute; Mr. Litton was "taking in" the reply to his question as well as he could. Then Madonna broke the silence with a quotation—

"'The vulgar saw the tower, thou sawest the sun.'

"Now, Mr. Litton," she went on rapidly, as though she wanted to break the spell of dreaminess which had fallen on them all, "come to the window and look at Bopeep's view. Here she can look down upon the 'busy throng' and moralise at her ease." So saying, she led the way to the bow-window. There they looked out upon a scene which surprised Mr. Litton because he had not expected it. The old house in which Bopeep occupied so modest a portion looked from its back windows upon the dun-coloured city river. Fortunately her little window was at the back, and being very high up it commanded a really grand city view. On one side stood Westminster, on the other St. Paul's Cathedral, and far away across the river the sun-rays sometimes caught the glass of the Crystal Palace, sometimes lit up a green patch upon the distant Surrey hills.

"I love this window," said Bopeep. "In the morning the sunlight falls on the leaden river, and illuminates it just as the sunshine

of the other world lights our souls—by revealing our dullness and darkness. Oh, it is grand to see the barges go down the dusky waters, and fancy the country places full of sweet sound and odour which these loads of hay and straw have come from. Don't you like my window?" she asked abruptly of Mr. Litton, who was indeed not looking out, but regarding her face very curiously.

"Why, yes, indeed," said he, without pausing to think for a reply; "but I like you better."

Madonna looked round amused. "Now," she said, "I am going to send you away. It is cruel, I know, but necessary. Bopeep and I have to do a little rehearsing for the new operetta; and we shall never do it while you stay."

"I should like," said Mr. Litton piteously—"but no, I see a stern look in Madonna's eye. Have you not found, Miss Bopeep, that when Madonna is the actress, then she is no longer the woman, but is made of adamant?"

"I know something of what you mean," said Bopeep, with a faint bright smile; "but I think she is right now. We want to do everything we can with this operetta, because the libretto is Mr. Maurice's. Do you know, I think that is he" (just then a knock sounded at the little front door); "he said he would perhaps come in this afternoon to hear me try some parts of the violin solo."

"Then indeed I will go," said Mr. Litton, "for I know Mr. Maurice always means business;" and so saying he shook hands and went out, meeting the Mr. Maurice in question in the tiny entry. The old nurse had admitted him, and was telling him that her young lady had visitors; but Mr. Litton hastily explained that he himself was now departing, and that the other visitor was "only Madonna."

Only Madonna! That meant, not what it might seem to imply, that Madonna was little thought of, but, instead, that she was the bright particular star of this circle, and that everyone was always glad to see her. So Mr. Maurice, the proprietor of the Gem Theatre, walked into Bopeep's little sanctum, and his presence immediately produced a very curious result. Bopeep gave him a chilly little hand, froze as if he were an ice-machine, took up her violin as if prepared for business, and relapsed into statuesque silence. Madonna held out her two hands with her inimitable grace, and welcomed him with a warmth which fifty men in London would have gone on their knees to obtain from her. And Maurice, standing between the two, had only eyes for the girl of marble, and scarcely knew that the woman who radiated warmth to him was in the room.

The secret of this was very simple. He had at one time admired and sympathised sufficiently with Madonna to make love to her, and had borne her rejection of his love with admirable grace. Since then they had been the best of comrades.

He was engaged to this quaint little Bopeep now; she had promised to be his wife. He was desperately, hopelessly in love with her, and his very presence turned her to a marble statue.

"Shall I try over the solo first?" asked the girl, after a few familiar words had passed between the other two.

"If you please," said Maurice, who knew not which he preferred—to hear her play or to hear her speak—both were music to him.

She began at once, without further preface, to play through her solo. The others sat down at some distance apart; but presently Madonna beckoned to Maurice. "Come where you can

see her face," she whispered. "Is it not wonderful?"

And it was indeed. It grew so rapt, that the features seemed lost in a glow of light.

When at last the quivering passionate notes of the inspired instrument ceased, Bopeep then really appeared to be turned into a statue. She stood absolutely motionless, her eyes shut fast, her lips still, yet fixed in a half smile. And though those dim, far-seeing eyes were closed, yet there was a marvellous expression as of sight, in the closed lids.

"Go away, Maurice," said Madonna imperiously, "I will stay; but I know she will not like it if you are here when she wakes."

"Must I go?" asked Maurice, miserably.

"Yes, I am sure you must," she answered. He rose and went out of the room. From the little lobby his voice called back, "Madonna." She rose and stepped gently to the door of the room. He was waiting there, hat in hand.

"Madonna," he said, for God's sake do something for me; I can't stand this much longer. I ought not to be shut out of her life. You say she is a sibyl. I say well and good, but she is woman also, and the woman part of her liked me once. Why does she shrink from me now, and hide her eyes that she may not see me, when she returns from these ecstasies? Find out for me, if you have a friend's heart within you!"

"I will, Maurice," said she, very earnestly; "but why do you not question her yourself?"

"She is so frail—and so afraid of me, now, apparently—that I dread to disturb her. Will you do it for me, if you can, dear comrade mine?"

"Indeed, I will," she answered, smiling at her old pet name, which she had not heard from his lips of

late. "Come to my dressing-room after the opera to-night."

She drew back and closed the door, leaving Maurice to make his way out alone. When she turned she was surprised to find that Bopeep was looking at her with open eyes, and a little frown as of distress on her forehead. At the sound of the outer door closing upon Maurice the girl's face broke into a smile.

"I am so glad he is gone," she said.

Madonna paused, horror-struck. "Oh, don't say that!" she exclaimed; "you used to love Maurice. Tell me why it is that you so dislike him now."

"I don't dislike him," said Bopeep, in a very low voice, which was habitual with her when strongly in earnest; "but I ought not to let him go on thinking I can marry him when I cannot."

She was very much in earnest now. Her cheeks had a dark red spot growing in the midst of their paleness. She pushed back her light, loose hair from her face with a hurried movement very unlike her usual quiet manner.

"And why can't you?" inquired Madonna, led into abruptness by her sheer amazement. Bopeep dropped her eyes, hesitated, and then said:

"Because of Ariel."

For a moment Madonna felt impatient, and a burning at the tip of her tongue. She had a great affection for Maurice, and she felt for a moment intensely impatient that this strange girl should let her dim visions come between them. But she restrained herself, and, looking again at the girl, was ashamed of her impatience.

Bopeep, standing there, silent, statuesque, still holding the violin, but one hand full of the scattered flowers which she had just taken from the table near her, and was

holding to her breast as if for comfort's sake, with the intense, rapt look in her deep eyes, her pale face made strangely brilliant by the vivid spots upon her cheeks, and her wild, soft hair thrown back on her shoulders, looked hardly like a mortal, to be judged by the ordinary laws of human nature. Madonna called to her mind the words which she herself had so often used to Maurice when he grew restive beneath Bopeep's coldness—if she was woman she was sibyl also.

"I wish," she said, changing her tack altogether, "I wish you would tell me something about Ariel. You have never told me anything except that you love him. I want so much to know more."

"What do you want to know?" asked Bopeep; "I have told you that he is beautiful, and that I love him."

"But," persisted Madonna gently, "I want to know what he is like, and I very much want to hear how he first came to you."

"Well, I will tell you," said the girl, with a tremulous look at Madonna, as if she doubted her real desire to know. She shrank, with the intense sensitiveness of all artistic, inspired natures, from the small vice of curiosity. But the look on Madonna's face reassured her. She put her violin tenderly aside, and then went to the mass of flowers and took yet more into her hands. She put them into her hair, upon her dress; she dropped violets within her dress, against the white skin of her neck. Her face grew momentarily brighter, and at last, with a deep sigh, as of perfect pleasure, she turned to Madonna and began to speak.

"It was one afternoon, about two months ago. I had grown weary and dispirited with my long morning's practice, for it had exalted me strangely, and that often

leaves me very sad afterwards. I was lying on the sofa, feeling certainly not sleepy, but full of mental visions. I suddenly became aware of a spirit which seemed to spring to the window at the foot of my couch, and rest there, sitting on the sill and looking at me. He sat there apparently, yet he must have been unconscious of the actual window, for he certainly sat on the sill, and yet the window being closed made no difference to him—he sat there as if it was open. He fascinated me, and I lay, looking, trying to realise the picture of beauty before me, when suddenly he sprang right upon me, threw his arms around my neck, and lay, with his head thrown back, laughing into my face with a kind of ecstatic delight. I, charmed, wondering, could only look, and answer his kisses, until at last I roused myself and said to him (in the spirit), 'You beautiful creature, how shall I enable you to speak?' 'Oh!' he answered instantly, 'if I were to speak I should sing.' And having said this he sprang away from me and disappeared. I lay for a moment, lost in the thought of what he had said, when suddenly I realised he had left me. 'Oh, Ariel,' I said aloud in the spirit, 'need you leave me so soon?' And then, as if in answer, he came in at the door of the room, and I understood that he had been amusing or interesting himself by looking at the other chambers of the house. I looked more closely at him as he crossed the room, in order to retain his picture. He was dressed absolutely in nothing but flowers. A thick girdle of smiling blossoms encircled his loins, and a merry wreath was in his hair. There was no other garment upon him, and I could see plainly his delicate pink flesh. His face I could not clearly see, and I cannot

describe it. I could only catch its expression, which was all full of passing delight. Throughout his form was a look as of exquisite mischievousness. Anything equal to his grace of movement I have never dreamed of. Suddenly I saw a chair which does not materially exist in my room, and which I had never seen before. It was a little wooden chair, an armchair of quaint pattern, made of rich brown wood, and studded with silver nails. He drew this chair to the front of the fire, and threw himself back with his peculiar action as of subdued ecstasy—held his bare shining feet out to the warmth, and his head, with its crown of flowers, hung back over the chair. 'Oh, Ariel!' I said (why I called him this I cannot say, but I did—probably merely because of his sprite-like-ness)—'you will stay with me! I cannot do without you now I have once seen you.' He was laughing to himself—peals of silvery laughter—when I spoke. At my words he changed his mood. 'No,' he said, 'I shall not stay with you while you are here—it's too smoky;' and with that he disappeared altogether. Oh, I cannot tell you how empty the room was when he was gone!"—and she clasped her hands together in mute expression of that bygone pain.

"It is very curious," said Madonna, looking at the girl with a face of wonder, and feeling, perhaps more than anything else, a pity for Maurice at her heart; "it is very curious to see how you seem to realise this Ariel; and yet you cannot give me one tangible proof that he exists."

"No," said Bopeep, and then added timidly, "except that he helps me play; and you know how I have improved since I have known him."

"You have certainly taken a wonderful step in your music lately,"

answered Madonna; "but that proves nothing to us ordinary mortals. Tell me how you have seen him since, because he said he would not stay with you here, in the smoke, didn't he?"

"Oh! he takes me away with him now," said Bopeep, with a joyous smile.

"Takes you away with him!" cried Madonna with a certain alarm in her manner. "My dear child, what do you mean?"

"You know how of late music, or indeed any emotion, throws me into a state of physical unconsciousness. That is what I mean. I go with him then."

"You must think me very stupid," said Madonna, "but I am really not much wiser. I know you are subject to attacks of some sort of trance, which alarm me very much; but how you make that out to be going away with Ariel I cannot guess."

Bopeep looked at her and smiled—a little happy smile, that made Madonna feel as if the child were looking over her shoulder into the "world-sanded eternity."

"You don't realise very distinctly, perhaps," she said, "that these bodies are not ourselves, but only an overcoat we wear in this cold world. Ariel takes me with him from cold into warmth, so that I can leave my body behind me: he takes me from darkness into light, from time into eternity."

"Suppose," suggested Madonna rather timidly, "that, instead of telling me what he does, you tell me how he does it? I might be able to understand you better."

"I don't know how he does it," said Bopeep, "but I can tell you what it feels like to me. You know last night when I came off the stage I was in that state you describe as trance, and could not respond to the encore?"

"I know you frightened me

terribly," was Madonna's remark. Bopeep did not notice it, but went straight on.

"It happened in this way. I began to feel as soon as I touched my bow that Ariel was with me: my very arm seemed held and guided by him. I never noticed the audience, but all the while was trying to obey and please him, and longing to see him and meet his smile. It came at last—my reward—for just as the last notes were being drawn—it seemed to me now hardly at all by me—out of my violin, I saw him clearly at my side, his face alight with laughter. 'Come,' he said, and I put my hand in his. In a moment I knew I was myself, without what I call my coat of flesh; for my feet were bare: and oh!—the ground was so cold which they touched. But he helped me with his smile: and I saw before me a flight of stone steps, rising as it were out of darkness. At the top of them I saw light—and in its gleam a cloud of laughing faces. I found courage to step up, for I felt each higher step warmer beneath my feet—and when I reached the topmost, peals of laughter which seemed to come out of the very soul of music, so exquisite was their harmony, welcomed me."

She stopped. "Go on," said Madonna. "No," she answered, "I can't tell you any more about that now. But you remember how hard it was to rouse me from that trance. Shall I tell you what it was like to me, that rousing?"

"Yes," said Madonna, who had only too vivid recollections of her own anxiety on the occasion.

"Nothing you do to my body touches me," said Bopeep; "it is not a faint, you know, and no one need trouble with cold water and that sort of thing. But when Maurice came to me, and entreated me to awake, as he did last night, then I

heard his call come up to me, and knew that it was time to return. And then it was—only last night, when his voice reached me in the other world as I stood by Ariel's side—that I finally knew myself wicked in not breaking the bond between us."

"Well, well,—" said Madonna, "but tell me about returning."

"The call came to me, and I at once approached the steps, and prepared to descend. I hesitated and drew back when I put my foot down—for the chill of that first downward step struck into my very soul. Ariel was with me, and many others whose forms were aflame with warmth and colour, and whose voices were music. I turned back, and implored them to let me remain with them. No, it was inevitable; I must go down. 'Come with me then,' I cried to Ariel, 'I cannot bear this cold alone.' 'No,' he said, 'I help you to come up, but you must go down alone.' So I turned and resolutely stepped downwards, facing the dark, and bearing the increasing cold of each step as it struck into my feet. Then, as I was descending, I suddenly felt a new warmth upon my bare shoulders; and looking I saw that Ariel had flung to me, from where he stood smiling at the top, a kind of cloud of white roses, which clung softly together, and nestled warmly upon me. That gave me courage to take the last step, and made me able to smile when I awoke; but it hurt my heart when Maurice said, 'Why child, how happy you look,' because I knew that my happy look came, not from meeting his eyes as he fancied, but from having caught the glow of other eyes, whose love light can fire my own as Maurice's never can."

They were silent after this. Bopeep put her head back upon her chair wearily and looked at the

flowers she still held in her hand. After a little silence Madonna rose, walked restlessly to the window, and then came back to her friend's side.

"Do you know," she said, "that you have already made Maurice feel something of this, and he is so tender towards you he dared not ask you about it himself. He wanted me to find out from you what made you shrink from him. What am I to tell him?"

"What I have said," replied Bopeep wearily but resolutely.

"Be careful," said Madonna; pause before you break the heart of such a man as Maurice for the sake of a—well—a vision."

"Don't you turn against me, Madonna," said Bopeep in a subdued voice sadder than any loud protest; "I have no friend but you in this heartless world."

"You have Maurice," said Madonna almost sternly.

"No," said Bopeep; "he will not be my friend. If he would, he would come straight to me and try to discover what is right. He is a lover as men love in this selfish world."

"He is not selfish!" exclaimed Madonna hotly.

"No?" said Bopeep, in that peculiar voice of assent which means that discussion is at an end.

"And I am really to tell him what you have said?" asked Madonna again, with contracting brows.

"Yes," said Bopeep, "if you will be so good."

"May you be forgiven," said Madonna, "if you let these hallucinations of yours carry you too far. Maurice may not be a saint; but he is solid all through, and you will repent it if you wound him thoughtlessly."

"Madonna," cried the girl, starting up, "it is because I appreciate Maurice that I am

determined to do right by him. Make him understand that!"

"I will if I can," said Madonna; "good-bye," and, gathering up her her silken train, she went out.

Bopeep stood silent where she was and looked at the door Madonna had closed behind her. She knew that in this first conscientious effort to follow the law of her nature, to obey the pure impulses of her being, she had weakened even Madonna's friendship for her. The inevitable punishment of all who obey inspiration now fell upon her—reaction and a sense of deep despair. Until the hour came when she must dress for the theatre she sat in her room in an attitude of despondency, which must have softened Madonna's heart could she have seen it.

II.

"And thou shalt know of things unknown,
If thou wilt let me rest between
The veiny lids whose fringe is thrown
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen."

FACES, so many faces crowding in upon her consciousness.

That was how it seemed to Bopeep as she came that evening upon the stage of the Gem Theatre. She looked round upon the public which applauded her and saw faces—faces.

She saw no souls. Doubtless some were there, but hidden behind some mask of affectation or conventionality. Doubtless there were many full of sweetness and affection, but Bopeep could not feel them amid that crowd, which did but impress her with her own isolation. She had raised her eyes with a forlorn hope that she might meet some glance which would give her strength. The coolness of Madonna's greeting, and Maurice's strange glance at her when he met her had chilled her heart as she entered the theatre; and as she

stepped on the stage she had said to herself, "I will look round and see if there are none to help and encourage me in this world." But her eyes had learned to look for that brilliant expression which was in Ariel's face, and these rows of people ranged about the theatre, looking at her with blind eyes, unable to see her soul struggle,—theirs seemed to her to be faces, and only faces.

"I am alone in the world," she said to herself, as she stood an instant before her audience, her eyes passing over the crowd of people; and on the instant she again resolved more passionately than ever to live altogether for that pale dream of love which had so brightened and made glorious her whole existence.

As the silent vow was registered in her heart her golden vision came before her eyes, and she saw no longer the dull sea of human faces, but the flower-crowned beauty of her phantom lover. The smile came upon her lips which played about them when in her ecstasy she outdid her own genius, and brought melody as from the very soul of music herself.

"It will not do, dear child," said Ariel, with his happy laugh; "you must not play bo-peep between two worlds, like this."

She heard his merry voice, and yielded herself completely to him, scarcely conscious of the fact that his musical laugh passed as it were through her soul, and put a marvellous sweetness into the notes she drew from her violin. When her solo was over, she mechanically turned to leave the stage, with her eyes intuned still upon the vision which inspired her; but she was startled by such an applause as she had never heard before. The house actually rose upon her, and the girl, looking in her sudden arousal like a frightened child, stood with

parted lips and wide-opened eyes gazing in wonder at the scene of wild enthusiasm before her. Her presence of mind had totally deserted her—she stood motionless; and then suddenly, with a gesture of fear rather than of acknowledgment, ran off the stage. Maurice met her and stopped her. "You must go on again—you must give them an encore. My God, child, what a triumph this is! How proud I am of you! But you must go back, to-night. They would not listen to anyone else!"

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot!" she exclaimed. "Spare me, Maurice!" she entreated, in her distress, quite regardless of the little crowd of the *habitués* of the theatre which had gathered about them. The noise was absolutely deafening, from the theatre; the house was absolutely determined to have her. Maurice could not resist her appeal, and he motioned to the others that the opera should continue; but the instant that the next performer appeared the noise grew positively alarming. Maurice turned pale. "We shall have a riot," he said. "If you love me, Bopeep, give them an encore."

"I cannot go on, alone," she said sadly.

"What do you mean?" he asked, perplexed.

"Ariel is not here," she said.

"Oh!" cried Maurice with a manner that turned the innocent ejaculation into a curse. "Forget these visions now and remember facts. The theatre will be torn to pieces if you refuse to go on. What does it mean, that you should refuse? Do you want to drive me to distraction? Either it is that, or you are mad!"

She gave him a strange look, and then said, humbly, "I am no longer alone, Ariel is here. I will go on again."

And taking up her violin, she

stepped before that public which seemed to her in its selfishness more heartless and cruel than ever before. Unsupported by that flower-crowned being who made her strong by his presence, she dared not in her timidity have faced their furious plaudits. With that vision before her she could forget the audience, and so find courage and inspiration to once more stand apparently alone upon the stage, her violin in her hand, and by a few soft notes still the intense excitement into as intense a silence.

She went trembling off the stage, amid another thunder of applause. She was overstrung, and held in her that combination of unnatural strength and overpowering weakness which is the familiar accompaniment of inspiration. She longed for a friend's hand to put hers into. Maurice was waiting for her at the wing. He held out his hand to her as she came off. She half put out her own, and then, hesitating, raised her eyes to his. He was looking at her with a strange expression. "Tell me, Bopeep," he said, "here amid this noise of applause which follows you, do you love me, or not?"

"If you will have the truth in few words, and I have not strength for many," she answered, "I do not love you as I thought I did."

"Like all women, you are incapable of constancy," he said bitterly.

"Don't say that!" she cried with a gesture of distress.

"But it is true," answered Maurice. He had written too many plays to retain a capacity for clear justice; play-writing trains the mind into a habit of shallow generalising. "Tell me," he said suddenly, "what has changed you?"

"I had never seen Ariel when I said I thought I loved you,"

answered Bopeep timidly, and yet firmly.

"Bah!" exclaimed Maurice, a heavy cloud gathering on his brow which was very unusual there. "Do you mean to say I am to give place to a phantom?" He paused, and looked at her face, downcast, pale, but resolute. Then he said, with a bitterness which made every word a sting, "Either you are mad, or you are deceiving me."

He turned away, leaving her standing there. There were a few people near her, but the business of the stage was now going on again, and the little crowd which had gathered to witness her triumph was dispersed. A sense of intolerable loneliness came upon her—a feeling of isolation which she could hardly bear. "How can I live!" she said to herself, "when I have no friend to be pleased with me? Oh, Maurice, your words will kill me!"

Just then she felt her hand touched and drawn through some protecting arm. She looked up with a sudden shrinking and a rapid freezing of her whole form; for, if Bopeep had one greater horror than another, it was for the empty-headed class of young dandies who hang about stage wings and think they have a right to make themselves agreeable to anyone who braves the footlights. Several of this sort, passing friends of Maurice's, or of some of the actors, frequented the Gem; but they would as soon have made love to the North Pole itself as to Bopeep. So that this friendly liberty startled her the more by its unusualness.

She was half surprised, half puzzled, when she found it was Mr. Litton who had taken her arm in his. He was looking at her very seriously. She had always avoided him as a tiresome elderly fop; but now she remembered the flowers he had brought her; and, besides,

he looked so serious and so gentle.

"How tired you are," he said. "It was too cruel of them to make you play again."

In reality he knew very well—having been close by all the time—that it was the words which had passed between her and Maurice, which had made her into the ghost of a lily that she was.

"No—not cruel," she said. "They think it is a kindness to overpower a small creature as they do. But oh, Mr. Litton, how blind and selfish and cold this world is—how I wish I could find my way out of it."

"You have found your way out of it," said Mr. Litton. "I have been searching for beauty all my life, and if I had seen but one fragment of what you have seen I would defy the world."

"Would you?" she said, looking up doubtfully at him. "Even when it has claims upon you?"

He knew she was thinking of Maurice. "Child," he said, "you are an artist. An artist gives his soul and his dreams to the world—he need not give his life also."

She turned her head and looked across at Maurice. He was standing in one of the wings, with a weary look on his face which made him seem very handsome. It had come to a strange pass with the flower-faced violinist when this man had become to her the special bondage of her life. A little while ago she thought him the only man in the world—she still thought him so, indeed: the difference was that she herself had seen another world, and measured herself and her love by another standard.

"How can I help it?" she said, low, to herself, almost unconscious, so unobtrusive was his sympathy, that Mr. Litton was close beside her. "I have promised: if he will

not release me, I must keep my promise."

"And die in keeping it?" said Mr. Litton, in a voice as low.

"Why not?" she answered quietly. He had so naturally finished her thought that it did not occur to her as strange to give him her confidence. "Why not? I have no fear of death: Ariel will help me to die."

"Then you are very happy," said Mr. Litton. They had moved on, further away from the stage, and had paused near a great mirror. The Gem was exquisitely fitted, and Maurice liked it to look like a drawing-room. The bottom of the mirror was banked with fresh flowers which were reflected in it. Mr. Litton, glancing up, saw behind these flowers a girl, in white, with dim eyes set in a pale face; her hand rested on the arm of an elderly dandy — himself. The thought flashed through his mind — how was it that this girl, young, beautiful even in her pallor, full of genius, now just crowned with triumph, should feel no fear of death; — while to this made-up, worn-out creature at her side the idea of death was a thing of terror? Puzzled and interested he looked again at her — forgetting to scan every point of himself in the glass, and admire his own strut out of the corner of his eye, after his usual fashion. It was at this moment that Madonna came out of her dressing-room, wrapped in her furs.

She stopped on the threshold to look at them. "I declare," she exclaimed to herself, "I have really helped that dear old fellow. He looks positively nice at this moment — there is a peep of his own spirit to be seen through the rouge and gallantry. Little Bopeep can work miracles, that is plain. But she is terribly tired. I must take her home. Come," she said aloud,

advancing to them, "I am going to take this triumphant child away; don't you see how white and weary she is, Mr. Litton?"

"Indeed I do," he said; "and I am very glad you are taking her home."

He saw them out to Madonna's carriage; then said good night, and walked to his own house through the streets, forgetful of his dress shoes, which he ordinarily considered it sacrilege to walk in.

Madonna left Bopeep at her own door. They were silent all the way, and the girl felt timid, not knowing whether Madonna was angry with her. As the carriage stopped she nerved herself to say, "Have you spoken to Maurice?"

"Yes," answered Madonna. "I told him what you had said. He takes it as I suppose any man would. I don't know what you are to do with him, but I must leave him to you now, because I don't understand your position myself. I find it as difficult as he does, when he is talking to me, to understand how a vision can interfere with your relations to him. But when I am with you, I feel you so much in earnest that my common-sense is at a loss. I had better keep out of the matter. He is coming to you to-morrow afternoon. You must tell him all yourself."

"Good night," said Bopeep with a quaint humility, "and thank you."

Madonna drew her back and kissed her with all her old warmth. Truth to tell, she was not changed, but only puzzled beyond her capacity.

Through the weary night the girl endured a deep dejection, which resulted partly from the strain of the evening, and partly from the anticipation of her interview with Maurice. Fortunately

for her, she had not to wait through the long morning hours as she had expected. Her old nurse carried away the untasted breakfast, and left her for her customary hours of practice. "Come to me, Ariel!" cried Bopeep aloud; and she took her violin and began to draw from it some sad sighing notes. Almost instantly her face brightened, and her eyes shone with a look which is never seen but in the eyes of the visionary. Just as her very soul was growing rapt in ecstasy she heard Maurice's knock at her outer door. A moment more and he was by her side. Rapt as she was, she clung to her vision. Instead of turning to welcome Maurice, she fell on her knees and held out her hands to the gay figure of her other-world lover. "Ariel," she cried aloud, "help me through this torture! Tell me what I am to do. Maurice," she went on, rising, and speaking quickly, "I am glad—so glad to see you. Let us speak out our hearts without fear. Ariel is here too. He wishes me to speak my heart honestly. Will you release me from my engagement?"

"No," said Maurice, with a sullenness which he could not disguise, "why should I? You must marry somebody: a girl like you can't go on in a public life and live alone. I can take care of you; why not marry me? I am speaking roughly, I know; but you wish us to speak out our hearts, and you have made my heart rough with your whims and fancies. Two months ago you professed to love me. You don't seem to have any other lover now; why should I release you?"

"Maurice," she said, catching his arm suddenly, "do you truly mean to say you cannot see him? He is as substantial and as clear as you yourself—and oh, so beautiful!"

Her earnest action startled Maurice inexpressibly. He looked quickly round as though expecting to see a ghost in the morning sunshine. Then he shook the feeling off with an effort. "Bah!" he said, "if you see phantoms, what does it matter? Genius is sister to eccentricity; but you can't expect me to accept a phantom as my rival. Be reasonable if you can, just for a moment, and you will see how ridiculous a position you place me in."

"It is not ridiculous," said Bopeep, "it is inevitable. I shall die if I am false to Ariel, because it is he who can inspire me and give me life. But, if you will not release me, I am willing. I know I have promised, and I will fulfil my promise if you wish."

"How can you justify yourself in taking this extraordinary position?" asked Maurice, looking hard at her, and trying to speak calmly.

"By your own creed—that one should be true to one's strongest affection, and obey the law of one's being," she answered quickly. "I would give everything I have to make you my friend, Maurice; there is no one in this world for whom I care as I do for you—I spoke truth when I told you so. But since I said it music has lifted me into another state—Ariel has come to me out of the very heart of music, and completed my existence. I cannot exist without him."

"And all this you say seriously?" said Maurice.

She lifted her eyes to his for answer. They were wells of pathos, of emotion, of passion.

"I do not think you are deceiving me," said Maurice, looking down into those sad eyes. "You are true, I believe; indeed, the world would rock under me if I could believe otherwise. But,

Bopeep, you are overstrained, your brain is excited."

She put up her hand with a gesture of despair. "Can I never convince you that there is another world besides that which you walk about in? I will!" she exclaimed suddenly, and drew herself up with the action of a sibyl. Maurice was startled, awed by the flame in her face, and the inturned look in her strange grey eyes. "What is it, Ariel?" she said, and seemed to listen. Then suddenly she approached close to Maurice. "Where is that paper?" she asked of him. He stood motionless, fascinated by the straight gaze of her eyes, which had grown glazed and fixed, and had no recognition in them. Quick as lightning she had put her hand in his breast pocket, drawn out a pocket-book, and, before he could stop her, was hurriedly yet resolutely turning over the papers in it. She drew one out.

Maurice started forward and tried to catch her hand, but she evaded him, and instantly flung it into the hot centre of the fire. Maurice stood aghast, gazing at the instant evanishment of the paper. Bopeep refastened the book and gave it him.

"Ariel has done that," she said; "he has saved you from yourself. Do you not realise his existence now?"

She spoke slowly, with a weary utterance, and in a moment after began to tremble. Then her eyes slowly regained a living look.

Beads of perspiration stood upon Maurice's brow. He felt as if turned to stone. The burning of that paper was like the lifting of an iron bond from his soul, although it reduced him to despair. It was a forged cheque upon an insurance company of which he was an officer. Expensive tastes and a liking to see the Gem look like a drawing-room, added to a great lack of mana-

gerial ability, had brought his affairs to a crisis. He had convinced himself that this temporary appropriation of the company's money was justifiable, as he relied upon Bopeep herself, in her great and increasing popularity, to make a great success at the Gem. He expected to pull through the trouble, and repay the company, keeping the secret locked in his own breast of how he had met the dire extremity. But now—now that the secret was torn from him, he felt its full horror, felt that that scrap of paper could never be rewritten without an unbearable scar upon his conscience. Yet it was his last despairing effort to escape ruin, not only for himself, but for others. He started, and tried to speak—but he had to moisten his lips first. "Tell me," he said, hurriedly, "before you awake; if Ariel can see my secret, and can destroy my plans, can he not help me?"

"Yes," she said very softly, "he will help you," and then rubbing her eyes as though she had been asleep, she said, "Oh, how tired I am!"

"Do you know what you have been doing?" he asked, leading her to a chair into which she dropped languidly.

"Yes," she said, "I feel confused, but I know I have burnt some paper that Ariel wished burned. Maurice," she said with a sudden air of alarm, "was it yours? Have I done any harm? Have I made you angry?"

He dropped on his knees at her side and kissed her hand. "You have been my good angel," he said, and then added abruptly, "Bopeep, I release you utterly, if you wish it; you are free as the birds of the air to soar at your will; but remember I can never help being your slave."

"How good you are," she said with a divine smile, and then leaned her head back and closed her eyes.

She seemed hardly conscious. Maurice rose softly to go; he felt as if he could bear no more. "Please give me my violin," she said suddenly, as she heard him move. He gave it to her, and languidly she drew the bow across it, and began to extract from it a strange, sobbing music, which had a strain of subdued rejoicing underneath that cut Maurice to the heart. He felt that it was her ode to liberty. He looked back from the door at her. The heavy lids had closed over her eyes. With a sigh he went out, to face the overwhelming difficulties which surrounded him.

It was not long after he had gone that Mr. Litton climbed the stairs to Bopeep's little front door, to inquire after the young violinist's health. Her pale face had haunted him all night. The old nurse answered his summons.

"Oh, my young lady is as well as usual, sir," said she. "Will you come in?" she added, mindful of Bopeep's delight in the flowers that Mr. Litton had brought with him the day before. "She is practising in the parlour. I'm sure she'd be glad to see you."

Guided by the sweet sound of Bopeep's violin, Mr. Litton pushed open the door of the room in which she was. She turned instantly that he entered. There was a marvellous light in her grey eyes, and she held out both her hands to him. "I am so glad to see you," she said, with a joyous laugh. "Ariel has been waiting for you. Mr. Litton, are you very rich?"

"Rather," he said, amused at her childish manner.

"Will you lend Maurice a great deal of money? He has said nothing to me, and I know nothing; but Ariel has filled me with the feeling that he is in trouble with the theatre, and is in desperate need of money now."

"I should hardly have supposed it," said Mr. Litton, looking very grave.

"But it is so, I feel it so," said Bopeep earnestly; "and Mr. Litton, if you will save him now, and will help him through this time, it will come all right for him and you, because Ariel and I are going to make the theatre pay."

She spoke with the most child-like delight, her hands clasped, her grey eyes suffused. Mr. Litton wondered whence had come all this glow, transforming the pale girl of last night into the bright creature of this morning. He did not know the secret of her regained freedom.

"If it will please you and your Ariel," he answered with a smile, which made his face almost handsome, "I will do anything you like."

"Oh, it will please us if you will save Maurice," cried Bopeep. "We will play for you—oh, wonderfully!"

"I believe it!" said Mr. Litton, "and I am sure with your success the theatre ought soon to recover. I shall tell Maurice he must double the prices of the seats. Shall I go over to the theatre now, and see him?"

"Oh, do!" cried Bopeep in an ecstasy of delight. "How good you are, Mr. Litton. Do you know I am going to play better than I ever have played in my life, to-night!"

She took up her violin again with a loving touch, as Mr. Litton left the room to do something which a week ago he would have laughed to scorn—put money into a shaky concern—a theatre which did not pay. But Bopeep's witchery had turned his head; he had begun to forget himself, and to take a new interest in other lives. He found Maurice at the theatre, with a strange broken look on his face. He succeeded in hinting what

he suspected, the insolvent state of theatre; Maurice was hardly surprised at his knowledge, for he had not yet sufficiently recovered from his amazement at Ariel's interference in his affairs to go through a similar emotion again. But he accepted Mr. Litton's offer to purchase part proprietorship of the theatre, and put immediate capital into it. Thus the crisis was averted, and none but Maurice knew to what a precipice edge it had driven him. Mr. Litton regarded his investment with some interest, for it seemed to him that purchasing part of a theatre at which Bopeep was engaged was like leasing a small portion of heaven. He accepted a stage box with great satisfaction, and went after dinner that evening to the theatre with so much curiosity to hear Bopeep surpass herself as she had promised, that he quite forgot to rouge.

"What are you about, Mr. Litton," exclaimed Madonna, coming abruptly upon him in the green-room, "that you look so extraordinarily happy?"—"and handsome," she was about to add, but hesitated, fearing to offend him.

"I am trying to interpret some of your enigmas of yesterday morning," he answered. "Trying to discover whether there is a fluid medium in which one can work—in short, whether it is possible to be an artist in life."

"Oh, it is possible, I assure you," said Madonna. "But what have you got there?"

"Only some flowers," he answered rather shamefacedly, "for Bopeep after her solo."

"And none for me?" asked the beautiful actress, gaily. "Well, I forgive you, for I would as soon be jealous of a seraph as of Bopeep. And, indeed, I mean to slip into a stage box, and fling her a bouquet myself. I rather fancy she may be drowned in flowers, for her

triumph last night has suggested the idea of bouquets to a good many gentlemen who daren't congratulate her in any other way. And Maurice has got a great basket of stephanotis which he means to have handed up to her over the footlights. By the way, what has come to Maurice? He is in such wild spirits to-night as I have not seen him in for months?"

"Perhaps that is some of my artistic handiwork," said Mr. Litton; but Madonna did not hear him, for she had gone off abruptly with one of her numerous admirers.

Mr. Litton went on into his box carrying with him the flowers which he had bought to-day, not only to gaze at for his own delight, but also for the delight of another life which had imparted some of its glow and glory to his own.

It seemed as though the very spirit of music had entered the theatre that night. To Bopeep it appeared as if Ariel had come in his strength and joy to shower sweetness through her happy hands upon the listening people. The audience insisted upon an encore; and Bopeep, full of the radiant courage of her flower-crowned lover, did not hesitate to still the applause by again advancing. She wandered out of the music of the opera into a dim dream melody, intensely soft and sweet, which made Maurice's eyes grow clouded; for it sounded to him like the voice of that Ariel whose true vision had been his salvation. And when the last faint tremor of that music fell upon the ear of the crowded house, there was silence for a moment until the spell was loosed, and then, with the burst of applause, came at Bopeep's feet a shower of bouquets—a cloud of flowers. Her success was made an accepted fact this night, and it seemed as though the people knew

that the Spirit of Music loved the Flower Queen as only one essence of beauty can love another. Bo-peep stood on that stage which she had won as her own, with her eyes not on the faces that leaned towards her, but on the flower-faces which fell at her feet. There were so

many that she could not gather them, and when at last she went off the stage with flushed face and sparkling eyes, looking a very witch, Maurice noticed with a thrill of pleasure that she carried in her own hands only his basket of stephanotis.

MABEL COLLINS.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

A RESPECTABLE man of plain habits, by the daily exercise of some avocation, succeeds in paying his way. Those terrible dogs of war, the butcher and baker, are held in leash at a respectful distance by a regular liquidation of their claims. Our friend finds that, after payment of his household expenses, the schooling of his children, the premium of his life insurance, he has by dint of carefulness a very slender margin to spare. Every duty performed, he at length allows himself to dream a little of the gratification of those higher tastes which the necessary routine of earning a livelihood leaves so little time even to contemplate. Some of the furniture of the house is showing signs of wear, but next year's earnings will meet that need in reasonable time; the small present surplus may be devoted to the purchase of a few long-wished-for books, a musical instrument, or a picture. Perhaps there will be a trifle left for a present for a friend or relation, or to go towards next year's holiday.

He takes up the newspaper to find the name of the publisher of a work he has decided to buy; his attention is suddenly caught by the heading of a column, "Awful destitution at the East End," or "The Poor of our large cities during a hard winter," and the little cup of bliss he was raising to his lips is rudely dashed to the ground. First, the thrill of pity, sympathy, commiseration, touches his heart, as it has often done

before; then he thinks regretfully of the pleasures to which, after some self-denial, he was about to treat himself. Such expressions as "necessary play," "recreation a religious duty," occur to his mind, and he feels he must shut out from himself something of the suffering of the world, if he is to have the necessary peace of mind for the pursuit of culture or art, or the pleasure of imaginative thought.

In his train of ideas comes up the memory of poor's rates and taxes faithfully paid, and his first sense of pity changes to a grievance, that when a man has done his best at work, and paid up what has been demanded of him, he cannot be allowed to sit down in peace for a moment without being worried by cries of distress just outside. What business have people, he thinks to himself, to be so utterly uneconomical as to let themselves get into such a state of destitution? They knew winter would come; why did they not look out for work which would keep them in food and firing through it? When he himself was out of employment for a time, he remembers, it was a period of hardship, but the keenness of the struggle sharpened his faculties in their effort to discover remunerative work. Why cannot these people look out for themselves? He complained to no one in his hard times. Our friend begins to grow angry, and what's the good of paying rates and taxes, he says to himself, if this pitiful state of things is

to go on just the same? The parish allowance is either enough to support life, and there are hospitals and infirmaries for the sick; or it is not enough to support life, and the Government and the parochial officers should see to it. What can a private individual do? The Government can take the best experience and advice, and it has the power to give effect to its plans; why should distress like this be ringing its cries at the door of a private individual who wants to be quiet? Our friend opens one of his old books to see if quiet people were bothered in such a way in former times, or to find a refuge from these modern perplexities; and he stumbles upon the fact that Solon had foreseen similar difficulties, and provided against them. Anyone failing to support his parents was counted infamous, and subject to disabilities; so was the spendthrift; the sluggard was liable to prosecution by anyone who chose to impeach him; a yearly inquiry was instituted into the manner in which each citizen maintained himself.

Then our friend turns to his newspaper again, and reads of thinly-clad barefooted people waiting several hours outside a soup-kitchen in the hope of a dole of soup, and of the boiling not being sufficient to go round, and of hundreds being sent away hungry and cold as they came.

And now the man feels sickness of heart mingle with his anger, and he hates this modern life that is so full of contradictions. The wealthiest country in the world—his thought works in this ill-jointed train—the power of steam practically utilised within a century, and supposed to add manifold to man's power of production—grain pouring in without stint from boundless areas of harvest all over the world—and yet in the

very centre of commerce this extremity of destitution! What is the meaning of it? says our friend to himself, and his evening's enjoyment of his books or music is spoiled by the fever of his brain and disturbance of his heart. Less oppressive to the sympathetic imagination, the sharp famine which carries away thousands at one fell swoop, than the incessant recurrence of the weary wail of destitution. He thinks one moment of the shop windows full of every fashionable luxury and novelty to tempt the rich; and he thanks heaven that he is a plain man. Then his mood changes, and he feels that his own love of beauty is not wicked in itself, and that it is only the frivolity and wastefulness of modern life that is reprehensible; for the purchase of articles of real beauty stimulates wholesome manufacture, which remunerates those engaged in it, while affording them an honest occupation and one which adds to the common good in every way. There is plenty of labour yet to spare, with the immense multiplication of its power which is due to machinery. Why is so little of it turned to the benefit of these starvelings who will wait hours for a bowl of rudely-made soup? These very hours of waiting for the soup suggest a thought to him: had they nothing better to do than to wait? Was there nothing in which they could have been employing their time, and so earning a right to have the bowl of soup whenever they chose? Dirt is but matter in the wrong place; wherever a human being represents a residuum, or a surplus, or something that cannot be utilised, or of which the absence is preferred to the presence, he must surely be in the wrong place too. It is not the matter that is wrong, but the place; this logical conclusion sets our bothered friend on a fresh

track of thought, and he puts to himself a series of questions something after the simple manner of the ancient Mangnall.

What is a city? An aggregation of buildings for habitation, and for the manufacture and distribution of goods. What is the peculiarity of the area of a city as compared with a corresponding tract of country? That in the case of the city the ground is not to be seen, being covered with houses. Was this the case with the most ancient cities? No, their area was much larger in proportion to the population. What difference thus arises between ancient and modern cities as regards the mode of life within them? In ancient cities the bare necessities of life could be provided within the walls; there were cattle to milk and to slay, fruits to be grown, grain to be reaped. The necessities came, to a large extent at least, from within; luxuries and rarities were commodities that came by exchange, and from without. Into a modern city nearly all the necessities must come from without: an ancient city was, so to speak, city and country too, and could support itself during the beleaguerment of years. A modern city would be reduced to tinned-meats in a comparatively short time. But does not the improvement in the means of carriage altogether neutralise the disadvantage to a modern city of its absence of harvest? It does so, and more, to the rich, whom the modern system endows with powers far beyond the powers of the correspondingly wealthy of former times. But does not the poor man partake of these powers? Is it not cheaper for him, for instance, to make a journey by rail than to walk? No, for to walk uses up energy when it is to spare, and only as it is to spare. To go by rail absorbs a fixed and definite portion of the results of past

energy, which may not be to spare at any given moment, for it may not have been possible to make the energy available for the result required.

The modern system can only accept specific energy from the dwellers in the city; did the ancient system afford room for the casual energy, even of the lowest class, being made remunerative? If the modern helot is starving, he must either discover definite employment which will remunerate him, or go on the parish, or must appeal to the benevolent, and agitate minds that prefer to remain tranquil, with a cry for soup. The ancient hind, bred up more hardly, could when in desperation pluck winter berries from the trees, or scratch a root out of the ground, or catch a fish, or snare small game, or beg a drink of milk from a farm, or the few grains that lie on a barn floor. The modern city starveling is aware that winter berries do not grow in his neighbourhood, but are only imported at a high price for the decoration of the houses of the wealthy. Roots, fish, wild game, are all obtainable only at so much a pound; milk and grain are in the hands of keen purveyors, not of homely farm servants. They have the value, not of the overflow from a profuse store close by, but of the added labour of their transit, from grower to rail, rail to ship, ship to port, port to rail, rail to merchant, merchant to middleman, middleman to shopkeeper, everyone taking his profit by the way for his highly valuable labour. All the activity shown has been good for trade, but the balance of the transaction is against the miserable creature who has not shared in the profits of the activity, and who is seeking to share in its results. The premium on the activity of others must first be paid, and in hard and definite coin.

Does the unskilled person living in a great city derive no benefit from the advance of the age in mechanical power? None, until he has found a means of utilising it for his own advantage. Disused clothes may be more cheap and plentiful than when clothes were made with greater labour, but he must be able to command a ready market for his own energies before he has the wherewithal to obtain even cast-off shoddy. There are, then, two powers, which aid man—Nature, whose bounty befriends him unasked, as well as on the formal demand of agriculture; and the multiplication of power by the slaves—steam, electricity: neither of these directly benefits the shiftless person without means, living in the central slums of a great modern city? Neither, directly. He who does not own a machine and cannot find a market for his labour cannot benefit by machinery, except in the enlargement owing to mechanical facilities, of the overflow of charity; and here is the philanthropic call over again. The complex order of modern life is directly antagonistic to persons of inferior capacity dwelling in a city. The sub-division of labour renders the call for it a call for something specific, and therefore a limited, and, to that extent, apparently an arbitrary call. The labour desired is of a precise character, and for a precise period. If it come to an end, the faculties are not fitted for any other,—were there any demand at that particular moment for any other. In the country-city of old there would be nearly always casual labour awaiting the hireling. Now he must form a part of an orderly system, or there is next to nothing for him, for the ordered system performs the work. In the modern city, there is nothing generally corresponding to the incessant water-

carrying, the milking, the spade-husbandry, the fruit-storing of the ancient city. The nearest approach to it during the whole year is the hop-exodus, the extra traffic of race meetings, the extra labour called for by a heavy fall of snow. The snow-clearing, as a branch of the avocation of the street sweeper, shares with the business of the costermonger, a rare resemblance to ancient city employments. These require no railway journey, only a spade or a barrow.

Except in peculiar periods of scarcity, Nature will always afford some little surplus—some margin of sustenance, however scanty and hard—some unconsidered trifle to eke out the meanest human existence. Where there is room to utilise it, of which the modern city defrauds the creature who is ready to live on the sparsest overflow, the mere refuse of ordinary life can be converted into food. Where the soil is not covered with houses, and every square foot of rental value—another hard fact for the shiftless person born in a city—refuse stuff will keep rabbits, poultry, pigs; manure thrown on bare soil will foster a large provision of growth of some kind or other, sundries of garbage are of various value to the individuals on the verge of starvation. In a modern, cramped city the whole goes wasted into the drains, or into the dust-heap, which is but a nuisance to the contractor. The waste of others is a surplus that may become wealth to the very poor; in the modern city it must systematically be rendered useless to them. No gentleman, of how ever wasteful a household, would care to have prowling about his door the gaunt crowd that may be seen at the back door of a restaurant when the scraps are being given away, as an easy mode of getting rid of them without charge for

carriage. The poor in most instances cannot get the surplus of the rich without stealing it; it is wasted.

In addition to missing the careless surplus of nature, the multiplication of power by machinery, and the wasteful overflow of rich houses (at least in the matter of food), the city poor have to face another hard fact. Dependent upon the energy of others for such food as they have being brought within a few yards of their door, they have not even the notions of political economy possessed by the savage, who at least knows what cause and effect mean in their relation to his own life. He never yells about the plains, "I've got no work to do-o-o;" there is no one to yell at. The semi-imbecile dweller in the depths of city poverty has lost the habits and instincts of self-protection; the energies which he could put to use are become paralysed by disuse, and his children, brought up in the same shiftless state, must be like unto him, or even worse, in spite of a little theoretic teaching in a school. The girl thinks strawberries grow on trees; the boy does not know how to handle a spade. Both have their peculiar prejudices and code of morals, and would certainly rather hang about a soup-kitchen than try the flavour of rats, the almost unique natural product, in the way of wild game, of a modern city. The slum-born son of a thief knows no means of livelihood save by extraction from a pocket of the period. Before the riches held in Nature's loosely-hanging gown he would be powerless, even if he could come within sight of her.

The modern city, where no atom of food, or rag of shelter, is legally obtainable except in exchange for money, is a fit place only for such as have a definite and remunerative avocation, a craft enabling them to

share in the profits due to mechanical facilities, or a distinct position of service to others. The incompetent—and such must be produced in the shiftless life of the slums—are the last persons that ought to live in a crowded city. And these are they who, as things are, make up a large element of that crowdedness.

Our friend was becoming rather weary of his thoughts, and the more ready to allow that a remedy for the misery which disturbed him must be tedious. But is it quite impossible, he said to himself, jotting down his question meanwhile to submit to a well-informed friend, for the principalities and powers of great cities to afford the cost of a politico-economical department, which should, district by district, investigate every case where no reasonable means of livelihood could be shown to exist, with Parliamentary powers to give children technical education, or mechanical drill, and to institute compulsory emigration, where necessary, to such quarters of the globe as are in need of such qualifications as the older starvelings can offer? With all the means of education and transit at hand, with all the philanthropic energy and power of wealth to resort to, are we to be compelled to regard our large cities as squalid hiding-places for useless and deteriorating human beings, city-bound ghosts that can but hover with hungry eyes round a copper of Irish stew? Why retain matter in the wrong place to seethe and fester, soil and spread? Why not sweep the streets?

And so, coming to the best conclusion of which his powers admitted, our perturbed friend went to his violin, and played a sad but soothing air to still his brain and relieve his mind of a painful subject in the sweet forgetfulness of music.

TWO BEAUTIES.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"I don't believe I'm a beauty," said the Philadelphia Primrose, who was getting a little tired of overhearing herself spoken of as the "new beauty." "None of the men who have really been in love with me have accused me of being pretty. But I am not to be crushed by a collection of old canvasses. Certainly, the women of your family were handsome, but I guess I can hold my own here, even if my nose is not perfect, and my eyelashes don't curl at the ends."

So saying, she flashed a glance out of her dark eyes at her lover, who was very close behind her, with a defiance which made her captivating.

"Don't trouble to abuse yourself," remarked this gentleman, a fair-haired, blue-eyed Englishman. "Straight nose or no I admire you, and am inclined to wish I was the only fellow who did. If I were, I might get you to myself for ten minutes or so at a stretch, which now I never do. Look here, Prim; if I go and see that man that's waiting to speak to me about the dogs, will you be here when I come back? We might really have half an hour together then, which we've not had since I got well."

"Poor old man! I'll wait for you."

"I won't be more than two or three minutes. Promise me, Prim, that you'll be here, and not gone off to the stables with that confounded dragoon, or to play billiards with Larkins."

"I never promise," said the American girl, very solemnly, "but my word is as good as my bond. And see here now, I will have that armchair right in front of the blonde beauty who is so much like you, and I will talk to her till you come back."

With a lingering look at the pretty picture he left, Arthur Honeybell hurried away to interview his keeper.

She was like a primrose truly, this American lady: whether a beauty or no, she looked very delightful as she sank back in her red velvet armchair. Her skin was of that peculiar pale tint which America produces—primrose hue, almost: so unlike the red and white of the English girl. The Primrose did not look as if she could blush with her cheeks, they had too unvarying a pallor; but she could certainly look a blush out of the depths of the quick, earnest, dark eyes: indeed, it seemed as if she could express any emotion with them. Her black hair was all in a coil on her head; as to her dress, it was pale, and charming of course, as she belonged to that large class of American women who know how to dress. Ensconced in the red velvet chair, she looked up with an earnest critical look at a full-length portrait of a lady which hung opposite her. This was the "blonde beauty" to whom she was going to talk. The picture was only one of many such, for it was a large gallery at the top of a

country house in which the Primrose had established herself; but evidently this picture fascinated her more than any other. Probably the fascination lay in the strong likeness between the fair painted lady and Arthur Honeybell, who was at present below, indulging in an un-Christian frame of mind because so many matters required his attention and kept him from the dark-eyed American. But that lady was very well amused with critically regarding the old-fashioned beauties of the family of which she was soon to be a member; and she grew more and more interested in the sweet sad face of that one opposite whom she had placed herself. "I should like to know her story," said the Primrose to herself; "in spite of that queer dress she is very pretty, and her eyes are so sad. I wonder does Arthur know her story? I must ask him when he comes back. I declare those dim blue eyes of hers must have some mesmeric quality. I am growing sleepy with staring at her. What can be the matter with me?"

What indeed? The heavy atmosphere of this secluded corner in the quiet old English country-house has produced a strange effect upon this usually wideawake young lady. She must have been growing nervous, for she started suddenly at a very slight sound—the pit-a-pat of two light-falling feet down the polished floor of the corridor. Perhaps the sound was fancy after all. She turned, but saw nothing—and yet, as she settled herself again in her chair, she saw something which surprised her so much that she could only sit still and stare at it. This was nothing less than the blonde lady of the picture quietly sitting in another of the velvet armchairs and regarding the Primrose with a faded, gentle interest. No doubt

of it; it was she. The blonde ringlets curled on her forehead, just as affectedly arranged as in the picture; a thick band of fair hair surrounded her head and held in place the orange-coloured tip of a great ostrich feather which curled right over from one side of her face to the other. She wore a gauzy pink muslin dress drawn in to a waist just under her arms and edged all over with gold braid; it was open in front, displaying a beautifully fine and spotless white petticoat. Beneath this white skirt peeped two little feet cased in light blue shoes. She wore a gold band round her bare white neck, and gold earrings in her ears. Her slender arms were quite bare and unornamented, but she held in her hand a pair of long light-blue gloves, and passed them with a nervous action through her fingers.

"What a strange combination of colour," said the Philadelphia Primrose, speaking aloud—for she hardly suspected this quaint apparition to hear her—"gold, orange, pink and light blue! and that, too, with a pink and white skin and blonde ringlets!"

"Do you not like it?" asked the old-fashioned beauty, speaking in a thin, far-away voice and with a slight lisp. "It was thought an elegant mode when I wore it last: my lovers all admired it. But some said I should have had two patches, one by the mouth and one under the left eye; but I only put this one under my left eye, because I have heard the other means kissing, and I should fear to seem immodest. Why, you have no patches!—and what a strange dress you wear!—why how curious a manner of dressing your hair—is it an affectation, or the mode in some other place?"

"It is the fashion now," said the Primrose, quite conscious that she could meet criticism suc-

cessfully at any point of her dressing.

"There has been a great change since my day," said the old-fashioned beauty, with a dim look coming into her blue eyes. "I belong to the past; it is a hundred years since I was a girl in this old house—a young, ingenuous, foolish girl. Do you see that great window at the end of the corridor? I loved that window, because I could see the road, and the pretty fellows who rode in to market in the town would kiss their hands to me as they passed."

"You were rather a flirt, I'm afraid," remarked the Primrose composedly.

"A flirt!" cried the blonde lady, with a thin shriek of horror; "Oh, no—I was sprightly perhaps, but not a flirt. My father would have horsewhipped me if he had seen me lift my eyes to a gentleman in company; but these fine gentlemen they have always eyes for a modish young female, and their attentions are so obtrusive. Dear me! I remember when all this house was shut and barred, and my father and brother sat up all the night with loaded guns because the Duke of Beauville was in love with my sister Susanna. He had only caught one glimpse of her, and it inflamed his passion so that his men were stationed about the house for a week in the hope that they might get her. But my father was a stern man, and would have defended his daughter's virtue with his life."

"But what did these men propose to do?" asked the Primrose in some amazement; "run away with her?"

"Yes, yes. They had a coach and four standing in the lane behind the house; and if she could have been caught, they would have carried her away to the duke. He was a cruel liber-

tine, the Duke of Beauville; a most gallant man. The ladies were all afraid of him, for he had stolen several sweet girls from our country side, and ruined them for ever. But he gave up the chase for Susanna after a week. It was no use, for the whole time my father had her under lock and key in her room."

"Under lock and key in her room!" cried the Primrose; "what for? Did he suppose she would run away with the duke?"

"He wouldn't trust her, you know; she was but a giddy pate. 'Tis true, virtue does not consist in wry faces, but still Susanna was so merry a rogue that ill tongues would sometimes speak ill of her, for she could be pretty and familiar with the fashionable men. We had a sort of covey of coquettes in our town then, and my father would not endure that the malicious should touch Susanna's reputation, and class her with them; so he vowed, when he had worn out the duke's patience, that she should marry the first man that asked her hand."

"And I suppose Miss Susanna said she'd do nothing of the kind?" said the Primrose, with real sympathy in this story of a by-gone girlhood.

"No, indeed she did not: she dared not disobey our father. We never sat down in his presence unless he told us we might—"

"What?" interrupted the Primrose with wide-opened eyes, leaning forward in breathless amazement.

"Are you surprised? Are you not taught in the same way? Our father was not more strict than others."

Miss Primrose had begun to laugh a little at the odd contrast which arose in her mind between the home life she had left in Philadelphia and that now being described to her.

"Mamma's favourite remark about me," she said, after a moment's amused consideration of the contrast, "is 'The only way to manage Prim is to let her have her own way.' How amused she would be to hear you talk; only I think she would hardly be able to believe in what you have just told me. Is it really true?"

"That we had to stand in my father's presence? Indeed, yes; he would have boxed our ears soundly had we sat down without his permission. We were taught to obey him without a word, or a second's hesitation."

"What good girls you must have been!" said the Primrose, with a sigh of wonder.

"I don't know about that," said the blonde beauty, nodding her head mischievously, and making her ostrich feather quiver. "We were gay sometimes and wild as we could be. Well I remember the day when we slipped out through the kitchen, and ran away to the hay-fields! My father had forbidden our leaving the house because some of the pretty fellows were out in the fields with the haymakers, helping toss the hay; and Susanna and I, we said we'd stop in, if he would not lock us up; but the house would not hold us, and by-and-by we slipped out and ran away, and had such a wild time in the hay. Susanna lost her bonnet and got her long curls in a tangle, and we forgot all about our father till it was time to go home."

"I don't wonder he locked you up," said Miss Primrose with a lofty contempt, "if you could not be trusted any better than that."

"Oh, but we were only little girls then," said the blue-eyed lady, with gentle deprecation; "the fine gentlemen used to pick us up and kiss us, and let us play with their sword hilts. Yet my father was angry. I shall never

forget going home that day! We dared hardly go in at the gate, for there was my father standing on the steps. He said nothing, but waited there till at last we must pass him, go as slowly as we would, and then he reached out and gave us each such a box on the ear as it makes my ears ache to remember! And then he locked us up, saying we were to stop in our rooms for a week; but my mother let us out in the evening: she used to then, when we were little girls, because he was always tipsy at night, and forgot what we were locked up for; but when we were older he didn't forget, and mother was afraid to let us out."

"What did you say?" asked the Primrose, with wide eyes of amazement; "he was *tipsy* at night?"

"Oh, yes," said the blonde beauty, with a gentle little smile; "he and my two brothers were always too tipsy to get up to bed; the men-servants had to take them. And very often after dinner, in the afternoons, my brothers were so, and we girls used to tease them and make them look foolish until sometimes they got angry and snatched up a whip, or threw something at us, and then we would run away and hide."

"What disgusting men!" exclaimed Miss Primrose.

"Oh no, they were good brothers; and my father was good to us. He would send us thirty miles to a ball, and give us pretty dresses and shoes. He was only tipsy in the evening, and that was thought very proper in him, because all the fine gentlemen began to drink early in the day; they began at dinner-time and went on all the afternoon."

"Oh, you dined early then, of course."

"Is it the mode to dine later

now?" asked Anne Honeybell with that flash of interest in her blue eyes which the very word "modish" seemed to have power to bring into them.

"We dine at nine here," replied the Primrose, her thoughts wandering away for the moment to the reflection—what a nice fellow Arthur looks at the head of his own table!

"Nine!" exclaimed the ancient beauty. "Oh, that is ridiculously early; I vow you are quite old-fashioned. We always dined at twelve; but I remember hearing that my great-great-grandfather, who used to dine with the Earl of Surrey when he spent the spring and summer in Suffolk, found his lordship very wroth if the dinner was kept a moment later than ten o'clock."

"I think I begin to understand," said the Primrose, a smile dawning in her dark eyes. "You are talking of the morning—we dine at nine in the evening."

Anne Honeybell looked quite bewildered. "Why," she said, "we never had supper so late as that, though we were considered to live in very good style; that is very strange—"

"But," said Miss Primrose, suddenly looking very serious, "tell me, do you mean that your brothers began to drink at an early dinner like that? Why they must have been quite stupid all day."

"Oh, yes," answered Anne. "In the afternoon they were just foolish, and Susanna and I made merry with them, for we could do just what we liked so long as we did not make them angry, and then, as I told you, we had to run away very fast, and hide, for fear they should hurt us."

"And were these the manners of English gentlemen a hundred years ago? Why I would not speak to a man that made such a brute of

himself—thank God, that this is changed!"

"Oh, but we were happy," said the lady, with a dim look of regret for the wild days of her century-old girlhood. "When we grew up we went out to balls and danced all the night through, driving home some thirty or forty miles in the morning light, with our coach covered with mud, and sometimes half a dozen gay fellows on horseback round the coach. How elegant Susanna used to be in her green satin robe! She was dark, with clusters of dark ringlets on her brow; and she looked best in her silver ornaments, with pearls about her neck. Her green satin robe had wide white satin sleeves drawn up on to her shoulders with silver cords; she had a silver girdle with tassels round her waist; and three fine ostrich feathers on her head. I can see her now; how bonny she looked the last time she wore that gown, when there were a dozen officers following her about in the ball-room and waiting to dance with her. But she danced all the evening with poor cousin Harry, whom she loved with her whole heart."

"And did she marry him?" asked Primrose, with all that feminine interest in a genuine love story, which even the most practical and independent of modern young ladies is a prey to.

"Marry him!" cried the lady—"marry him!—twenty times he implored her on his knees to run away with him, and I often thought she would have done if she dared; but I believe she thought my father would have killed her. And, indeed, I'm not sure but he would; he had grown very stern with us. Harry was a dare-devil young rake, but as handsome a fine gentleman as I have ever seen, and no girl could help loving him. Susanna refused ten offers of mar-

riage because she loved him so; and when the Duke of Beauville began to pursue her, my father said she was too wild and too beautiful to be unmarried, and that he would wed her to the next man that asked for her. And he did."

"He *did*!" exclaimed the Primrose, in a kind of holy horror; "and was she happy?"

"No, indeed; but she was resigned in time, as women learn to be. She flung her wedding-ring at her husband a week after they were married; but he tamed her wild spirit in a little while, and she became quiet and conducted herself with propriety."

"How awful!" remarked Miss Primrose; "I would no more be married like that, or stay in the house of a man whom I had married against my will, than take my own life!"

"Then you are very ill-taught," said the elder lady with considerable asperity. "Have you not learned that our first duty is to reverence our parents and obey them?"

"I am afraid," remarked Primrose, with rising assertiveness, "that I couldn't have revered a father who got drunk every day!"

"But it is not the duty of children to criticise their parents; it is a sacred duty to reverence and obey them."

"Oh, if you come to sheer blind obedience—" exclaimed Miss Primrose—"but then, after all, you didn't obey them; you slipped out at the kitchen door, and Susanna didn't run away with her handsome cousin only because she was afraid to!"

"As to leaving the house of a man whom you had married against your will," said the century-old beauty (rather too patently changing the subject);

"do you not know that you would have sacrificed your virtue and honour, insulted an honest husband and disgraced your family, bringing upon yourself the curses of your parents—that you would have become a disgraced and wretched outcast?"

The indignant beauty was growing more rigidly upright with each word, and her feather fluttered upon her head as she quivered with wrath. It occurred to Miss Primrose that, if the lady grew so ireful, she might be too angry to tell her own story, and that after all it was no use discussing a subject like this with a lady whose education had evidently been so radically different from her own.

"Won't you tell me about yourself?" she asked with some fear lest she had altogether offended the antiquated coquette; "I want so much to know your story."

The lady paused; her face changed and melted. The dim sweet look came back into the pale blue eyes, giving them once more that pathetic expression which made the portrait so fascinating.

"When we were young girls people called us the two wild Mistress Honeybells; but we were both tamed—both taught discretion and obedience." *

She heaved a sigh so heavy that Miss Primrose's tender heart was touched, and she grew all the more anxious to hear the poor lady's story.

But the blue eyes were looking far away, and the nervous, trembling lips—which seemed to tremble even in the portrait—were closed and drawn down a little at the corners. Primrose began to fear the quaint old beauty might melt away in a cloud of tears instead of telling her story. Something must be done. So the young American summoned her wonted audacity.

“When your sister married, you were left at home alone?” she asked, as a kind of suggestion to Mistress Honeybell that she might proceed.

“Yes,” she answered, “alone, in so far as that I had no young companion to pass my time with in frivolous discourse or wild adventures. I was sad at first, and my father was so strict with me, vowing that he would not have me another coquette like Susanna, that indeed my life was very quiet and serious. I did tambour-work, I helped my mother with the cowslip wine, the preserves, and the distilling. I rose betimes and went out into the meadows as soon as the birds were awake, that I might wash my face with morning dew and keep me young and fair amid my discreet life and silent hours of meditation. Long hours in the noontime I walked this corridor and watched the people who passed to the market-town, wishing the while I had some of Susanna’s spirit that I might have courage to run out and make merry. But no, I was timid, and I dared not disobey my father in any single thing. I used to go out with my mother in the old yellow coach to pay visits to our neighbours over the hills and in the town; and I would go with her to church on the Sunday. Sometimes I was allowed to go to church alone in the afternoon, and then I was so mighty happy that I would run all the way and sing some silly ditty to myself. And one sad Sunday I was so foolish and did so disquiet my father and mother that I was disinherited, and all my money was left to Susanna; but it did no harm, for I departed out of the troublous world before her.”

“But tell me,” exclaimed Miss Primrose, full of curiosity, and very anxious that Mistress Honeybell should not relapse again into

silent thought over her sad little story, “tell me what you did so dreadful that you should be disinherited.”

“Would you like to hear?” said the lady, with a little trembling smile. “There was my old nurse living in the village. She had nursed me all the time I was a little child, and I loved her almost as well as my mother. Sometimes I went to see her, about once a month perhaps, and indeed I looked forward to the day when I might go and make merry with my old nurse, for she treated me as though I were a grown lady, as indeed I was then. Well, on this unhappy Sunday, when I came out of the church, she stopped in the graveyard, and asked me to go in to her cottage and drink a dish of tea, ‘for,’ said she, ‘a new tea-service has been given me,’ and she said it would make her so happy if I would drink a dish with her. But I answered that my father would be very angry. I always had to go straight home from church. ‘It will not take you a minute, dearie,’ said she; ‘he will never know.’ And so I yielded, and went in with her to her cottage. I did but drink the dish of tea, and make her pleased in the admiration of her beautiful new tea-service, and then I hurried home, hoping I had lost little time. But the minutes must have passed quicker than I thought in my young foolishness. My mother was waiting for me at the door, weeping and wringing her hands. ‘Anne!’ she cried ‘hurry, hurry to your room — your father is waiting for you with a horsewhip. I know he will kill you if he sees you. Go to your room, and keep out of his sight!’”

“Do you mean honestly to tell me,” interrupted Miss Primrose, with dangerous, glittering eyes, “that your father proposed to

horsewhip you because you went to tea with your nurse?"

"Yes; and, oh! I was terrified. But my good mother, she clung to him and kept him from my room, and in time his anger grew less. But he had up his lawyer and altered his will, leaving all my farms and money to Susanna. Not a penny, said he, would he leave to a disobedient child."

"I'd like to have given a piece of my mind to that old gentleman," was Miss Primrose's irreverent remark. Luckily, Anne Honeybell did not seem to hear it, or it might have shocked her. Her eyes had grown sadder, and her soul was evidently full of remembrances.

"I was kept in the house then," she went on, "through a long, long time. And in this picture room I took my exercise, pacing from window to window. And there, from that window, that looks on the market-road, did I see my dear Ned—Sir Edward Martindale was his full name—but I love to call him my dear Ned. What a gay, gallant fellow was he, as he rode in on the market-day on his beautiful horse, and used to kiss his hand to the foolish young Anne Honeybell, who looked down from the high window. How I learned to look for him each week and yearn for his passing, and lean to look after his horse. Well, there came a day when he turned his horse's head and came riding up the avenue like some splendid knight, as it seemed to me. I trembled, and hid my eyes, and shrank away into a dark corner quivering like a little aspen-leaf, while he was closeted with my father down stairs, in the large parlour chamber, and then he rode away again on his great horse. It was not till the evening that my mother told me how Sir Edward had asked my father for

me, and how my father had cruelly told him I was a disobedient child, and disinherited; and how Sir Edward had asked 'What was the disobedience?' and when he heard the story had clapped his hand to his side and laughed, and said he cared neither for the disobedience nor the disinheritance, for he liked a girl with some spirit, and he had fortune for both. Ah, dear Ned, what a gay, gallant gentleman you were!" And the poor, pale lady's eyes grew moist and full at the memory of her handsome, happy, riotous lover. "'But, Anne,' said my dear mother, 'I think all may be well for you yet. Your father will let you see Sir Edward when he comes past on the market days; and then, when you marry, I think he will give you some of the farms in your dowry. And Sir Edward, I think, will be kind to you.' Ah, can you fancy how slow sped the days till the next market came round? Can you fancy how I rifled the roses for their sweet dew for my face that morn—how I tired myself in my best flowered chintz and pulled it off again?—how I put on my white muslin gown, and my white Cyprus skirt that I had starched and ironed so that it looked like snow; but even that did not satisfy me?—how I tried my lilac muslin afternoon robe, with the Vandyke lace ruff about the neck, and could not endure myself in any of them? But at last I was dressed, and my long lace gloves were mended and put on, and the sweet dewy roses were on my neck and in my hair—only just in time—for, as my trembling fingers finished their task, I heard dear Ned's horse come galloping up the avenue; and my mother came for me, and led me, all blushes, and trembling so I scarce could stand, down through the little parlour chamber

into the large parlour chamber, the stately best room. Hardly a word did we speak; but before he left I raised my eyes to his, and knew he really loved me. Ah, how happy that look made me. All through the week I lived on it; and then, when next he came, he asked me to show him the high window I sat at, and I brought him here to see it, and we had a moment together, all of our own. And—was it very immodest in me?—I let him kiss my neck—he said 'twas like a peach—and sometimes I think that kiss burns there now, it was so sweet and warm.

“Through the summer he came, each week on market day, to see me, till I grew to love the sound of his horse’s hoofs as he galloped up the avenue. But I was never strong like Susanna; and when the first cold of that winter came it chilled me and I suddenly sickened. ‘O, mother,’ I cried, ‘and I so soon to be married! Am I to die, instead?’ But she soothed me, and gave me herb-waters that she had made herself, and kept me still in my bed. But I grew worse, and I knew that I was sick to death; and when I told my mother she sent for the leech; and he said, ‘’Tis too true; she is dying.’ And then I said,—‘Mother ’tis near a week before dear Ned will come again—I cannot live so long! Send for him, dear mother, that I may say good bye!’ My mother said she almost feared to ask my father to let her send; but she so pitied me that she went to him and asked him. She came back trembling and crying; my father was so angry! ‘Never,’ he said, ‘never would he abet his own daughter in so unmaidenly a deed as sending for her lover. Never—far better die without thought of him than think of such an unwomanly act as that!’ I trembled as I lay in my

bed, at the sound of his angry voice; I grew weaker and more sick with the sorrow and disappointment. But that same evening as I lay still, and my mother sat beside me, I heard Ned’s horse in the avenue. ‘Mother,’ I cried, ‘he is coming.’ ‘I hear nothing, Anne,’ she answered—but I—oh, I heard him gallop to the door—I heard him come up the stairs—I saw him enter the room!—I started up, ‘Ned,’ I said, ‘have you come to say good bye?’ ‘Anne,’ said my mother, putting her arms around me, ‘there is no one here.’ ‘Then indeed, I am dying, dear mother,’ I said—and so it was!—so it was!—I never saw him! never saw him! never saw him!”

And the poor pale Anne wrung her delicate hands together till the Primrose felt her tears and her wrath rising together, at this sad old-world story.

“How could you bear it?” she exclaimed; “I would not! I would have risen from my bed and gone to him. How could you be kept like a naughty child? Why, what was there unmaidenly in sending for your lover? Perhaps it is worse to go to him, but I am not ashamed to do it. I have come over from America alone to nurse my lover, because he was ill. Why, it makes my blood boil to hear such a horrible story as yours!”

Anne had paused in the very act of wringing her hands, and now, still holding them clasped, leaned forward with startled blue eyes, in an attitude of intense eagerness.

“You did *what*?” she asked; “tell me again.”

“I came over from America two months ago, to nurse Arthur Honeybell, who was sick with a fever, and his mother too delicate to attend on him. I am going to marry him this fall, and then I

suppose I shall own your pretty old-fashioned name."

"And you say you came *alone*?"

"Yes, quite alone," responded the Philadelphia Primrose, with cheerful audacity. "Mamma always says she'll back me to travel round the world by myself. It was really great fun; and I'm so glad I came, for Arthur began to get better as soon as I was in the house."

"And he is going to marry you?" asked Anne, still in the same attitude, as if petrified. "He is going to marry you, and give you our old name after that?"

"After what?" inquired Miss Primrose, in some amazement.

"After following him—and *alone*—from another country, he's going to marry you?"

"Well, I guess he is," remarked Miss Primrose, eyeing Arthur's ancestress as if she had had about enough of that sort of catechism.

"And is our family to be so disgraced? Are the days you live in so degenerate—so loose in their morality? Oh, it is too shocking! What would my father have said?" And, with a faint shriek of horror, Anne put up her hands to her eyes as though to hide from her sight the dreadful young woman before her.

Primrose was about to reply with some impatience, when she was startled to see that the chair which the lovely Anne had occupied was empty. She rubbed her eyes and looked again.

"Been to sleep?" said a voice behind her—and on the instant Arthur's substantial form appeared, and he sat down on the identical chair so lately filled by a more fanciful shape.

"Arthur!" exclaimed the Primrose, "do tell me—did Anne

Honeybell die without seeing her lover because her father wouldn't send for him?"

"What, Anne Honeybell whose portrait is hanging there?—my great-great-aunt? Yes, she did, and a burning shame it was. But fathers were tyrants in those days. I could tell you many such a story as that. But my poor aunt Anne's was certainly a sad one. They never even told Sir Edward when she was dead; and the next market-day he rode up to see her as usual. But the woman at the lodge came forward, and, as she opened the gates for him, said, 'Don't you know, Sir Edward, that poor Miss Anne is dead?' They say he never said a word, but looked at her as if to see she spoke the truth, and then turned his horse's head and rode away, swaying backwards and forwards in his saddle like a drunken man. He never came near this house again, and I'm sure I don't wonder."

"Nor I," said the Primrose. "Arthur, those were awful days in this prim England. Do you think girls were any better for being held so tight and never being trusted?"

"I am very sure they weren't," said Arthur, "they were always up to some mischief or other."

"I am afraid we American girls are terribly independent," remarked Miss Primrose with an apologetic air not common with her. "I wonder what your great-aunt Anne would have said to my rushing over here as I did, when I heard you were ill?"

"I expect," said Arthur with a laugh, "that she would have said you were an immodest little baggage. But the opinions of a past century don't matter, fortunately for us; and in the present day, when you behave like a trump, as you did then, you will be called a plucky little angel. Thank

heaven that people don't let each other die in solitude out of modesty nowadays, and that there was an American girl with love enough in her to come all over here by herself and save my life!"

"I'm glad you look at it that way," said the Primrose with a little sigh of relief, "because since you've got so well I haven't dared to ask you what you thought of my impetuosity, and your aunt Anne—"

"May I ask," interrupted Arthur Honeybell, "what on earth has set your little brain running on my great-aunt Anne and her opinions about the conduct of young women?"

"Well, really, I don't know," said she, rubbing her eyes again, "but I believe I must have been dreaming."

"I am sure you have," said Arthur, "and a very funny subject for you to be dreaming about—old-world notions of modesty—you, who are an apostle of the creed that every man should be a law to himself. And now, shall I tell you some more stories about these faded beauties with their waists under their arms; or shall we have the horses out, and go on to the moors?"

"Oh, let us go out," cried the Primrose with some return of her wonted spirit; "this place makes me so sad and dreamy."

She went gladly away, leaning on Arthur Honeybell's arm; but, as she left the corridor, she looked back, and a chill struck anew into her heart as she met the sad haunting eyes of the poor bygone beauty, looking out of her portrait upon the gallery where she passed so much of her subdued girlhood.

"Thank God!" cried the Primrose, as she paused an instant

on the threshold, looking back. "Thank God I was not born in those days, and that I live in a time when one may call one's soul one's own, and when one isn't a slave to other people's prejudices."

"I prefer the present day," remarked Arthur. "Men were drunken fools half the time then. In fact, three or four generations ago the English upper classes were a set of barbarians."

"But," said the Primrose with another remembrance of her dream, "doubtless they would be just as much disgusted with a great many things that we do now, as we are disgusted with things they did then."

"Certainly," said Arthur, "every age has its own prejudices. If my great-aunt Anne could see you and other young ladies of your type coolly promenading Europe and America, with your hands in your ulster pockets, your caps on the sides of your heads, smoking cigarettes, and placidly accepting the admiration and humble services of every fellow you meet, she would be, to say the least of it, astonished. In her days a beauty might be the toast of a county; now a beauty is nobody if she has not had London society at her feet and flashed in cool independent triumph through the various Courts of Europe. A century ago young beauties were violets; now, though they may be called lilies and Primroses, they appear to me to partake of the character of much more self-assertive flowers."

"Are you trying to tease me?" asked the Primrose, looking at him very earnestly. She is like all other women in this respect, that there is one man in the world whose opinion she is absurdly sensitive about.

"Of course I am," he said, amused at her earnest look. "I like

teasing you, because you are so irrepressible, and however well you bear it at the beginning are certain to turn and rend me at last. But you look too dreamy to tease to-day.

Come, we will go out, and forget the miseries and sad love stories of those old fogeys of the past, in the enjoyment of the present and its independence.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

[A Paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, Nov. 14, 1879.]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOME SIDE OF A SCIENTIFIC MIND."

[In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, it was treated as an "Attack on Portia." But the criticism can scarcely be an attack upon this popular heroine, seeing that what is said of her is true of a very large proportion of persons in every class. If it appear severe on anything, it is not on Portia, but on a state of society in which a woman whose moral qualities are but of average order, and who is exceptional only in intelligence and grace, can find herself raised to the rank of an ideal of womanhood.

But, in reality, the writer had no thought of attacking anybody, even society at large; the sole object being to suggest a meaning for the grotesque old tale of the pound of flesh, which Shakspeare, and perhaps more than one writer before him, connected with the story of the caskets.]

I have been asked to say a few words about the parallel between Shylock and Portia.

It will, of course, seem to many a matter of doubt whether Shakspeare had any such parallel in his mind. But the point to which I have to call attention is that a certain correspondence does, at least in part, exist.

If the idea of such a comparison is a novel one, I can lay no claim to the credit of originating it. It was suggested to me by some pas-

sages in the letters of the late James Hinton, which were to the effect that the sacrifice of human lives to self-righteous prejudices or to imaginary ideas of duty to one's family, may be essentially as cruel as sacrificing them to what are called evil passions or vicious pleasures. But whether this idea is essentially a modern one, or whether it had occurred to Shakspeare's mind, is a question on which I do not wish to enter.

It is often said that commentators find lessons in old writers which would have greatly surprised the writers themselves. But this must necessarily be the case when we are commenting on the works of any author who is rather an artist than a didactic teacher.

The highest mission of a moralist is rather to show the inadequacy and imperfection of the ideal of rightness accepted by his age and country than to declaim against acknowledged vices and foibles. And the former object is often better accomplished by giving a purely artistic representation of that ideal than by any direct attempt at inculcating moral truths. What is the meaning of the word "inspiration" as applied to works of art, if the poet can never teach truths of which he is himself unconscious? If Shakspeare can make us see a fact, we have, I think, a right to examine it, even if we are

not able to ascertain that he himself saw it. An artist (Shakspeare, or someone before him) found somewhere the two stories of the pound of flesh and of the caskets. Whether it was mere artistic inspiration which induced him to put them side by side, or whether he was conscious of any definite moral purpose in their juxtaposition, it is not my object to decide. And as I have no pretension to the character of a literary critic, I may, I hope, be allowed for the present to speak of Shylock and Portia as if they were living persons—children of Shakspeare, owing to him their existence, their vitality, their form, but in whom strangers can perhaps discover characteristics, likenesses, differences, which their own father may never have consciously observed.

In the character of Portia Shakspeare has painted a wonderful picture of a certain popular type of goodness; she is a pious, dutiful, well-educated young woman, intelligent, graceful, and gracious. He suggests no imperfections in her, he leaves her to make her own impression on his readers; she is allowed to affect us now as she would have affected her circle of friends. Everyone likes Portia; we are evidently meant to like her. Any parent to whom had been given such a daughter would feel proud and thankful. If she is rather freer in her language than well-brought-up girls of our own day, we make allowances for her, because such licence was in fashion in her time. Our impression of her personally is extremely pleasant; yet, when we come to analyse her deeds and motives, we see that it would be possible to represent her on one side of her character as a very fiend. Beside her stands an ugly reflection of herself, in which we can see what she might look like to the angels. No caricature

of her, but a sort of grim and ghastly likeness of her, with, as it were, her outer skin off. Shylock has much of Portia's virtue, but without her graces; and the crime which she prevents him from committing seems like a sort of fantastic shadow projected by the crime committed by her father and herself.

But he is a Jew; one of a persecuted and abhorred race; lacking therefore in that superficial kindness,—that amiable unconsciousness of ill-will against anybody in particular,—which is so easy and cheap to those accustomed from infancy to be happy and admired, so impossible to those who have been perpetually stung by a sense of injustice; and which, where it exists, is not incompatible with much selfishness and lack of true sympathy.

And not only has the general course of Shylock's life been such as to bring his worst qualities to the surface, but the circumstances in which we see him are such as to exhibit them at their worst. He is, during the action of the play, shown almost entirely in intercourse with his enemies; Portia is throughout surrounded by her servants and friends.

And, lastly, we are made to look at Shylock from Portia's point of view; we are allowed to see Portia from her own; we hear all that Portia has to say about Shylock; we are not told what Shylock thinks of her; probably he knew nothing of her history.

The essential characteristic of Jews, as such, the virtue on which narrow-minded Jews mainly pride themselves, is their reverence for their national traditions, for the laws and customs handed down from their ancestors, for those laws especially which separate them from other nations. A good Jew sacrifices himself to keep intact

these traditions; if he cannot do this without sacrificing others as well as himself, the motive is held to exonerate him from blame. We Gentiles see only the evil side of such a sacrifice of the living in reverence for a far-off past; we call it "superstition" and "barbarism." In Portia what is essentially the same feeling takes the shape, to us more attractive, of unreasoning and measureless devotion on the part of a daughter to the mere will of her father. Portia is quite sure that it is right for her to obey her father at the cost of her own inclinations; if other people suffer also for her obedience, she is not to blame.

Shylock's national feeling, his reverence for the traditions according to which Jews were bound not to be too familiar with Gentiles, is only once expressed in words; but it is evidently the key-note of his whole life. His detestation of Antonio, though complicated and intensified by personal considerations, is to a large extent an outcome of his patriotism. Antonio, it is true, had injured Shylock's trade; but if a brother Jew had done so, Shylock would not have wanted to cut his heart out; revenge and greed would have been kept in check by conscience. But Antonio had not only injured him personally, he had insulted him as a Jew. In the person of Shylock he had insulted the Hebrew nation.

One property of superstition, as distinguished from true human religion, is that, by localising and restricting the action of the moral sense, it leaves the passions to act unbalanced in certain directions. The effect of Shylock's exaggerated nationality was that he felt it quite a virtuous deed to treat a Gentile enemy as his worst self would, perhaps, have been disposed to treat any enemy.

We notice the same tendency in

Portia. The natural vanity which tempts a woman to let men for whom she does not care make reckless sacrifices for her sake, exists to some extent in nearly all girls; but under ordinary circumstances it is kept in check, in all but the worst, by pity and compunction. In Portia's case the father's command neutralises the pity and the sense of responsibility.

So perhaps with the father—he has an exaggerated idea of the duty which he supposes laid on him to protect his daughter from all possibility of being a prey to mercenary speculators; and this prevents his feeling constrained, as he otherwise would, to ask himself at what probable cost he is indulging in the pleasure of thinking that, after his death, men whom he never saw will be made aware of, and forced to submit to, his eccentric commands.

Portia is so absorbed in the mere question of obedience to her father, that she does not seem to see that anything but disobedience can be wrong. It may seem absurd to regard her rejected suitors (that fiery Prince of Morocco especially) as feeling bound by a vow never to marry. But how recklessly have promises never to marry been imposed, almost within the recollection of persons now living, as a serious business transaction, and from motives of family interest. That men have thought themselves bound to keep such promises is also a fact. In what manner they are kept, and with what results, we need not inquire.

Portia saves herself the pain which thinking seriously might have cost her; she has evidently never considered the matter at all. She has counted the cost—to herself—of obedience; a something which is half heroism to face an evil fate, half faith that, in some mysterious manner, her heroism

will be rewarded by escaping that fate, sustains her through her own share of the trial. If she had ever attempted to realise the consequences of her virtue to other people, she would either have disobeyed her father, or, more likely, have escaped by suicide the responsibility of needing to disobey. But she lacks what has been called "that power of imagination which forms so large a part of the divine charity," and as long as she is conforming to the law—the special law which she thinks binding on herself—she feels that all is right. If her lovers choose voluntarily to make rash vows, they, not she, are responsible for the consequences.

Shylock also keeps strictly to the letter of the law, even of the Gentile law; and very surprised he seems to be to find that good Christians do not consider that amount of virtue all that could be required of him. Antonio voluntarily promised a pound of flesh; it does not occur to Shylock that anyone has a right to require at his hands the blood which may have to flow in the cutting of it. Surely the author, whoever he was, to whom it first occurred to present in sharp contrast the exact pound of flesh, which could be bargained for and weighed, and to which the man had, by the confession of the judge, an indisputable right—and the hot life-blood to which no one had any claim, which would flow incidentally, of which no account had been taken, which no one could measure, and which nothing could staunch, must have been one of the sublimest artists of all time.

Besides being hardened by superstitious reverence for some special form of duty, Shylock is perhaps, like Portia, still further deadened by reaction after an effort of self-sacrifice. For it needed an effort for a man like him to break through his habits so far as to lend

money to a Gentile, with no hope of interest, without security even for the principal, and with the doubt, which must have been all along on his mind, whether, in any case, the Gentile authorities would let him have his pound of flesh. And we much mistake the Jews if we think that their love of accumulating money is only the same thing as the mere sordid avarice of a Gentile miser. To the Jews of old time, forbidden as they were to purchase land, or to distinguish themselves in political life, the accumulation of wealth was the only road to power or distinction; and money thus came to have for them, as it indeed still has for some foreign Jews, a sort of emotional value, such as has for the aristocrat his ancestral estate. This subject is too wide a one to enter upon here; but it may be suggested that, if we could truly realise what money had become to the Jews, and what associations it had for them, we should feel that Shylock's "Oh! my ducats, oh! my daughter," which, as reported by Salanio, seems so grotesque a medley, was as truly human and pathetic as would be the lament of an officer in an army of patriots, whose child, in deserting him, had carried over to the camp of the oppressors, along with a store of ammunition, the standard of his regiment, and the sword handed down to him from his ancestors.

But, though money was thus dear and sacred in Shylock's eyes, he is willing to sacrifice it for the smallest chance of destroying the man whom he hates, and who hates "our sacred nation." Charming gentleman as Antonio seems to his Gentile friends, there were many reasons why a Jew of his city should, when attacking him, have much of the same feeling as David when he went forth alone to fight the giant; and we may be

sure that when the agent of Bel-lario pronounced at first in Shylock's favour, he sent up a silent thanksgiving to the God of his fathers for delivering into his hands the enemy of his race. Need we doubt that, in that moment of triumph, Shylock was as naively unconscious of any reason for being morally dissatisfied with himself as ever Portia was in her life?

On this narrow self-righteousness Portia looks, and leads us to look on it, from the point of view of a true and divine humanity. It is easy for her to do so. Everything tends, just at the time of the trial, to put her into a generous frame of mind. She is happy in her love; she has an opportunity of earning the gratitude of her husband and his friends; and, as far as the trial itself is concerned, she feels herself, beforehand, to be completely master of the situation. Her religious faith, such as it is, has been, so far, justified by the course of events. Moreover, she can think of Shylock—and, what is even more to the purpose, she knows that all around her think of him—as an inferior being, a poor, untaught miscreant, who has everything to gain by being made in any respect more like herself. Her little sermon is evidently the expression of the genuine feeling of the moment; and it is so beautiful and true in itself that we almost forget, as completely as she herself did, how impertinent is any attempt on the part of a young girl to give

religious instruction to a man old enough, even in years, to be her father, older in suffering and experience than she will probably ever be in her life. "Mercy droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." "We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy," sweetly remarks this amiable young lady, who had cut the heart out of more than one man, making flip-pant jests about them with her maid the while. They were guilty of the crime, not of hating her nation, but of liking her better than she liked them; and, provided her own father's commands are obeyed, she can leave them, bleeding morally,—without remorse.

Mercy! A girl of Portia's type would have offered human sacrifices with the greatest cheerfulness if she had been brought up where Moloch worship was in fashion; and we, if we had lived in the same age and country, should have felt no more horror of her for doing so than we do of any woman of our own day, who is content with accurately performing whatever duties happen to have been brought under her notice by the persons who have had charge of her in childhood, and does not think it necessary to ask herself unpleasant questions about the cost to others at which her supposedly virtuous existence is being carried on.*

* Since the above was written, Mr. Irving has made Shylock a living person to thousands. We may be grateful to the great actor for bringing out with such vividness Shylock's patient submission to everything which he understands to be law, and the absence in him of anything like miserliness or greed.

MY SCOTCH LASSIE.

If I had the brush of angel,
Dipt in colours rich and rare,
I would paint with choicest limning
My Scotch lassie fresh and fair.

Fresh is she as dewy morning,
Fair as blossom on the spray,
Fragrant as the birch tree waving
In the fresh breeze of the May.

O, my bright and blooming lassie !
Maids more stately well may be ;
But no stateliest maiden ever
Breathed a smile so sweet as she.

O, my bonnie blithe fond lassie,
Mild as bloom on hawthorn tree,
Rich as June, and ripe as Autumn,
Flower and fruit in one is she.

Saw you ever cowslip warmer
When the zephyrs came to woo ?
Saw you bright-eyed speedwell peeping
'Neath the hedge with purer blue ?

Warmer than her keen pulse keeping
Time to all things true and good,
Bluer than her blue eye swelling
In young love's divinest mood ?

Softer floats no plummy sea-gull
Than her bosom's heaving charms,
Swan on lake not whiter swimmeth
Than the whiteness of her arms.

If I had the brush of angel,
Dipt in colours rich and rare—
No ! no trick of brush or pigment
Ever limned a form so fair.

Let them limn who live in dreamland,
Where the brain-born phantoms sway ;
I have feasted on the substance,
And the shadow pales away.

I will not make dainty mockery
With a painted thin display
Of a life that breathes and burgeons
With the fullness of the May.

I will see my dear Scotch lassie
In the ray that sweeps the hills,
In the bright far-shimmering ocean,
In the silver-flashing rills.

I will see her where the wandering
Bee sucks honey from the brae,
Where the mavis to the mavis
Pours his rich full-throated lay.

I will feed upon the sweetness
Of her presence near to me,
And her wealth of grace that hangeth
Like a peach upon a tree.

I will live on the dear memory
Of that hour of burning bliss,
When she lent her lips and thrilled me
With the rapture of her kiss !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THEORY AND LAW IN RELATION TO COMMERCIAL PRACTICES.

THAT the institutions under which we live are, to a certain extent, experimental, may be proved by a comparison of statutes now in force and customs now prevalent, with such as corresponded to them a century ago. For the sake of order, a law must in practice be regarded as perfect and unimpeachable, however much its infallibility may be questioned in theory. But theory is a liquid whose precipitate is decision, and so in the reforms or lapses of one age the institutions of another are overturned, or fall into decay. A poetic philosopher might be tempted to regard this tendency to change as a mark of weakness—"the fashion of this world passeth away;" the practical man, on the other hand, usually draws another lesson, and is found bent on keeping his eyes open, in order to maintain himself on the profitable side of whatever changes may come. Speaking generally, the revolution which is still in progress is in the direction of more and more freedom for the individual. If a larger and wider spirit than that of old time were not being born of this freedom, and of the consequent growth of the individual in opportunities of knowledge, it might be said that we were proceeding further and further away from the true conception of a commonwealth. Freedom of contract for the individual means the principle of "each for himself;" if this were not counteracted by

another new development—that of public opinion—we might be reduced to a chaos of reckless, selfish competition. Public opinion is a commodious and convenient bridge between theories and institutions. The bridge is made short where the theory is easily apprehended, and satisfies a large number; it is long and difficult where theory is too ideal or immature. We do not obtain the best institutions possible, but those that seem most practicable according to common light.

The recent revival in certain departments of commerce has afforded some curious instances of modern customs. Depression in trade, which, in this country, means an inability to find a market for manufactured articles at remunerative prices, and a consequent lack of enterprise, affects not only the manufactured goods, but the raw material. There is no great anxiety to buy that which it is doubtful profit to work up. The merchant of raw material cannot find a profitable market because the merchant in manufactured articles cannot find his. In an ideal state, so soon as the merchant found his stock, in process of gradual absorption, was coming to an end, he would resort to the dealer in material, and lift his burden of unsold stuff from him at a gradually advancing price, equally profitable to both, until, with the full revival of trade, the old level of prices might be reached. What happens now in the un-ideal

state? The speculator is neither a purveyor of raw material nor a producer of manufactured commodities; he is simply a man with a longer nose and a keener brain than either of these useful individuals. He sees, by a commercial instinct, the fine indications of an advancing tide of prosperity before any one else sees them, he resorts to the dealers in one kind or another of raw material, and buys up, on credit, secretly, the whole of their stock, not only that which is in the warehouses, but that which is in vessels on the sea, expected to arrive. This can be done even with so important a commodity as cotton, by the aid of one of those financial combinations, or syndicates, which the economy of capital, due to the credit system, permits to wield enormous sums of nominal money. To similarly control a market in black pepper, in sumach, or other articles of less importance, requires a less gigantic financial operation. What is the result of this control? Cotton, or whatever be the commodity in question, becomes scarce. The rising demand for his goods compels the manufacturer to replenish his stock of raw material. On resorting to the market, he finds that he has to pay, not the price to which he has been accustomed, and on the basis of which he can sell his manufactured goods, but a new and factitious price—the price quoted by a speculator who has made a “corner,” and placed himself in the position of being the only person able to furnish a supply of the commodity in question. The manufacturer is baulked: instead of being able to procure his raw material at a price allowing him a reasonable margin of profit on manufacture, he finds his hopes of honest prosperity baffled by the cunning of a speculator. The extra profit which in the ideal state would have been divided between

the legitimate dealers in raw and manufactured goods, to recoup them for perhaps years of stagnation or loss, another has snatched from them. Swift speculation has stolen the cream; slow honest trade may take its chance of making its bargain with the skimmed milk.

What had our ancestors to say about “buying to arrive,” or getting control of a market? We turn to an advertisement in a newspaper of the beginning of the present century. To buy or to sell is harmless in itself, and so subtle is the distinction between buying for a legitimate and for a speculative purpose, that we are not surprised to find that local associations were found necessary for the due enforcement of any law upon such a subject. The following is the advertisement of a Norfolk society established to give effect in its own district to what was then the common law:

“Whereas the members of this Association have great reason to apprehend that the unlawful practice of forestalling, or what is termed in this neighbourhood fore-hand bargains, are at this time made on the growing crop of grain. This is to give notice, That whoever will give information of such practices to any of the members of the said Association, so that the persons offending may be indicted, they shall receive Twenty Guineas reward, upon the conviction of the parties, from the Treasurer of the said Association.

“After the very excellent charge delivered by Judge Grose to the Grand Juries of the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk on this subject at the last Lent assizes; and after the publication of that part of his Lordship’s charge, in the provincial papers, we can hardly suppose men can be ignorant of the

enormity of the evil, or of the illegality of such transactions; but to remove all pretences of that kind in future, we think it proper to give the following abstract of the law against such practices:

“By the Common law, all endeavours whatsoever to enhance the common price of any merchandise, and all kinds of practices which have an apparent tendency thereto, whether by spreading false rumours, or by buying things in the market before the accustomed hour, or by buying and selling again the same thing in the same market, or by any other such like devices, are highly criminal, and punishable by fine and imprisonment.

“And so jealous is the Common law of all practices of this kind, that it will not suffer corn to be sold in the sheaf, perhaps for this reason, because by such means the market is in effect forestalled.

“Whosoever doth ingross, or get into his hands by buying, contracting, or promise-taking, other than by demise, grant, or lease of land or tithe, any corn growing in the fields, or any other corn or grain, butter, cheese, fish, or other dead victuals whatsoever, to the intent to sell the same again, is deemed an unlawful ingrosser.

“And whosoever doth by any means regrate, obtain, or get into his hands or possession, in a fair or market, any corn, wine, fish, butter, cheese, tallow, sheep, lambs, calves, swine, pigs, geese, capons, hens, chickens, pigeons, conies, or other dead victuals whatsoever, that shall be brought to any fair or market to be sold, and do sell the same again in any fair or market holden or kept in the same place, or in any other fair or market within four miles thereof, is deemed a regrator.”

How our modern operator, who has bought raw material, not for manufacture and legitimate use, but

to sell again, and has made a hundred thousand pounds clear profit by ‘cornering’ the market, would smile at these obsolete enactments! His profit, he would claim, was a perfectly fair one;—did he not risk the loss of an enormous sum if his plot had been less cleverly laid, or had miscarried through some accident? The argument seems fair at first sight, and the fallacy in it is hard to discover. It lies in this, that no one asked or desired him to run that risk; it was undertaken at his own choice, and moreover reduced to a remote contingency by the elaboration of his plan. The argument of gain being a righteous equivalent for risk is a fair one only in the case of honest manufacture or trade. There is no fallacy to be detected here; the risk is not undertaken solely at the freak of the manufacturer, and for the chance of sudden profit, after the realisation of which the liability is over, and the successful free-lance may plan a fresh operation, or remain idle as he will. In the case of the manufacturer, the public needs his office and understands his position and use in the commonwealth; his risk is no spasmodic and temporary danger, but a permanent liability, and one that is called for, since some one must undertake it. On this ground he is on quite a different level from the speculator, who pursues his own advantage solely from the outset. But, the operator may argue, the trade of the country could not be carried on if any theoretic enactment were to hamper the perfect liberty of buying and selling. Herein indeed lies the difficulty. At the beginning of the century it had to be met by local associations bent on seeing the law carried out in its meaning, spirit, and integrity.

Now the difficulty is met by the easier method of having no such arduous law, but freedom for the

individual instead, who may 'regrate,' 'forestall,' or 'fore-hand bargain' as he chooses. Formerly the liberty of trade was defined, now it may include the licentiousness of trade, and the Common law has ceased to be jealous of its practices.

We have many professors of political economy, but as a rule their works omit all reference to current commercial practice, of which it may be presumed they are ignorant. The public might fairly claim from the holders of endowed appointments who have little to do, some careful study of everyday affairs. Commerce is now so complex, and each man in the whirl of it is so busy, that there is no opportunity for theory. The sufferer is always the unprotected public which pays blindly, not knowing how the amount charged is made up. We venture to suggest a homely but interesting study for any University Don or Fellow who has a leaning towards political economy. Let him take the average price per lb. of a variety of familiar commodities and divide out that price fractionally as follows. Cost of production, or cost where grown, cost of transit, middlemen, depreciation, insurance against reasonable risk, profit of retailer. It would require a considerable and very arduous study of facts to arrive at so simple a conclusion, but the result would be valuable, and ought to include an estimate of what proportion of the price might be deemed justifiable, and what proportion the public ought to regard as imposition. General opinion might thus become formed, and steps be taken to inaugurate a better system in the cases wherein the old system might prove to lay an unfair tax upon the consumer. Our professor, when he can bestir himself to emerge from his classic leisure, may well begin with an analysis of the price of

fish. The retail price of fish, with the exception of the plebeian herring and sprat, and one or two coarse varieties, is about as high per pound as that of butcher's meat. Our student of the theory of commercial practice will be able to ascertain whether the hardy fisherman, to whom no one grudges his wage, is the person who obtains that fraction of the price of a pound of fish which corresponds to the cost of breeding and rearing cattle, the rent of grazing land, the cost of the supply of winter food, of the attention of skilled herdsmen and drovers, of the labour of the slaughterhouse, all of which form a part of the price of a pound of butcher's meat. The question can soon be settled how much of the price per pound the fisherman obtains, how much the owner of his boat, and how much the middlemen who have the control of the wholesale market.

The present writer has bought a codling fresh from the fishers' boat for three-pence; how many times three-pence would he not have to give for a similar fish in London? The co-operative societies have succeeded in reducing the business of retailing to some sort of order, and charge with fair evenness their percentage of commission for performing the office of retailer with regard to each article sold. But they have not yet succeeded to any extent in being the sole intermediary between the producer and the consumer. The difference in price resulting from so doing might in some instances prove too startling,—too great a shock to the mind accustomed to vested interest, too strange a surprise to the ignorant consumer wont to pay an unauthorised secret tax heavier by far than any income tax. Coal might make another profitable study for the philanthropic political economist:—What the

reasonable profit of the retailer to the poor in quantities of half a hundredweight, what the cost of transit from the pit, what the cost at the pit's mouth, what the residuum, and where it goes. The householder pays the price that is asked of him, without question, provided his neighbour pays the same. It can scarcely be expected that he, as an individual, can do anything to obtain better terms, when a much larger trader, the manufacturer, can do nothing but pay an extravagant price for cotton, at a time when the market may happen to be under the control of a fore-hand-bargaining syndicate. All that the old-fashioned manufacturer does is to grumble that business is bad, and does not seem so certain as it was, now that there is so much speculation. Similarly, the housekeeper finds that all the facilities for supply and transport of provisions do not make them as much cheaper as might reasonably be expected. The simple process of dividing the price of any commodity into fractions, each apportioned to a necessary element of the actual cost of production, transit, and distribution, would afford easy instruction to both; and were there any unfair advantage taken at any link of the chain it would stand revealed. Matters like these are certain to come before the public, as they become more and more awake to theory, and understand that analysis may draw as clear a clue through a commercial operation, as through a complicated syllogism. The housekeeper who buys an article in quantity x at a price $2y$ at one emporium, and a quantity $2x$ at a price y at another, rent and wages being much the same in both localities of purchase, is being stimulated to inquiry by the very tradesmen who are so wrathful now that the public is

seeing its way to doing some of its own business, by choosing its own servants and paying them their equitable wage. But the absence of clear theory, by which tradesman and consumer alike would at least be able to agree on grounds of fact, is conspicuously marked. It would seem so easy a thing to have taught to both of them at school, in what several parts the cost of an article consists. The proper cost of a pound of potatoes sold in a fashionable locality where rents are a percentage higher than in a less wealthy neighbourhood, and the greengrocer's increased charges extend to the stable where he keeps his pony, and the wages he pays his assistants, can be easily calculated in a decimal fraction, as compared with the cost of the same in a poorer neighbourhood, rents being specified. Then statistics may be given of the most profitable extent for such a business to be. A fractional allowance must be made to one tradesman on the score of being too small for the kind of business he has undertaken to be most economically worked, while an estimate of the proportion of bad debts to be allowed for where the system is a credit one, as compared with a cash trade, may rightly come within the price of a pound of potatoes. The arithmetic class in a school might thus afford a lesson in minor political economy, a much more useful subject to the individual of humble mind, than that major political administration which a few born statesmen understand, and which serves as a whetstone for the ignorance of the provincial debating societies.

The reversal of ancient law and custom in the instance of 'fore-hand bargaining' we have just been considering, may perhaps be accounted as a move in another

than the right direction, however intelligible in view of the very much enhanced complication of our commercial system, and also of the fact that the commercial classes hold a large grip of the reins of power.

A statute which we may, on the other hand, be more glad to have lost, is one by which, a little over a century ago, was made penal, "the contracting, enticing, or seducing artificers to go out of this kingdom into a foreign country not within the dominions of or belonging to the Crown of Great Britain." Here we are met face to face with the question of the freedom of the individual *versus* the paternal claims of society, and the individual has won the day. No doubt this country has gained its commanding position, and helped to fulfil its mission in the world, by the scattering of its skilled workers over all parts of the globe. Our bread cast upon foreign waters somehow returns to us after many days. And with our present notions of personal freedom we should find it difficult to forbid an American cousin, or a man and a brother from Rio or Buenos Ayres, to paint in glowing colours to a friend picked up here, the openings afforded by their respective countries. Indeed it could be done by letter in a way that the most ferret-eyed government would find it difficult to take cognisance of. But (apart from a remote contingent return of profit to this country from the instillation, through the distribution of atoms of our nationality over the world, of our notions and tendency to trade) to permit a skilled artisan to leave our shores is very bad political economy, and the sign of a decline in some trade, the revival of which is not speedily anticipated. The injury is of

several kinds. First, the expense of the departed artificer's rearing and education, which the country though its individuals has borne, is rendered a dead weight without remunerative return. The years during which the man would be producing in excess of his consumption, and so repaying the community, in divers forms, for the expense incurred during his earlier life, will be spent in benefiting some other country, which took no part in the cost of rearing him. Furthermore, the emigration of a competent worker alters the relative proportions of the able and incompetent to the disadvantage of the country quitted. This is a serious matter for an old country, which is rich in charitable institutions, and, by preserving weakly lives, tends to become a lazar house of the lame, the halt, the blind, the sufferers both from physical and intellectual disability, who also are the last to stir from the old country. When a skilled artificer leaves Sheffield for the States, he takes imperceptibly away one-and-twenty years at least of rations, clothes, and schooling; he also throws his acquired faculties and experience into another country's balance of trade against us; and last, but not least, if the proportion of useful people to burdensome people in the row of houses in which he lived was as fifty to one hundred, after his departure it will be only forty-nine to ninety-nine, or just over half per cent. less. But we must "dree our weird;" the whole tendency of the movement of recent centuries has been to unchain the hind from the soil; we can scarcely so revert as to chain the artisan to his workshop. Indeed, the 'ciety, if such a feat were attempted, would soon arrange for him to be the only workman left in that workshop.

Some curious changes are due to the greater perfection and centrality of our administrative apparatus. The *bureau* tends to overshadow, while it shelters, the individual. Nowadays, should any burglary be committed in one's dwelling house, or any outrage done there, one informs the police and has but a faint hope of their catching the offender. When some dastardly wretch slit the noses of the horses of a relative of the present writer's, a widow, a century ago, she not only offered a handsome reward herself for the apprehension of the offender, but shared in the liability of another sum of money which was offered with the like purpose of bringing the culprit to justice, by a voluntary association existing in the Hundred in which she resided. And when another dame of the same family some years afterwards suffered from the depredations of a burglar who could not be found, there being no police at that period, she sat up all night with a maid, and succeeding in marking the depredator and having him convicted. Life is made so smooth for us now that we are in danger of losing the robust faculties of self-help. With the decaying instinct of self-reliance must it be said also, in spite of a few magnificent exceptions which glorify our time, that

there has vanished some of the old generosity in helping others? In the autumn of 1745, the husband of the dame first named above left a proof of his then existence in entering himself with several others of his relatives among the subscribers to a fund "to be applied to the support of His Majesty's Person and Government in this present exigency." Should we subscribe in this pleasant freehanded manner to-day? Yes . . . for a consideration! We should subscribe, not to the *fund*, but to a *loan*, to be applied to the support of Her Majesty and the Government in a particular exigency. That is to say, we should see that we were well paid for our subscription, by a certain three per cent. accruing to us and our heirs for ever, or until we wanted our money back, and could obtain it by selling our consols for a little more than our subscription cost us. Moral: the National Debt in 1745 was under seventy-five millions, now it is — well, seventy-five millions pays about three years' interest on it. In the contemplation of this fact we may well conclude these rough notes on theory and law in their relation to commercial practices, for both seem quite powerless to make the debt any smaller.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 25.

H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Nothing more clearly can show the educational progress of this country than a comparison between the reception vouchsafed to the late Prince Consort, when he honestly and earnestly desired to foster measures of beneficial reform, and that now accorded to the son who follows in his steps. When Prince Albert, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, endeavoured to impress his expansive views upon the Vice-Chancellor, or other heads of the University, he was met by the same old-fashioned and short-sighted Conservatism that sneered at his far-seeing and patriotic patronage of the Great Exhibition of 1851. He was accused of endeavouring to Germanise the Universities, and this word alone was enough to provoke opposition. Had the terrifying expression been analysed, it would have been found that it merely meant diffusion of knowledge throughout a wider area than that over which the English Universities of the time thought it their business to extend their influence. In our later day Prince Leopold joins the committee of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching—a society, too, founded by the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, whose name betokens an undoubtedly German origin; and yet not only the neoteric and liberal London University, but the ancient foundations of Oxford and Cambridge hold out willing hands of friendship and co-operation.

How far Prince Leopold has qualified himself for the position he occupies in regard to such a question, may be judged from the quality of his advocacy, and also from the fact that he is a University man himself, a member of the oldest English University, and the one which of old was the greatest stickler for tradition as opposed to innovation.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert is Her Majesty's youngest son, and was born April 7, 1853. His constitutional delicacy, while precluding him from following the more arduous professions chosen by the brothers who intervene between himself and the Heir Apparent, and debarring him from a physically active life, has happily been turned to good in enabling him to give his attention more fully in the direction of intellectual life and effort, and to make himself a champion of those ideal but most worthy national movements which are beyond the

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round of current politics and the routine of the services of State. Prince Leopold has had more than one tutor; to Canon Duckworth he would gratefully allow his educational obligation; to Mr. Ruskin he has openly proclaimed his intellectual and moral debt; and he has freely opened his mind to such culture as the philosophic lore of the world affords to every earnest student. Prince Leopold was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, and is a member of the University, and a Doctor of Civil Law, dating thirteen years later than his forerunner in the same curriculum, the Prince of Wales, who is not quite twelve years his senior. An English Prince at the University does not reside in the College to which he is attached, but in a house of his own. Prince Leopold, however, had his own set among the students of his time, and might often have been seen playing chess at the Oxford Chess Club, a game particularly conducive to patience and quiet strength, and one which we shall see from his speeches has taught him some metaphorical lessons. How far he is possessed of native talent, and how much he owes to Oxford, we need not reckon, for the reports of his speeches show that the former qualification does not yield before the latter. In reference to one of his speeches the *Times* leader expressed the opinion that "few Oxford men of Prince Leopold's age could have said what he had to say, or have said it so simply, plainly, and brightly."

Prince Leopold's position is peculiar. So many lives come between his own and the splendid burden of the crown, that he is comparatively free from the restrictions which Court etiquette imposes upon those near the succession. He may call Lord Beaconsfield "a great master of style and language" without an outcry that he is favouring a political party. He may speak from the same platform as Mr. Gladstone without any fear of suspicion that he is reviving the old spectre of "Prerogative" in order to influence a general election. He may even become a Peer of the Realm, and take part in the debates of the House of Lords. There is nothing to prevent him, if he should so incline, from entering the arena of legislation as a partisan. Were the Prince of Wales to assume such a position, he would immediately lay himself open to the danger of being supposed to represent the Sovereign, and expose the judgment of Her Majesty to indirect attack. Prince Leopold possesses all of what we may perhaps describe as the poetical prerogatives of princely position, without any of its onerous and uneasy responsibilities. There is indeed much to captivate the imagination in the spectacle of a prince, who has every form of sumptuous show and idle luxury within reach, rising above the lower dream into the altitude of a lover of wisdom and truth. And as Sakya Mouni was the better Buddha for the expanded views due to his princely nurture and experience, so there is a rare charm, such as sometimes emanates from the work of artists of unique individuality, in philosophy that has passed through the crucible

of a life so uncommon in its experience as that of a member of the Royal family of a country like our own. A certain remoteness is a necessary constituent of artistic effect, and in the speeches of a prince it is as if the voice came to us from some mysterious distance, on which account it is pregnant with a romantic power which makes it the more impressive. As this remoteness from the commonplace is what every great poet and artist aims at, it can scarcely be urged that the influence thence derived should be despised or regarded as moonshine, because it happens to proceed in a natural manner from the peculiar composition of circumstances which form the environment of a prince. A very important impressive power resides in the idealistic, even though the practical man may confess its influence more by the secret and unconscious effect which it has upon his motives, than by any ostensible appreciation of it. High position has its duties, and opportunities of a kind that can come by no other way, of adding to the welfare of the world. It is only selfish isolation—the inversion of the true birthright of aristocracy—on the part of those whom the public would be glad to worship as it worships all communicators of what is above the commonplace, which can make royal persons unpopular. Our English princes one and all seem as by instinct aware of this fact; and each has his own sphere of manifest activity. To describe the kind of work in which a prince engages as ornamental, is a great mistake. A man in business often says, “I can do nothing with my agents until they have had their legs under my mahogany.” A certain relation between them and centrality of the enterprise are thus produced which are of more effect than acres of written correspondence. It is to the ensuring of this kind of centrality for enterprises of larger scope, that the presence and interest of a prince are so often the means, with a success beyond cold and practical expectation; and in this respect the prince may be regarded as occupying, not an ornamental, but a pivotal position.

When it came to the turn of Prince Leopold to make a public appearance, it was the signal for the expression all over the country of a most candid and pleased surprise. It was found that wherever he went he went with something to say, and that that something was said clearly, eloquently, naturally, and persuasively. The delivery was calm and powerful, and the air of self-conviction which marked each address made it evident that a genuine thinker and speaker was present. The discourses were indubitably not bought, but made by the orator himself, were all of a piece, and worthy of study not only in the hearing, but under the more trying ordeal of a reading in cold blood and away from the speaker's spell. The life of a young prince is necessarily and rightly somewhat obscure; a few persons only had known of Prince Leopold as a cultivated student, a large number now were first introduced to him as a large-minded and accomplished teacher. The surprise was pardonable.

In 1874, Mr. Disraeli spoke as follows : "The delicate state of health of Prince Leopold has prevented him from adopting a profession, which in the instance of his royal brothers has been followed, I may say, by them with energy and success. Partly from that state of health, and in a greater degree, probably, from difference of temperament, his pursuits are of a different character from those of princes who are called upon to deal with fleets and armies. Prince Leopold is a student, and a student of no common order. He is predisposed to pursuits of science and learning, and to the cultivation of those fine arts which adorn life, and lend lustre to a nation. It would, however, be a great error to suppose that for a young prince of his character there may not be an eminent career, and one not only creditable to himself, but most useful to his country. The influence of an exalted personage of intellect and culture upon a community is incalculable. No more complete and rare example of that truth can be shown than in the instance of his illustrious father, the Prince Consort. We can now contemplate the public labours of the Prince Consort with something of the candour of posterity. He refined the tastes, multiplied the enjoyments, and elevated the moral sense of the great body of the people. Nor has his influence ceased since he departed from us. Public opinion has maintained the influence it gave to our civilisation, because it sympathised with it. The example of such a father will guide and animate Prince Leopold."

Mr. Gladstone seconded Mr. Disraeli to the following effect :

"I believe the right hon. gentleman has not gone beyond the truth in the picture he has drawn of the large intelligence, the cultivated mind, and the refined pursuits of this Prince, and of his capacity to tread—in these most important respects—in the steps of his illustrious father."

The anticipations here expressed were no doubt regarded by some at the time as mere stock utterances necessary to the performance of an official duty. But, in commenting upon the words of our higher statesmen, it is apt to be forgotten what opportunities of observation and formation of judgment are open to them. Reading their utterances by the light of after events, we are now enabled to do justice to the discernment and foresight of these eminent speakers : they knew more than the public.

In comparing the principal occasions on which Prince Leopold has been in any large sense before the public, it will be seen that the thread of a common object runs through them, and thus evidences the bent of his mind and interest. Outside of partisan phraseology and those nominal demarcations which in the clash of minor politics mean so little and are counted so much, Prince Leopold may be called a Liberal. As the *Times* phrased it, "his views on education are of the widest kind."

At the meeting held at the Mansion House, on the 19th Feb. 1879, in support of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Prince Leopold thus gave expression to his views :

"To all Englishmen, I think, it is gratifying to feel that the institutions of which we are so proud are not mere dead systems, but living organisms which can expand under new circumstances and meet new needs as they arise. Few English institutions have been the objects of so long and so wide a reverence as our Universities, and yet there was a time when they seemed to be falling out of harmony with the needs of the age. That reproach, I think, can no longer be urged against them. We may fairly claim that of late they have taken the lead in all the most important educational reforms. We sometimes hear comparisons made between German and English Universities, not always to the advantage of the latter. I have no means of making any such comparison, as my experience of Universities is confined to the University of Oxford; but I shall always look back to my residence at Oxford as one of the greatest pleasures and the greatest privileges of my life, and I should find it hard to believe that any other University can surpass Oxford in the power of attracting her alumni to herself. There is, however, one advantage possessed by German Universities which must strike everybody. They diffuse knowledge throughout a much wider class of the community than Oxford or Cambridge have hitherto reached. Learning in England has been too much regarded as the privilege of a particular class." Prince Leopold then referred to the conditions of residence at Oxford and Cambridge as keeping away students of narrow means, and pointed to the University of London as having removed barriers to the spread of culture, and opened facilities which now the elder Universities were glad to unite with her in offering. "A very strong spirit has arisen," he said, "in these old seats of learning. I cannot call it a spirit of benevolence, for these lectures are in no way a work of charity, and will, it is hoped, be self-supporting after the first few years. But it is a spirit of active sympathy with the wants and wishes of a very large class, whose needs in the direction of higher education have been too long ignored." Prince Leopold's lesson from Ruskin, and the spirit which we can trace as the actuating motive of the young speaker's earnestness, were very finely evidenced in the beauty and truth of his suggestion, "that the highest wisdom and the highest pleasure need not be costly or exclusive, but may be almost as cheap and as free as air, and that the greatness of a nation must be measured, not by her wealth or apparent power, but by the degree in which all her people have learnt to gather from the world of books, of art, of nature, a pure and ennobling joy."

London, "so large and unwieldy that everybody's business becomes nobody's business," was epigrammatically portrayed as the possessor of

“confused strength and half conscious greatness.” The object of the London society, which is the formation of local centres for university teaching in the Metropolis, we may hope to see much more largely realised, so that not only one Oxonian may be found living in White-chapel, but there may result a much more thorough intermingling of the cultivated and the uncultivated, to the end of the descent and spread of civilisation, a glorious dream at least of a practical New Jerusalem being let down in our midst.

Prince Leopold's next appearance as a public speaker was at the meeting on the 25th February, 1879, of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, which is a foundation of a kind not very different from that of the primitive University, such as it was in the days when scholars could not afford to pay a few hundreds a year during their educational career, and had not contemplated the luxurious privileges of an Oxford or a Cambridge. Prince Leopold, in presiding over this gathering, found himself treading in the footsteps of his grand-uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who, more than half a century before, had fulfilled the same office when the Institution was in its infancy. The studies fostered at this establishment are of the essentially modern order, comprising amongst others public speaking, drawing, mechanics, physiology, and even domestic economy, in addition to the theory of music, English literature, and even chess. The appearance of this favourite game of his own among subjects open to prize competition afforded Prince Leopold a text for a very charming and appropriate piece of metaphorical suggestiveness.

“I need not go, at length, into the advantages to be derived from each of the subjects which your curriculum embraces; there is not one which may not be of great service to the practical career or to the mental development of the zealous student. And there is so much similarity in the conditions of all effort and success, that even the studies which seem most remote from active life may always furnish a moral which life can adopt and employ. For instance, I notice that in what is called the ‘Miscellaneous Department’ of your curriculum you provide instruction in the game of chess. This is not the most obviously practical of your subjects; but it has struck me that even those, if any there be, who desire to limit their education to this branch alone, may learn some not unimportant lessons of life from the manner in which you teach it. Particular attention, I see your programme says, is paid to the study of the openings. Now, is it not true that in life, as in chess, it is often the opening, and the opening only, which is under our own control? Later in the game, the plans and wishes of others begin to conflict unpleasantly with our own; sometimes it is as much as we can do to avoid being check-mated altogether. But for the first few moves we are free. We can deploy our pieces to the best advantage; we can settle on the line of

action which best suits our powers ; and we sometimes find that it will repay us to sacrifice a pawn or a piece so as to gain at once a position which may give us a decided advantage throughout the whole game. Does not this, too, remind us of early life ? Must we not often be content to sacrifice some pawn of present pleasure or profit, to gain a vantage ground which may help us to successes which self-indulgence could never have won ? I am sure that among the bright young faces which I see around me, there are many who have known what it is to labour against the grain ; to begin a lesson when they would rather have gone to the theatre, to finish it when they would rather have gone to bed. And I am sure that such efforts of self-denial and conscientiousness form at least half the real benefit of education ; that it would do us little good to wake up and find our heads magically stocked with all manner of facts, in comparison to the good which it does us to fight for knowledge, to suffer for her, and to make her at last our own. In great things as well as in small, this principle of self-help is a peculiarly English spirit."

Like his father, Prince Leopold is wide-minded ; he regards facts, not from a narrow and personal, but from a general standpoint. To fully realise this attitude of our Royal Family, and to find a cause for gratitude at the same time, we have but to perform a simple process of comparison. In certain countries of the East how often do we not hear, in relation to the progress of this or that measure of reform, that it was impeded by palace intrigue ? The advantage of the palace and the well-being of the people have there become too evidently distinct, and even antagonistic. With ourselves, it is no paradox to affirm that the prince, or even the Sovereign, may be the truest republican amongst us. We need not be misled by artificial or conventional meanings of words. A Republican in the true sense of the term is one who thinks and labours for the common good, fulfils the duties of his position, lofty or lowly, in the service of the State, without bigotry and without selfishness.

It is not difficult to discover what it is that enlarges the mind and enables it to take this expanded view ; it is the all-mastering influence of a broad and generous culture. The mind that is deeply buried in pettifogging details may find it difficult to rise into this large and stimulating air. But even from pedestrian intellects imagination is rarely wholly absent, and it may fall to the lot of an eloquent prince to be the happy person to break the seal that holds a mummy's bandage upon an unopened mind. It is quite possible that, where a prophet might have cried in vain, the prestige of a prince may introduce the missing element ; and the idea that could not obtain entrance before may pass by the aid of that slight stimulus into many a new mind.

A philosophic prince, living in the English country at the present day, may find some cause for gratitude that the public disposition is not

obstinately set against liberal ideas. In the days of some of his forefathers, for instance, Prince Leopold might have found it difficult to obtain a public hearing for such advanced thought as is exemplified in the following quotation from his speech at the Birkbeck Literary Institution, where it is on record that the sentiment was greeted with applause: "Foreign nations are not merely our competitors, but our friends; and nothing, I believe, is likely to create so true a feeling of friendship and sympathy between one people and another as a practical knowledge of each other's speech. Sometimes, perhaps; as the proverb says, we take what is unknown to be magnificent; but oftener, I think, we take it to be something unfriendly and distasteful to us—something which, if we did know it, we should not like. But we find that with every real increase of understanding of our fellow-men of different races some unkindly illusion disappears; we learn to realise their likeness to ourselves, to sympathise with their national character, to co-operate in their efforts after the common good." The Prince may fairly be described as an advocate for free trade in sympathy; of an exchange of which we cannot have too much. To wisdom he would strive to give the same extension. "Learning is a commodity the demand for which grows with the supply. We need not fear a glut of science or of intelligence as we might fear a glut of cotton goods or indigo. All the knowledge which we who now live can gain can assuredly be made useful both to ourselves and to those who come after us."

Prince Leopold's speech, made at Sheffield on the 20th of October last, is a discourse upon public spirit as manifested in the foundation of educational institutions, and so is well linked with his other addresses, the common motive of which is the desire for the spread of ennobling culture. Mr. Mark Firth, who gave to the people of Sheffield the Public Park which the Prince of Wales opened in 1875, on the later occasion added to his munificent gift a college, the lecture-hall of which is capable of accommodating a thousand students. Prince Leopold, therefore, was very happily chosen as the president of its inauguration; he had a theme before him to which he was able to do ample justice. Public or humanitarian spirit is the quality that above all others demarcates a high civilisation from a barbarian state. It must be found peculiarly pleasant to refer to present evidences of that spirit, by a prince whose ancestors have presided over the fortunes of this country downwards from times when, to put it mildly, barbarism preponderated over enlightenment. Fitly indeed may a prince of our times and people sing the pæan of progress. Prince Leopold is evidently actuated by a keen and sincere enthusiasm. "We cannot wonder," he said in his speech at Sheffield, "that when a man has tasted the happiness of great and generous actions, he is eager to enjoy the high delight again, and finds other triumphs and satisfac-

tions are insipid as compared with the triumph and satisfaction of conferring on his fellow-townsmen a real and lasting good."

In the following passage we find the sentiment of progress brought into reference with the individual. The Firth College is specified as "one of the best illustrations which England has to show of her boast that, in however low a level of life an Englishman may be born, his country affords him a means of rising by education to whatever position his talents and character fit him to fill."

Taking Lord Beaconsfield's epigrammatic picture of "The two nations, the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor," as a text, Prince Leopold showed the nature of his own aspirations and the meaning of his enthusiasm for the more extended culture of the nation. "The wide gulf that has existed between class and class has, I trust, been in great measure bridged over now throughout all England, thanks to the statesmen of all parties alike." And the secret by which this gulf has been bridged to the extent it has, he found to be the open secret of "that sound education which has always proved to be so powerful an agent in reconciling the different classes and teaching them to understand one another."

It would be reasonable to fear that a prince of delicate constitution, and, owing to the circumstances of his exalted position, having "a mind not immersed in daily cares," would, if he devoted himself to thought, come forth from his study a mere doctrinaire. That, with the innocence of a *Rasselas*, he would prove to be lost in amiable dreams having no applicability to average human life. Fortunately, however, the life of our Royal Family has not been one of seclusion, and we must not forget how many avenues of experience are open to a prince who cares to cultivate his powers of observation. The number of thoughtful minds of all classes with which royal persons of the present English pattern come in contact is very large, and such contact must constitute in itself a liberal education and an absolute preventive of narrow or exclusive views. A young student who can, in the most natural way, hold familiar converse with men so different as, for example, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Ruskin, is almost forced, if he turn to think at all, to find his own level, and discover his own originality. And with an example so near at hand of a Sovereign who so many years has personally superintended the conduct of the affairs of State, and embodies in herself a longer official tradition and experience than any of her ministers, the Queen's youngest son might have even found some difficulty in hugging to himself a pet sphere of impracticable dreams. Just as the best definition of what, in a true and good sense, is described as mystical, is that it is something which, though not at once or superficially apparent, can come to be understood, so with the ideals which Prince Leopold

conjoins up to stimulate men, they are eminently ideals which are realisable by heroic effort.

Were any proof needed, we have but to make extracts from his published speeches. It cannot be said, for instance, that the ideal of simplicity, were it only pursued, is a difficult ideal to draw down into daily life. It is an ideal which includes not only poetry but practicability. It is a fruit of culture which as much as any will add gracefulness to that bridge which Prince Leopold hopes to see yet further extended between class and class. To this result of culture we find his references in the following passages from his Sheffield speech: "There will naturally be the intellectual benefits which invariably attend the progress of learning, philosophy, and general culture, of the opening out of new realms of thought, and of pleasures which the ignorant cannot know." "But another," said the Prince, "and, as it seems to me, an equally valuable effect of the culture is to make us shrink from and hate all that is vulgar and false, and to prefer pure and simple pleasures—such as are open to all, and can never be exhausted by any—to ostentation, vanity, and self-indulgence."

A study of the following passage also will show that, although a Liberal, Prince Leopold is a Conservative as well, as all good men should be: "Those men who, with great wealth at their disposal, elect to spend it in mere sumptuousness and luxury, are repaid, indeed, by admiration from certain persons and of a certain kind; but how far richer is the reward of those who, after spending what is needed to maintain with dignity their place in society, devote the remainder towards furthering the happiness of their fellow men! Far-off generations shall rise up and call such men blessed." A nice discrimination, too, is shown, in what way and how far men of different classes can contribute public offerings. "After saying that there is full room for gifts, need I add how great is the inducement to be a giver? And this privilege of making a marked and visible difference in human well-being, and of seeing some great institution rise and flourish at your bidding, is one that can perhaps be more readily enjoyed by the great magnates of commerce and manufacture than by any other class. They, with their unfettered fortunes, must seem enviable in this respect to men who, apparently, perhaps, in possession of large incomes, are hampered by the extensive claims made on them by their landed estates, or other hereditary duties, who are compelled to restrict the aid they give to causes such as this to small and fitful donations."

Another evidence that he is not a mere intellectualist is afforded by Prince Leopold in the expression of his views on the subject of University education. He notes with a cordial interest what the University of London is doing in the enlargement of educational facilities for women, and what steps Oxford and Cambridge are taking in the same direction.

He is enthusiastic on the subject of University extension generally, but that does not blind him to the fact that a curriculum of study and a successful examination do not constitute the be all and end all of University education. To those interested in the progress of new colleges he points out the advantages of affiliation to the elder Universities, as "enabling many students to enter well-prepared and on easier terms on residence in one or other of these Universities." "Such residence," he says, "I cannot but think may be made in itself an education such as no new institution can imitate or equal; and when I say this, I am not thinking only of the unrivalled aids to study of a material kind which Oxford and Cambridge offer in the way of museums and laboratories and libraries, but rather of their time-honoured traditions and of the memories which they call up of the best and ablest spirits of bygone days."

Tracing out the same practical, as opposed to transcendental, element in his eloquent counsels, we shall find that the unworldliness he advocates is a spiritual unworldliness, and not a lack of power to touch the world, or hold one's place within it. "I remember, too, that in these ancient seats of learning are still to be found men who are examples of unworldliness and meditation in the midst of a hurrying age, and who teach us that it is still possible to love truth and wisdom more than fame and fortune."

Prince Leopold has passed beyond the fond dream of youth that great institutions rise up like Aladdin's palace in a day. While congratulating the people of Sheffield upon what they had accomplished, he added this provident advice: "But more gifts are needed to carry out the scheme of instruction in a worthy way, and, by raising your institution to the level of the great foundations that have been the slow formation of centuries, to form in your midst a nucleus of intellectual life such as shall exercise a sensible influence in this great city."

There is something pathetic in connection with such a town as Sheffield in the Prince's expression of his consciousness that it is to nature and not only to book study that the educational aim ought to be extended. With the large beauty of Nature almost banished from the great manufacturing centres, some kind of compromise in the way of museums and of horticulture under glass is perhaps all that can be expected. Still, it would be wrong to shirk the attempt, however difficult, "to give to the children who are compelled, in the busy city, to pass many hours each day amid dark and gloomy surroundings, an opportunity of learning from Nature those lessons which are the rightful inheritance of childhood, and without which no man can be said to have had his fair chance in the world."

We have put these speeches to a difficult test, and one which three speeches delivered at intervals would not bear in the case of every

politician. We have read and quoted from them in sequence, as if they formed part of only one. And the question is, are they homogeneous, one-minded, do they reflect singleness of purpose, and so indicate manifestly the natural outcome of the speaker's heart and mind? In this respect, and tried by this crucial touchstone, we may reasonably challenge the critic to find a flaw. Plain citizens whom a citizen of London has addressed, and persons of princely power toward whom a prince has directed so many an inspiring suggestion, may well refresh their memory by reading these speeches once again, in the assurance that they will find in them much that is honestly worthy of their study. In so dwelling upon them they will find themselves led into regions of deeper feeling than common wont, they will find much that is encouraging and much that is elevating, in all a fine example of the enthusiasm that engenders activity of purpose and makes direct for use, controlled by temperance and governed by a wisdom and breadth far from common in so young a worker, or indeed in any worker, among the hills of noble endeavour.

We will conclude with a hope that, when Prince Leopold returns from the tour round the world which it is understood he contemplates, he will go on in the path in which he has so well begun, continuing to add the stores of his gathering experience, the energy of his mind and heart, and the eloquence which is his gift, to the higher influences—never too many or too high—which affect our national and individual life.

K. C.

ART WORK IN GLASS.

WHEN Pompey returned to Rome in triumph from his Asiatic campaign against Mithridates, Pliny tells us that, of all the countless spoils displayed, those which attracted most attention from the dazzled populace were the Murrhine Vases—ten of which the hero consecrated, as the richest fruits of his victory, to Jupiter Capitolinus. This was the first recorded appearance in the Seven-Hilled City of these vessels, so often referred to by classic writers as ranking amongst the most priceless art products of the ancient world. A consul, on their first advent, is said to have squandered his patrimony by giving 6000*l.* for one of them; but even this prodigality was eclipsed by Petronius, who paid 28,000*l.* for a basin, and Nero, who expended as much in the purchase of a two-handled vase. It is unfortunate that exact data are lacking as to their source and substance, for, though numerous hypotheses have been put forward, it is difficult to accept any one of them as conclusive. Propertius would imply that they came from the East, and were produced by artificial heat,* and his words have given rise to the supposition that they were Chinese porcelain, reaching Rome through Asia Minor. But most commentators opine that they were wrought out of agate, sardonyx, spar, or opal. Pliny states that false or

artificial ones were made, especially in Egypt, and points at glass as the material of these.† At any rate we gather that form, brilliancy and transparent colour were the characteristics of these vases from which the choicest Falernian wine was quaffed.‡ Hence the appositeness of the title *Vasa Murrhina*, selected by Mons. P. R. F. D'Humy for the beautiful specimens of the glass-worker's art, in which he has succeeded not only in achieving a brilliancy and variety of colouring hitherto unattained, but in resuscitating one of the lost arts of the ancients; namely, the union by fusion of gold with glass.

One of the prettiest of the fictions that go to make up what we call history is Pliny's account of the discovery of glass. We all remember how the Phoenician merchants landed at the mouth of the river Belus, how they supported the vessels in which they cooked their repast on blocks of nitre, and how, these being fused into the sand by the heat of the fire, the result was the formation of the beautiful and fragile substance which to-day in a thousand and one forms holds such a prominent place in the list of social requisites. Recent investigation has served to relegate this little story to the realms of fable, and to prove that glass was known in the real cradle of art and science—the land of Egypt—long before

* *Murrheaque in Parthis pocula cocta focis.*

† *Fit et album et murrhinum, aut hyacinthos saphirosque imitum, et omnibus aliis coloribus.*

‡ *Ardenti murra Falerni convenit.*—Martial.

Phœnician keels clove the waters of the Mediterranean. On the walls of the Beni Hassan tombs the figures of glass-blowers with blow-pipes, marvers, crucible, and furnace, still show as freshly as when placed there by the artists of Osirtasen I., some 3500 years before the Christian era, and amongst countless other relics, such as vases, bottles, cups, and bugles found in the valley of the Nile, a necklace bead discovered at Thebes bears the name of Queen Ramake, wife of Thothmes II. who reigned about the date of the Jewish Exodus. In the sacred colleges of Thebes and Memphis the systematic pursuit of science and constant investigation of the mysteries of Nature were objects of the closest attention. The colossal works of architecture and sculpture with which the country is studded could only have been executed by a people amongst whom the mechanical arts were highly advanced; and though the fragility of glass renders it especially liable to utter destruction, there exists ample evidence in the specimens now enshrined in our museums that its manufacture was carried out to a degree of perfection that modern science has hitherto vainly sought to rival. The glass works of Alexandria were especially renowned for their vases with blue and white grounds and festoons of coloured glass, and their products were exported to Rome down to the days of Aurelian. Classic authors inform us that the Egyptians were famous for imitating gems in coloured glass; and bracelets, earrings, and trinkets of the purest gold set with these paste gems have been forthcoming to confirm this statement. Other specimens show that they could not only gild and engrave glass and fuse it into coloured mosaics, but that they possessed the art of fusing gold in

glass so as to unite—an art till now looked upon as being as utterly lost as that of tempering copper to the hardness of the finest steel which the Egyptians also practised. Hence glass thus instudded with granulated gold has been hitherto regarded as one of the rarest and most curious relics of antiquity.

The skill of the Romans in treating glass was not inferior, as is proved by such existing masterpieces as the Strasburg, the Naples, and the Portland vases—the latter, which is held to date from the days of the Antonines, being long mistaken for a carved mass of sardonyx, though now found to consist of dark blue transparent glass with figures in relief in white opaque glass. We may hesitate to believe the story of the inventor of malleable glass whom Tiberius is said to have rewarded by cutting his head off; but there exist numerous gems in glass executed in a style which explains how the Emperor Gallienus was deceived by the lapidary, whom he punished by exposing him in the circus to the assaults of—a fowl. Elaborate glass mosaics fused into a solid mass and combining brilliancy of colouring with accuracy of outline explain, too, how easily Heliogabalus could give a banquet at which all the viands were imitated to perfection in glass. In these mosaics gold is found inclosed between two layers of glass fused together. A specimen of Roman glass ornamenting the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey shows a thin layer of gold leaf thus inclosed between an under sheet of reddish opaque glass and an upper one of white transparent glass. Thus it is not to be wondered at that the Egyptian art of instudding glass vessels with granulated gold was also practised by the Romans. In the Slade collection there is a small

glass bottle of the Roman era with loops or festoons of dark blue, green, and powdered gold edged with brown, all amalgamated in the substance and penetrating from the outer to the inner surface.

The art of putting a sheet of leaf gold on glass, tracing a design with a point, and superposing another coating of glass, survived the transfer of the seat of Roman empire to Byzantium, and was especially applied to the ornamentation of the bottoms of drinking vessels with figures of Christ and the Apostles—specimens of which are still extant.

The Venetians, who had inherited some of the traditions of the Romans, and who attracted Greek workmen before and after the fall of Constantinople, were long the sole possessors of the art of embedding white or coloured filigrane work in transparent glass, so as to form regular design and delicate outline. They were also to a certain extent aware of a method of imbedding granulated gold in glass. A Venetian flask powdered with gold dust is engraved in Sauzay's "*Marvels of Glass Making*," and though that writer hesitates to decide whether in this instance the gold was mixed with the vitreous mass, or sprinkled over the vessel when it left the furnace, and then coated over with a mask or layer of glass, a passage from Handiquer de Blancourt's "*Art of Glass*," published in 1697, professes to cast light on the method pursued: "Take a glass and moisten it everywhere you desire to gild with gum water, lay on your gold leaf, letting it dry. This done, run the gold over with water wherein borax has been dissolved, and so dust it with impalpable powder of glass. Set it afterwards by degrees into your furnace until it becomes red hot, and the powder on the gilding being melted runs; then draw it out

leisurely, letting it cool at the mouth of the furnace, and you will have your glass very finely gilded, so that nothing in nature can spoil it unless it be broken," says this author, whose writings were based to some extent on those of Neri the Venetian.

In the eighteenth century the inclosure of a film of gold leaf between two layers of glass was sometimes carried out in Bohemia, but the art of uniting granulated gold with glass was utterly lost.

A new worker, however, Mons. P. R. F. D'Humy, has not only accomplished the feat of reviving the lost art of uniting gold, silver, platinum, and other precious metals with glass, but has successfully solved the additional problem of the union of glass with porcelain and its kindred substances. It is true that early in the present century figures of clay were inclosed in glass in Bohemia, and that the French succeeded in producing ceramic medallions—notably of the first Napoleon—encased in glass, which fetched high prices. These were, however, merely encased and not united with the vitreous inclosure, and their fabrication was costly, tedious, and uncertain, owing to the difficulty of regulating the shrinkage and getting rid of air bubbles. In the same way, the fact of coloured and white glass fusing at various degrees of heat rendered it difficult to introduce devices of the former which should retain an accurate outline, and made the reproduction of much of the old Venetian filigrane and millefiori work appear impracticable. Without entering into technical details it will be sufficient to remark that by a prolonged series of investigations as to the chemical constituents of various kinds of glass, and to the effect of different degrees of temperature on each and all of these,

Mons. D'Humy has succeeded in controlling at will the shrinkage to which the products of his furnaces are liable, and by this means can assimilate substances of such widely differing natures as glass and metal or porcelain.

Combining glass, the most beautiful of fragile materials, with gold and other solid substances, he has achieved the union of grace and strength. He not only introduces gold and other metallic substances into glass, either in the shape of sparkling granules, plainly sprinkled or arranged in arabesque patterns, delicately wrought ornaments, ciphers, or monograms, reproductions of natural objects, &c., in which instances the more fragile becomes the preserver of the more durable material by protecting it from exposure or wear; but he can blow glass into a pierced metal casing or network so as to secure perfect incorporation and union, unaffected by shrinkage or cooling. Looking at some of the results of his labours,—as, for instance, an exquisitely wrought monogram in solid gold embedded in the substance of a smelling-bottle of thick clear crystal glass—the wondering query of George III. as to “how the apple got into the dumpling” is irresistibly suggested, whilst the case of “the fly in amber” is reversed, for the mere bewilderment as to how it got there does not blind one to its intrinsic merits of workmanship and design. Another feat achieved by Mons. D'Humy is the tempering of coloured glass to any degree of hardness and specific gravity desired. Artificial gems thus produced—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, &c.—are embedded in the substance of white, tinted, or gold-sprinkled glass, and retaining, when thus encased, all their sharpness of outline and brilliancy of colour, produce a startling effect.

Moreover Mons. D'Humy's glass in general is annealed to a toughness far superior to that of ordinary glass.

The triumphant result of his researches in pyrometry is best appreciated by a visit to the Aurora Gallery, No. 294, Regent-street, where masterpieces, far too numerous to recapitulate, are displayed. A single glance round the gallery, with its cups jewelled like that of Giamschid, its graceful vases in which Cleopatra might have melted the pearl, its classic urns worthy to have enshrined the ashes of a Roman emperor, its flasks and goblets of twisted filigrane which the Donati and Morosini would have placed amidst their choicest gems of Venetian art, its tazze, which would not have been misplaced on the sideboard of Nero or the table of Lucullus, its dishes eclipsing the Sacro Cattino which the Genoese fondly claimed to have been wrought out of a single emerald, its elegant ewers fit to have graced the boudoirs of Aspasia—a glance at these in which gold, silver, and platinum sparkle in combination with glass of every tint, would convey a better notion than pages of description. An artist as well as a chemist—a worthy successor of the great art workmen of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the Matsys, Cellinis, della Robbias, Palissys—Mons. D'Humy has sought, and most successfully, to characterise all his productions by beauty both of outline and colouring. *Noblesse oblige*, and he has never forgotten that glass-working was an art in which a noble could engage without derogation, as when in the seventeenth century French gentlemen wrought at it blowpipe in hand and sword by side. Yet, whilst refraining from all violation of the canons of art, the very originality of con-

ception that must distinguish the master has led him to produce combinations of form and hue entirely original, and hence befitting the novel materials he has so successfully handled. For instance, numerous specimens exhibiting *latticinio* threads and twisted canes of white and coloured glass arranged in lengths or sectional cuttings, differ from modern replicas of old Venetian work by bold and tasteful innovations in shape and colour enhanced by the introduction of gold. His pyrological studies, too, have led him to triumph in unwonted tints, due to the action of heat upon glass variously combined.

We owe Mons. D'Humy the proverbial debt of gratitude due to the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one has flourished, since he has by his discovery given an impetus to both art and industry. In vases of every variety, cups, glasses, dishes, tazze, lustres, salvers, ewers, bottles, decanters, flasks, epergnes, lamp stands, and the like, a style of decoration as novel as artistic cannot fail to win favour. But, independently of mere beauty, the infinite variety of purposes to which Mons. D'Humy is able to apply glass must not be lost sight

of, the immense control he can exercise in working it enabling him to convert it in a form combining cheapness, toughness, and agreeable aspect to innumerable every-day purposes. For instance, the Roman plan of panelling walls and ceilings with coloured glass will henceforward be within the reach of all—a fact worthy the attention of decorative builders. Balustrades, cornices, columns, panels, and numerous other objects can be readily turned out, whilst for countless minor articles, door handles, knife handles, penholders, and the like, its lightness, toughness, and brilliancy will render it acceptable.

One recognition of Mons. D'Humy's labours has been the award of two medals at the recent Paris Exhibition, where the collection he displayed was inspected on several occasions with constantly renewed interest by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who has moreover honoured the inventor with a commission to execute a pair of specially designed vases. It is with a view of making a discovery of such importance more widely known that the Aurora Glass Company, with which Mons. D'Humy has identified himself, has just opened the Gallery of Specimens at the address already named.

IRELAND IN 1880.

FROM three of the four provinces of Ireland, a cry has arisen that in intensity of sound and vehemence of language has no parallel since the fatal famine period of 1846. That a catastrophe such as then overtook the inhabitants of the island should again happen to them is a simple impossibility, for, in Ireland, the last thirty years have done the ordinary work of a century, and the whole structure of society has undergone alteration. The treatment of the soil, the habits of the people, their ways of life, their food, their clothing, in all these there have been changes great and manifold, and not always for the better. A few words will make this clear. In the old days the prosperity of Ireland, such as it was, rested mainly on two crops—wheat and potatoes. Wheat ground into flour in hundreds of mills, now mostly in ruins, was shipped off to feed the workers in wool and cotton in Yorkshire and Lancashire, the proceeds finally reaching the pockets of landlords. Potatoes only remained to the people, and they fed a population exceeding eight millions, innumerable pigs and poultry, and, in no small degree, horned cattle and horses. Except in Egypt, and possibly in Bengal, it is doubtful whether so small an area has ever sustained so great an amount of animal life, and the fact puzzled philosophers then, and has puzzled practical men ever since. Agriculture has improved, artificial manures have been invented, chemistry applied to the soil, and yet

the land has not produced a potatoe crop to approach in productiveness the result of Paddy's simple spade husbandry, probably little altered since Sir Walter Raleigh first planted the tuber in his garden at Youghal three hundred years ago.

A merit of this system of agriculture was the great amount of human labour it required. What was called a strong farmer, that is, a holder of 80 to 100 acres of land, supported in his house, living with his family and sleeping in his barn, from eight to ten boys, as they were called, that is, unmarried men from eighteen to thirty years of age; but it was in the roadside cabins, the ruins of which in thousands are still to be seen, that the great bulk of the peasantry had their homes. These houses, seldom exceeding in dimensions 10ft. by 20ft., were usually divided into two rooms, a kitchen or living room and a bedroom, with in some cases a loft over the latter. They were not well ventilated, they were not clean, and the smoke often went the wrong way; the pig had his corner, the hens roosted in the chimney. Paddy, the wife, and six children (for the average was not less) made up the family group. Behind the house lay the patch of potatoe ground, not far off was probably a turf bench, but other vegetable than the potatoe there was none. A stranger to the country might take this for the abode of misery; it was in fact just the reverse—there

was always content, there was generally cheerfulness. When milk was plenty, tobacco forthcoming, the children healthy, and the potatoes dry, the household was a happy one. It would be a mistake to suppose that Paddy's life was devoid of amusement, or even of excitement, for his joyous nature tended to make rough things smooth, and smooth things pleasant. Fairs occurred several times a year in every parish, patrons (festivals of patron saints) were frequent, christenings, weddings, wakes, and funerals, were all made conducive to fun or frolic. In fine weather the neighbours assembled at cross roads, every village had a piper or fiddler, the young people danced, and the seniors sat on the ditches smoking their pipes and applauding the dancers. Nor was a round of whisky long wanting, without which no meeting ever attained its true perfection. Private stills were numerous, and a round of sound stuff that never saw the face of a gauger was had for a few pence. Of this all partook, for popular belief stands fast, that from youth to age, and in all disease, from teething to typhus, whisky is the only specific that never fails. It was on a community circumstanced as this was that the potato disease fell with the suddenness of a summer shower.

In the preceding year the disease had appeared, but it was unheeded, for the vigour of the plant had thrown off the attack; but now destruction was complete. The root rotted and melted in the ground, and in a few days nothing remained to show where potatoes once existed but the blackened stalks. Meantime a large portion of the corn crop of 1846, which had been a deficient one, had been exported, and it was estimated that in the whole island there was

not provision for thirty days' consumption for a population of eight millions. Everything that could be called food rose to fabulous prices, and to the millions, who had little or no money, the quotations of prices were almost a sentence of death.

Everything that could be turned into food was sold. The pig, the cow—where there was one—and household furniture followed; but famine came fast, and, not far behind, came sickness and death.

The workhouses became overcrowded, auxiliary houses were taken and filled, but everywhere disease broke out; typhus fever killed its thousands, but what killed most of all was despair. We were then under the venerable system of protection to native produce, and the sliding scale, then regarded as the perfection of legislative wisdom, regulated the import of foreign-grown grain. By it six weeks of high averages should elapse before corn could be admitted to consumption duty free. Meanwhile Irish men, women, and children died like rotten sheep from actual lack of food and of the diseases that unsatisfied hunger brings in its train. But the wisdom of Providence, out of these evils, brought a great and permanent good. The Irish famine, there and then, struck the fatal and final blow to the food taxes of the United Kingdom.

At last relief came, but it was late in coming. Public works were undertaken, and food distributed; but in the dismal time that had passed nearly one-half the population had vanished from the land. They did not all die. Numbers, who possessed some means, emigrated to America. Still more numerous bodies crossed the narrow seas, where they founded those colonies in the English and Scotch manufacturing towns which

are now spoken of as the Irish quarters. They carried with them to their new homes that love of the old land, which time, or space, or climate seems powerless to affect, and which is not inaptly expressed in one of their old ditties, which borrows a well-known Latin line :

They change their skies, and not their hearts,
That cross the seas to foreign parts.

How deep this great national disaster has struck into the hearts of Irishmen is evinced by the fact that, when the subject is talked over by the old people who have witnessed its horrors, the head bends, the voice drops, the sign of the cross is made, and a prayer muttered.

Since those days of grief, desolation, and death, a whole generation has passed away. The country had passed through a frightful ordeal ; the progress towards recovery was slow, but it has been fairly sustained.

It received its first impetus from the steady improvement in the trade in meat. The grass lands of Ireland were found to be of immense value in raising and fattening cattle and sheep, and those farmers who were fortunate enough to secure possession of these lands are rich and flourishing. But, unfortunately, a vast proportion of land in Ireland is naturally unsuited for grass, or so exhausted by excessive tillage as to be incapable of producing it without time and outlay of capital, and the holders of these lands are the reverse of prosperous. There are over half a million farms in Ireland, and in such small holdings as this subdivision of the land indicates prosperity is impossible. Where the land is solely in tillage, matters are even worse.

Farmers, also, in the present time live on better food than their pre-

decessors. Potatoes, instead of being the chief reliance of a householder, rarely furnish more than a single daily meal. Dress, particularly that of the females, costs a great deal more money than formerly. The linsey woolsey garment of the old time lasted a lifetime, the blue or red cloak passed from mother to daughter. Women's dresses are doubtless cheap, but they are flimsy, and require frequent renewal.

A new misfortune, from which Irish tenants in the old time were free, has fallen upon the present generation, the weight of which cannot well be exaggerated. This has come upon them from the multiplication of money-lenders in recent times, into whose nets fully one-half the farmers of the south of Ireland have fallen, and out of which extrication seems impossible. There is such a complication of clanship and cousinship among this class, that a refusal to put one's name on a bill is not thought of, and the result is in many cases that whole districts are bound to pay large sums, of the origin of which they know nothing, and as the rate of interest is rarely under 20, and not seldom 40 per cent. per annum, these liabilities are simply enormous.

It may be said that such rates are impossible in these days of a money plethora, but an account of what occurred at a recent assize trial will throw some light upon this point. The evidence of the plaintiff in this case, who was a money-lender, ran in this way :

"Did you say," asked the Judge, "that your charge for discount was 30 per cent. per annum?" "Yes, my Lord," was the reply, "that is my manner of doing business."

"But," said the Judge, "you stated that 30*l.* in the 100*l.* was deducted on the bill being dis-

counted, and only 70*l.* handed to the defendant, and that would be 43 per cent. per annum instead of 30?" "Yes, my Lord," was the reply, "that is my manner of doing business." These are some of the difficulties of an Irish farmer's position; there are others, neither few nor small, that might be added to the list, quite independent of those recently fallen upon him, from the fall in the price of live stock, and from deficient harvests; the worst point of all being failure of the potatoe crop. The breadth under it was fortunately smaller than it had ever been before, neither did the disease strike harder or earlier than in most former years. But there had been no sun, the ground was cold, and the weakly plant was cut down at once. The tuber is immature, rarely fit for human food, and not at all safe for seed, for the only certain thing about the disease is, that from tainted seed a healthy crop is an impossibility. Wheat, too, is a bad crop in quality and quantity, barley not much better, oats alone seem to have flourished.

It may be well to say a few words on the chief remedies put forward by the friends of Ireland to meet this unhappy condition of the farming class. One is to remove the present owners of the soil, by a process of buying out, and to replace them by a peasant proprietary. It is not disguised that this project, if carried out, would effect a total revolution in the state of the country, but the difficulties attending so momentous a change have been kept carefully in the background. The Government valuation of Ireland exceeds twenty millions yearly, the rental from agricultural holdings is twelve millions, and the lowest estimate of the probable purchase money is 500 millions.

Let us see what this large sum means.

In the wars growing out of the French Revolution, covering, with but a short interval of armed truce, a period of twenty-two years, the expenditure of England was in round numbers 1000 millions. One half raised by direct taxation, the remaining 500 millions, exactly what is required for buying out Irish proprietors, was obtained by loan — some of it at exorbitant interest, for we believe at one time the Five per Cents. were as low as 67 — and large amounts by various devices, such as terminable annuities, tontines, and lotteries. During a part of this time England was engaged in a struggle for her very existence. An army was encamped within sight of her shores, whose back no enemy had ever seen, with a commander, to whom it is no injustice to the fame of the Norman conqueror to say that the force that fought at Hastings was but as a horde of banditti. It was under these circumstances that this immense treasure was raised and expended, and is it possible that anything like the same effort would be attempted for the purpose of ascertaining whether Irish farmers would become more successful as owners in fee than under the same tenure which has satisfied and enriched their brothers of the same craft in England and Scotland? Of the security on which this money should be advanced little need be said. Irish money-lenders think 20 to 30 per cent. is only the fair and legitimate return for money advanced on the security of agricultural holdings, and men who listen to such speeches as the following, repeated by more than one of the trusted leaders of the Irish people, and cheered to the echo by thousands of farmers, will form their own ideas on the matter: "The

fruits of the earth are the gift of God to the tillers of the soil. It is your clear duty towards God to apply these gifts to the clothing, food, and education of the children whom he has sent you—all other claims are secondary to them." The public who have money to spare will probably prefer lending it to less godly men. Another plan which has acquired some popularity is little less impracticable. It is that the Law Courts should not sanction the recovery of any rent which exceeded the public valuation of the land, which, of course, should be made suitably low. Such an Act, if the folly of Parliament should be carried to such an extreme as to pass it, would be the source of endless legal chicanery, for to make land cheap by law would end as all efforts to make money cheap have ended, namely in making it dear. Money has never been so cheap as since financiers gave up the efforts to make it so, and Irish land, like everything else, must be left to the natural law of demand and supply. It may be asked, then, is there no remedy for a state of things admitted to be so very bad indeed? Our reply is, that there is no single balsam so efficient as to soothe the grief of wounds so numerous and so deep seated. Sedatives and tonics may be administered with effect to correct constitutional irritability; they at least tend to sustain the patient until nature, in the shape of fruitful seasons, brings the sufferer round to health and strength. From these, with industry, economy, a careful avoidance of public-houses, and public meetings, a sound condition of the body politic may be fairly hoped for. That any man should die of hunger in Ireland would be disgraceful, not only to Irish, but to Englishmen. Boards of guardians, with a slight increase of power,

ought to be efficient and sufficient for the prevention of such a catastrophe. Above all, let there be no sham work; if no real work can be had, let there be no pretence. The scenes that occurred in 1847 dishonoured honest labour. Gangs of men were marched from the villages to roads leading nobody knew and nobody cared where; a few barrows of earth were moved, names were entered on a pay sheet, and the farce ended by paying a labourer unworthy of his hire. In conclusion, we shall venture on three suggestions, which, if carried into practice, would not indeed do "great things for Ireland," but would tend to secure a few modest benefits, at no great cost to the public. The first has reference to fuel. We should recommend grants of coals to be made, not only in those districts where the turf harvests have failed, but also in those localities where fuel, though cheap and plenty, is unattainable from the poverty of the householders. Another suggestion is, as to seed potatoes. There are varieties of the plant over which the disease seems to have no power. These, though raised in many places, are altogether short in quantity to supply seedlings for the future. Prices in spring time will probably run high, and, from the difficulty of distinguishing good seed from bad, imposition will probably be practised. The suggestion is, that some of the most suitable of these varieties should be obtained from Scotch growers of character. They should always be accompanied, however, by a pedigree as clear and undoubted as that of a favourite for the Derby. Our last suggestion is, that in March next small loans on six months' bills, without interest, should be made to farmers being holders of not more than twenty acres of land. These

loans would enable lands to be brought under cultivation, which otherwise would remain unfruitful, as well as supply other small needs of this impoverished class, of the existence of which the public are ignorant, for, as the adage runs, "No one knows where Jack's shoe pinches so well as Jack himself." It would also bring the rulers and the ruled into confidential and amicable relations, in itself no bad thing. Our belief is that such loans would be repaid with the utmost punctuality. There is nothing arouses the feelings of an ordinary Irishman like lending him money. Even when saddled with usurious interest he is thankful, and when the charge is moderate he is grateful. But advances such as these coming in his utmost need would touch his heart and be regarded as debts of honour. Excellent machinery for the distribution of such loans is ready to hand, and in complete working order. Perhaps the best of all would be through the "Charitable Loans Fund," the agents of which possess the necessary local knowledge, and would probably manage the issue at a trifling cost to the public. Scarcely less efficient would be the clerks of poor-law unions. There are 162 unions giving an average of five to each of the thirty-two counties in Ireland. The clerks form a body of most intelligent officers; in

knowledge of tenant farmers, and of the peculiar hardships of their lot, they are not exceeded by any lay members of society in the kingdom.

The call of the Lord Mayor of London for a subscription to meet Irish distress, and the readiness with which it has been responded to, form a bright spot in a very gloomy prospect.

The suggestion of this public appeal came from the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to be assisted by a committee drawn from the ladies of the highest rank and position in Ireland. Let us hope that the female character of the charity may be maintained throughout, and that the local sub-committees may consist exclusively of ladies. It is on Irish households the distress presses the very sorest, and it is there the evil must be met if it can be met at all. From a female committee to the female heads of families relief may be passed without hurting that pride of caste and family of which the Irish peasant has perhaps more than his due share.

The Irish peasant may be improvident, perhaps wasteful, possibly over-indulgent to himself; but none of these lapses can be laid to the charge of the wives or daughters of the Irish people.

H E R P E T N A M E.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I, on a hasty errand bound,
To a bright room, a stranger, came ;
The master was from home ; I found
There ladies three who bore his name.

Life was so cold, here there was glow,
In one young face a shine like flame,
Her mother and sister speaking low,
I overheard her sweet pet name.

My business there was nigh forgot
In thinking, with a sudden shame,—
A stranger,—what would be my lot,
Were I to call her that pet name.

Once more I had to pass that way,
The spell came o'er me just the same ;
My leaping heart now dreamed a day
When I might give her that pet name.

The bright sweet vision would not fade ;
Shall any say I was to blame ?—
Of errand some excuse I made
To hear once more that sweet pet name.

Then I grew bold with hot despair,
My heart forced to my lips its claim ;
Her eyes spoke out, her heart was there ;—
I dared to whisper that pet name.

FAY'S CHRISTMAS KALEIDOSCOPE.

THE winter now closing in upon us threatens to be as severe a one as that of 1860-61, when for weeks together the whole land was frost-bound, the roads slippery and dangerous, and the consequent distress amongst the poor terrible to witness. A gang of men were employed at one time near my house to shovel the hard snow away, and once or twice a week my housekeeper used to brew a copper full of soup, and tell them to come and fetch it. I was passing through the garden one day as they entered, numbed and hungry-looking, with their cans and pitchers, and I stopped a few minutes to see if they cared about it. It made me ashamed for myself and my richer neighbours to see these poor ravenous fellows dip their fingers into the scalding soup to snatch any piece of meat or bread that was floating in it, whilst others resolutely covered the tempting sight, and started off to share it with the little ones at home. A doctor, almost as much as a clergyman, has many painful cases brought before him in times of general distress, and he also has many chances of bringing those cases before the richer classes whose privilege it is to care for the poor, and help them liberally in times of necessity. Those gaunt, hungry men haunted me many a day; how many thousand such there must be in our towns and cities, and even our villages, during a hard winter. But it is the Christmas-eve of 1860 that most vividly remains in

my mind. I had been a great part of the day in the saddle, and had occupied my lonely ride in trying to find some key to the great problem of effectually helping the misery around, and was returning home after a long round of visits amongst my scattered patients, when, as I walked my jaded horse cautiously up the slippery streets of picturesque old Warwick in the fast gathering gloom, I suddenly remembered the fact that it was Christmas-eve, and that my little motherless Fay would draw down her rosy lips wofully if there was nothing from papa in the little scarlet stocking that she never forgot to hang at the foot of her bed on every possible occasion. So I dismounted at the only toy-shop I could see, and filling my pockets hastily with childish delights made the best of my way home, and, having refreshed both the outer and inner man, proceeded to examine the purchases I had made. There was amongst them a large and showy kaleidoscope whose myriad colours would, I thought, fill my merry little daughter with glee. I rattled it energetically and placed it to my eye, but to my chagrin no bright colours met my view. I gazed down into the street of a grey and gloomy city; the last theatre had closed, the last public-house had turned out its brilliant tempting lights, the last door had shut on the merry ringing good night of departing guests, the late omnibus had finished its final journey, and

the unfortunate driver, who sits fifteen hours a day in his seat, was trying to stamp some life into his cramped and frozen limbs; the tired horses, with quivering overstrained muscles from the slippery streets, were beginning to scent out their supper and bed; everywhere windows were comfortably shuttered and curtains closely drawn, only here and there a glint of ruddy firelight evidencing the comfort within; a biting east wind swept down the deserted streets, the gas flared and flickered in its glass cages, and man and beast alike seemed to have crept into shelter. Along the echoing street comes the heavy tramp of the policeman on duty, throwing the light of his glancing bullseye on door and window as he passes. What is that dark heap his light momentarily flashes on within the shadow of that deep portico? It caught his watchful eye, and he turned his lantern steadily towards it: a woman, with pale, sunken cheeks and decent scanty clothing, lies curled up on the stone step, sheltering from the bitter wind her sleeping child. There had been several passers by; one smiled scornfully and muttered "Drunk as usual." Another's first thought was to help the woman, but he ended by fearing lest she might be a bad character, or her clothes not clean. A carriage passed by also, but the advantage of a closed carriage to its occupants is, that they see little of the squalor and miseries of the streets. Another passer by was a rich man, who hurried on quickly, lest, if he called a cabman to the woman's aid, he would become liable for the fare. The policeman hesitates, the sight is so piteous, but his orders are strict, and he speaks gruffly: "Come, you can't lie here; you must move on somewhere." No answer reaches him,

and he stoops to rouse her, but starts back momentarily from the cold, stiff fingers. Dead, frozen dead! Reverently almost the man bends over her, and lifts up the sleeping child, and, as the ragged cloak that wraps it falls back, I gaze upon the fair curls and rosy cheeks of my little daughter. I give a violent start and instantly the scene changes, and I see a long narrow room, dimly lighted by low-turned gas. On either side the room stand even rows of little beds, each one covered with a gaily-coloured blanket and each one containing a little sleeping child. Around the walls were coloured prints of childish games decorated with the bright shining leaves of the Christmas holly. As I look, the door opens gently, and two figures enter; both are dressed as Sisters of Mercy—the one is evidently a nurse, the other, a fair happy-faced, still youthful lady, appears to be the superior. She steps softly to the bed nearest to the door and beckons the nurse to come and look. "She was only brought to me a few hours ago; you must be kind and gentle to her when she wakes, her poor mother was frozen to death in our cruel streets;" and she covered her face with her hands as if to shut out the hard sight. The nurse bent forward to look at the sleeping child, cautiously drawing back the coverings, and again I see the tumbled curls and flushed cheeks on which the tears yet linger of my own little one. I stoop to snatch her to my heart, but instantly all is dark, and, as I turn restlessly away, a different scene greets me: it is middle-day, the bright sun is shining through the keen frosty air, and I look down into a large, bare, but comfortably-warmed room, along the whole length of which run long narrow tables; around them are seated in eager expectancy

two hundred hungry, pinched, and ragged little children. Presently before each one is set a bountiful plate of steaming savoury stew. A lady, who seems to superintend everything, steps forward, with her face flushed with pleasure, and, clasping her hands, exclaims, "Thank God, dear children, for these and all His mercies;" and, with a childish answering "Amen," they fall to vigorously, she watching them with delight, and, as I look on the glowing face of the child next to her, it seems to melt and fade before me into the rosy childish dimples of little Fay—I feel her warm tiny fingers are clinging tightly round mine, and she seems to lead me away. We are on the ice, in the midst of a merry, laughing, careless crowd of skaters; young men and maidens, old men and children, are carried away by the exhilarating exercise; girls with bright eyes and tingling cheeks flash past us, hotly pursued by their attendant cavaliers, and the clear ring of their skates on the ice echoes musically through the frosty air; ladies wrapped in furs are gliding luxuriously over the smooth ice in easy chairs; school-boys, home for the holidays, come racing down with their hockey sticks, voting it "first-rate weather, and a tip-top lark." In a warmer tent tea and coffee and refreshments are being dispensed freely, and nowhere around is there a sign of poverty or want. Ah, yes! there is even here. Little Fay has sharper eyes than mine; I yield to

her gentle pull, and she draws me over to an island in the centre of the lake where a little sad-eyed robin hops feebly over the frozen ground. Fay's busy hands are quickly at work scattering the bread with which she had filled her pockets, and the little sad-eyed robin was soon surrounded by a flock of feathered friends as hungry as himself. But the air grows chill, the sun sinks below the horizon, the gay crowd melts, and once more I look down into the gloomy streets of the great city. I see a bare high wall in the midst of which is set a small door; around this are grouped men and women in every stage of poverty; ragged, cold, and hungry, anxiously awaiting the opening of this door; in a few minutes it is thrown open, and they stream in, but before all have entered the word "Full" is passed out, and the door snaps to. Three shivering objects remain outside staring blankly at each other. "What can us do?" said one at last; "we'll be froze out here."

"Let's try another 'House.'"

"Too late now, they'll all be full; we must get put in quod somehow. Here's a gent coming; let's attack him." I try to stop them, I try to cry 'Police!' and in the effort I wake up and find little Fay sitting quietly on the hearth-rug by my side. My Christmas-eve visions have never been forgotten, but have urged me to many an effort for the poor and suffering in times of hardship and distress. I wish I could make them half as vivid to others as they were to me.

A PEEP INTO UNIVERSITY THEATRICALS.

THERE is always a certain interest in the life and growth of a very young creature. The Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club is now an important institution, very much like other societies of gentlemen amateurs, living recognised and above board. But it was not always so; and it is the fact that the "A.D.C." had to fight its way that gives a peculiar interest to Mr. Burnand's account of its birth and nurture, and of that successful struggle for existence, in the glories of which he might fairly claim for himself, *quorum pars magna fui*.*

We shall present the account of this lively nursling in a succession of pictures, mostly in his own words:

"In the October term of 1854, my first term at Trinity, the notion occurred to me how much more amusing than cards, drinking, and supper, would be private theatricals, with, of course, supper to follow. Perhaps the fact of my having written a piece—an 'original work,' compiled from my recollection of farces, in which I had seen Buckstone, Charles Mathews, Compton, Keeley, Wright, and Paul Bedford—was at the bottom of this idea. Besides, I came up to the University with some reputation for this sort of thing, among Etonians at least, as a farce of mine—(another original work composed in much the

same way, only more so)—had been performed in my tutor's pupil room, under the special patronage of my tutor himself (the Rev. William Gifford Cookesley),—who was an admirable audience,—and this farce had been actually printed in Windsor, and sold for a shilling a copy. . . . So it became known and accepted at college that I was an authority in theatricals, and before the term was out, we had contrived a capital little stage in our rooms, opposite Trinity College, over a grocer's shop, now swept away, and its place taken by Trinity New Buildings; we had got together our company, which was quite Shakspearean, in one respect, i.e., its ladies. But here we were most fortunate, as was the 'A. D. C.' afterwards. Lads between eighteen, nineteen, and twenty-one, slim and guiltless of whiskers or moustache, downy fledgelings, whose delight was then not to encourage hirsute growth but to shave, could easily 'make up' for the female characters, and represent them admirably, voice excepted."

The comic side of the revival of Shakspearean women is well presented in the epilogue written by Lord Houghton in 1830, when he was Mr. R. M. Milnes, for a Cambridge amateur performance of *Much Ado About Nothing*, in which a number of distinguished students took part.

* The "A.D.C.," being Personal Reminiscences of the University Amateur Dramatic Club, Cambridge. Written by F. C. Burnand, B.A., Trin. Coll. Camb. London: Chapman and Hall, 1880.

"Our cause is good, and it may
claim some praise
To have restored the forms of
Shakespeare's days ;

[*Pointing to the Ladies.*

When the men-ladies, as their
parts might fall,
Were taught to trip and simper,
and 'speak small'—
And, when delayed, th' impatient
Monarch raved,
The excuse was, 'Sire, the Queen
is not yet shaved.'"

The first performance was a success, and such as to invite a repetition of the entertainment on a more ambitious scale. It was contemplated to hire a big room, get appointments down from London, and charge for admission. But here supervened a dreadful thought, leading to doubts and remonstrance on the part of the elder youngsters—how about the permission of the Vice-Chancellor.

"This," says Burnand, "audacious juvenile that I was—had no terrors for me. I had not an idea what a Vice-Chancellor was like. I didn't believe in him, any more than did Mrs. Prig in Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris. I thought he was a sort of Guy Faux figure on a woolsack. I had no reverence. I was for blindly rushing in where my betters refused to tread. I had said in my heart, There is no Vice-Chancellor ; and, in fact, I did not, at that time, realise the full extent of University authority. I was going to teach my *alma mater*, and not my *alma mater* me." The Vice-Chancellor was, after all, presumed to be but a man. Burnand undertook to call upon him.

"I had some vague idea that in calling on a Vice-Chancellor some official dress was *de rigueur*. I did not know what, and no one could tell me. I decided, ultimately, for cap and gown. Cap and bells would have been more appropriate. As the hour approached for my

visit, I began to be nervous. If I had previously treated the idea of a Vice-Chancellor with more than indifference, I now, for the first time, commenced to think of him with something akin to awe. I had not believed in him, and I was going to see him. He had been in perspective, at the vanishing point, and now I was going to walk up to him and see him in *propria personâ*. If I could have visited him by deputy, I would have done so, but I couldn't.

"The time came, and hot and uncomfortable, I entered the gate of Caius, and walked to the Vice-Chancellor's house. Of course the entrance to it was ancient and dingy, all such entrances are. I was left in the sombre passage by a clerical-looking butler, who took my card in to his master.

"Beyond the present interview which I am about to recount, I know nothing of this excellent man. (Not the butler, the Vice-Chancellor, though the remark applies to both equally.) I never, to my knowledge, saw or spoke to him again. This was our first and last meeting. Presently I was ushered into a dull, dimly-lighted room, and into the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, a short, wizened, dried-up elderly gentleman, with little legs and a big head, like a serious Punch doll, wearing his academical cap, and with his gown hitched up under his elbows, which gave him the appearance of having recently finished a hornpipe before I came in. He had the fidgety air of a short-sighted person who has just lost his glasses. This, I believe, was the truth : he *had* mislaid his glasses. After saluting me, as I stood, timidly respectful, cap in hand, in the middle of the room, he commenced the conversation.

"'You want to see me, I believe, Mr. —, Mr. —,' here he referred

to the card, but, the light being unfavourable, he was unable to read it without his spectacles, and so gave it up as a bad job. I did not feel inclined to help him. Somehow, why I don't know, I felt that my name would be against me. It was like one of those *obiter dicta*, about which you have to be very careful, lest it should be 'used against you at your trial.'

"'Yes, sir,' I said, twiddling the tassel of my cap, which had been cut off rather short.

"Then there was a pause. I didn't see how to plunge in *medias res*, and he wouldn't help me.

"'I've got a meeting of the Heads in a few minutes,' said the Vice-Chancellor, taking out a large watch, pretending to consult it, and then returning it to his fob.

"'A meeting of the Heads' had a pantomimic sound about it, which was, in view of my errand, re-assuring. I hoped that the 'Heads' in 'Meeting' would not hurt themselves. In my mind's eye I pictured those Heads, and I remember now how the unfamiliar use of the word 'Heads' struck me, and how I formulated a sort of riddle to myself 'how many Heads together make one body.' Had I been allowed to chat with the Vice-Chancellor about these 'Heads,' and could I thus have gradually proceeded to the object of my visit, I am sure we should have got on quite pleasantly. If I could only have said, 'Never mind the *Heads*, listen to my *tale*,' the ice would have been broken. But I was too nervous for this ill-timed levity.

"I felt I must begin. I began accordingly, very hot, and uncomfortably parched, and in a husky voice, as if I had been breakfasting on nuts.

"'I've come, sir, to ask you, sir,' I said, 'for your permission'—my sentence was not as clear as this,

but confused and jumbled—'for your permission, to—to—' and then I thought I could put it better, and so tried back. 'I mean, sir, we had some idea of getting up a—a—a—' like Macbeth's amen, the words 'theatrical performance' stuck in my throat. If there had been a trap door at my feet, and I could have been let down easily into the cellar beneath, startled the clerical-looking butler, and then escape, I would have given a trifle to have done so at that moment. Never shall I forget this interview.

"'Yes,' he said, taking up the sentence at the point where I had dropped it. 'You are getting up—a subscription, eh? For what object?'

"I had a great mind to adopt his suggestion, and make it a subscription, instead of theatricals. The idea struck me, 'How about saying, we propose to play for a charity. The Something Hospital. I know there is one'; but on second thoughts I discarded this notion, as a detail to be subsequently considered, and made for my point, by the shortest and most direct route in my power.

"'No, sir,' I replied; 'not exactly a subscription, though the object,' and here the charity idea again recurred, as softening it all down, 'would be the benefit of some hospital—the Adenbrook Hospital, for instance,' I added, so as to interest him, as it were, with a certain local colouring. He merely nodded, and peered at me; he was peering at me during nearly the whole interview; and at first I could not make out why—absence of glasses and nearness of sight would not sufficiently account for his searching regards. It was not long before I discovered the reason of this scrutiny.

"'And, sir,' I went on, rather vaguely, 'I thought—at least we

thought—that a theatrical performance—’ he started, as my cat jumped thus suddenly out of the bag, and his start frightened me, but I managed to resume as steadily as I could, ‘a theatrical performance—of—in fact—ahem! some one or two plays—or one—perhaps,’—thinking not to overpower him with too large a programme all at once—‘and—and—and—’ here I came to a standstill. But I breathed more freely now. The first step had been taken, and the words ‘theatrical performance’ had been pronounced.

“The Vice-Chancellor peered at me, as though I were gradually melting before him in a mist.

“‘Um!’ he said, so portentously, that it sounded to me like an awful rebuke of my rashness, in daring to thrust myself forward, and disturbing the peace of the University. If I could, even then, have begged his pardon, and have said, like Mr. Toots, ‘It’s of no consequence,’ I would have withdrawn. But I was not acting for myself; I was a Deputy with a mission.

“‘Um!’ said the Vice-Chancellor; and, giving his gown a good hitch up over his elbows, he put his head on one side, as though he were meditating the commencement of another hornpipe on the spot. Had he done so, I could have joined him in a breakdown. Of course, his dance would have been ‘the College Hornpipe.’ On second thoughts, however, he gave up the idea of dancing, and after some consideration, during which he seemed to be trying to realise, in his academical mind, the full scope and bearing of my request for a ‘theatrical performance,’ he said,

“‘And where do you propose giving this dramatic representation?’

The question was more than my

wildest hopes could have expected. In effect, he had granted the application, so it seemed to me, and was now going into details. At once I was more at my ease, and answered, with an inquiring, perhaps almost a patronising, smile, as if rather inviting a suggestion from *him*, than making one myself,—

“‘Well, sir, we had thought of the—the—’ I hesitated a little, but out it must come, and it came—‘the Barnwell Theatre;’ and seeing his severe expression, I hastened to add, as if I in no way insisted on the Barnwell Theatre as the only place—‘or the large room at the Bull.’

“Somehow I felt that I had put my foot in it—that Barnwell and the Bull had done it between them.

“His manner was courteous, but very grave, when, peering at me more intently than ever, he said,—

“‘I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, I believe, Mr.—Mr.—Mr.’—and he referred to my card, which he could not see to read.

“I was bound to help him. My name, I informed him, was Bur-nand; somehow it didn’t sound to my own ears as if I said it well; in fact, I pronounced it so badly, that I should have been prepossessed against myself, on the spot, had I been somebody else hearing it for the first time. He went on with his examination, as though I were trying to keep something back from him.

“‘Of Trinity?’ he asked, persuasively.

“‘Of Trinity’ I answered.

“‘A—um—a Fellow of Trinity?’ he inquired, with a courtesy of manner, and an emphasis on the word ‘Fellow’ that implied a doubt.

“‘No, sir,’ I answered, respectfully, but with as much carelessness as I could muster at the moment,—‘no, sir, I am not a Fel-

low.' I tried to give myself the air of saying this, as though I *could* have been a Fellow if I had liked, only that, somehow, it had not suited my purpose.

"His manner towards me changed visibly. He became stiffer, and more decidedly the academical Don.

"'Um!' he said, with decreasing courtesy, and increasing emphasis on the test word, 'A *scholar* of Trinity?'

"'No,' I replied, getting rather tired of this, 'I am not a scholar.'

"I did not like to tell him I was an undergraduate, and that this was only my second term.

"'Oh,' he said, with some asperity, as though he resented my having obtained an interview with him under false pretences, 'I did not see your gown.'

"That was what he had been peering at. At first he had thought that I was wearing the gown of a Master of Arts; now, he was not quite clear whether it was a Bachelor's or not.

"'You have taken your degree and are staying up?' he suggested, inquiringly.

"It was like a doctor's guesses at a patient's health, and being wrong every time.

"'No, sir,' I was obliged to admit; 'I have not yet taken my degree.'

"'Oh!' he said with a sort of pitying air, 'still an undergraduate?'

"He had guessed right at last. The opportunity for presenting him with a pun on his own name—which was *Guest*—was almost too good to be lost. But the interests of our dramatic scheme were at stake, and I felt that, at this critical moment, a false step on my part would ruin our not very bright prospects. Somehow we seemed to have wandered away from the subject, to which I saw no road back.

This time *he* took the initiative. Now he was quite the Don. His uncertainty had vanished. It was no longer an interview between a colonel and a captain, or a lieutenant, but between a colonel and a private. Once more he hitched up his gown, but this time it was not with the air of a man who might be going to dance, but with the determined action of a truculent counsel, who is not going to be browbeaten by a witness.

"'So you want my permission for a dramatic performance?'

"'Yes,' I said, humbly, that was what his petitioner, &c., and if he granted it, then, in effect, his petitioners would ever pray, &c., &c.

"'Um!' he said, giving another violent hitch up to his gown. 'And—ahem! what play do you propose?'

"'What play?' This was an unexpected question. We had, as I have said, fixed on *Box and Cox*, *Villikins and his Dinah*, if done in time, or *Bombastes*, and perhaps Talfourd's *Macbeth Travestie*.

"'Well, sir,' I replied, diffidently, 'we have not yet quite decided,' but as I didn't want him to make this a pretext for deferring his answer, I added, 'but we are considering two or three.'

"'Ah!' he said, with a more satisfied air, which argued well for my success,—'ah! Of course,' he went on, most seriously, 'there's a large field for selection.'

"I was delighted to agree with him.

"'There is,' I observed, with the authority of a student of dramatic literature, 'a very large collection of plays.'

"My thoughts reverted to 'Lacy's Acting Edition,' in many volumes, and I thought what a choice we should have, if we once got permission, and how we might play, *Did you ever send Your Wife to*

Camberwell? My Precious Betsy, That Blessed Baby, Betsy Baker, Domestic Economy, Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw, and a heap of others, in which Wright, the Keeleys, and Buckstone had been so inimitably funny.

“ ‘Yes,’ the Vice-Chancellor continued, very gravely, and balancing himself alternately on his toes and heels; ‘there is a large choice. Is it a Greek play that you propose?’ ”

“ ‘I might have been knocked over with a feather. I saw it was hopeless; I saw he was on the wrong tack; I saw that, unless he granted permission, without further inquiry, there was an end of the matter.’ ”

“ ‘No,’ I replied, as if I were most reluctantly divulging a deep secret; ‘it is *not* a Greek play.’ And I wondered to myself what he would think of *Villikins and his Dinah*, if I had mentioned the subject to him.

“ ‘Well,’ he continued, as if inclined to yield a point in my favour, ‘perhaps you are right. Terence is a favourite. You have, you say, selected a Latin play?’ ”

“ ‘No, sir, I,’—I hesitated,—‘it is—it is *not* a Latin play.’ ”

“ ‘I devoutly wished I could have said *Boz and Cox* was a Latin play. It flashed through my mind, ‘If I could only call it *Balbus et Caius*, or *Castor and Pollux*. But it won’t do: he would find it out afterwards.’ ”

“ ‘Not Greek or Latin!’ he exclaimed, as if these were the only two languages he had ever heard of anywhere. ‘Then what is the play you propose?’ ”

“ ‘Well, sir, it’s—it’s English,’ I answered; and I began to have my doubts as to the truth of *that* statement now.

“ ‘English!’ he repeated, with an air of surprise. ‘One of Shakspeare’s? Surely that’s rather an undertaking?’ ”

“ ‘I admitted most readily, for it was the first loophole he had given me, that Shakspeare would indeed have been far too much of an enterprise for us, and that, in fact, we did not aim *quite* so high.’ ”

“ ‘Then what do you propose to play?’ he asked severely.

I looked at him to see if I could detect the slightest tremble of humour in his eye, or the pucker of a smile on his lips. No. He was as hard as granite. He had suggested Greek plays, Latin plays, and had conceded Shakspeare. Evidently, as Vice-Chancellor of the University, he could not be expected to take cognizance of any compositions outside these three, or rather these two, for Shakspeare was a concession. From Sophocles to Terence, from Terence to Shakspeare, was all very well, very proper, and both classical and correct; but, from the *Antigone* to the *Adelphi* (Terence’s, not Webster’s), from the *Adelphi* of Terence (who, when I first went to Eton, was, I thought, an *Irish* dramatist) to the *Comedy of Errors*, and from that to *Boz and Cox*, and thence to *Villikins and his Dinah*, the fall was too great for serious consideration. Still the truth had to be told.

“ ‘Well, sir,’ I began humbly, ‘we were not thinking of attempting anything great. It is merely among ourselves.’ ”

“ ‘Members of the University *only*, of course,’ interrupted the Vice-Chancellor.

“ ‘Oh, of course!’ I returned, quite cheerfully, being delighted to find myself at one with him on any point. ‘And, sir, we were thinking of merely playing a little—a little piece.’ ”

“ ‘A grand idea struck me. I would not mention the name, *Boz and Cox*, which might only make the Vice-Chancellor think I was laughing at him, but I would

mention the name of its author, Mr. Maddison Morton, by which, I fancied, he would be impressed; for I knew that I, personally, had always been impressed by the name of Maddison Morton, which, I still think, does sound wonderfully imposing; only it sounds better without the prefix of '*Mister*,' which rather vulgarizes it. However, I felt that the Vice-Chancellor was bound to give the '*Mister*.' So I finished up thus,—
'We are thinking of playing a little piece by Mr. Maddison Morton.'

" 'Perhaps,' it occurred to me, 'the Vice-Chancellor may know Maddison Morton; and, if so, all right!'

"But Dr. Guest only appeared puzzled, and repeated several times,—

" 'Morton—Morton!' as if he were either trying to recall an acquaintance of that name, or were learning the word by heart, like a parrot.

" 'Maddison Morton,' I explained, affably.

" 'Um!' he considered. Then he paused and examined the carpet. Receiving no assistance from that quarter, he looked up suddenly at me and asked, 'Fellow of Trinity?'

" 'No,' I said. I was not aware,—he might be—but—in fact Maddison Morton had never presented himself to me in that light. For me, it had been sufficient that Maddison Morton should have been the distinguished author of *Box and Cox*.

" 'Not a Fellow of Trinity?' said the Vice-Chancellor, suspiciously.

" 'No; I don't think so.'

" 'Um! And you propose acting a play written by Mr. Morton, who is not a Fellow of Trinity? Yes; what is the name?'

"I could not help it. It was bound to come out at last.

" 'It is called *Box and Cox*.'

"Even then I was afraid he would ask me if '*Box and Cox*' were Fellows of Trinity, without which qualification their fate, I felt at once, was sealed. I even regretted not having introduced them as *Mr. Box* and *Mr. Cox*, the other title sounding so familiar. If I could only have metamorphosed them into the Rev. Mr. Box, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, and Dr. C^{ox}, D.D., Fellow of Caius, it would have been perfect.

"But the Vice-Chancellor was very grave and serious over it. He did not know either Box or Cox, by name. They were not members of the University, any more than Mr. Maddison Morton was a Fellow of Trinity, and so he could not recognise them, officially. Box, and Cox, might be, he seemed to think, very worthy persons, without a stain on their character, but he could not countenance them as performing in this University. He had misunderstood me, and thought I had proposed a theatrical entertainment to be given by Messrs Box and Cox (of the London theatres) in a play written by a Mr. Morton,—not a Fellow of Trinity.

"I thought he was going to ask me for the name of the other piece, and I would rather have relinquished the whole affair, there and then, than have given up the name of *Villikins and his Dinah*, and have avowed myself the author. No: I had got into a difficulty, and made myself a martyr for the sake of *Box and Cox*, and that was ridiculous enough for one morning. If I added *Villikins*, he would think that there was a lunatic undergraduate at large in Trinity College.

"Fortunately the clock reminded him that, at that hour, a council was sitting,—where his attendance was imperative.

"‘I will lay this matter,’ he said, solemnly, ‘before the Heads, and will forward you our decision.’"

"The idea of the Heads again struck me, only this time in connection with the tossing shilling and the lucky sixpence, in ‘Box and Cox.’ ‘Heads I *don’t* win,’ I thought to myself as I thanked the Vice-Chancellor for his polite attention, and so withdrew. Through an open side-door in the hall, as I passed out, I saw the ‘Heads’ assembling, and I could not help feeling intensely amused at the notion of the Vice-Chancellor’s gravely submitting for the careful consideration of this august body the names of Box *and* Cox, not being members of the University, associated with that of Maddison Morton (*not* a Fellow of Trinity), and of F. C. Burnand, undergraduate, Trin. Coll. Cam.

"This was the first step taken towards obtaining official recognition for an amateur University performance, with what result remains to be seen."

Here follows a tirade against Dons in general, written by Burnand with the mature views of five-and-forty, and consequently deserving of some respect.

"For the representative, typical, college Don, I have not, I say it boldly, the slightest atom of respect, and the sentiments of my youth, as regards Dons in general, have never been modified, or altered, by the experience of middle-age. What was at first a very natural undergraduate instinct, has grown into a most firm and honest conviction.

"Of course I am aware that there are Dons *and* Dons; but when a Don, who is a don by position, is at the same time *not* a Don by disposition, then he ought not to be a Don at all; he is so clearly out of place, that, when you inform your friends that the gentleman in

question is a resident Fellow of S. Boniface, they will hardly credit your assertion.

"There is no such creature, properly speaking, as a young Don. If a man is a Don by nature, he is never young. There are no such comfortable places anywhere as those held by the college Dons in residence. Their life is simply a luxurious development of bachelor existence in club and chambers, but their chambers are above suspicion, and the obligations of their state are a guarantee for their individual local respectability, while their public morality is as unexceptionable as their dinners at the high table in Hall, and their wine in the common room of the College.

"Dons seem to forget they have ever been undergraduates; and, for the matter of that they have very little to forget, as they, probably, never partook of the generally hilarious undergraduate’s temperament — the healthy outburst of youth and the overflow of animal spirits, peculiarly English in its boisterous character, easily directed for good by judicious control, and turned off into various channels of harmless recreation, where a discriminating superior, if he chose to trouble himself about those placed under his care, would be able to detect the bent, inclination, of many a young man, whose peculiar talents might be then and there fostered with the most beneficial results."

Three days after the interview came a polite note from the V.C. containing an explicit refusal, after due consideration from the Heads, to sanction dramatic performances in the University. Matters were therefore worse than before, as *bona-fide* ignorance of statutes could not now be pleaded. It might be considered that this was final, but a back door of escape was

soon found, and, strange to say, a back door arrived at by an aristocratic corridor. There was a University club of high degree, the Athenæum, for which only the University Tufts were eligible. These privileged gentlemen chanced about this time to advertise a single dramatic performance, with only such pretence of secrecy as might make "a show of such deference as was to be expected from dukes, earls, and other titled members of the aristocracy, who had kindly consented to come up to the University, and patronise the ancient institution." This put Burnand on his mettle, and he proposed to his equally angry friends a theatrical club, a rival to the Athenæum.

Rooms were taken, rules drawn up, liabilities undertaken, subscriptions fixed, and the dramatic club became a fact. Among the original members was one very useful one, the only sporting man of the club, brought in on the ground of being an excellent subscriber to anything, and not in the slightest degree interested in theatricals. "I remember the readiness with which, at the very first call, he produced five-pound notes, and frightened all the quiet and moderate men by the force of his language, the energy of his character, and the amount of money at his command." About the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads no member troubled himself any more. They had winked at the performances of the Athenæum theatricals, they could not afterwards open their eyes too wide upon the enterprise of the humbler but more painstaking Thespians. For several years, however, the club was not recognised, only tolerated; and it was not until the Prince of Wales in 1861 dignified the performances with his presence that it obtained open recognition

by the authorities. A certain sum in proportion is irresistibly suggested: as terrible Don is to abject undergraduate, so is mighty Prince to terrible Don. Even "Box and Cox" may become as classical as a Greek play when the light of royalty has shone upon it. Before recognition and during its infancy, the "A. D. C." was a secret society, rather Bohemian than 'aristocratic in its sentiments, rather jovial than ascetic in its tendencies.'

"The rehearsals were the occasions of delightful little dinners and suppers in each other's rooms, and in these we were not luxurious, nor were our 'spreads' anything like so expensive, or so pretentious, as what were called the 'Athenæum Teas.'"

The active members of the infant club were heroes in work. The "acting manager" was the "manager of the acting;" the best of the scene-painters were amateurs; members were to be seen, in paper caps and aprons, hard at work at stage carpentry. The secretary, who undertook also the laborious duties of treasurer, had to attend every meeting, was fined for absence, had to yield an account of tickets sold, and bills printed, had to write the letters and audit the accounts; he usually accepted the honorary post with avidity, and resigned as speedily as was consistent with decency when he discovered what was expected of him.

There were peculiarities in some of the actors which must at the time have provoked much merriment, and greatly added to the success of the entertainments. One member, according to the chronicle kept by the club, was wont to sing very well, "but," as he says himself, "acting, &c., is not his forte. In reciting poetry, too, he has a singular habit of

making such words as 'pudding' and 'crocodile' rhyme, which gives the audience a very peculiar idea of what the author intended to say." About another performer a report got about that when taking a character whose dress included some very large shirt studs, he found it most convenient to paint his shirt front with them; it was even supposed that he had transferred this artistic success to the shirt front of private life; and not only a sale of tickets at increased prices, but mysterious invitations to dinner, were the result of the curiosity inspired by the man who was supposed to have reached perfection in painting the appearance of studs upon his shirt front.

One very amusing scene arose in a farce, in which one of the actors was a dancing bear; an unfortunate wight was strapped up in a bear's skin so tightly that it was impossible to get out without assistance. He was to be accompanied by a wandering sailor, his master. He had shown some disinclination for the part, but had been reassured by his friends, and told that a brilliant dramatic opening might easily be made of it. His fellow-performer, the sailor, was especially anxious, he assured him, to second him well. This character was taken by a conscientious actor.

"'Of course,' he had argued, 'no sailor would go about with a bear, unless he had either a good stout stick or a whip to larrup him with.'

"He considered the stick as most appropriate to a sailor ashore, and with this 'hand-property' he had taken good care to provide himself. But, alas for the unhappy bear! the stick was not a properly sawdust-stuffed staff, such as is used on the stage by pantomimists, but it was a good, stout, substantial, undeniable

cudgel. It was realism with a vengeance.

"Mr. S. Vane, before coming up to the University, had, like the celebrated T. P. Cooke, really been in the navy, at least, so it was said. He had a bluff, honest, hearty, rolling sort of way with him, and was a first-rate fellow on and off the stage—as even the unhappy G. Rece would have willingly owned—up till this minute.

"The farce went on: so did the sailor, and with him the bear led by a chain. No chance of escape. At first the bear tried to be funny—and he *was* funny—he stood up and danced. Alas! his fun was but short-lived, for at the first sign of any repetition of such a burst of humour, down came Jack Robinson's thick cudgel on the bear's head and shoulders, who thereupon swore audibly. It was not a growl, it was an oath accompanied by a remonstrance which went entirely unheeded by the jolly tar, who, seeing the audience highly amused at his use of his stick, thought he couldn't give them, or the bear, too much of a good thing. He was right as to the audience, he was wrong as to the bear's view of the matter.

"'I quite forgot,' said the representative of 'Jack ashore,' earnestly explaining the matter, afterwards, to somebody, 'I quite forgot it might hurt; and I really didn't think he could feel it through that bear skin.'

"In vain the bear attempted to ward off the blows with much the same action of the paws as the bear in the illustrated fable-book attempts to get rid of the bees. He kept up the character as long as he could. He even pretended to have been taught some sort of dance by Jack Robinson, which necessitated his putting up his fore-paws in order to guard his head, and taking advantage of the attitude, he was

just about to whisper behind his hand a real 'aside' requesting Jack Robinson to have a little more consideration for his feelings, when the sailor, being in the full swing of his part, and thinking that the bear was playing up to him in first-rate style, angrily exclaimed, 'Ah! would you?' and down came a crack from the cudgel, and out came another and a louder oath from the bear.

"At last the bear could stand it no longer—he made a rush at his tormentor, and there was a man and bear fight for the space of about half a minute, during which the audience shouted and applauded vigorously. But the unfortunate bear was heavily handicapped in his dress, and without it he would not have been a match for his antagonist, who, entering into the spirit of the scene, pretended to defend his life from the bear's deadly attack, and inserting his hand in the bear's leather collar, half strangled poor 'G. Rece,' while at the same time he caught him such cracks over the head, as but for the padding, would most certainly have incapacitated the representative of the bear from ever appearing on any stage again—at least for a very long time.

"There was nothing for the unhappy bear but entire submission; so, sinking down, he lay as if completely vanquished, panting on the ground, while S. Vane gave him one or two playful taps on the skull, just to finish with, then struck an attitude like a victorious

lion tamer, and having dismissed the bear with a parting kick, he resumed the business of the scene. There was immense applause. 'S. Vane' bowed his acknowledgments, but the bear had availed himself of this respite to sneak quietly out by the door in the scene—and nothing could induce him to return. In fact, I think from that moment he retired from the Club and never paid any further subscription. His name does not occur again in the bills. He had had enough of it. His histrionic ambition had received a violent blow—several very violent blows—he had paid his halfpence, he had received all the kicks, and if he felt himself aggrieved, I must say I think he was more than justified.

"Those who witnessed the scene will never forget it, and many among the audience who afterwards became members, have since narrated the story to me from their point of view, and told me how admirably they thought the unhappy bear was acting his part!"

What would the Vice-Chancellor have thought of this kind of application to the "heads" of the University?

The reminiscences from which we have made our few quotations are not only full of interest and amusement for old University men, but for all who sympathise with the drama under difficulties, and for all who care for a picture of honest, spontaneous, work and fun combined.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Dec. 23, 1879.

TERM ended unusually early this year, and, despite the attraction of being able to skate on the river for miles in either direction, Oxford was almost empty a fortnight ago. The term having thus abruptly come to an end, my letter this month must, of necessity, be briefer than usual.

I suppose I must begin with a chronicle of the doings of the Commission, which has been very busy of late, and has arrived at some general principles of action, which will, more or less, apply to all Colleges. There are for the future to be three kinds of Fellowships—"Prize Fellowships," tenable for five or seven years, with no restrictions as to residence or celibacy. Holders of these Fellowships will, however, have little or no voice in College affairs, nor will they be eligible for appointments or offices in the gift of the College. The second class will be those Fellowships to which certain definite duties are attached, such as Tutorial or Lecturing work. These Fellows will, in most cases, be allowed to marry, care being taken that there shall always be a sufficient number of Fellows resident in College to preserve discipline. There will also be some Fellowships attached to Professorships, the holders of which will have University instead of College duties to perform. Such is an outline of the proposed scheme, which is obviously intended to please all the various sections of University reformers, and which will therefore meet with criticisms on all sides. Yet, on the whole, it is probably as good a plan as could be devised under the circumstances, considering the pressure which has been put upon the Commissioners by the representatives of existing and prospective interests.

Meanwhile, there has been quite a deadlock in fellowships—at Trinity the other day there were over thirty candidates for one fellowship, and, I believe, even a larger field at Merton. The prospect of the Prize Fellowships, of which about 140 will be established, keeps a large number up reading who would otherwise be taking masterships.

One of the immediate outcomes of the Commission has been a proposal from the Warden and Fellows of All Souls' to establish a Readership in Roman Law. An important feature in this proposal is that the Reader will be compelled to reside at least six weeks in each term, and lecture to and teach any students who may present themselves. It has been found necessary to make some regulation of this kind, as but few of the Law Professors have thought it obligatory on them to give up or curtail their practice at the Bar, or to arrange their lectures with regard to the convenience of their pupils.

A minor reform will, it is hoped, be carried out before very long, by

which the terms will be really eight weeks in length ; as it is, what with arranging work at the beginning of the term, and reviewing it at the end, it is very difficult to get more than seven weeks of lectures and tuition. One of the last events in this term has been the conferment of an hon. degree on Dr. Pike, who for some years has been one of the Demonstrators at the University Museum, and has just been appointed to a Professorship at the University of Toronto—the same University, by the way, which rejected Huxley and Tyndall many years since.

Ephemeral literature has always flourished, especially in Oxford. Such productions as the “Oxford Spectator” and the “Shotover Papers” seem indeed almost to have become *κρηματα ἐς ἀει*, and scarcely a term passes away without the publication of some pamphlet or *brochure*, cleverly hitting off some mania of the day or satirising the doings of some society or individual. This term we have had a very clever satire on the new Lawn Tennis rules, in the shape of “An Oration in Praise of Autocracy,” while the youthful poets of Balliol have produced a very creditable little volume of verse under the somewhat *bizarre* title “*Mensæ Secundæ* ;” and “Waifs and Strays,” a terminal miscellany of poetry, which has taken the place of the well-known “College Rhymes,” has in no degree fallen short of its elder sister.

Of solid and more serious literature there is little to say. The Clarendon Press is bringing out its usual number of School books, but it has done some good work in publishing, under the editorship of Professor Max Müller, the most important of the Sacred Books of the East. Nor must I forget to mention the new edition of Andrews’s Latin Dictionary, which, though in a most inconvenient form, is a great improvement on the old dictionary. The present edition is edited by two American scholars—Professors Short and Lewis, and certainly speaks well for trans-Atlantic learning, though it does seem somewhat strange that Oxford could not produce scholarship enough to compile a Latin dictionary by its own unaided labour.

ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Dec., 1879.

ONE event at least has occurred which places this term, in point of interest to the outside world and to the University alike, far beyond those which have preceded it for some years past. The draft scheme of the University Commissioners has at length been published. Doubtless it is crude, and will be greatly modified, but, however devoutly such a consummation is to be wished, the three features which characterise the scheme as drafted must also be the main points of the bill which will be passed in a year or two at the instance of the commissioners. Briefly, the revolution may be summed up thus : The professoriate is to be largely increased ; a new class of lecturers, called “University Readers,” is to be created ; last, but not least, the colleges are to contribute to the University chest an annual sum of no less than 25,000*l*. This large increase of the professoriate cannot fail to be most gratifying to at least one portion of our community—the Dons. An office which must in nine cases out of ten be filled up out of their number, of which the duties are not heavy, and the income in hardly any case under 500*l*. per annum, cannot but be desirable. The

stipends of professors range from 750*l.* to 200*l.*, in addition to a fellowship of the college to which a particular professorship is appropriated. As one professor receives at the present time over 1500*l.* and another over 1000*l.*, the reduction is in two cases at least very considerable. Whether the professors should become more numerous may be doubted. A professor appointed within the last ten years has ceased to lecture, his audience was reduced to his daughters, and now they seem to have struck. It will perhaps surprise the outside world to learn that Professor Fawcett lectures to a miserably scanty audience. In the corresponding term of 1878 there were only two students who regularly attended his short course of eight lectures, and they were not of the class for whom the professorship was established, as they had both graduated. The subject was interesting, the lecturer perhaps the best in the University. What, an outsider might ask, was the reason? Shortly this: the lectures, from the point of view of an examiner, did not *pay*. However interesting the subject, however important it might have been, no one could be sure of getting marks in any examination for the information he might acquire. I might go on with more evidence, but surely this should make us ask ourselves some questions. Consideration of the two remaining proposals must be deferred; but the whole course of our academic revolution is not yet accomplished. Everyone engaged in tuition, unless he be, fortunately for himself, a professor, is wondering when his turn will come. The shuffling of the cards is incessant. The Commission and its scheme are but the outward and visible sign of the spirit of change which is unceasingly at work within the walls of our Colleges and in our Senate. Our last commission did its work; it lasted less than thirty years. This will surely not last longer; and if then the love of change and unrest be still rife, we shall (to use the old metaphor) once more pluck up our institutions by the roots to see how they are growing.

By the death of Professor Clerk Maxwell we have lost one of our most hard-working and able students. His scientific attainments were known, not only in Cambridge, but also throughout the learned world. Of his private virtues this is not the place to speak, his character has been delineated by abler pens; but satisfaction must be expressed at the choice of his successor. His place is hard to fill; Lord Rayleigh, if anyone, can fill it worthily.

Old residents in Cambridge are well accustomed to the publication of newspapers conducted by and for the junior members of the University. They are likewise well used to seeing such publications die an untimely death caused by general debility. This, it is greatly to be hoped, will not be the fate of the last candidate for public favour—*The Cambridge Review*. It is well printed on good paper, and well edited. The College and University news is full and accurate. The leading articles are of small importance; we do not go to such sources for our mental pabulum.

Our successes on the river, more especially at Henley, and on the cricket field, are now matters of history. Our prospects for the future are uncertain, and, owing to the non-occurrence of the usual race between the trial eights, are difficult to forecast. Unless we can find a suitable stroke, we can only win by the weakness of our adversaries.

By the time this is in print, all will have left college, or, to use the

technical term, "gone down" for the vacation, except those in for the Mathematical or Theological Triposes. These we may fairly congratulate upon the fact that the Senate House and Schools are well warmed, and there is now no danger, as in days of old, of catching a chill, which might have serious effects upon the health and also upon the class list. Success attend those who deserve it, and those who do not!

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

Dec. 26, 1879.

THE Divinity School, its future maintenance and its government, continue to be the most important of our University questions. The following is the substance of a proposal laid before the General Synod of the Church, and bearing the signatures of a majority of the Board and of a large number of Fellows and Professors.

"It is premised that as, according to the probabilities of human life, the Board of Trinity College will, for the next twenty-five or thirty years, be mainly a Clerical Body—and for many years afterwards will be mainly or altogether composed of members of the Church of Ireland—there is no sufficient reason why the present management of the Divinity School might not be left undisturbed, till the necessity for a change arrives—if it ever shall arrive. Nothing new is needed except—

"(1.) To open the Divinity Professorships, now limited to Fellows and Ex-Fellows, to Clerical Graduates of the Church of Ireland, and,

"(2.) To secure, by proper authority, the amount now expended on the Divinity School to the uses of maintaining a Theological Faculty and a Divinity School in Trinity College.

"Upon the expediency of these two points all are agreed.

"With the view, however, of meeting the expressed wishes of many members of the Church of Ireland, and, at the same time, of extending and enlarging the provision for the maintenance of the Divinity School, the following proposal is made by way of accommodation between the views of the several parties interested in this matter :

"(1.) Let the provision be made, on the part of the Church of Ireland, either by means of a grant from the Church surplus, if such can be obtained, or by a special collection, of an amount equal, or nearly equal, to the sum now expended on the Divinity School by Trinity College; this fund to be placed and remain in the keeping of the Representative Church Body, and to be appropriated to the purposes of the Divinity School—such as the institution of additional Professorships, and of Exhibitions and Prizes. The foundation, for example, of Professorships of Pastoral Theology and of Biblical Exegesis would be a valuable addition to the staff of the Divinity School. Similar Professorships exist in the well-equipped Schools at the English Universities; and the establishment of additional Theological Exhibitions and Scholarships would be of great importance to the prosperity of the School. Some of the existing Professorships also require an increased endowment.

- " (2.) Such provision having been made—let the government of the School be vested in the Board of Trinity College,* and an Episcopal Committee acting as a separate body, composed of the two Archbishops and of such Bishops as might be selected for that purpose by the Bishops of the Church of Ireland.
- " (3.) All proceedings connected with the Divinity School to require the assent of the Board and of the Episcopal Committee, each body to have equally the power to initiate proposals of change and reform.
- " (4.) The Professors and Lecturers—as regards the Professorships, &c., now existing and paid out of the funds of Trinity College—to be nominated by the Board: as regards those to be hereafter established, and which are to be paid by the Representative Church Body—the nomination to rest with the Episcopal Committee. The nomination in each case to require the assent of the other body.
- " (5.) In case the two bodies should not come to an agreement, the decision to rest either with the Chancellor of the University, or such other referee as may be agreed upon.
- " (6.) Questions connected with charges of heterodoxy to be tried by the two Archbishops, with a Legal Assessor."

The proposal is not in itself an unreasonable one, and the suggestion that the Church shall contribute a sum equivalent to that given up by the College is a stroke of sound and cautious policy on the part of the University authorities. The Church has set up a claim to deal with the Divinity School offices and emoluments as though they were offices in the Church of Ireland, which they are not. If they had been, they ought to have been provided for in the Church Act, and would have been so provided for. Life annuities would have been granted, and the process of commuting and compounding (to say nothing of *cutting*) would have been made applicable to them. The money received by the compounding annuitant would have been subject to the same contribution to the Sustentation Fund as all other composition money, and there would have been an end of the matter. But the Divinity School was treated as part and parcel of the University, and that deliberately, not as a *casus omissus*. This is one reason which may fairly be urged on behalf of the College, although the College authorities, doubtless not wishing to stand on the mere letter of the law, have not put it forward themselves. But there is another and perhaps stronger reason which they have put forward—

" It is to be observed that the Divinity School has always been the Divinity School of Trinity College; and that, although the Irish Church has availed itself of the services of the school, yet considerably the largest part of its work has been and continues to be done for the English and Colonial Churches. This circumstance alone seems to make it highly unreasonable to claim for the Church of Ireland—as has been done—what is practically and substantially the management and government of the Divinity School—and, though not

* If, at any time, there shall be a member of the Board who shall not be a member of the Church of Ireland, his place to be filled, for the purposes of the government and management of the Divinity School, by the Fellow next in seniority who shall be a member of the said Church.

nominally yet really, to efface Trinity College in regard to the government and control of the school—unless indeed incompetency can be proved against the present possessors.

“Such incompetency is not alleged to exist now; and as it is admitted that the clerical character of the governing body of Trinity College may be expected to remain unaltered for at least twenty-five or thirty years; and as, after that time, the present proposal would give an academic Government consisting exclusively of members of the Irish Church, working on equal terms with, and controlled by, a board of Bishops, it seems to be very precipitate, on the grounds merely of vague apprehensions of the future, to insist upon a revolution which would usurp academic funds, and practically deprive Trinity College of one of its most valued departments. The scheme finally adopted by the late Synod did indeed offer to the board of Trinity College a veto, while they rejected a similar offer from Trinity College to themselves as illusory: although it seems to be very plain that a veto in the hands of a body representing the Irish Church in its totality would have an influence upon public opinion vastly more potent than a veto exercised by the board of Trinity College.

“What is now proposed is a plan of dual government, in which each of the two boards shall have a right of nomination and a power of veto—and in which, while Trinity College maintains her rightful position of authority, she frankly admits, on reasonable conditions, the representatives of the General Synod to a position of equal dignity and equal power. Each of the two members of this dual government would have a real interest in the success of the school, and each would supply an important element for its government—the Academic body giving guarantees for discipline, stability, and learning, while the Ecclesiastical body would represent the active life and practical working of the Church.

“It is maintained, therefore, that the Divinity School must remain part and parcel of Trinity College: and it is believed that that union, existing as heretofore, will by its traditions and associations materially help to promote and sustain a religious spirit among the students of the College. Nor is it to be supposed that, against the strong protest of the large majority of the permanent members of Trinity College—and in the face of a proposal like that now offered—any Government will force an obnoxious arrangement upon the College.”

But all the same, the challenge to put down 3000*l.* a year of their own against the 3000*l.* a year contributed by the College will probably turn out a hard nut for the Church folk. They are already approaching the Government *in formâ pauperum* for a little more of the surplus as a *solatium* to the minor incumbents and curates. Even as to this their success seems doubtful; but there will be very little of the surplus left if they are allowed to have another pull at it. They would require nearly 75,000*l.* to provide 3000*l.* a year for the school, and as Trinity College has hitherto kept up the school on 3000*l.*, I do not see what the Church and College together could want with 6000*l.* Therefore I look on the College proposal mainly as a challenge to test whether the Church is really sincere in these claims on the Divinity School. I think it unlikely that the Church will get any more out of the surplus; and if they want to establish the veto on the Divinity School appointments, they will have to go to the laity for money.

Talking of the Church surplus naturally reminds me of the Intermediate Education Board, and the still vacant Assistant Commissionership. People who profess to be well informed are backing the Queen's College Professor alluded to in my last, and some of the others I mentioned are quite out of the running. For my own part I do not profess to be well informed, but I cannot help having a theory that Government wants to demonstrate the inutility of the second Assistant Commissioner by this long delay in filling up the place. Dr. Porter was absent on leave quite half the time he held the appointment. The whole preparation for the Examinations of 1879 fell to Mr. O'Reilly. Dr. Porter only returned to duty just in time to get his promotion, and again Mr. O'Reilly is the man at the wheel. I have heard another explanation of the Government difficulty. It is said that the Chief Secretary wants to appoint a certain schoolmaster (*not* Mr. Wilkins), and the Commissioners want to appoint some nominee of their own, while the Olympian Jove in London wants the post for *some* Queen's University professor, as a sop for the Cairns' Act. I am by no means sure that I have got the *on dit* by the right end—but this or something like this is the last rumour on the subject. In the meantime the work is all thrown on the one official, and I should not be surprised if this were ultimately made a plea for suppressing the second appointment. It was actually done in the case of the Secretaries to the National School Board.

Our Winter Commencement was held on the 17th. The feature on which they hinged (as Lord Castlereagh would have said) was the Honorary Degree of LL.D. granted to Surgeon-Major Reynolds (of Rorke's Drift), and the presentation to him of an ornamented revolving pistol by his fellow-students. Professor Webb's oration in presenting Dr. Reynolds for the degree ran thus:

"Praehonorabilis Pro-Vice-Cancellarie, totaque Universitas—

"Alumnum Almae Matris praeclarum, purpurâ nostrâ, honoris causâ, decorandum introduco. Quae regio in terris virtutem eximiam ignorat JACOBI HENRICI REYNOLDS? Quae regio non miratur? Quem absentem, dum laudes ejus nuperrime celebrarem, desideravit Academia, hunc reducem, praesentem, filium familias, laetissima salutat. Huic, praecipua inter omnes, Medicorum Schola gratulatur, sibi gaudet. Hic Æsculapii vere filius, qualis in Iliade Machaon, et Medicum et Heroa se ostendit. Quid revocem, quid repetam, noctem illam periculosam, quae diei Alliensi illi successit, ob stragem legionum nostrarum, ob cladem nostratum, infaustae et infami? Inter tenebras incendiis semi-lucentes et luridas, Medicus fit miles, et commilitones vulneribus semianimes, inter tenebras, inter incendia, inter hostes infestos, servat. Hunc igitur salutamus—

Servati civis referentem praemia quercum.

Nec gloriae hic ipse cumulus ac finis. Victoriae honoribus insignitus rediit. Quod ait Aquinas,

Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema

virtus ejus inversis verbis refert. Quidni de eo sic loquar?

Huic diadema nitet, praetulit ille *Crucem*.

Talem tantumque virum honoribus nostris cumulemus. Summum dignitatis Academicae gradum consequatur. Nostra succinctus trabeâ spatietur. Huic, sibi gratulans, gratuletur Academia. Vos plaudite!" Immediately after Commencements the House, as it were, resolved

itself into a special general meeting to present the pistol. These are the dedicatory inscriptions :

On the Case of the Pistol.

“ Presented to Surgeon-Major James Henry Reynolds, V.C., LL.D., by his fellow-students and other friends in Trinity College, Dublin, at the Winter Commencements, 17th December, 1879, when the Degree of LL.D. (*honoris causâ*) was conferred upon him by the University of Dublin.”

On one side of the Stock.

“ Iacobo Henrico Reynolds ob virtutem tantam ad Vada Rorkii Zuluvi-
viorum A.D. xi. Kal. Feb. MDCCCLXXIX præstitam condiscipuli amicique
alii in Coll. SS. Trin. iuxta Dubl. versantes hoc donum tantulum—
χάλκεα χρυσείων—reddimus.”

On the other Side.

“ Martis habens laeva dextraque Machaonis arma
Eripuit vitas hoste deditque suis.”

The couplet is by Professor Brady, and is simply perfect in elegance and point. You know of course that Reynolds had literally to do what the Israelites did at the rebuilding of Jerusalem—to work with a weapon in one hand and the instruments of his profession in the other.

I could hardly hear the speeches made by Dr. Haughton, Professor Jellett, and Surgeon Reynolds, the *Jibs* were making such a noise. Judging from the newspaper reports, I thought some of Dr. Haughton's remarks in very poor taste. Reynolds can hardly have considered it a great compliment to have it said of him that he had behaved better than certain men whom Dr. Haughton branded as cowards. Some ladies (I have heard—I never met any such) think it a compliment to be told that a rival beauty is a “downright fright.” “Compared with you,” is of course the ellipse to be supplied in these cases, but even so it is not much to the credit of the fair one in question. In any case the analogy does not apply to men. A man should feel it an insult to be told he was braver than Thersites—the compliment is where he is favourably compared to the stout Gyas and the stalwart Cloanthus.

I have already said the *Jibs* made a noise. I am sorry to say they did more than make a noise. They let off squibs and crackers, one of which burnt a hole in the bran new black and red gown of a bran new D.D. The noise, smoke, and smell were very annoying to the ladies, some of whom indeed I noticed leaving before they had even seen the hero of the day. I know of more than one headache traceable to these doings, and, while fully assenting to the proverb that boys will be boys, I am churlish and fogeyish enough to wish that jibs would not be rowdies. Cheering is all very well, and Reynolds was a very good man to cheer, but there was rather too much of it. There was some fun, certainly. Thus, when the Masters in Engineering were receiving their degrees, the body of the hall suddenly resounded with a thundering chorus—*The Wearing of the Green*. This did not mean an outburst of Fenian sentiment, but simply that a green lining is the distinctive mark of an engineer's hood. Again, the Doctors of Divinity were saluted with *Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!* (the “John Brown's body” song) until some humorous youth, possibly of *neologian* proclivities, struck in with *My Grandfather's Clock*—which I thought appropriate rather than reverential. When Reynolds was being presented with the revolver, a fine tenor some-

where near the door treated us to Sir Joseph Porter's song, *The Ruler of the Queen's Navy*, and the chorus turned it into

And now I am an Honorary LL.D.!

They chaired him out of the hall to the tune of *Rule Britannia*. In fact, the vocal accompaniment, if a little untutored, was so remarkably apposite that I could not help surmising that "Precentor" Mahaffy must have some hand in it—until I discovered that the Precentor had gone off to Belfast on some of his many extra-collegiate callings a day or two before. I wish the "Precentor" would train a chorus of undergraduates for Commencements and other College gatherings generally. Singing would let off their high spirits far better than senseless shouting. But the Junior Dean ought certainly to put an embargo on the crackers.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

Dec. 24, 1879.

THE number of undergraduates this session is even larger than the number last year, and some of the professors are now face to face with the problem how to accommodate twice as many students as the lecture-room is capable of containing. In some cases the classes have had to be divided, the professor discoursing first to one section and at a later hour to another. In other cases resort to the same expedient is in contemplation and cannot long be delayed. Assistants to the professors are, as a matter of necessity, becoming more numerous, two or even three being now attached to each of several chairs. Further provision in this kind is still required, and there is hope that, when legislative action is taken as the result of the report issued last year by the Royal Commissioners on the Scottish Universities, others of the professors who are sorely in need of assistance will have this pressing want supplied. *Apropos* of the report just mentioned, the criticisms to which some of its most important suggestions have been subjected have been none of the gentlest, and Glasgow, co-operating in all likelihood with the three other Universities, will offer the strongest opposition to the main recommendations of the commissioners. The general council has emphatically condemned the proposal to constitute a supreme court consisting of representatives of the four Universities and charged with appellate and supervisional duties. It has condemned, too, no less emphatically, the substantive changes proposed to be made in the conditions of graduation, although it has affirmed the principle that the curriculum should be so modified as to allow, under certain restrictions, considerable choice of subjects to candidates for degrees in Arts. Most of the subordinate innovations seem to be regarded with more favour; but if the Universities Reform Act, when it comes into being, be such as to commend itself to us here, it will, in its prominent features, bear but slight resemblance to its putative parent—the Commissioners' Report.

At the last council meeting the principal business was the consideration of a report drawn up by a committee, in terms of a remit agreed to at a previous meeting in regard to the extension of University teaching on a plan similar to that now in operation in connection with the English Universities. The discussion, in anticipation of which there was an unusually large attendance of members, at first seemed likely to resolve itself into a chorus of approval; but the unanimity was broken

by one paragraph in the committee's report. This paragraph contained an unqualified recommendation that attendance at the provincial lectures to be instituted should not count for graduation. One party in the council, headed by Dr. Begg, that redoubtable ecclesiastic whom all Scotland esteems and almost all Scotland declines to follow in church politics, urged the inexpediency of pronouncing any opinion in the meantime on the question which the committee had seen fit to deal with in such an unhesitating way. Dr. Begg, although unwilling at first to bring forward any amendment to a report, the general contents of which he so strongly approved, eventually moved that the particular paragraph objected to be expunged; and, although this proposal was defeated by a narrow majority, it was only defeated in favour of another amendment which, embodying a verbal difference, conceded the substance of Dr. Begg's proposal.

The most important event falling to be chronicled this month is Mr. Gladstone's installation as Lord Rector. The right honourable gentleman was appointed to the office in 1877, and was expected, according to precedent, to deliver his inaugural address within six months after his election. But at the close of the second winter session there was still no announcement of his intention to come among us. This unexcused, and, so far as appeared, inexcusable delay gave rise to general and very genuine irritation. The feeling grew that the University had good cause to resent the slight put upon it by its Rector, and a few partisan references to the fact that Mr. Gladstone's immediate predecessor had let two years pass before coming were summarily dismissed as irrelevant, on the ground that Mr. Disraeli's reason for delay, duly communicated as it was to the governing body of the University, was one to command sympathy, not one which laid him open to the suspicion of undervaluing the honour conferred upon him by our academic constituency. On the eve of the opening of the Midlothian "campaign" a rumour got abroad that Mr. Gladstone would now at length, either before putting on his war-paint, or as soon as he had for a time washed it off again, come to be installed; but, through his assessor in the University Court, he at once laid his axe to the root of the hope which had sprung up as quickly as Jonah's gourd. As is well known, however, we Scots, when we have or think that we have right on our side, give ourselves small concern about the desperation of any undertaking. We simply resolve, and there is no power on earth, no combination of powers, that can turn us aside from our purpose. As in great things, so in less. In the course of centuries no Rector has ever failed to come, from whatever distance, to be installed. Mr. Gladstone, if he were to come at all before the expiry of his term of office, must come during the present session: we told him so, and he came. The first sentences of his address made a curious revelation. The committee that promoted his election—the standing committee of the Liberal Club—had, in order to induce him to accept nomination, stipulated with him that he should not be required to discharge the ordinary functions of the office, that he should not even be required to come to Glasgow for installation. Mr. Gladstone let the cat out of the bag in quite good faith, misled, as it seems, into belief that the committee had a right to make extraordinary conditions binding on the University, and unaware that the Committee, having by such means gained its special end, kept the illicit compact secret, even when in consequence his relation to the University was being on all hands mis-

judged. Of course the discovery of the Committee's conduct completely exculpated Mr. Gladstone, and, while it is safe to say that in any case he would have been sure of a generous reception, the revulsion of feeling manifested itself in an ovation. If the Committee has not cause in the future to rue its peculiar policy, we shall cease to have faith in Nemesis.

In view of the circumstances in which Mr. Gladstone was called upon to deliver his rectorial address criticism is to a great extent silenced. The discourse was hurriedly composed, amidst many distractions; party interests could not fail at the time to engage most of the ex-Premier's attention; and it was therefore not disappointing, though it was matter of general regret, that the speech did not rise above mediocrity as determined by the standard of Mr. Gladstone's own oratory.

As the address was not only reported *verbatim* or in substance by most of the newspapers, but immediately published in a more permanent form, there is no need here to review its subject-matter. But, on one point I wish to offer brief comment. By way of proving how truly the Scottish Universities are national institutions, drawing to them men from all—even from the socially humblest—classes of the community, Mr. Gladstone adduced statistics in reference to the composition of the Latin, or, as we call them, "Humanity" classes of this year. These statistics, as presented, give the impression that Scottish undergraduates consist, in large measure, of men who, at the time they are prosecuting their studies, are forced, in order to obtain a livelihood, to engage in manual labour, or in the business of shopkeeping. If this were so, there would be, as Mr. Gladstone evidently meant to be inferred, anything but discredit in the fact; but it is clear that under such conditions University culture would mean something essentially different in Scotland from what it means anywhere else. I am not in a position to dispute the statistics with which Mr. Gladstone was furnished, nor indeed do I suppose that they are disputable; but I do assuredly dispute the induction. The Latin classes, instead of being typical of the mass of the undergraduates, are precisely not so. The junior Humanity class is the threshold beyond which—especially for a reason that I shall presently have occasion to mention—numbers who go so far never pass; and in the twelve years during which I have been a member of the University I have been in constant contact with large bodies of the students without knowing one man who supported himself by handicraft. It is quite true, and none of us has ever blushed to own—nay, we are apt rather to pride ourselves on the fact—that a large proportion of our students depend on their own exertions for the means of subsistence and education; and there are many besides who without the same experience of poverty follow the same extramural avocations. There are three distinct kinds of remunerated employment in which students here are, according to preference or professional destination, engaged. Probably that which attracts the largest number is tutorial work in private houses or in schools. Then, with few exceptions, students of law, whatever their circumstances in life, become apprentices to legal practitioners. Finally, in many cases students preparing for the office of the ministry in connection with the various church denominations, fulfil in the meantime the duties of district missionaries. None of these employments is in its nature inconsistent with the attainment of University culture. But there is a class of men who in respect of their antecedents, of the age at which they first matriculate and of the motive which brings them to

the University, are, with rare exceptions, incapable of becoming scholars or of representing in any sense the average undergraduate. To have gone through the Arts course is the *conditio sine quâ non* of admission to the ministry of the various churches, and, as things are, the churches, especially the dissenting churches, cannot exact much more than certification of a candidate's having gone through the course. Now, given four years and ordinary power of locomotion, a blockhead can go through the Arts course without ceasing to be a blockhead, without even knowing much more than he knew at the outset. What is thus true of a blockhead is true *à fortiori* of a man who, without being of necessity a blockhead, has, with no more than the usual education of a mechanic or an agricultural labourer, spent perhaps thirty years of his life as a tradesman, and then, under the influence of a religious "revival," or for some other to him sufficient reason, resolved to forsake the workshop for the pulpit. Such a man — and every year there are some such — frequently by the time he has attended the junior Humanity class, comes to consciousness of the unwisdom of abandoning his old occupation for a career that is sure to prove toilsome and disheartening and that is not by any means sure to prove his true vocation. Better for himself, better for the University, when he goes back to his former way of life. Too often, however, he struggles on, profiting little, if at all, by his connection with the University, anxious only for the day when that connection shall cease. One cannot help feeling respect for the steadfastness of purpose which encourages him to persevere, but one cannot, therefore, commend the object with which in view he undergoes years of slow torture, and makes the University suffer in fact and still more in reputation.

It is a peculiarity in the constitution of the Scottish Universities that one of the great officers should be elected by the undergraduates: but in Glasgow (and, I believe, also in Aberdeen) this singular franchise has always existed, and its extension by Parliament twenty years ago to the students of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, may without strain be interpreted as testimony to the worthy exercise of the privilege by those to whom it originally belonged.

As regards the corporate interests of the University, the right of the students to appoint the Rector has never had any other than a good effect; the appointments made have in no case brought down the dignity of the office. There is one objection, indeed, common to nearly all on whom the choice of the electors has fallen, namely residence at too great a distance to allow of personal activity in the administration of affairs. Perhaps, however, this undoubted drawback has been compensated by the connection established between the University and men of national eminence. As regards the reflex effect of the franchise on the students, opinion is more divided. For the most part, however, those who take the more unfavourable view admit that the facts on which they found are really contingent, not essentials to the system. At best, when men like Carlyle, or Emerson, or Ruskin, or Browning, or Froude are selected as candidates, the franchise is an instrument of culture, in special cases a spiritual education; at worst, when a statesman or political celebrity is nominated, not so much on his merits as because of his being a party representative and leader, the possession of a vote creates such an interest in questions of public concern as it is well for the country that its youth should have.

The tendency to make the election turn on politics is seen especially where the constituency is numerous, and where, by consequence, the intrants being proportionately numerous, cannot be individually expostulated with in order to secure their votes for a man like Froude, say, whom they cannot be expected to know so well as they know, even if only by name, a man like Mr. Gladstone. It is much to be desired, therefore, that the leaders amongst the students should not have an almost irresistible temptation put upon them to propose for election only such men as, on account of parliamentary position, are alone certain to attract the junior vote. In Glasgow and in Aberdeen the students have from time immemorial been divided for electoral purposes into four "nations." In this respect the University of Paris, as constituted in the Middle Ages, was made the model. The division, however, was, and is now, an exceedingly arbitrary one; for the "nations" differ greatly in size, and the accident of being born in one county rather than in another determines the comparative value of a man's vote. The Commissioners have reported in favour of abolishing this unsatisfactory system, but it does not seem to have occurred to them to ask whether some scheme applicable to all the four Universities might not be devised with a view to curing the evils which result from the preponderating influence of the freshmen. The "nations," as we here know them, are not to be defended; the principle on which they are formed is no longer, if it ever were, a good one. But the idea of electoral divisions of unequal sizes ought to be embodied in the arrangements of the future. Taking for granted that, as a rule, the vote of a man who has been for a while under the discipline of the University ought to count for more than that of a man who has worn the gown for a shorter time, and *à fortiori* than that of a man who has newly matriculated, some of us are anxious to see effect given to the following scheme, which, without disfranchising any section of the students, would yet adjust, in an equitable way, the proper influence of senior and of junior. Let students of the first, second, third, and fourth years respectively constitute four electoral divisions, and let a fifth division consist of all students of more than four years' standing. Then let the majority in each division determine the vote of that division. This will reduce the votes to five, and the majority of these five will decide the election. According to this plan no *deus ex machinâ* in the person of the Chancellor is required to give a casting vote, for there is hardly any chance of a casting vote ever being required as with four "nations" it has sometimes been in Glasgow. All the students would have an interest in the election, but those presumably best able to appreciate the qualities of the man who ought to be Rector would have the greater weight. The temptation *ad captandum vulgus* would be done away with.

UNIVERSITY OF COIMBRA.

THE great interest, which I mentioned in my last letter, that D. Manuel had taken in all that concerned the advancement of the studies in the University was not limited to its scholastic organisation. The actual buildings in which the various studies were taught were no longer sufficiently ample; many of them indeed were almost in ruins and altogether unsafe, and the King set about at once to remedy this

deficiency by enlarging and repairing the general schools. He also obtained permission from Pope Alexander VI. to establish prebends in all the cathedrals of the kingdom, for masters in theology and laws, and this was the origin of the canonries in Divinity and Laws which for several centuries remunerated the professors of the University.

On the termination of the brilliant and happy reign of D. Manuel, it might well have been said that he left the University perfectly reorganised. Yet in all this new organisation there is a fact which is very clearly manifested, and that is, that the King did not trust to the scholastic body to assume the government and employ its proper powers in furthering the interests of the University, but that he willed to subject the government of the University by placing it under his own inspection and immediate authority. Did the studies gain by this new regulation? This question we cannot answer at the present day, on account of the want of authoritative proof.

If the principal object of Universities be to preserve the scientific spirit ever at its highest point of excellence, and thus be the means of forming the minds of men, so that they should be learned and in every way fitted to fill the posts assigned to them for the service of the country, and the good of the State, and be themselves the glory of the land of their birth, there is no doubt that, if we pass in review the many renowned and enlightened men who brilliantly distinguished themselves during the reign of D. Manuel and of D. João III., we may clearly prove that superior instruction in those days was certainly carried to its highest point in the General Studies of Lisbon. But at the same time, if we judge from existing documents concerning University administration, we shall find that the Studies suffered serious perturbations, which in the succeeding reign necessitated their removal to Coimbra.

When on the demise of D. Manuel on the 13th of December, 1531, he was succeeded on the throne by his son D. João III., the University allowed two years to elapse before it elected the new king as its protector; an omission which was hardly to be expected, as it was an act of discourtesy, and was one moreover which was contrary to the interests of the University. It became necessary for the King to point out this omission, in order to determine the governing body to elect him. This intimation on the part of the King was already a sign of the displeasure which the affairs of the University were causing him. The University also neglected to observe the order of the statutes in electing rectors and other officials, and this neglect drew from the King peremptory orders that these statutes should be carried out in all their integrity, as we see by royal letters dated 17th of November and 6th of December, 1525.

In filling the different professorial chairs, great irregularities continued to be practised, and accusations were even brought forward of subornation and venality. These facts compelled the King to examine the offenders on two different occasions, in 1532 and 1534; but, notwithstanding the severe penalties fulminated against them, vice and corruption were deep seated, and demanded the employment of energetic measures to put them down.

All these facts reveal to us how unsatisfactory was the state of the University, and the existence of a certain feeling of disaccord between its own acts and those of the Protector. Yet this condition of things must needs proceed from powerful causes; these in a great measure were local

ones. Lisbon had grown into a very populous city, and one of much commerce and traffic, since its port drew to it all the commerce of the Indies, Africa, and also a great part from America. It was much frequented by foreigners, and by natives of the country itself, who came to Lisbon seeking employment, or who wished to employ their wealth in maritime and commercial industries; and on a par with this unusual activity and movement, both public and private wealth were increasing in a prodigious manner, inducing an extraordinary state of luxury in the city. All these circumstances tended to work a notable change in the habits and customs of the higher classes, provoking amusements and gaieties which were more or less disorderly, and quite incompatible with that peace and the quietude which studies demanded.

D. João III. was perfectly convinced that it became imperative to adopt strong measures to place the University on a firmer footing, and regenerate and strengthen superior instruction, and therefore that it would be useless to adopt partial provisions, or alter any of the statutes. It appears that his long-meditated project was neither more nor less than the immediate transference of the University to Coimbra; strengthening this new movement by the nomination of the most distinguished professors, who, by their superior intelligence, would raise the studies to the highest pinnacle of excellence. And, indeed, the King had meditated this project as far back as 1532, because the nominations issued from that year for the different vacant chairs, while the studies were still held in Lisbon, all bore this clause attached to each—*so long as the studies are not transferred.*

The University, suspecting this change of site, made a representation against such change in 1534, yet the King was not moved to alter his project. In the previous year of 1533 the Chambers of Coimbra, presuming that João III. purposed to remove the general studies from Lisbon, petitioned that the change should be effected in favour of Coimbra, but the King replied that he had not yet decided upon the choice of place for newly establishing the University.

The King was, however, prudently preparing the way long before for carrying out his scheme in all security, by supporting and educating in the most renowned schools outside his kingdom, and principally in those of Paris, a considerable number of students, with the object that, after receiving in those establishments a solid and varied instruction in letters, arts, and sciences, they should return to the mother country to teach with authority and credit to themselves, and to the advantage and glory of the land. In the College of Sancta Barbara alone of Paris there were thirty pensions awarded to educate as many students under the wise direction of Dr. Diogo de Gouveia, these students to return and diffuse throughout the youth of Portugal the instruction they had received. To this same Diogo de Gouveia was later on intrusted the charge of choosing masters, supplied by the foreign Universities at the petition of the King, who were to fill the chairs in the regenerated Portuguese University.

And even previous to 1528 the King was profiting from the trial which was being made in the reformation of studies in the monastery of Sancta Cruz de Coimbra by Fr. Bras de Baga, or Barros, the Reformer of the Congregation of Regular Canons of Saint Augustin, he having sent to Paris for masters of fame to teach in his college, and most of which were actually Portuguese, who had gone there to prosecute their studies.

The renown of the new plan of studies which was followed in Sancta Cruz de Coimbra soon spread throughout the land, and drew many students, and this induced the erection of other colleges outside the monastery walls—a foundation which, it appears, was actually stimulated by the King himself.

In the opinion of the author of “Noticias Chronologicas da Universidade,” this conjecture coincides with the foundation of the colleges, because the chronicler of the Regular Canons says that the King himself ordered two colleges to be erected close to the monastery of Sancta Cruz, one under the title of Sancto Agostinho, and the other of S. João Baptista, the first with five halls, in which were read philosophy, theology, and canons; and the second college to contain the same number of halls, in which should be taught laws, medicine, and mathematics, while grammar, rhetoric, and the study of languages were followed in the college called Todos-os-Santos.

A diverse account is found in other authors, but these divergences are of little moment, since in everyone we find the foundations proved of the Colleges which by their renown influenced the King D. João III. to transfer anew the University to Coimbra in 1537, after an absence of 160 years.

And in effect, although some authors state the last transfer of the University of Lisbon to Coimbra to have taken place in the year 1534, it is certain that this change was effected only at the end of March, 1537, the University commencing its courses in Coimbra at the beginning of April of the same year, as can be proved by existing documents.

With this change commenced a new and memorable epoch in the history of the University. The general studies of Lisbon came to an end, losing the goodwill of the Protector, more through errors of administration than from any deficiency of favourable conditions or of eminent men, because we could mention the names of many individuals of much enlightenment and high culture who were its professors during the last terms of the existence of this academy.

In bringing to a conclusion the first of the three periods in the history of our University, I cannot refrain from mentioning some of the Professors who distinguished themselves by their writings, and who thus saved their names from utter oblivion. In theology stands preeminent Fr. Balthasar Limpo, who later on became Bishop of Oporto and Archbishop of Braga, and who succeeded the great master João Claro in the chair of Divinity in 1521, which he filled with distinction until 1530. He was in turn succeeded by Pedro Margalho, Doctor of Arts and Theology in the University of Paris and Bachelor of Canon Law in the University of Salamanca. He left many excellent writings, and was considered a man of vast attainments. Lastly, Francisco de Maçon, who also filled the chair of Theology, and proceeded afterwards to Coimbra to occupy that of Sacred Scriptures. He was Master of Arts and Doctor of Divinity in Alcalá, better known in England as the great Complutensian University, where he became one of its professors.

In regard to the study of the sciences, it is sufficient to mention the names of the celebrated naturalist, Garcia da Horta, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy in our University until 1534, when he proceeded to India, and there acquired universal fame by his extensive writing in the classical work entitled *Colloquios dos simplicis e drogas da India*; and of Thomas de Torres, an eminent astronomer, who taught astronomy

until 1535; and last, not least, the great and deservedly renowned mathematician, Pedro Nunes, Doctor in Medicine of the University of Lisbon, where he taught logic and metaphysics, and where he also exercised the responsible functions of Rector, passing later on to the University of Coimbra to fill the chair of Mathematics until 1562.

Although much has been written about this eminent man, and therefore it is unnecessary for me to try to prove the many signal deeds which he performed, and which entitled him to the renown he acquired, and the many claims he has to an immortal name, yet I cannot refrain from quoting a few words concerning this great genius, which are found in the able work of Senhor J. Silvestre, *Historia dos Estabelecimentos Scientificos*:

“In speaking of Pedro Nunes, it is difficult to choose from among the many eulogiums which different writers have vouchsafed to him. However, I will select two authors who are both renowned for their impartiality and learning. The first states that Pedro Nunes was the greatest geometrician that Spain produced, and most undoubtedly one of the greatest who flourished in the sixteenth century. He was appointed First Cosmographer of the Kingdom of Portugal by D. João III. in the year 1529.

“The second author holds that Pedro Nunes was the first mathematician of the sixteenth century in the whole of Spain and Portugal. A person of original genius, deeply learned in the exact and sublime sciences; an illustrious mathematician at a time when mathematics were commencing to burst asunder the fetters which had subjected them for so many centuries; a great cosmographer at the precise moment when the science of navigation began to open to the truth that it must be subject and subservient to the empire of mathematics and of wise theories; and a mind whose vast powers were dedicated to the study of true astronomy in lieu of judicial astrology.

“Great and eminent disciples issued from his school, such as Fr. Nicolau Coelho do Amaral, Manuel de Figueiredo, the Infante D. Luiz, the Infante Cardinal D. Henrique, and D. João de Castro.”

In my next letter I will commence the second period in the history of our University, on its installation in Coimbra in 1537 down to the year 1772.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

New Poems. By Edmund W. Gosse. C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1879.

Mr. Gosse from the first stood forward prominently among our younger poets as one who combined perfection of workmanship with delicacy of fancy and elevation of thought. Both in his "On Viol and Flute" and his tragedy "King Erik," these qualities were well emphasised, while among writers of prose, by his mellifluous language and subtle penetration of criticism, he holds an eminent place. A new volume of poems from his pen, published moreover so shortly after a new volume of prose ("Studies in Northern Literature"), is sure to excite attention. We took up the volume with some little hesitation, lest Mr. Gosse's three years' occupation with prose might have clipped the wings of his Muse and brushed the bloom off her plumage. But this is far from being the case. The volume shows a distinct advance both in poetic depth and grasp and in ripeness of thought. Mr. Gosse, perhaps by reason of his very occupation with prose, has from the first honourably distinguished himself above his brethren of the æsthetic school with whom sound is everything, and where sense is too often handled in right stepmotherly fashion. He, too, has dallied with daffodils and jonquils, and has been infected with a love for dust, ashes, death, and other ugly things. But he has risen above all this and

touched human nature and human feelings, recognising that these are after all the only real themes of poetic interest and insight. Nature as a background is good, beautiful, and fitting, with men in the foreground; but nature, and above all decaying nature, absorbing all, with man merely used as a *staffage* in the landscape, is corrupt poetry, the fancy of a fashion that will and must die before a healthy breath. In the present poems Mr. Gosse still sinks at times into a minor key, but he has drunk at the strong fountain of Greek poetry and imbibed its intrinsic health. But what distinguishes Mr. Gosse from the brethren of his school and lifts him above them, is his spirituality. He does not worship Death for the sake of corporeal decay. He loves it because it enables man to shuffle off the clogging flesh and to rise to the best heights of his spiritual nature. Never before has Mr. Gosse so strongly spoken out his belief in immortality and his further belief that not only we shall exist again, but that we have existed before. This is exquisitely brought out in a poem to his baby daughter, whose spirit he deems has not yet fully taken up its abode in this little body, but still wanders "in high mysterious lands." The poems on classical themes, though correct, leave us a little cold. From this censure we would, however, exempt a long poem in fifteen-syllable trochaics, "The Waking of Eurydice," which is rather of our century

than of ancient days in its tense and passionate pleading. The conception is original. Eurydice has become so much an inmate of the land of shadows that the earth joys sung of by Orpheus do not re-awaken any responsive echo in her breast. She entreats :

O, forbear and leave me painless, as in time gone past I was,

When my face found no reflection in the water's sheeny glass !

Hot and wild this tide returning, sore the shock wherewith it strains

This poor fount of life that murmurs in its coil of swelling veins !

Shades that hover round the circles of the nine rings of the river,

Come and free me, come in legions, crowd around me and deliver.

Ah ! have pity, love, and leave me, turn away that longing face,—

Or unclothe your arms and fold me in an infinite embrace.

As might be expected from Mr. Gosse, who has pleaded so eloquently in favour of various forms of exotic verse, many of these appear in his volume. We have triolets, rondels, vilanelles, sestinas, rondeaus, dizains, and so forth, all perfect in form and fastidiously dainty in language. But exotic forms seem to demand hothouse thoughts. For ourselves, though we acknowledge the refined delicacy of these poems, we prefer Mr. Gosse when he strikes a more human or more naturalistic note. In "The Return of the Swallows" the rural sights and sounds of England are opposed to the gorgeous colour-suffused scenery of Algiers, the whole penetrated by a subtle insight into the harmonious affinity that subsists throughout nature. It is too long for us to quote, but, before quitting a book that contains much that is beautiful, we will give two short specimens of Mr. Gosse's muse. We venture to hazard the guess that the first of these poems may owe its inspiring origin to one of Mr. Alma-Tadema's refined, beautiful,

and suggestive pictures. If we err, we think to wrong neither poet nor artist by our surmise.

THE BATH.

With rosy palms against her bosom pressed,

To stay the shudder that she dreads of old,

Lysidice glides down, till silver-cold, The water girdles half her glowing breast.

A yellow butterfly on flowery quest

Rifles the roses that her tresses hold :

A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold

Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest.

Soft beauty, like her kindred petals strewed

Along the crystal coolness, there she lies.

What vision gratifies those gentle eyes ?

She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood,

Where, while the whole arena shrieks for blood,

Hot in the sand a gladiator dies.

Is this not as Roman in conception and execution as the works of our master painter ?

In the next poem, with which space demands we should close our brief and inadequate notice, we catch an echo from the sweet singers of the seventeenth century :

LEAVE-TAKING.

Make haste to go lest I should bid thee stay,

Yet leave thy lingering hand in mine, and turn

Those dark pathetic eyes of thine away,

Lest, when I see the passion in them burn,

My heart may faint, and through the broken door

Love enter to pass out again no more.

Yet tremble not, sweet veined hand and soft,

And press not mine with such a cold farewell,

Lest I remember, now too late, how oft

My heart has moved thee with its ebb and swell,

Lest I should take those fingers frail and white,

And kiss them warm in mine own will's despite.

Farewell! farewell! ah! had we only
known

How hard it is to rend one life in
twain,

We might have wandered through the
world alone,

And never felt so sharp a thrill of pain;

Go hence in silence, or thy last reply

Will haunt my weary memory till I die.

Court-Hand Restored. By Andrew Wright. Corrected and enlarged by Charles Trice Martin, B.A., F.S.A., of H.M. Public Record Office. London: Reeves and Turner. 1879.

The appearance of the ninth edition of this work vouches for its use. But when we think that the first edition appeared so long ago as 1773, and that in the old, forgotten court-hand are to be found the original records of the greater portion of our history, the mind is turned in another direction. And the wonder is, not that there are nine editions of a work which is the only guide to the handwriting familiar to our forefathers, but that there are not a score of editions. A clergyman called upon for a certified copy of an entry in his parochial register of the sixteenth century might find himself at a loss to decipher it without the aid of such a manual as the present one. A landowner, interested in reading back his deeds to the origin of his tenure, may learn his letters here. To a solicitor who has to determine some knotty point of ancient privilege, the work is simply invaluable, in enabling him to make himself acquainted with the ancient records which are the sole legal evidence in such a matter. A student seeking new materials for history will find himself amongst familiar names and places, but face to face with a dead language (the barbarous ecclesiastical Latin) and a departed alphabet, to the mystery of which this volume affords the clue.

From the preface to the first edition we extract the following passages from a return made in 1800 by the Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London, as forming an excellent introduction to the work:—

“The Characters which were introduced into this country by King William I. were at that time called Lombardic, but soon afterwards they acquired the appellation of Norman Characters, which were generally used in Grants, Charters, Public Instruments, and Law Proceedings, with very little alteration from that period until the Reign of King Edward III. In that of King Richard II. variations took place in Hand-writings of Records and Law Proceedings; the Characters used from that Time to the Reign of King Henry VIII. are composed partly of Characters called Set Chancery and Common Chancery, and of some of the Letters called Court-Hand. The Chancery Letters were used for all Records which passed the Great Seal; the Court-Hand in the Courts of King’s Bench and Common Pleas, for Fines, Placita, Adjudicata, &c. These latter Characters came into general use about the middle of the 16th century, and were continued until the beginning of the late reign, when they were entirely disused. They were originally the Lombardic or Norman, but corrupted and deformed to so great a degree that they bore very little resemblance to their prototypes. In the 16th century the English Lawyers engrossed their Conveyances and Legal Instruments in Characters called Secretary, which are still in use.

“Many Grants and Charters, especially those written by the Monks, were in Letters called Modern Gothic, which took place in England in the 12th century.

“From the latter end of the 13th

to the 17th century our Lawyers, when they wrote in the English Language, made use of Characters which were derived from the Modern Gothic. These were generally used by them for Conveyances, Wills, &c., until about the middle of the 17th century.

"The Character or Hand-writing of ancient Records, as far as my observation has extended, has gradually degenerated from Age to Age. Thus the Records of the Saxon era, whether written in Saxon or Latin, are infinitely more plain and legible than those of subsequent eras; they are also little obscured with Abbreviations, which have created much Doubt and Ambiguity in after ages, particularly in that valuable Record 'Domesday Book.'

"From the Norman Conquest until the reign of Henry III. the Character is in general plain and perspicuous; of this latter reign, however, there are many records which cannot be read with facility on account of the Intricacy of the Character and the Number of Abbreviations.

"The same Observations may be applied to Records from this Reign until that of Edward III. inclusive.

"From this Period downwards I have experimentally found that less difficulty occurs in reading and translating Records, and that the Hands used from the Reign of Richard II. to that of Philip and Mary are such as may be read without much trouble.

"Hitherto each Reign appears to have had a set or uniform Character; but in the Reign of Elizabeth and her Successors, the Clerical Mode seems to have been in a great measure abandoned, and each Transcriber to have written according to his own Fancy; and it is observable that the English Records of the 16th and 17th centuries are in general more dif-

ficult to be read than the Latin Records of preceding ages."

The present edition of Wright's Court-hand contains thirty engraved and lithographed plates of alphabets of the various characters in use in England during the last thousand years, with specimens of words, with their contractions and abbreviations. The plates contain also passages from ancient documents of different periods, some of which show indeed a beautiful style and strength of caligraphy. The appendices of the work are especially valuable, and comprise a list of the ancient names of places in Great Britain and Ireland; an alphabetical table of ancient surnames, from which many people will probably learn for the first time what their names mean, and how far they have become corrupted; and also a glossography of unclassical Latin words, such as are found in old records and not in dictionaries. The work as a whole is unique, and, it almost goes without saying, should be in every important library.

La Sainte Bible, qui comprend l'ancien et le nouveau Testament, traduits sur les textes originaux Hébreu et Grec. Par Louis Segond, Docteur en Théologie. Oxford: De l'imprimerie de l'Université. London: Henry Frowde. 1880.

To have a copy of our sacred literature in a familiar language other than our own is to have a very valuable book of reference at hand. If we are in doubt about the precise rendering of a passage which seems obscure in our own language, the help of a version in another tongue may be found to suggest some felicitous turn of expression which would not otherwise have readily occurred to the mind, and which settles our difficulty for us. A work like the present, produced under conditions

of typographical excellence, is assured a place in the history of sacred bibliography. M. le Docteur Segond has corrected the proofs himself, and the work owes something also to Professor Bartholomew Price, and other Oxford custodians of the keys of learning.

The version of the New Testament here appears for the first time; that of the Old has already had three editions, the first at Geneva in 1874, the second at Nancy in 1877, and the third at Geneva in 1879. With regard to variety of versions, the French ones, until a very recent period, were renderings, mostly based one upon the other, of the Latin Vulgate. This is now the fourth translation into French from the original tongues, those already published being one at Neuchâtel, one at Lausanne, and one at Paris, the last being not yet quite completed.

The text followed in the New Testament has been that of Tischendorf, *Octava critica major*, which includes the collation of the Sinaitic manuscript. In the version a happy mean is attained between too stiffly literal a rendering and too loose a freedom. But we cannot say that the rendering possesses that delicate accuracy which is shown for example in Davidson's translation into English. In Matt. vi. 23 we have "Si donc la lumière qui est en toi est ténèbres, combien seront grandes ces ténèbres!" If the light-element be darkness, the purport of the saying is, how dark will be the element of which light is not expected! Davidson's version, "how great the darkness!" instead of "*that* darkness," allows of the true sense. Again, in the parable of the Ten Virgins, M. Segond makes the wise virgins reply almost rudely to the beggars

for oil, "Non ; il n'y en aurait pas assez pour nous et pour vous." A French version, published in Paris in 1864, "par une réunion de pasteurs et de ministres des deux Eglises Protestantes de France," leaves the direct negative in doubt by placing it in parenthesis. "[Non], de peur qu'il n'y en ait pas assez pour nous et pour vous." Davidson is much more faithful to the refinement of expression of the Greek: "There might not be enough for us and you." Occasionally, too, a suspicion suggests itself that M. Segond is too familiar with our English authorised version; why, for instance, should he verbally follow the expression (Phil. iii. 21) "vile body" with his "qui transformera notre corps vil," when the literal rendering of the Greek is "the body of our humiliation?" With so splendid an instrument of cultured speech in his hands as the language of France, we think M. Segond might, on the whole, have done better to have let himself forget England and her too familiar version of his text before he began his own. Before M. Segond's work is many years old, England may expect to have a new authorised version of a finer accuracy than the present one, which will make his adaptations from the latter seem antiquated, by the side of an original version, which is what his professes to be now.

Auroræ ; their Characters and Spectra. By J. Rand Capron, F.R.G.S. London: Spon. 1879.

To the question, "What is the Aurora Borealis?" science has as yet given no definite reply. Men of science, indeed, have suggested various explanations; but, when it is observed that some of them speak of the locality of the phenomenon—or at least of its origin—as being within a few feet of the

surface of the earth, and others remove it to the distance of 1006 miles from that surface, it must be admitted that we have yet something to learn as to the true nature of these most rare and most beautiful of the more sublime phenomena of Nature.

All that is, up to this time, known—and most of what is thought—by persons competent to form instructed opinions on the subject of Auroræ, is collected and arranged by Mr. Capron in an attractive volume. Nor does the author appear as a compiler alone. He writes both as an observer and as a scientific experimenter, giving coloured diagrams of his own drawing of several auroral displays which it has been his good fortune to witness; and also gives accounts of his experiments on the effect of magnetism on the electric glow, by which, under the circumstances that he describes, science has to some extent imitated the phenomena of the Northern Lights. The spectroscopic analysis of the auroral light also has engaged much attention—a band of yellowish-green being one of the characteristic features of the spectrum of the aurora, which has not been found in other spectra. The whole subject is fully and ably treated in Mr. Capron's work, which forms an illustrated monograph that will permanently associate the name of the author with the history of the study of displays which rank among the most brilliant of nature's marvels.

The Myths and Legends of Ancient Greece and Rome. By E. M. Berens. London and Edinburgh: Blackie and Son. 1880.

This little book will satisfy a want that has been often felt, namely, to introduce the classical mythologies to young people in a poetical and unobjectionable form.

Neither Lemprière nor Smith's dictionaries are desirable to place in the hands of young people; and yet it grows more and more needful to true culture that the classical allusions with which literature and art abound should be familiar. Mrs. Berens has acquitted herself admirably of her delicate task. Her work forms rather a diluted dictionary than a reading book, yet each section is thoroughly readable. The style is graceful, and the stories are always put forward in their most ideal and spiritual character, and even the driest details are invested with life and interest. The book is further rendered attractive by numerous illustrations of antique sculptures.

The Philosophy of Handwriting. By Don Felix de Salamanca. London: Chatto and Windus. 1879.

This really charming and amusing little book should delight not only chiromancists, but all lovers of autographs, for it brings before them over a hundred signatures of the most eminent men and women of the day. Don Felix de Salamanca starts upon the lines laid down by the elder d'Israeli that "the handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic." After a brief preface in which he explains his purpose, the author proceeds to give a fac-simile of various signatures, and appends a short expository note. These notes are very entertaining, smartly written, and often singularly just. The obvious objection might of course be raised by a disbeliever in this science, that, in every case noted by Don Felix, the literary or public character of his subject was well known, and therefore he had merely to deduce this from the handwriting. The objection would, however, be hardly fair, for Don

Felix not only gives his views, but his reasons for holding the same. A very salient instance is the handwriting of Lord Beaconsfield. The Premier's writing has, it appears, changed its character as frequently as its author's fortunes have changed, and at all times has varied from day to day. "Generally," says Don Felix, "the hand may be described as bold and flashy; there is no trace of either the *littérateur* or the politician about it, and it changes its style much more rapidly than the semi-fabulous chameleon its hue. Sometimes an entire note has been decently written—especially when intended to be complimentary in tone—and upon other occasions scarcely a single letter has been well formed, and only the autograph—upon which extra carefulness is invariably lavished—has been presentably finished. So shift and changeable a manner does not inspire much confidence in the writer's stability of purpose, although self-esteem may safely be predicated from it." Gladstone's handwriting is said to have fallen into chaos since the introduction of post-cards. The quaintness of Mr. Alma-Tadema's hand is duly noted, the clearness and carefulness of Mr. Browning's, the eccentricity and unevenness of Mr. Swinburne's. Don Felix's analysis of Leslie Stephen's hand is an admirable exposition of that writer's style. Indeed, the whole book is full of noteworthy matters. We can only recommend our readers to get it and judge for themselves.

An Inquiry into the Age of the Moabite Stone. By Samuel Sharpe. London: Russell Smith. 1879.

The erudite author of "The History of Egypt," "The History of the Hebrew Nation," and many other works bearing upon Biblical history, has issued a pamphlet in

which he critically and learnedly discusses the question as to the age of the Moabite Stone. This celebrated stone bears an inscription which purports to have been written about B.C. 850 by Mesha, King of Moab, who lived in the reigns of Omri, Ahab, and Jehoram, kings of Northern Israel. It mentions his successful war against the Israelites and his after-doings at home. It is written in Hebrew, but in Phœnician characters, and therefore, from its subject-matter, its language, and its character, it is most interesting to the student of the Bible. When it was first discovered its genuineness was much contested, but latterly its opponents have been silent, and its genuineness seems to be allowed. Indeed, Dr. Ginsburg has written a work to this effect. Mr. Sharpe differs from the conclusions of this writer. He thinks the inscription a forgery, only not a modern but an ancient forgery, and therefore scarcely less valuable than if genuine. Mr. Sharpe then proceeds point by point to show his reasons for his belief. They are numerous, and we have not space to follow him into each detail. He shows, among others, how the boast of the inscription that Mesha conquered the land of Reuben from Israel in the reign of Ahab, or his son Jehoram, is expressly contradicted by the Bible, while its statement that Omri took the land of Medeba does not agree with history. Again the inscription claims for Mesha and the Moabites an amount of civilisation and military power which we cannot readily grant, since the civilisation of the Moabites under Mesha was probably but little more advanced than that of the Canaanites in the time of Moses. Further, the agreement of the inscription with the language of the Books of Kings, which has been much

quoted as a proof of its genuineness, rather goes to prove that it was written after the Captivity. The inscription also gives to the town of Siran a name used, as far as we know, only after the Christian era; and finally the characters and the manner in which the words are divided by dots and the sentences by strokes, point to a more modern origin. Thus, in giving this inscription to the age of Mesha, we are met with serious difficulties on all sides. Mr. Sharpe then opens an historical inquiry, and arrives at the conclusion that the inscription may date from A.D. 260, and that its purpose was to argue that the province of Moab included the land of Reuben. He points to the years when the Roman empire was falling to pieces under Aurelian and Gallienus, while Odenathus of Palmyra governed Syria, and before his widow, Zenobia, made herself Empress of Egypt as well as Syria, as a time when a prefect of Moab may possibly have thought it worth while to appeal to history against a Syrian superior by means of this inscription, in order to show that the province of Moab did of old include the land of Reuben. Mr. Sharpe justly admits that to say with certainty that this was so, would be rash indeed. He only tentatively puts forward this theory, but he supports it with so much sound learning that in any case his arguments should receive the most careful attention of scholars.

Lands of Plenty: British North America. By G. Hepple Hall. W. H. Allen and Co.: London.

This is a useful handbook of information on British North America, written by a man whose recollections are still fresh upon him—sufficiently so to enable him to mark the outlines of the huge continent he

has traced with vigour and distinctness. The Dominion of Canada, embracing eight divisions, and including the whole of the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is in the present day attracting exceptional attention. England, the Northern States of Europe, require an outlet for their overflowing populations. No country so available for their settlement—the four millions of inhabitants now occupying almost as many square miles, are preparing the road for the incoming tide of European settlers, and the 5800 miles of railway will, it is thought, soon double and quadruple. From Manitobah the vast plains or fertile prairies extend to the Rocky Mountains on the west and to the Hudson Bay and parallel latitudes in the north, covered with a rich loam three to nine feet in depth, the wheat zone being estimated to cover 600,000,000 acres; in fact, according to the author, elbow room enough to permit a hundred million of inhabitants to settle down and yet not fill the space. All the cereals appear to thrive, the only enemy of the farmer being the grasshoppers; but their visitation is only a rare occurrence, and the Russian Mennonites who have settled in the district of Manitobah in considerable numbers appear to be able to master the intruder. Once that the attention of the public is directed to these natural granaries, what between lakes, rivers, and railways, the European markets may for ages to come draw an illimitable supply of food from these districts. These are the views entertained by the author; in how far they can be supported by facts the reader will have to judge after the perusal of this small volume, crowded with data and figures which bear the stamp of veracity and have the merit of accuracy.

Robin's Carol, and What Came of It. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., editor of "Hand and Heart," Author of "England's Royal Home," &c. London: "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office, 1, Paternoster-buildings, E.C.

This little shilling book, with its pretty cover and illustrations, looks like a Christmas story for children, and is a sort of begging-letter—being an account of the "Robin" dinners, a Christmas treat given to the waifs and strays of the great city, and an appeal for aid in thus scattering crumbs of Christmas cheer to those featherless bipeds, the little ragged Robins that pick up their living anyhow in our streets. The "Robin" dinner originated with the Editor of "Hand and Heart," who opened a subscription list three years ago for the purpose in his periodical. The first year three or four hundred children were invited, the following year three thousand, and a year ago about ten thousand children, and still multitudes of applicants had to be sent empty away.

Contributions towards the "Robin Dinners" of the present season may be sent to "Robin," 7, The Paragon, Blackheath. Cheques and P.O. Orders should be made payable to Mr. Charles Murray, Blackheath Village, S.E.

Twenty Years in the Far West. By Mrs. Houstoun. John Murray.

Defoe has given us a thrilling narrative with one individual on a desert island, and some savages for a background. Mrs. Houstoun's book is somewhat analogous, in that the writer describes how she lived for twenty years in a desolate spot on the west coast of Ireland, in constant danger from the aborigines, who are, from her accounts,

but little removed from savages, thirsting for blood. "In the Far West," however, differs widely from "Robinson Crusoe," for the interest is not sustained, and the recital of the authoress's troubles and grievances, brightened by no ray of sunshine, becomes after a time monotonous. Throughout the whole work there runs a vein of Protestant anti-Papal feeling. The priests are painted in such black dyes that the description lacks only the horns and hoofs to be a portrait of the father of all evil. These men are, according to Mrs. Houstoun, the instigators of every act of violence, robbery, and bloodshed. That a brighter side exists in the Irish character, and that Pat is grateful for benefits received, is nowhere shown. The descriptions of west-coast scenery are a relief to the monotony of the book, but some of them are prosaic. We once heard an anecdote of a fifty-acre farm in the States being raised into the air and transported to a place five miles distant by a hurricane. This is what our American cousins would term "rather a tall story." It is, however, nearly equalled by Mrs. Houstoun, who states that the waters of the lake "were raised in spouts several hundred feet high," and that a solid coach-house door "was lifted to a height of sixty yards into the air, and, after being mercilessly whirled about, was carried across the river and flung high and dry on the opposite bank" by the force of the gale.

The Irish question is at the present time occupying a large share of public attention; and we were disappointed in not finding in the volume before us such information as might have been expected to be found bearing upon it.

George Gilfillan. Life of Burns. William Mackenzie: London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. 1879.

It is now considerably more than a twelvemonth since the Rev. George Gilfillan died, after having kept himself prominently before the eye of the literary world, in Scotland at least, for more than thirty years. The last production of his pen was a "Life of Burns," prefixed to an edition of the poet's works now in course of publication by William Mackenzie, Paternoster-row. Of that edition, as a whole, it is not our present purpose to say more than that it is unique in having all the songs of the bard set, in clear and beautiful type, to the most approved Scottish airs—a distinction which with many will go far to secure it a preference. We confine our attention, however, to the "Life," which, apart from its intrinsic value, will have to the admirers of Mr. Gilfillan a melancholy interest from the fact that it had just received the last touches of his pen very shortly before he was called away. For writing it he was in many respects eminently qualified. He was bold and fearless. He had an almost idolatrous veneration for the genius of Burns, and may well be believed when he says in the first, and repeats in the last, page of the "Life," that he had "written it with his heart." He had in him a considerable infusion of the poetic temperament, notwithstanding the fact that his "Night, a Poem," never emerged into day. He had strong likings and dislikings, a warm and effusive fancy, and a generous but impulsive nature which, not sufficiently regulated by sound judgment, often hurried him into extravagances of thought and language, which would not bear to be looked at; and an all but unlimited command of words which, when his ideas

were just, enabled him to express them with great propriety and force. Of all his qualities as a writer, good and bad, the "Life" contains specimens. The narrative portions are written in a terse, but plain and unpretending style; those of a critical and discursive character are often eloquent, abounding in allusions to authors and passages in English classic literature, which add greatly to their beauty and to the pleasure of the reader, while ever and anon figure and metaphor flit before his eye like the coruscations of the Aurora Borealis on an October evening.

But, with all Gilfillan's mastery of language when in his happy vein, he not unfrequently gives a questionable shape to an idea—just enough, perhaps, in itself—by stating it in too strong terms. He, for instance, tells us (p. 108), that "song-writing does not require nor permit such an exertion of intellect as satire or didactic poetry, or even poetic narrative. . . . Strength is not so requisite in songs, though the strong man will be seen in his singing as well as in his more elaborate speech; but he will sing best when ungirt and unbending. The swimmer who would ride in triumph on the storm of song must strip him of his intellectual harness, and of the gorgeous robes of his imagination, and wear only a simple garland on his brow." It is possible we do not comprehend the exact nature of the preparation here recommended, and fail especially to gauge the full significance and value of the "garland on the brow." We all know that he who would "ride on the wind o'er his own Highland vale," or "speel the brow of the wave" when the angry billows of ocean are kissing the clouds, must "lay aside every weight." It is equally plain that the bard, when the spirit

of song comes upon him, must steer clear of German metaphysics and even of Euclid :

Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is
the base ;
But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse ;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and
match them always.

Though bearing the stamp of Burns, these lines have little to recommend them ; they have no claim to be followed by "which was to be demonstrated," and what is worse, they are extremely forced and unnatural. But the operations of intellect are various, as its range is wide ; and though metaphysical or abstract thought would be fatal in a lyric, it by no means follows that the song-writer, to insure success, "must strip him of his intellectual harness and of the gorgeous robes of his imagination." Burns and Moore took both along with them, and in doing so found their advantage. Again and again in his Correspondence Burns says : "Those who think that composing a Scotch song is a trifling business—let them try it." Speaking of his lyrics, Gilfillan himself, in a passage as true as it is eloquent, says : "That the whole heart of Scottish life is reflected in them, even more than in his poems, as well as the poet's own entire history. Scottish love and courtship, domestic felicity and infelicity, jealousies and rivalships, humours, eccentricities, and mishaps, virtues and vices, loyalty to King George and loyalty to Prince Charlie, the scenery of both Highlands and Lowlands, all the seasons of the year and all the divisions of the day, the joys which surround the cradle, the mirth which rings around the marriage, and the grief that weeps by the deathbed and the grave, beauty and deformity, the hopes, disappointments, and despairs of his own bosom—are all included in

the Shakesperian songs of Burns." True, but had he stript himself of his intellectual harness, and of the gorgeous robes of his imagination, before he set about accomplishing a task so vast and varied—what then? The deep sympathies, the strong passions of his soul, were no doubt the propelling power which hurried him on in achieving it ; but glowing sympathy and passions "boiling up in a springtide flood," unless guided and controlled by intellect—

Binding the wild poetic rage
In energy—

are certain to run into extravagance fatal to either song or sermon ; just as the proud, impetuous racehorse, unchecked by his rider, would spoil the sport by bolting off the course. Burns sometimes took to rhyming, and even attempted the witchery of song, without the equipments of either intellect or imagination, and the result was "crambo-clink" so poor that it hardly deserved being put upon paper. The song, for example, "Gane is the day, and mirk's the night," is even as a Bacchanalian rant unworthy to be compared with "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," and can please only a company of clowns or colliers half-seas over. And what shall we say of the seemingly smart, but really absurd epitaph on John Dove, innkeeper, Mauchline?

Here lies Johnny Pidgeon :

What was his religion

Wha e'er desires to ken,

To some other warl'

Maun follow the carl,

For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !

The force of folly could no further go. Why incur the trouble, to say nothing of the cost, of a journey to another world to ascertain what *had been* a man's religion, after being told that here he had *nane*?

Surely Mr. Gilfillan must have

stript him not only of his intellect and imagination, but even of the "simple garland," when he proposed altering the lines in "Tam o' Shanter"—

That at the Lord's house even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
The sisters Kennedy, of whom
Jean was one, were, he tells us in the
"Life," somewhat superior in birth
and breeding to the average run of
the surrounding peasantry, and
hence the humble tavern kept by
them at Alloway Kirk, was called
"The Leddies' House." To the
lines just quoted, accordingly, he
appends a note: "Leddies'—Lord's
house is nonsense. How could he
drink from Sunday to Monday in
church?" Nonsense there unquestionably is here, but it is Gilfillan's; and passing strange and wonderful it is that one so familiar with the poet's writings, and who so profoundly admired them, should not have seen at a glance that the "nonsense" consists in absurdly substituting the preposition *in* for *at*, which Burns uses. The alteration may claim the merit of originality; but it is amazing that Mr. Gilfillan should have failed to perceive that it does great injustice to the magnificent curtain lecture which Kate pours into the ear of the "drunken blellum," her lord, by quashing the very climax of her indictment against him—the enormous aggravation of his sin in prolonging his libations "*at the Lord's house even on Sunday*," a stretch of wickedness which, to a grave Scottish matron especially, would appear "exceeding sinful." But the case affords another illustration of the truth of the remark made by Job or one of his friends, that "great men are not always wise," or of the Latin adage, *Nemo omnibus horis*, &c.

When Mr. Gilfillan indeed had once looked at a subject from some particular point, he seemed to

become incapable of surveying it from any other. The idea which he formed on it could scarcely be dislodged. His mind wanted depth and acuteness. He could see as far into a millstone as his neighbour; subjects less compact he could not pierce so as to discover their component elements, with their relations and sequences, which to minds of a different order might be obvious enough. He dealt with the surface, and could describe the beauty and grandeur or the rugged desolation of a landscape in a style sparkling with metaphor and imagery, and in sentences of strong and graceful flow. His verdict on the literary and moral subjects on which he wrote was generally right, so far as it went; though in some cases perhaps it would have puzzled him to give a reason for it. But he never mistrusted his own judgment, nor would he have been shaken in his conviction on any point by the united opposition of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, or of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. In his noisily paraded antipathy to them, indeed, and to their *Confession*, there was not a little amusing to those who had most correctly taken his measure, and who, whatever might be their opinions of that document otherwise, knew that it dealt "in things too high" for him, and from which it would have been his wisdom to hold aloof. When in any of the Scottish churches a "heresy" started up, his sympathies were with the "heretic;" and in lectures, in letters to newspaper editors, in the pulpit—wherever, in short he found, or could create an opportunity—he avowed these sympathies with a pertinacity and force of assertion which seemed to indicate an underlying feeling that neither the church

nor the world could keep itself right without the benefit of the views of Mr. Gilfillan. How far he was influenced in that by a desire to make a cheap but pretentious parade of freedom of thought, or by a morbid pugnacity through which he might annoy some tight-laced doctors of divinity who, in their zeal for orthodoxy, had crossed his path, we cannot say. His diurnal effusions hurt no one, save perhaps himself — damaged no cause unless the one which he espoused. But the *animus* which inspired them was as fixed as it was active, and his intellectual harness was not strong enough to prevent it from showing itself where it ought not to have appeared. In his "Life" of Burns, allusions and references more or less pointed, and in defiance of good taste, again and again occur to evanescent cases of "heresies" and denominational squabbles which were in their full swing at the time he was writing, but about which he should have been reticent, as they certainly had nothing to do with the life of Burns, and the world in general cared not a rush for them.

On the whole, Gilfillan may be said to be merciful in dealing with the moral character of Burns. In no measured terms, indeed, he tells the tale of his "faults and folly," but more in pity than in "fiery indignation;" he tempers his blame by throwing in extenuating circumstances, and in his last word about the sins and errors of the bard, with good taste and in the spirit of charity and reverence becoming his profession, he says: "We leave them in trembling hope on the 'bosom of his Father and his God.' Nay, we cast them on the smokeless altar of the great Christian Sacrifice, as Burns himself devoutly did in many a lucid and penitential hour, in many a sincere and profoundly sorrowful

page." That verily is Absolution, full and complete, compared with the award of some clerical Rhadamanthuses we have heard, who, assuming "the keys of hell and of death," seemed to lick with pleasure their thick, flabby lips while hurling the ill-fated bard down

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell,
In adamant chains and penal fire,

with the devil and his angels for ever. We would, indeed, rest more hopefully on Gilfillan's soothing verdict than on the modest testimonial of the Ettrick Shepherd: "Burns was no more a drunkard than I am. Nay, I will take a bet that, on an average, I drink double of what he did; and yet I am acknowledged, both in Scotland and England, to be a most temperate and cautious man; and so I am. I appeal to the chief of M'Leod, the Duke of Argyle, and my Lord Saltoun." We fear that, with teetotallers the Shepherd's frank avowal of the quantity of drink consumed by him would detract from the value of his testimonial, which would not be mended by the fact that two at least of the personages to whom he refers as witnesses to his personal sobriety belonged to a region of whisky-drinking Scotland in which the "mountain dew" is in very special request, and regarded as the prime of blessings. But it puzzles us to see what good end can be served by perpetually harping upon the admitted delinquencies of Burns, detailing them with all the minuteness of a public prosecutor in framing an indictment against some poor soul who has shown himself wanting in respect for the law of his country, and whining over matters that for well nigh a century have been past praying for. Admitting the plea that the poet, the man, can be seen in his entirety, and as he really was, only

by bringing into view his aberrations, what necessity is there for biographer after biographer dwelling upon these as if they were telling the world some new thing? Has not the Bard himself been beforehand with the whole tribe of the writers of his life? Has he not in his poems and correspondence, in words "which the world will not willingly let die," acknowledged that he was "no saint;" that he had "a whole host of sins and follies to answer for;" that too often he had tempted "the illicit rove;" that—tell it not in Gath!—he had "been bitch-fou' 'mang godly priests," as well as "at drucken writers' feasts?" Above all, in that noble and most touching composition, "A Bard's Epitaph," anticipating the time when he should be judged with the judgment which is ever according to truth, and be beyond alike the praise and the censure of men, has he not himself left undying testimony to the fact that, spite of all his "glorious parts" and glorious achievements, "thoughtless follies laid him

low, and stained his name?" It might be better for themselves were his censors, instead of tiresomely repeating a tale which he has told far better than they can tell it, to ponder the closing stanza, especially the last two profound and most suggestive lines of his "Address to the unco guid." In spite of all his faults, Gilfillan well and truly says, "It could not be denied that, apart from his unrivalled genius, he was a man of a generous, affectionate, liberal, noble nature—a painstaking ploughman, a diligent farmer, a pattern excise-man, a devoted father, a kind husband, a good neighbour, and in his dealings, as well as in his feelings and opinions, a thoroughly honest man." It would be well for the world if so much could be said of all its inhabitants, even though they did a little too "dearly lo'e the lasses," or too freely "tak aff their dram."

Taking the "Life" as a whole, it gives pleasing evidence that Gilfillan's vigour of thought and freshness and felicity of expression remained with him to the last.

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A PLEA FOR A REVIVED ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.

EVEN Eton boys—most *dégagés* of mortals—are found, as witty Praed observes, in later life “grown heavy.” And, like our youthful hearts, our most enthusiastic ideals have a way of stiffening into a sort of lifeless solidity, and more and more do they cling to the earth, until the ethereal element in them becomes a faint reminiscence, and all their sky-blue colour is vanished in the smoky, foggy, dusty air of everyday.

While between fairyland and earth we continue to maintain a great gulf fixed, we cannot expect of the average nobleman all of the fabled qualities of the fairy prince. Rank has its uses as a worldly institution. It creates a class of persons having a different standpoint from others from which to arrive at their opinions, determine their responsibility, and regulate their conduct; and variety of this kind is an advantage, preventing class tyranny and counter-acting bigotry. There is a narrow and excited liberalism as well as a prejudiced and contracted toryism. The maintenance of rank sustains a class who have everything they can desire in the worldly way, and nothing to gain from the State, together with a sense of honour

arising from the tradition of what is expected from dignity. They are therefore eminently likely, in subjects that have no class reference, to be unprejudiced and sincere in the expression of their opinions. A great boon this, when humanity is so ready to talk up that which seems most likely to bring personal profit or advantage with it.

Hereditary pre-eminence in scholarship is a possession formerly attaching only to the upper strata of society, which, valuable as it is in itself as fostering heredity of noble quality, has had its exclusiveness destroyed of late, owing to the spread of opportunities of culture. There is, however, an inheritance of faculties and traditions of order, and capacities of administration, and heredity makes Rank as at present established a valuable political institution, which it would shake our constitutional system to remove. And every man who is sufficiently wise to see beyond party prejudice will allow that a constitutional system, although a faulty one, or even if it be slow to admit reform, is better by far than chaos, or than a succession of distracting experiments. But, apart from special uses, which serve to bind

up certain weaknesses in the constitution of man, the principle of heredity of honour is an untenable one. In other words—and however paradoxical the saying may seem—the principle has a practical, but not a theoretical value. The descendant of rich progenitors may be a spendthrift and waste his accumulated substance, the scion of an ennobled house may similarly attenuate his inheritance of nobility, and in so doing ought to lose its symbols, as the other loses his coins. The escutcheon which its owner cannot keep bright, by the laws of fairyland is taken from him and relegated to a museum. But out of fairyland (though the motto "*Degeneranti genus opprobrium*"—lineage is but disgrace to one who falls below its standard—is found in the "Peerage") it is not unusual to find the world "applaud the hollow ghost" dressed in a peer's robes, while it would have "blamed the living man" whose native strength won those insignia of respect. The worldly notion of respecting the prestige of status before that of original merit, must, however, be allowed to live, even though the mind bent on the ideal without compromise may fail to see the necessity. We cannot expect all great personages to consent to find their level modestly with the confession *non fecimus ipsi*, or to appreciate the broad poetic view of old Ben Jonson:

"Boast not the titles of your
ancestors,
Brave youths; they're their possession,
none of yours.
When your own virtues equalled
have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their
fames—
For they are strong supporters; but
till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen."

The Censors of Rome could deprive the noble of his dignity, and even strip a citizen of his civil rights. With us a peerage once made is perpetual, so long as there are such offspring or heirs as the succession demands. By attainder only can the patent of nobility be lost, though it is on record that a peer of England was once degraded for the crime of poverty.

Tenure forms the ancient basis of feudal dignity, and the respect for property and its influence is still connected with title rather than that for personal accomplishments or high qualities.

If nobility be territorial, political, hereditary, and worldly as an institution, the order of knighthood is in its origin so different in every respect that it seems to belong to an opposite ideal of rank. Strictly speaking, it is not even local, for a foreign knight is a knight in England, though our law only allows a foreign duke to be an esquire.

Baronetcy is even more of an hereditary vested interest than nobility. The Order having originally been founded for the purpose of raising money from the heavy fees of the patent, the descent is so arranged that the purchaser should have his money's worth. The title may not indeed be held by the daughter of a deceased baronet leaving no male issue, but it may pass to her husband.

We have spoken of the origin of knighthood. To show that it has fallen below its primitive standard and conception, we need but compare the signification of the epithet "knightly," or the ideal colour of the phrases, "*Preux chevalier*," "*Sans peur et sans reproche*," with the modern theory of knighthood. We have but to regard it as constituting an inferior dignity to that of the comparatively neoteric baronetcy to realise

that a glory has departed from knighthood. The ancient Baron made no ideal profession. He had a strong castle, he could furnish his quota of sturdy men at arms, he paid for his position by his power; and, when he was not intimidating his sovereign, or besieging him for fresh grants, rights, or privileges, he was ready with honorary services or the performance of substantial duties. How different were the associations of the mediæval orders of knighthood, and its impress on the popular mind, any antiquated work on the subject will show us.

The care of the public, as opposed to the isolating selfishness of proprietorship and the engrossment of domestic concerns, appears to have formed the motive of the knight, even before a purely religious ideal gave centrality and impulse to the grand knightly orders of the middle ages.

“All Europe being reduced to a state of anarchy and confusion on the decline of the house of Charlemagne, every proprietor of a manor or lordship became a petty sovereign; the mansion house was fortified by a moat, defended by a guard, and called a castle. The governor had a party of men at his command, and with these he used frequently to make excursions, which commonly ended in a battle with the lord of some petty state of the same kind, whose castle was then pillaged, and the women and children borne off by the conqueror. During this state of universal hostility there were no friendly communications between the provinces, nor any high roads from one part of the kingdom to another. The wealthy traders, who then travelled from place to place with their merchandise and their families, were in perpetual danger; the lord of almost every castle extorted something from them on the

road; and at last, someone more rapacious than the rest seized upon the whole of the cargo, and bore off the women for his own use.

“Thus castles became the warehouses of all kinds of rich merchandise, and the prisons of the distressed females, whose fathers or lovers had been plundered or slain, and who being therefore seldom disposed to take the thief or murderer into favour, were in continual danger of a rape.

“But as some are always distinguished by virtue in the most general defection, it happened that many lords insensibly associated to repress these sallies of violence and rapine, to secure property, and protect the ladies. Among these were many lords of great fiefs; and the association was at length strengthened by a solemn vow, and received the sanction of a religious ceremony. As the first knights were men of the highest rank and the largest possessions, such having most to lose, and the least temptation to steal, the fraternity was regarded with a kind of reverence, even by those against whom it was formed. Admission into the order was deemed the highest honour; many extraordinary qualifications were required in a candidate, and many new ceremonies were added at his creation. After having fasted from sunrise, confessed himself, and received the sacrament, he was dressed in a white tunic, and placed by himself at a side table, where he was neither to speak, to smile, nor to eat, while the knights and ladies, who were to perform the principal parts of the ceremony, were eating, drinking, and making merry at the great table. At night his armour was conveyed to the church where the ceremony was performed; and here, having watched it till the morning, he advanced with his sword hanging about his neck, and received

the benediction of the priest. He then kneeled down before the lady who was to put on his armour, who, being assisted by persons of the first rank, buckled on his spurs, put an helmet on his head, and accoutred him with a coat of mail, a cuirass, bracelets, cuisses, and gauntlets.

“Being thus armed *cap à pied*, the knight who dubbed him struck him three times over the shoulders with the flat side of his sword, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. He was then obliged to watch all night in his armour, with his sword girded, and his lance in his hand. From this time the knight devoted himself to the redress of those wrongs which ‘patient merit of the unworthy takes;’ to secure merchants from the rapacious cruelty of banditti, and women from ravishers, to whose power they were, by the particular confusion of the times, continually exposed.

“So honourable was the origin of an institution commonly considered as the result of caprice and the source of extravagance; but which, on the contrary, rose naturally from the state of society in those times, and had a very serious effect in refining the manners of the European nations. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were its characteristics, and to these were added religion; which, by infusing a large portion of enthusiastic zeal, carried them all to a romantic excess, wonderfully suited to the genius of the age, and productive of the greatest and most permanent effects, both upon policy and manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity, no less than courage, came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood, and knighthood a distinction superior

to royalty, and an honour which princes were proud to receive from the hands of private gentlemen; more gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues, and every knight devoted himself to the service of a lady; violence and oppression decreased when it was accounted meritorious to check and punish them; a scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, but particularly those between the sexes as more easily violated, became the distinguishing character of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to that point; and valour, seconded by so many motives of love, religion, and virtue, became altogether irresistible.

“That the spirit of chivalry sometimes rose to an extravagant height, and had often a pernicious tendency, must, however, be allowed. In Spain, under the influence of a romantic gallantry, it gave birth to the series of wild adventures which have been deservedly ridiculed. In the train of Norman ambition, it extinguished the liberties of England, and deluged Italy in blood; and at the call of superstition, and as the engine of papal power, it desolated Asia under the banner of the cross. But these ought not to be considered as arguments against an institution laudable in itself, and necessary at the time of its foundation; and those who pretend to despise it, the advocates of ancient barbarism and ancient rusticity, ought to remember that chivalry not only first taught mankind to carry the civilities of peace into the operations of war, and to mingle politeness with the use of the

sword; but roused the soul from its lethargy, invigorated the human character even while it softened it, and produced exploits which antiquity cannot parallel. Nor ought they to forget that it gave variety, elegance, and pleasure to the intercourse of life, by making woman a more essential part of society, and is therefore entitled to our gratitude, though the point of honour, and the refinements in gallantry, its more doubtful effects, should be excluded from the improvement of modern manners."

Many and different impulses met in the enthusiasm of the Crusades. Military ambition, fanaticism, superstition, curiosity; and with these an element of which we must not lose sight, the revolt of idealism against the rude monotony of Gothic life. With the dreams of heroic exploits, the romance of knightly images, the new sentiment of redress of wrong, the expansion of the area of personal adventure, came a timely sense of relief from the narrow routine of feudalism. Life overflowed the boundaries of status and custom, and took on a dynamical impulse. Religion, which, whatever the faults of the institutions representing it, possessed an expansive and almost cosmopolitan ideal (for Christendom was no petty province), met this new spirit with sympathy, and coalesced with it. The boorish and oppressive lord (the brutal giant of the fables of chivalry) found himself confronted by the gentleman, one equal to himself in status, but with an honourable addition to his escutcheon—the cross of knighthood's voluntary service. Both could fight, but the zeal and devotion of one made his powers invincible. Coleridge has caught the knightly sentiment when he says, "Religion is, in its essence, the

most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone* gentelize, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners." But if military service were productive of gentle manners, then knighthood, in those days, when military achievements were personal, possessed the advantage of partaking therein as well as of yielding to the refining influence of the more imaginative emotions.

If the ideal of property and responsibility had degenerated into selfish hoarding and brutal rapacity, a new notion was born which was to draw its votaries into the far-opposite extreme, that of seeking every possible occasion for the exercise of unselfish energies, even to the romantic extravagance of wishing for wrongs for the purpose of redressing them.

The difference was one not of degree but of quality between baronial tenure, which subsisted on the solid basis of a fortified house, and knightly rank, which implied and required the evidence of personal enthusiasm and accomplishment in the pursuit of a pious and fascinating ideal.

Although, owing to the habits of life which held in the time when knighthood flourished most, there is an intimate connection between the notion of a knight and a mounted military hero, yet the picture a modern imagination may call up is not necessarily that of a man on horseback. Knighterrantry, whether in the present day or in the past, is not necessarily confined to the saddle. The word "knight" is not, like "chevalier" or "cavalier," the exact equivalent of the Latin *eques*. And of these terms the horsey element has gone off into the variation "cavalry." The fact that we might

speak of a "chivalrous" man, without any thought of a cavalry officer, proves that an ancient heroic figure has been divided, the horse going one way, and the man the other.

"Knight" is the Saxon *cniht*, or servant, and carries with it the sense of service done through attachment or devotion. For instance, a disciple is *leorning-cniht*, or Learning-Knight. Finding this the Saxon rendering of disciple in Matt. x. 24, 25, we can understand how readily the term "knight" came to include within itself the sense of simplicity and devotedness. At a later date, moreover, even within a century of the present time, the word knight has borne the signification of dignified ministerial service. The Members of the House of Commons were termed *knights of the shire*, in regard of that service which they were presumed to perform for their several counties. It is pleasant to find that so substantial and worthy a basis as the sense of meritorious service should be the root of the title.

The Knights-Templars, an order which became one of the mightiest powers of the Middle Ages, and finally lost its jewel through magnificence and pride, were originally a society of kindly and humble purpose, that of protection to pilgrims. Their seal bore for device two knights upon one horse, which is considered to signify alike their original disregard for the pomp of rank, and their mutual and general helpfulness.

Here are qualities that a modern order of knights might readily embody without any anachronistic absurdity. To confer knighthood upon working members of society would be to restore an old ground of dignity, that of meritorious conduct and duties well performed. Before peerage itself became a

political dignity, its privileges were annexed to castle, manor, or office only on condition that the possessor thereof should hold himself always faithfully well prepared to do suit and service to his sovereign and his country.

But the division of labour of the present day perhaps leaves nothing remaining over and waiting to be done; the occupation of voluntary and individual effort is gone. Surely our wondrous political system is perfect, and the complex functions of our huge administrative mechanism fulfil every need. Some people think otherwise, and that the party system has come near to the dregs, while there is little to choose between one party and another, for both are shadowy and ill-defined in their principles, living on public suffrage like mendicants, from hand to mouth. The politicians, it is true, by the noise they make gain the ear of the ignorant, and at each howl of distress that is evoked, their chief medicine men write out noble prescriptions, which are given to the chief manipulators to make up, and some boggled bolus of greater or lesser value is the result. Its value is difficult to determine unless its slow effect is closely watched, for men of equal mental eminence are found in polar opposition, affirming and denying with equally cheerful assurance and pertinacity. But the few who criticise in this manner are surely disappointed men, and not to be listened to: the car of success somehow jolts on, and with chaotic medley of shouting, the jeers of one newspaper mingling with the lauds of another and the war cries of whippers in, the Ayes have it for party government.

But surely there are no monsters or dragons to encounter to-day? They belonged to the ages of vulgar belief, and, like the enchant-

ment under which even the good knight has been described as falling, are of the nature of fables.—Perhaps never were there more lurking dangers than now: shadowy giants that lie in wait for civilisation, shapeless monsters that menace the fair forms of human life. This is no excited dream; just as while we are children our difficulties are few, and the more our life expands the more arduous and complex become its duties, so it must be with life in a larger sense—national life, the life of a period. Civilisation has exalted itself and made large its borders. It is, therefore, full of dangers and complexities. Administration may be mechanically perfect, and yet the one thing needful be lacking, and the edifice be slowly undermined. The men of true wisdom are wanting, or, if there are wise men, their minds need to be rendered alert, and made more helpful to humanity. If there were not some occasional genius that “does what it must,” we should be in a poor way, for all the political talent that “does what it can.” Society is just now trying very hard to live on nonchalance and a colourless infidelism. This will not last, or the body politic must languish. We shall have to come to belief once more, either in death or in life. Enthusiasms and aspirations must be rekindled if there is to be vigour in life. Humanity without ideals, and a readiness to do battle for them, is like a drowsy knight in the days when the cry of the Crusades wakened even sluggards to action. And if a wise and worthy Crusade be not hoped for and laboured for, there may come ferocious, fanatical, and foolish ones.

If life is becoming too complex with its problems and too arduous with its difficulties, it might be urged that a plea for a new order

of knights is a frivolous one, since what is really needed is a new and superior order of men. And this is a boon which no Royal concession can ensure. But the true object of life is to make the best of what we have, and it would be a grateful mission for any prince to bring true men up to the standard of their powers, if the blue ribbon of recognition would do it. There are men who waste upon trifles energies and faculties which would be roused as from torpor to new life, were there any call for their exercise. There are men discouraged by neglect, and wondering whether they have not missed their way in coming to this world of ours. Men of original power are subject to depression. They are by nature modest and unassuming. It is the second-rate man who knows how to make the best of himself and push himself forward to advantage. There are men pining to find work outside of the political arena, within which personal enthusiasm is tamed down into party feeling “as gentle as a glove,” and as pliable. There are men who ought to be brought forward to apply their minds to the world’s welfare, but who are paralysed by the feeling of the littleness of individual effort, and have no Round Table of brotherhood from which to draw strength. Encouragement, even of the slightest kind, is a greater power than is supposed. No man’s powers are fully known until he has worked under another stimulus than that of his own belief in himself, or his own consciousness, which is dimmed so often, of his own place and purpose in life. We have one pertinent school recollection—how well the fellows played who belonged to the second eleven at cricket, and were being talked of for the first. They would not have played so well had they never gone beyond the village green.

In the busy world Politics finds or is found by its own most worthy instruments; the ambition of worldly success calls a large number of persons into action. The men untouched by either of these attractions are unclassed and mostly isolated. They belong to the order of those whose work is not what the world wants and will pay for, but what the world needs and will not pay for, at least during the life of the individual. We do not refer especially to workers in the fine arts, or to any class in particular, but to all whose work contains their heart and life within it, and who, if it fails to touch the heart of others, as such work often does for a lifetime or more, work on, it may be, still, but half-heartedly only, and do not the best that is in them, or half the work which the faintest breath of encouragement would call forth. We may make Coleridge's observation upon government in relation to the fine arts apply to the work of such men as these: "The darkest despotisms on the Continent have done more for the growth and elevation of the fine arts than the English Government. A great musical composer in Germany and Italy is a great man in society, and a real dignity and rank are universally conceded to him. So it is with a sculptor, or painter, or architect. Without this sort of encouragement and patronage such arts as music and painting will never come into great eminence. In this country there is no general reverence for the fine arts; and the sordid spirit of a money-amassing philosophy would meet any proposition for the fostering of art, in a general and extended sense, with the commercial maxim, *laissez faire*. Paganini, indeed, will make a fortune, because he can actually sell the tones of his fiddle at so much a scrape; but Mozart himself

might have languished in a garret for anything that would have been done for him here." How much Ruskin has done to raise the standard of taste and make of the recognition of the place and mission of beauty, almost a religion, is a matter for instance that could not possibly be appreciated by the commonplace political mind. Those who hold short views of life are offended by his socialistic crotchets, many imperfect no doubt, many certainly impracticable as regards speedy realisation, but valuable and suggestive to the man whose expansive mind is not stiffly focussed upon immediate results. We have been taught to cast out the salt when it has lost its savour, but in some departments average senses fail to recognise salt that is full of savour, and it is cast out simply because it is an unknown substance.

We have seen that knighthood in its best-remembered guise—the knighthood which inspired with the meaning which they still possess, the epithets knightly and chivalrous—was not founded upon territorial position or a property qualification, and, though a secular dignity, was best supported by unselfish and comparatively unworldly aims. We pass by its weaknesses and degradations, which have little bearing upon our present purpose. Knighthood was heroic rather than national; religious because religion in the middle ages was the nearest approach to a preter-national breadth of view; military, because the ideality and heroism of those days were compelled to resort to arms as the only means of commanding respect. It was outside the narrowly defined lines of administrative and municipal institutions; it was not even the prerogative of royalty, except in so far as royal blood might win it, and so far also as royalty by its perma-

nence, and the expanded view which is the privilege of exalted position, might fitly carry on its traditions, and hold the keys of the fountain of honour from which it sprang.

Were a youth of the ancient knightly pattern—one who had borne himself through his vigils, received his accolade, and won his spurs in the cause to which he had set himself, to be translated in his fresh earnestness and vigour to our own gentled era; in which direction would he expect to turn to find the true brethren of his order, the true correspondents, *maugre* all external mutations, to himself and his ideal? If the music of war drew him to the battle-field, where would he find room for personal prowess, and the fair matching with an antagonist of his own quality? Not in the unattractive mechanical combats of the huge armies of the civilised nations. Scrutinising such, he would find the leader to be not a king in the forefront of the fray with his knights around him, but, in all probability, a quiet little man wearing spectacles, seated in a room poring over a map, and consummately well attended by telegraph wires for *aid-de-camps*. In ruder warfare he might discover heroic action more to his mind, when a small body of the crusading race should force the stronghold of a savage horde, or sustain their onslaught hand to hand; but even here it would be more than likely that to those to whom it befel to die, the “terrible blow” would come screaming through the air from far-away hands, and they who fell “yet should not see who hurt them,” much less measure swords or breast an opposing lance. Naval engagements our ancient knight would find to be more mechanical still;—the steam engine an heroic slave surpassing a thousand of

horse; and the “Woolwich infant” a huge ugly monster overshadowing men, and rendering inaudible the encouraging war cry of the knight by its hoarse, monotonous thunder.

There is devotion in war even under these changed conditions, and perhaps it is of a less brutal kind than much that must have been familiar to the knight of old; but still we can hardly expect that it could satisfy his ideal, especially if we suppose that he could not but enter a gentler mood in passing from rude barbaric times into the sphere of civilisation. Where would he find a true knightly devotion germane to a civilised era? “Devotion is that which knocks the worldly shackles off the spirit; strikes a spark out of our hard and dry natures; enforces the money-getter for a moment to forego his gain, and the penniless labourer to forget his hunger-satisfying toil.” Where would he find devotion of this kind in our modern day, where would he discover the power which results from the cultivation of the spiritual part of our nature? He would find a nation almost without an ideal; science offering a mechanical prosperity and proclaiming as against a discarded heaven the all-sufficient supremacy of the simplest physical laws, religion holding on to a tradition not very earnestly believed. Politics he would find a pursuit implying little of the heroic, and its votaries well supplied with rewards. In spite of the uncertainty of religious and political principles—the man of compromising mind being preferred to the man of pure wisdom; our ideal knight would find the vital function of society not wholly extinct, and, instead of entering the fierce struggle for accumulated materials or fashionable notoriety, might find himself drawn to give his powers to

fan the flame of life and light. He would find the elements that should foster this flame widely scattered, and weakened by that separation. Here and there he would meet with a philosophical thinker working alone and building up materials for the future, but with a small following of present supporters. He would discover now and again an artist pouring forth his soul into the communication of ideal beauty, as a mission whereby to open the higher faculties of men. He would find writers quitting the path of popularity and worldly success to fight with the dragons of modern difficulties, or pouring forth suggestive words that fall like dew upon parched ground, and prepare the soil for a harvest that is to be. He would find busy toilers with the desolate cry ringing in their ears, "What is truth?" boring their way into the secrets of ancient religions and languages to extract their essence of wisdom. With marvellous stores of knowledge brought under command, he would find the eclectic worker revealing what sympathy there is between the spirit that permeates the highest lore of widely separated branches of humanity, and so advancing a rational argument for a renewed impress of that faith which is their spirit, to revive the doubtful waverer, the flagging pilgrim, or the belated wanderer. He would find many crotchets, but some unselfish desire for social amelioration, leading to abundant labours, unremunerative in the worldly sense. He would find learning striving to clear up doubts, to bring in aids, and to make tangled paths plain. He would find a few poets and musicians bringing forth pure fervour, a grand impulse and impetus, and yet one that carries peace with it. He would find slumbering forms just stirred by

what might come to be a noble activity, even the Drama holding up her head to stand by the side of and shake hands with the Church. He would find the persons who are striving in such and kindred provinces, often obscure, often unrecognised, gaining no strength from brotherhood, and if he is the true ideal knight of old, he will say, "At last I have found the members of my Order." But they have no Round Table. What would they not do if each could help the rest by the grip of his own purposeful hand, by the support of his own spirit? They lack the ideal link such as should bind brothers together.

But these persons are not our Knights, we are bound to reply; and upon the question being put, Who then are your Knights? we have to apologise and say that the basis of knighthood seems to have become shifted, for it is now one of the worldly dignities, and completely severed from any connection with the ideal. Obscure poetic youths have been known to cherish the sentiment that they would not welcome the offer of the dignity of Knighthood for themselves, even were there any possibility of such an offer being made. The sentiment is one of juvenile extravagance and absurdity, but still it marks a conception of Knighthood as now a purely worldly dignity, and no longer the blue ribbon of the devoted pursuer of unselfish adventure. The title no longer implies the quality of one

"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who gave to her,"

but has become the decoration of

that ponderous respectability to which should be apportioned its own more suitable rewards and successes. Knighthood in its flower was not as now the prize of the man whose worldly ambition has prospered, and who regards the honourable addition as a sort of fancy gilding to the satisfying solidity of his own gingerbread.

As to the constitution of the Knightage of the present day, we can easily assure ourselves. That favourite work, the Englishman's Bible,* just permits the entrance of the Knight, not indeed within the chapters of the roll of the Peerage, into which Baronetage has made its way, but into a sort of appendix.

In the first place, no British Order of Knighthood dates from so remote a time as that of the existence of the extinct knightly Orders of Europe. The oldest, "the most noble Order of the Garter," takes us back not quite five and a half centuries, its institution being subsequent by more than a generation to the suppression of the once heroic order of the Knights Templars, which before it perished had waxed fat and vicious. The blue garter was either the token in a successful skirmish, and so a military symbol, or was the mark of a playful and happy treatment of a drawing-room misadventure: the Order therefore may be said to lack an origin peculiarly associated with any ancient knightly ideal. Its exclusiveness gives to the decoration its rare prestige, which can scarcely be said to inhere in any respect due to Knighthood, every one of the members of the Order being possessed already of a superior dignity to that which Knighthood has ever claimed in the order

of worldly precedence. Her Majesty is the chief of the Order, which includes most of the Crowned Heads of Europe, and is strictly limited in respect of the number and status of its members. At the present moment the Gartered Knight of lowest rank as regards precedence is a nonagenarian Viscount. It would be prodigious to regard this Order as in any sense representing ordinary Knighthood, although it may bear the name. It is indeed to pay a great compliment to Knighthood for personages so eminent to condescend to bear the title, and should they derive any additional lustre therefrom, the fact goes some way toward verifying the statement we have advanced, that Knighthood is different not only in degree but in kind from any other dignity.

The Order of the Thistle consists of the Sovereign and sixteen Knights only, the lowest rank within its pale at the present time being that of Baron, which is the step below Viscount. As the Thistle is to Scotland so is the Order of St. Patrick to Ireland. The Most Honourable Order of the Bath, which has a large number of members, was instituted to commemorate the wars which ended triumphantly with Waterloo, and is designed specially for distinction in military or civil service. A large proportion even of its Civil Knights Commanders and of its Civil Companions have seen naval or military service. Of the Civil Knights Commanders of the Bath the majority have served in State departments, diplomatic or judicial, either at home or abroad—a fact quite in accordance with the constitution of the Order, which is designed for civil servants,

* A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage, together with Memoirs of the Privy Councillors and Knights. By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. 42nd edition. London: Harrison, Pall Mall. 1880.

and not for even the elect of the general public. The Companions of the Order, which consists of 690 military officers, and 250 members of the civil service, rank above ordinary esquires, but, as they are not knights, it is unnecessary to make further reference to them here. "The Most Exalted Order of the Star of India," and the newer "Order of the Indian Empire," are, as their names imply, of purely oriental significance, albeit lofty dignities accepted in England.

"The Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George" is also special in its range, having been instituted for such of the "natural born subjects of the Crown of the United Kingdom as may have held or shall hold high and confidential offices within Her Majesty's colonial possessions, and in reward for services to the Crown in relation to the foreign affairs of the Empire." The Royal Order of Victoria and Albert is for ladies, as also is the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. Lady knights are not without precedent; in the seventeenth century a Scotch dame was created a baronet.

The Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order is becoming extinct, the dignity not having been conferred since the death of William IV., when the British sovereign ceased to be monarch of Hanover. It contains five Knights Grand Cross, one octogenarian Knight Commander, and eighteen Knights, who are almost all military or naval.

The Orders to which we have adverted may thus all be regarded as rewards of service in the great departments of State, and while no doubt commemorating many heroic deeds, are rewards due as much to position as to heroic qualities. The least dignity in the Order of the Bath, for instance, that of Companionship, has

never been conferred upon any officer below the rank of major in the army and commander in the navy. That there should be any approximation to promotion by seniority in respect of the distinction of knighthood, shows how far the modern conception of that dignity has become removed from the old and more ideal one.

The order of knighthood to which we have now to refer is that of Knights Bachelor. This is one in which, according to theory, wealthy soap-boilers may be found. We have never, to our knowledge, met in real life that favourite character of the novelist, and so are entirely without prejudice, and unable to judge whether or not he may be a knightly person in the old sense of the word. In any case Knights Bachelor occupy the lowest seat at the Table of Dignity. The title they bear was probably originally given as a mark of juniority to the now extinct rank of Knights Bannerets — feudal lords and military leaders who were made knights on the field of battle. As a matter of etymology the word "Bachelor" in this case is supposed to have been derived from *Bas Chevaliers*, or lower knights. The chaplet of the *Baccalaureus* (another derivation) will scarcely apply to them; still less will a somewhat questionable trace of the roots of the term to *Boc*, Saxon, book, and *Lareow*, doctor.

There is a fatal flaw in the dignity of a knight bachelor, in that it is to a considerable extent accidental. A worthy man, undistinguished among his municipal fellows, happens by good fortune to be mayor of some provincial town when Her Majesty is inaugurating a new bridge, pier, or harbour. By the royal courtesy he is made a knight. Extremes meet: the Knight of the Round Table may

be regarded as a very much idealised police patrol; when the Prince of Wales visited India in 1876 he knighted two or three energetic commissioners of police.

Considering the direction of the theory upon which modern orders of knighthood are based, we can scarcely stigmatise this also as a flaw, that the distinction has been more largely conferred upon provincial mayors and town clerks than accorded to persons within the whole circle of original work in letters and the arts. We begrudge no one his advancement, and would speak evil neither of dignities nor of dignitaries, nevertheless it does seem a pity that knighthood should have been selected as the sole and most meet distinction to confer in such cases. Men cannot, fortunately, all receive the very doubtful compliment of a statue; but a life baronetcy, for instance, could have been easily instituted, and would be highly valued if we may judge from the money that would very willingly be paid for it. Baronets are not dubbed knights, though the title of "Sir" is granted them by a peculiar clause in their patents. But both a baronet and his eldest son, being of full age, may claim knighthood. The lack of succession and of this almost obsolete privilege might differentiate the possessor of a life-baronetcy from the true successors of the promoters of the Plantation of Ulster and Nova Scotia.

Another cause of sentimental regret we find with respect to modern knight bachelorhood, inasmuch as it is mostly conferred upon men who have reached the dignified and portly stage of their career, and are often perhaps even somewhat hebescent. It is right that the distinction should appertain to worthy service, but there was a sparkle about it which is now lost,

when it was given as a stimulus to the comparatively young and ardent.

It may be owing to the fact that the knight of chivalry was the sworn enemy of injustice and lawlessness, that an extraordinarily large proportion of knights-bachelors are successful members of the legal profession. It may provoke a smile to find so idealistic a motive so unconsciously followed, but we must make fair allowance for this, that the poetry of an adventurous period has subsided into the prose of a settled and civilised state. The Civil Service, though provided for in the constitution of another order, occupies nevertheless a large number of places in the Order of Knights Bachelor. The same be said of the Military and Naval services, the members of which seem to find their way into every variety of holy ground. Colonial personages of eminence are said to have a special dignity provided for them, but they also swell the ranks of Knights Bachelors in large numbers. Palace functionaries, yeomen of the guard, and gentlemen-at-arms very naturally have their reward in knighthood of this Order. It may be said to be mainly composed of London and provincial mayors and aldermen, provosts, town clerks, deputy-lieutenants, sheriffs, members of Parliament, justices of the peace, lawyers, colonial governors and chief justices, consuls, parliamentary, diplomatic, municipal, and departmental personages. Of the meagre remnant, medicine has the largest share, next in order comes engineering, then music. Art, letters, poetry, astronomy, physical science, are just, and only just, not conspicuous by absence. A thin sprinkling of miscellaneous specialties fill up the roll, the title being gained by connection with the

School Board, the acclimatisation of salmon, hospitals, orphanages, a colonial university, explorations, exhibitions, polar expeditions, munificence, volunteering, trade, genealogy, heraldry, horticulture.

The reason why knighthood of this order has not been more largely given to the true knights of thought lies probably in the fact that it is so miscellaneous as to be scarcely the right boon to offer to persons possessed already of a lofty, if unworldly, dignity. Semi-commercial services seem to us to meet with a more fitting reward in something nondescript, such as we have suggested would be provided by the institution of Life-Baronetcy. New Orders of knighthood might then be instituted of a more ideal conception, and on something of the olden pattern, to provide for persons of knightly character and earnestness. Our sole grievance is that knighthood, with all its romantic associations, should have become the dignity selected for bestowal upon persons who are somewhat heavy, and for whom some other non-hereditary dignity would be so much more suitable. It is no doubt owing to the fact that no other non-hereditary title exists with us, that knighthood has become the *pis-aller* of dignity.

If a new order of knighthood should ever be instituted, it might well be founded on the ancient lines, from which we draw still so much historic fascination. From the new order the meritorious official must be warned off, and directed to other fields of honour; while room must be found for the freelance. But this freedom from conventional shackles, which allows the entrance of workers whose work is not always manifest to the lower vision, should not permit the order to become a mere fanciful club. The door should be shut to *fainéant*

ambition by a constitution involving duty to the order, and production of evidences of work. Better even crotchets, if they be noble ones, than nihilism or superficiality. The associate of the Royal Academy of Arts is bound to contribute his Diploma Picture, and knights designate might be retained in a condition of *bachelage* save upon repeated evidence of an ardour that does not flag in some knightly and humanistic pursuit.

A true sovereign is the true fountain of honour, and without a Royal sanction a knightly Order would be an invalid distinction. But the Grand Mastership might be entrusted to a prince; and there is a member of the Royal Family upon whom the task of the institution of such an Order might most fitly and naturally devolve. He is, according to established precedent, a Knight of the Garter, and were he to assume the position of chief of a new Order, he would find to his hand a most worthy and delightful work, and one which the excellence of his choice of those who should gather round his table might render of historic moment. The spiritual stimulus which might proceed from such a congregation of electrical points is one that no man can reckon. The consciousness of brotherhood and the hall-mark of recognition form in combination, not only a powerful incentive to exertion, but an actual addition to power.

The Church has its honorary titles, and there are clergymen who prize an honorary canonry as much as they would a plump benefice; the Army and Navy have their own decorations, as well as their titles and promotions; the sphere of Politics hangs out tempting prizes, which, as we have seen, may all be won in a single life-time; the Law confers its judgeships and honorary offices; Commerce, which had once

an heroic side, when there were not only financial difficulties in the path of enterprise, is fitly adorned by its own success, which is the passport to a host of dignities, of the municipium, and the county; the new estate of journalism and popular literature has the ear of the world, and is accompanied by a many-voiced repute that flies further than the fame of the oldest title. There is a class remaining whose success is a success of esteem, an esteem moreover that in a world of the commonplace sometimes tarries long before it develops into popular appreciation, and is a mantle of pride rather for his descendants than for the man himself. The knight-errants of the modern time may consume all their days in the fight, and win only the stings of the dragons they war with. There are qualities also which are rare and violet-like, and yet chivalric. The persons of the esoteric class would greatly prize the distinction conferred by knighthood of an ideal and unworldly order. The object of this paper is but to put in a word for them.

It has always been an object with wise kings and queens to fan the spirit of unselfish enterprise, which is the fine sap of the tree of the commonwealth, by a requital of sympathy and recognition. In this latter day Royalty has to a large extent given over to the administration the office of conferring dignities; and as regards the more ponderous rewards, it is no doubt right that it should be so. Political expediency is a demand which cannot be overlooked. But political expediency itself may be elevated into an ideal range, and no truly great statesman would look with jealousy on an institution which had for its object the concentration of the higher impulses of men.

With a word on a few minor matters we conclude our paper. It

may seem absurd to stop to consider how far the institution of a new Order of Knighthood would affect that anomalous and imperfect Table, the Scale of Precedence. Human weaknesses, however, must be respected. We have tried to show how far the historic conception of knighthood differs from any other dignity; but the general social scale followed is one long line which makes no allowance for differences in quality, and takes account only of the minute gradations in a single ladder of precedence. A new Order then might follow up the modest historic conception of knighthood by assuming nothing. It could not well be ranked lower than the Order of Knights Bachelor, if they be really the Bas-Chevaliers; but instead of claiming to be above it, it might rest well content with equality, and make no effort to vie with any other dignities whatsoever for precedence. With simplicity the object rather than ostentation, it might be well that, if a decoration were decided on, the bauble should be a trinket of the smallest size, and possess artistic rather than pecuniary value. The old knights were often far from wealthy; adventurous spirits are compelled to simplify their tastes, and limit their personal expenses if they allow freedom to their own individuality. It would be a mockery to confer upon a knight of an Order after the ancient pattern the necessity of assuming an array far surpassing Solomon in all his glory. The Knight of the Garter is æsthetically superb; he wears a mantle of blue velvet, a garter of blue velvet of a darker shade, a hood and surcoat of crimson velvet, a hat of black velvet, bearing a white ostrich plume and black heron's feathers, fastened by a band of diamonds. The sign

of the Order, too, consists of a very elaborate collar, consisting of twenty-six pieces of gold, pendant to which is the figure of St. George in his struggle with the dragon. There is also the silver star of eight points, bearing in its centre the red cross of St. George, or of knighthood.

To carry out still further the idea of simplicity, and differentiate the new order from other kinds of dignity, it would be possible to make it a provision of the original constitution that the knights were not expected to exceed in the

direction of personal state or magnificence. They might be considered to be related to territorial rank in something like the same way as the learned missionary friars of old would compare with the priests holding goodly benefices.

"Glory is the firebrand of a noble mind," says the old motto. This paper is written in the hope that the firebrand will be flung among those whom it is good to arouse, and that they will respond to the incentive with a new invigoration of splendid effort.

HOME RULE IN THE CHURCH.

EXCEPT the few who are contented with the fatness of to-day, and the many who find acceptance of things as they are, easier than thought, almost everyone looks forward to some great change in the Church of England. There are thoughtful men who would be well content if they could believe in the permanence of the existing compromise; but they cannot. When pressed home, they admit that some great change is approaching, only they would postpone it as long as possible. Some of the reasons for this dread of the future will be noticed later. Meantime we may be content with the broad but safe assertion that a crisis in ecclesiastical affairs, amounting to a peaceable revolution, is generally expected; not perhaps immediately, yet probably before most brown heads become very grey.

It is not needful here to discuss the issues between the Liberation Society and the defenders of the Establishment. The appeal now to be made is addressed alike to those in favour of disestablishment and those opposed to it. All that need be assumed at present is that a national church cannot be a permanent institution in a free country unless it satisfies the wants and wishes of the nation in some tolerable degree. Let it be observed that the word church is here used, not of the clergy, but of the whole body of persons united in one ecclesiastical system. The truth of the proposition is then self-evident. Any church, large or small, national or other, must be

governed, in the last resort, by the majority of its own members, unless it is overruled by some power alien to itself. The majority may delegate its power to the clergy, or to a synod; but the power sprang from the majority, and may at any time revert to it. This seems to be, not a theory, but simple matter of fact. Can it be disputed that, if two-thirds of the Roman Catholics throughout the world were determined to reverse the decrees of the last Vatican council, they would carry their determination into effect, unless persuaded to abandon it, or coerced by secular power? But, if the Church be national, and the nation self-governing, the will of the majority, if sufficiently earnest, must prevail on the ecclesiastical as on the secular side. So it is at present with the Church of England. Dissenters take no share in the benefits of the property which is now administered on behalf of the Church; but they, and all citizens, are, in a very real sense, members of the National Church; since they have their share in the election of members of Parliament—that is to say, in constituting the sole body which has legislative authority in all affairs, ecclesiastical or civil. Here again, this is not theory, but fact. Parliament, which has cut down the incomes of the bishops, could take away those incomes altogether. Parliament which, under a Conservative Government, passed the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, could alter, amend, or abrogate the powers

of any ecclesiastical functionary. Further, if a sufficient majority of electors, Dissenters or Churchmen, were to determine that the Athanasian Creed should no longer be read in churches, and cared enough about the matter to elect a Parliament pledged to carry out their wishes, the recent decision of Convocation on the subject would be simply brushed away into nothingness. As matters stand, the will of Parliament is supreme in Church as well as State, and could alter doctrine as well as ritual. We are not saying that this ought to be, only that it is.

Yet nothing can be more certain than that Parliament will only use this power with great reluctance, and as seldom as possible; and few things more probable than that Parliament would take refuge in disestablishment rather than be troubled with any considerable measures of Church reform. Let anyone consider for a moment the probable course of a debate upon the Athanasian Creed, and he will see that the thing is practically all but impossible. Members of Parliament, as Parliament is now constituted, are certainly not fit to be legislators for the Church; and if they were fit they have no time. If so important a measure as the Public Worship Regulation Act occupied so many nights of debate; if the Burials question still comes up session after session; who can suppose that Parliament can really settle Church affairs? No one knows the impossibility better than the practical politician; and, if the condition of the Church or the will of the people were ever imperiously to demand extensive ecclesiastical reform, Parliament would try to free itself for ever from the burden of such matters at the cost of a session or two devoted to disestablishment.

We are therefore face to face

with the fact, that only one body has the power of legislating for Church affairs, and that that body will not do it. Yet legislation is absolutely required. The Public Worship Regulation Bill was received with the approval of the majority, not on account of its merits, which were minute, but because the existing state of things was felt to be intolerable. That Act has proved a failure; and the evils at which it was aimed are still unchecked. We desire here to complicate the question with as few side issues as possible; but shall not conceal our opinion that ecclesiastical legislation, to which that Act is as nothing, will be necessary before many years have passed. Be that as it may, it was conceded by the Conservative authors of the Act, and by the majority of the public which stood with them, that legislation of the kind was essential. If that was the case then, it is so now. Any party, High, Low, or Broad, which may succeed in carrying the majority with it, will require legislation to adapt existing institutions to changed circumstances. The world will not stand still; and, if Church and Nation are to continue united, the one must move with the other.

But, if Parliament cannot itself deal with the Church difficulty otherwise than by separating Church and State, could not powers of legislating in ecclesiastical matters be delegated to a Permanent Committee, to Convocation, or to some Church Assembly or Synod? If we are right in supposing that the affairs to be dealt with by such a body might be of the highest importance, a Permanent Committee would hardly meet the case. The Legislative Assembly of the National Church must be prepared, if necessary, to decide questions of

the first magnitude. No one, whatever his private opinion may be, has a right to assume that such an assembly could never have to determine anything more than finance or ritual. Development is the law of churches as of other bodies; and all churches, with any history to speak of, have had to determine doctrine, and most of them to admit doctrinal changes. The Legislature which might have to do this must be elected *ad hoc*, or at least must be more than the committee of another body. As to Convocation, no one outside a small circle would dream of entrusting it with legislative powers. In its present state it does not even tolerably represent the Clergy, and it has shown itself to be incapable of a single step in advance. But some have thought that a reformed House of Convocation, with due representation for the laity, would answer the purpose. It is scarcely conceivable that any such assembly could express the mind and will even of the majority of Churchmen. The clergy would be there in strong force, and they, together with like-minded allies among the lay members, would have pretty much their own way. But there is a fatal objection to this and similar schemes for the government of a National Church. It forgets the Dissenters, who, as we have shown, have at present the right of assisting in legislating for the Church, and are not likely to abandon it. So long ago as 1834 Dr. Arnold wrote: "I do not see how any man can avoid the impression that Dissent cannot exist much longer in this country as it does now; either it must be comprehended within the Church, or it will cease in another way, by there being no Establishment left to dissent from." (Arnold's Life and Correspondence, p. 306, 6th edition.) But the proposed reform would give the Dis-

senters a much stronger case than they had then or have now. At present they have some sort of share in the administration of that portion of national property which is applied to Church purposes. To hand over the government of the Church and Church property to a body composed exclusively of Churchmen would be manifestly unjust; and such a measure would deprive the Church of all right to be called National, or other than sectarian. Nor is it very rash to predict the end of such an arrangement. Neither Dissenters nor the large and increasing number who stand aloof alike from Church and Dissent would be satisfied with it; in no long time they would be reinforced by malcontent Churchmen offended by the action of the new Church governing body, and agitation for disestablishment would begin again with redoubled force.

If, in despair of seeing our way through these perplexities, we turn to disestablishment, we shall find that our troubles will revive in a rather worse form than before. Politicians, who care little for the subject except for the sake of freeing Parliament from a whole catalogue of troublesome considerations, are apt to fancy that by a disestablishing Act they can shift the pack of ecclesiastical worries on to other shoulders. But disestablishment may mean any one of several very different things; and real and final separation between Church and State is not to be effected as readily as most people imagine. The fatal precedent of the Irish Church Act is sure to be used. We shall be told that we must give a constitution to the disestablished Church, and hand over powers of maintaining doctrine and discipline, and of administering property, to Convocation or some newly-created synod. The disestablished Church

would then cease to be national, and, assuming that a thorough disendowment had deprived it of all property belonging to the nation, the rest of the community could not complain at losing their share in its government. Yet it is impossible to expect such a change without great uneasiness. The new Church body would probably soon acquire fresh wealth, and would become in many ways an objectionable, perhaps even a dangerous, *imperium in imperio*. The consideration in detail of objections to the existence of such a body would lead us too far, and will probably be evident to most persons. But besides this awkward feature of an irresponsible and uncontrolled church-governing body, there are other difficulties in the way of disestablishment. What is to become of the Cathedrals and the Church fabrics generally? What of the large property now used for religious purposes, and which the great majority undoubtedly would wish to be still so used? Is it to be diverted to secular uses simply because we are too impatient or too careless to find a third course between making it over to the disestablished Church, and taking it from the service of religion altogether?

Our results so far then are these.

The Church of England requires a governing body, which Parliament will not, Convocation must not, and any other synodical body cannot, justly and profitably be. Disestablishment with the transfer of power to a church-governing body means the creation of a sect, rich, powerful, and uncontrolled, whose clerical members would keep the reins very tightly in their own hands. Disestablishment *plus* disendowment would mean no national Church, and no national property consecrated to religious uses. We venture to express a confident

belief that none of these courses is desired by the nation, or will be adopted unless in despair of something better.

If "no thoroughfare" is really written across every road, the end of it will be that we shall have to break through somewhere, probably where resistance is least felt. A disestablishing and disendowing measure of a rough-and-ready kind might be adopted if once the nation were sufficiently irritated to desire separation of Church and State at any cost and regardless of consequences. Before we come to that pass it may be well to consider another fashion of settling the question, which is certainly not without difficulties of its own, but which seems to promise more fairly than its rivals.

A very fair analogy is to be found in the present state of another political question. The Irish, or a party amongst them, are asking for Home Rule; by which they understand a government centralised at Dublin instead of at Westminster. But it is urged that their plea is not for Home Rule in any proper sense of the term; and Liberals are beginning to offer, in exchange for the Dublin rule which is demanded, real Home Rule, viz., the right of each locality in every part of the kingdom to control those affairs which concern itself alone.

The plan of governing the Church of England, whether as established or as disestablished, by a Convocation or Synod, is very like the scheme of the present so-called Home Rulers. In either case would be implied a severance between the parts of the one empire and an artificial government, neither reaching to nor bounded by natural limits. In either case the proper answer seems to be the offer of Home Rule—that is, real Home Rule, according to which those

who pay control, and no one interferes in the management of affairs with which he has no direct concern.

Home Rule for the Church is then the solution of the problem which is here proposed for consideration. The Church is the congregation; and, if the word be used in a wider sense, it can mean only a collection of congregations. The difficulty in the way of giving legislative powers to the Church in its wider character is, that a common scheme, framed by the aggregated Church, will not meet the wants and wishes of particular churches. Each church or congregation naturally and rightly is inclined to say that such questions as adorning their minister with a chasuble, or their altar with a cross, or the use of a liturgy or of extempore prayer, are their concern; and that if they and their minister can agree about such matters, no one else has a right to interfere.

To revert for a moment to the Irish illustration. Home Rulers call it absurd to make the citizens of an Irish town go to London for powers to construct waterworks. English Liberals reply that the hardship is correctly stated, but not the remedy. The waterworks are the concern of Athlone, let us say for example, not of Dublin any more than of London; and the affair should be settled within a circle wide enough to include all persons interested, and no others. And why should not the parish, say, of Great Snoring, similarly manage its own ecclesiastical affairs? It has a church, a churchyard, a parsonage, certain endowments, and the tithes raised in the parish. Why should anyone outside Great Snoring command that this or that liturgy should be used in its church, or that a pastor of this or that persuasion should minister to its people? There are difficulties

no doubt; but are there any that are insuperable? are there any that are so great as those attending any other plan in the way of an Act making over the control and management of Church affairs and Church property to each individual church? Exceptions might have to be made here, as in the case of secular Home Rule, or local self-government, if that term be preferred. It may not be possible or desirable to allow each country town to do in all things altogether what it pleases, even in those matters which concern itself alone; and a Home Rule Act may or may not reserve certain powers of inspection and supervision to the central authority. So, if such a Bill as is here contemplated should ever be brought forward, it will be for Parliament to consider whether absolute or limited Home Rule should be adopted. For ourselves, we have much confidence in the principle that a business is best managed by those directly interested in it; and, without any sort of belief in the infallibility of the people, we hold that it is better for them to make their own mistakes for themselves than to leave it to others to make mistakes for them. At the same time it must be said that the question of giving entire self-rule to each particular church, or of reserving certain powers, is not of the essence of the scheme. At present we are dealing with outlines, not filling up details; and the principle of granting Home Rule to churches might be accepted, although the view of the present writer as to the proper extent of that Home Rule should not find favour.

But, to make our meaning clear, it is necessary to show, at least in outline, how this principle may be applied. The proposed unit of church government would be each church—that is, for the purposes

of our supposed Act, each district whose inhabitants presumably worship in one building. For this district we may conveniently keep the old word, parish; it being understood that the limits of each parish would be rearranged, perhaps by a commission appointed under the Act. To the parishioners would then belong the right of administering their ecclesiastical funds and affairs. This would be done by some body elected by them, either *ad hoc* or for other purposes of local government as well. In many instances it might be convenient that several parishes should unite for the purposes of this election; and it is possible that, before any scheme of this nature comes to be seriously considered, a reform of local government will have given to each district a local governing body suitable for these purposes. But, however constituted, this body would determine how the local ecclesiastical funds should be applied.

For convenience sake, let us call this body the Church Board; and its first duty would be the appointment of a clergyman, or minister, of the parish. For the present we need not trouble ourselves with the hypothesis of a parish which should decide against any sort of religious machinery, further than to say that, should such a case arise, the board should not be allowed to employ the local church property in any way which would prevent a future generation from recovering it for religious uses. A more probable case is that of a church board which should prefer to have no regular parson; which should keep the building and endowments for religious purposes, but abstain from appointing a paid and professional minister. This case opens a rather tempting field for speculation; but, as it is not likely to occur frequently at present, we will put

it aside. Let it be supposed, then, that the Act has been passed, and the appointment of a minister decided on. In most cases the clergyman already in possession would simply be retained. It would be for the Church Board to decide whether this should be done, or whether a new minister should be found, and, if so, of what persuasion. But, when once a parish minister had been duly appointed, he would become, to a greater or less extent, an independent functionary, with powers co-ordinate to those of the Church Board. The extent of his independence would have to be defined by the Act; but probably few persons would contend that he ought to be the mere servant of the board, liable to peremptory orders on any subject, or to dismissal at the pleasure of the majority of the day. It would be possible, on the one hand, to make him completely independent of the local authority after his appointment—to vest the freehold of the real Church property in him, and to make him irremovable, except on cause shown to a Court of Chancery. On the other hand, he might be removable by a two-thirds majority; and his independent power might be limited to making due arrangements for the services in the church. Or a middle course might be taken between these extremes. It is sufficient to indicate that this part of the question is left very widely open. The power of the Church Board to appoint whom they choose, and such independence of position for the minister as will secure the parish against constant conflicts and changes, seem essential. Beyond these points we come to the region of detail, and, for the present, decline to enter.

So far a Church has been made to mean only a local institution, and that has been done because

hitherto churches have been chiefly spoken of as bodies holding property and exercising legal powers. It has been considered necessary that Parliament should get rid of all pretence to legislate for the Church; and the question has arisen, to whom Parliament should make over its legislative powers. Our answer has been, to those who already hold it, with certain additional provisions. There is now no National Church which has any separate existence as a property-holding Body; and the attempt to create such a Church has been shown to be undesirable in several ways. Local Church property belongs to the parishioners and the clergyman, and is administered by the latter and the vestry. Keep this arrangement, with some modifications, and give the parishioners the power of indirectly appointing their ministers, and we have the rough outlines of a scheme which will require less violent change, and, as we believe, is likely to work better than any other. If this view were adopted only local churches would exist, so far as property and the law are concerned.

It is quite true that the word Church is often used in a much wider sense; of an aggregation of local churches, which unite in one ecclesiastical system, and submit to a common government. There is nothing to prevent the existence of such larger church or churches under the plan here propounded. Parliament and the law would recognise the local bodies only; but these, or any number of them, might unite if they chose to do so, and submit themselves to the decrees of Pope or Prelate, of Convocation or Synod. Parliament would take notice of such an arrangement only so far as concerns provision for the liberty of future generations. Local

churches should be free to unite and submit themselves to any centre of government, whether at Rome, Lambeth, or elsewhere; but they should at the same time retain the power of separating again, and reverting to local self-government, if they or their successors should at any time choose to do so.

Some little time since the Editor of the *Spectator* was good enough to insert a letter on this subject. The writer of that letter probably exaggerated his power of packing a large sample into a small compass so as to show the pattern of his goods. It seems to have been thought that the proposal implied the destruction of the Church of England as it now exists, and the substitution for it of a "federation of local churches." Such might indeed be the result; but, if so, not from any vice in the plan, but from want of cohesive power in that which is now called the Church of England or other centre of attraction. Bishops might no longer have the palaces and incomes which they now enjoy; but it will surely not be said that with these things they would lose their power. If the Episcopal system be the right one, it will stand without State protection. Churchmen will hardly argue that their Church is a mere creation of the secular power—a chance assemblage of atoms held together only by the State magnet. They will maintain that their Church is built on foundations far more ancient and enduring than loaves and fishes. If so, if its centre of attraction be eternal and not temporal, it would continue to attract and to rule even after disestablishment and disendowment. But the conditions proposed would be more favourable. Ecclesiastical property would not be secularised. It might, indeed, be diminished by the necessity of compensating private patrons, but

so far as possible would be preserved for religious purposes. The system of church government now sanctioned by the Church of England would prevail as widely as men could be brought to accept it. Bishops would rule so far as they could persuade men to obey them. The powers of the Church in the more comprehensive sense would be purely spiritual, and, where faith is genuine, no more will be required.

It is not the habit of the protected to cry out against the evils of protection, and adherents of the present system will naturally stand by it as long as it will hold together. Those who think that the relations of Church and State in their present form are advantageous to both are right in trying to maintain them. Yet even they may surely be asked without offence to consider how change, should change be necessary, may be effected with least harm to the interests they have most at heart; and a scheme which would give a fair field and no favour to all ecclesiastical systems ought not to seem very dreadful to those who believe their own to be ordained by Heaven, and therefore certain to prevail.

Those who wish for the absolute rule of the clergy, whether assembled in Convocation or each as a pope in his own parish, will not be likely to listen to any arguments of ours. It has been shown, however, that this scheme might provide any reasonable amount of independence for the minister of each church, and as much more as he can persuade the people to give him. It is often contended that liberty is only possible in a State Church, and that teachers of religion who are at all in advance of their congregation would lose everything if their position were not legally protected. But so much protection as may be con-

sidered necessary can be extended to ministers under Home Rule. Roughly speaking, the position of a minister would resemble that of the head master of a grammar school, who is appointed by trustees, but when appointed is more or less absolute in his own domain, and can be removed only for very grave cause. The minister would be protected against sudden changes of opinion among his parishioners, and would be as well able to lead the way, to exhort and rebuke as clergymen are at present. If the progress of his opinions lead him to views very different from those which were his when he accepted his position; and if he has not been able to carry his parishioners with him, the situation of course becomes difficult, but such difficulties must exist under any system.

Yet we have to face the fact that, whatever provisions might be made for securing some stability in the church arrangements of each parish, the great battle everywhere would have to be fought out. Each local church would have to decide whether it would be Episcopalian or not, orthodox or heretical, Trinitarian or Unitarian, and so on. The minority would remain dissentient and unprovided for, and a constant religious struggle would be maintained in many districts.

As to the minority question, it might be possible to arrange for division of the local church property, where two or more sects were nearly equal in numbers; but a small minority must obviously provide for itself, and wait until it can turn itself into a majority.

Much more serious is the objection that constant and continued troubles would spring out of this scheme in almost every parish. But the answer is, that the battle has to be fought, and the only

question is whether it should be decided locally or nationally. We contend that no national decision on Church matters can be final, because localities will never consent to accept it. Let us take, again, the Athanasian Creed as an illustration. Suppose Parliament or a National Synod were to decree that that creed should no longer be used in churches, many congregations would declare that their liberties were invaded, that they and their minister agreed in using the creed, and that no one had a right to forbid them. This, and much more important matters, must be settled, not by one uniform rule for the whole country, but according to the wishes of local majorities. We are told that this scheme "involves not merely one fluctuating standard of opinion—life and conduct, but twenty thousand"* or more. The scheme is not responsible for such fluctuations which exist already; it recognises but does not cause them. So long as they exist it seems best to allow them to take their natural effect. You cannot prevent opinion from fluctuating by Act of Parliament. You cannot artificially protect and proclaim as established the opinion of the minority; but this, it is contended, is in the real interest of neither party. If there is ever to be one standard instead of many, a constant, and not a fluctuating, standard of opinion, life, and conduct, this can come to pass only when the one standard shall have been universally accepted by the free choice of the people; and to effect this you must persuade, not legislate.

But the means of safety may lie just where the timid see most danger. The fact is seldom mentioned, yet it is certain that a large and rapidly-increasing number of

men and women stand completely aloof from all religious bodies, established or dissenting. This indifference is perhaps most obvious in the artisan class, because in other classes the indifferent generally go to church from habit or for other reasons. But throughout society very many, and more year by year, are losing sympathy with ecclesiastical affairs, whether they outwardly conform or not. And yet the greater number of these are not irreligious, only they are out of harmony with services which appear to them obsolete, and church affairs with which they have no concern. How can they take interest in a Church where the minister is appointed by someone outside the parish, and is High, Low, or Broad, as may happen—where a patron settles what shall be preached, and the law what shall be prayed? These people are very seldom heard of in relation to Church affairs; yet, if they are to increase as they are increasing, their influence will one day be very decisive. Home Rule in the Church would give them once more a substantial interest in religious affairs, because it would give them what they at present lack—a real share in Church arrangements.

But some will desire to increase this indifference to religion. Their motto is *Delenda est ecclesia*; they will object to a scheme which would preserve what should be destroyed, and renew sympathies which were in a fair way of dying out. Is it then really wished that artisans and others should gradually lose the religious habits of thought which still remain to them? The best thinkers on the heretical side declare that religion is a permanent fact, and that the only question is what religion should properly mean. If that be

* Dr. Littledale in *The Spectator*, Oct. 4, 1879

so, it cannot be desirable that large masses of men and women should gradually be alienated from all thought and care for these matters. It may, or may not, be probable that their affections can be reconquered for religion as presented by the orthodox Churches—that question is not touched here. But if it be admitted that religion in some sense is valuable, or rather invaluable, then nothing can be less desirable than that men should drift from it into mere indifference.

In conclusion we would venture to appeal to each reader thus: Are you a Churchman? Do you not, then, hold that an efficient legislature is a necessity for the Church? and can you devise any *national* legislative body for it which would be acceptable to the nation?

Are you a Dissenter—one of those who wish for religious equality, but decline any share in a plan which might be misconstrued into a wish to get hold of the spoils of the disestablished Church? The scruple is honourable; but the time for it is past. Home Rule in the Church would open the possibility of sharing in the national Church property to those now excluded from its use; but will you abstain from advocating a scheme, in itself desirable, merely lest malicious persons should attribute to you a desire, or an

ambition, of the absence of which you have given abundant proofs?

If the reader be one of the now numerous "Christians unattached," little need be said to bespeak from him fair consideration for this scheme. But if he be of those who think that Christianity has had its day, and that the historian of its decline and fall may even now be in long clothes, let him ask himself how ministers may be converted into lecturers, and churches into abodes of æsthetic culture. If he is right, and his views are destined to prevail, Home Rule in the Church would enable the change to come about with least resistance and violent upheaval.

Under free conditions each faith and each system will prevail so far as it is based upon reality. A nation with a State Church tries to play the part of an earthly Providence, and fails, as would-be actors of that part always do fail. Home Rule in the Church might seem to create mere confusion; but confusion of that sort whence true order issues—at least if we believe either in Divine Providence or the certainty of human progress. The system of Procrustes has been tried long enough, and the results are not encouraging. Let us make the experiment of allowing people to arrange their own beds, and lie in them after their own fashion.

M. W. MOGGRIDGE.

TRADUCIANISM AND METEMPSYCHOSIS.

IN the number of the "University Magazine" of January 1879, a writer, whose initials were A. B., submitted a paper entitled "The Soul and the Theory of Evolution" to the consideration of its readers. That our views of the soul will require a reconsideration must have become apparent to the readers of that able paper, and to the daily increasing numbers of those who regard the theory of evolution as the only legitimate explanation of the known facts of physical life. For that theory embraces in one grand and universal principle the genesis of life; and leaves no room for any sudden and arbitrary interferences with the efficient working of natural laws. Hence the suggestion that the same principle must hold for psychical life.

It is proposed to consider here from a somewhat different point of view some of the conclusions at which the author of the paper referred to arrived. In that paper three alternatives are presented as to the connection of the psychical with the physical life.

1. That the soul is created expressly by the Deity for each new body, and is joined to it at or previous to birth.

2. That souls, or vital principles, have existed from the beginning of all things, and have passed successively through many bodily forms, being released from an organisation at its dissolution only to enter after a time into another and newly born creature.

3. That the germ, or breath, of

vital power is inherited from the parents in like manner as the bodily germ which gives rise to the organism.

A. B. preferred the last hypothesis; the present writer sees reason to believe that the second is the more probable one. And, clearly, such a question as this demands, from its importance, a full consideration of the different opposing theories which may be brought forward to reconcile our conception of the existence of the soul with the more modern one of the law of evolution of physical life.

The first alternative, or Creationism, assumes the production of souls out of nothing, at the caprice of the sexes, and in total disregard of the consequences. It was therefore dismissed by the author of the paper in few words, a dismissal with which most will concur who attach any importance to the law of continuity in nature.

But with regard to the other two hypotheses named respectively Metempsychosis or Reincarnation, and Traducianism, the same objections do not hold. The law of heredity—as indeed also the law of continuity—is adduced by the advocates of both in support of their views. The struggle for existence will therefore establish itself between these two opposing theories, and it is only desirable that in this case as in others the more fit should survive. But A. B. finds in the facts of hereditary transmission—the very facts

which the Reincarnationist adduces in support of his views, an argument against him.

The difference between these two sets of views as bearing upon the theory of evolution is, that on the hypothesis of Traducianism only a limited number of primitive souls, or, as A. B. has it, life principles, were originally joined to the lowest forms of life; afterwards multiplying progressively to an indefinite extent, in conjunction and *pari passu* with the physical development; while Reincarnation, though postulating a like original union of elementary souls with the lowest physical forms, considers that these grow individually and develop by means of a succession of births throughout the whole series of living beings, acquiring at each step a higher and more advanced personality.

There is no more than a difference of method between the two hypotheses, but in their consequences they differ considerably and importantly.

The argument used by A. B. against reincarnation is, that in order to explain the connection between the soul and the body the Reincarnationist supposes that the pre-existing individuality must be joined to a congenial germ bearing some relation to its antecedent acquisitions. Hence when a genius is born of common-place parents, he points to the fact as being due to the individuality of the spirit who has moulded the inherited germ to a correspondence with his own nature. When, on the other hand, he is confronted with apparently clear cases of inheritance, he is obliged to admit the power of hereditary transmission from the parents. Thus he would seem to hold two theories antagonistic to, and exclusive of each other, one or other of which he will use as it suits him. "Either," A. B. says, "the soul entering at conception moulds

the body to its own nature, and then inheritance goes for nothing, and genius is in the pre-existing soul, or the germs of capacity are inherited, and there is no indication of an individuality entering from without."

This argument would have great force if the two theories were actually antagonistic, and excluded each other. But the reply to it is easier than may at first appear. So far from being antagonistic, the two theories complement each other and merge into one. It is not a new idea to those who have given any thought to the facts of inheritance that the law of inheritance is quite as much a problem as a law. No one doubts that there is such a law, but no one can, with any precision, define its action. No adequate theory has yet explained the anomalies, and the constant and minute differences of its action. No one can define the limits of variations from the strict letter of the law; while at the same time we are perfectly certain that there are and must be limits to these variations. Thus, idiocy, by affecting the sexual power, limits the indefinite reproduction of degenerate conditions of mind. Thus, great genius, very seldom, if ever, reproduces its like. Variation, however, seems to be a chief condition of inheritance. No child is exactly like its parents, and there are often very great mental differences between the children of the same parents. Hence heredity cannot be considered as a simple but as a complex law, whatever theory we may hold as to its action. If, now, the soul is presumed to have any individuality at all, this individuality must be retained after it has left the body, whether as the result of one life or of many; and if this individuality should return to receive another and a more advanced lesson of life in another

bodily form, it must count for something in the complex result. It must have some influence upon the resulting combination of the physical acquisitions of the race and of the individual acquisitions of the spirit through the ages. Hence the result must be due to a composition of forces throughout the whole organisation; and this will allow of further progressive acquisitions in connection with its new life, the more advanced conditions of the world at the time, and the greater accumulation of experiences transmitted in the cerebral organisation of the infant. Precisely the same thing must be postulated by Traducianism for the union of the new soul-individuality derived from the parents with the physical germ of like derivation, save that in this case the union with matter has been continuous throughout the evolution of the race, and consequently the young psychical offshoot has only the acquisitions secured in connection with the earthly life of the race. Whether a psychical evolution constantly taking place under the same conditions is likely to be progressive is a question which will be discussed further on. Metempsychosis, or Reincarnation, infers, on the contrary, from the evolutionary process taking place on earth, a complementary process in a future existence, to which the earthly one is again complementary, and so on, the evolution of the race taking place under the known conditions of earth and the inferred ones of a spiritual world or future state.

As is seen, there is nothing in either Traducianism or Metempsychosis which is opposed to the theory of evolution, while there is also no *direct* evidence in favour of either. If the results of inheritance were uniform, there would seem to be strong evidence in favour of Traducianism, though

Reincarnationists could still invoke the general similarities of the mind and the similarity in the circumstances of development; but, in point of fact, variation is the rule and not the exception. The Traducianist need not be an evolutionist unless he accepts as all-sufficient the different principles which have been brought forward in support of the process of earthly evolution. The Reincarnationist is perforce an evolutionist, for he postulates a progressive evolution in two worlds in lieu of one. Hence much will depend on our appreciation of the question whether progress is more likely to occur when the conditions which favour variation are furnished by two different modes of existence than when all the conditions are supplied by only one mode, and are hence very similar. Traducianism throws upon physical evolution the whole burden of working out its problem; whereas Reincarnation seems to lighten its difficulties. A most difficult point in earthly evolution is how to account for the variations admittedly occurring; for Natural Selection cannot initiate variations, but can only eliminate those which are unfavourable, and thus promote the hereditary transmission of the favourable ones.

Mr. Darwin has remarked in his "*Descent of Man*" (2nd ed., pp. 44 and 62, 1879) that some efficient causes must exist which have produced the variations, and that these are related much more closely to the constitution of the varying organism than to the conditions to which it has been subjected; and Dr. Alleyne Nicholson observes in his *Introduction to the Study of Biology*, p. 139: "The *origin*, therefore, of variations is not elucidated in any way by the doctrine of Natural Selection, and we are compelled to believe that the variability of the individuals of a

species depends upon some internal law with which we are not as yet acquainted. It thus remains open for us to believe that the law which gives rise to variations is in every way a more important one than that under which they are simply preserved."

Traducianism when coupled with the theory of evolution must therefore in some way be competent to explain the possibility of these variations, when, throughout the evolution of organic forms, the primal fact of the variations upon which the theory of evolution has been framed has taken place in connection with constantly renewed intelligences which have never left the earthly scene of their development. Hence A. B., speaking in favour of Traducianism, observes: "Thus, although every newly born individual comes into life with good and evil tendencies, yet, as in every case it must gain *some* experience, and move at least in *some* degree in the right direction (since otherwise it would soon cease to exist), it *must*, at the end of life, have gained something in its passage through the world." And further on he remarks that here alone can the motive power of variation be found.

Solely from terrestrial evolution must we therefore expect all the progress which has occurred. But what has caused the progressive impulse of variations? Obviously the varying conditions of existence can alone be considered adequate to call forth the adaptations of all kinds which result in variations. If our progress has been brought about by a natural process of evolution, we cannot imagine a more efficient cause than this; yet there are very many variations which cannot have resulted from the conditions known to us. It is at this juncture that a combination of the parents' souls, or life principles, is

deemed to supply the cause of progressive variations. *Some* motion in the right direction *must* occur. Nevertheless the conditions are the same for the procreated souls as for the procreators. It seems also probable that the *far greater* motion would be in the wrong direction, and this being transmitted likewise would out-balance the first. Furthermore, if in every case some motion in the right direction must occur, we should not expect to find, as is actually the case, that some nations and some savage tribes have remained stationary for enormous periods of time.

Reincarnation, on the other hand, so far from assuming a new and derived individuality which has to adapt itself suddenly to certain new conditions of existence, assumes one which has been adapting itself *integrally* to its conditions in two different modes of existence, and has been through the ages extending its powers in correspondence with them.

But whatever may be thought of the power of physical evolution to solve its problem from the Traducianist point of view, that in which Traducianism seems most unacceptable is in the character of the immortality it has to offer.

As has been pointed out, metempsychosis leads us to consider the evolution of life upon our planet from two points of view—that of the unseen world, and that of the seen. Hence there must be a constant action and reaction between the two worlds, and between the individual who develops in two conditions of existence and the race, as a whole, of which he forms part. The individual brings into life all his previous acquisitions in the two modes of existence, while the race supplies the physical acquisitions which it has been continuously perfecting through the

ages. The principle of the action and reaction of the racial and individual acquisitions of experience thus working throughout the whole scale of living beings, seems to accord better with the general principle of evolution, and to yield a more hopeful view of the theory of descent, whose present materialistic aspect it helps to spiritualise. Moreover, it will be found to explain the moral anomalies of our world as no other can, and to act as a moral lever by showing that we have a direct interest in improving all the conditions of our world and race.*

As a contrast to this view, A. B. presents that of the derivation of the soul from the parents in the shape of a germ or breath. The laws which apply to matter are, according to this view, applicable to mind. The body grows and supplies a germ which develops into an independent organism. Similarly the soul is originally a double germ, contributed by both parents, which develops into a full-grown soul. The analogy is complete, and the conception simple. It only remains to inquire whether it will stand the test of the most obvious objections. Since our souls are derived from our parents, they must have been thrown off, so to speak, from their souls—that is, like has produced like. And as the analogy with matter is complete, the soul is, like the physical organisation, derived from the lowest forms. The lowest forms to which organic evolution takes us, passing through all intermediate stages on our way downwards, are such microscopical jelly specks as *Protamœbæ*, *Polythalamia*, &c. These are, therefore, our true psychical parents, as they are our physical ones. And A. B.

has admitted that the whole series of living beings is immortal. The *Protamœba*, therefore, after dividing its substance and elementary soul into two parts, has been sufficiently prepared in the present life to continue its onward progress in another world. Of these little beings there must have been myriads on myriads since the commencement of life upon the globe until the present time. Similarly with all the organic forms up to man. They have all lived once upon the earth, and passed on to the spirit-world never to return. The vegetable and the animal kingdoms, including man, are therefore for the most part all in the spirit-world. This will necessitate our assuming, not only that there are inconceivably vast capacities of progress in that future state, but also that the nature of the progress or the condition of things there, is wholly independent of that which we know here. *Here* the race has required millions of years to work itself up, without solution of continuity, to the very relative degree of perfection it has attained. *There* any earthly preparation of whatever degree is sufficient as a preparation for eternity. And all this laborious process of development which has been taking place as regards the race only serves to supply denizens of different degrees to the spirit-world. Plants and animals, savages, apes, idiots, and clever men have each and all been prepared on earth, and in a portion of time which is to eternity far less than a drop of water is to the ocean. Evolution complemented in this way becomes, if possible, still more unintelligible. What can be the nature of the needs of that future world for such a process on earth? It must not be

* This conception has been more fully referred to by the writer in an essay of his on "Spiritual Evolution," published by Trübner.

lost sight of also that, according to this view, the earlier souls paid the penalty of our present advanced condition. They had not the advantages which we have, thanks to the laborious process of evolution in the race. They lived in ages of the world when the conditions of life were more wretched than now. Doubtless compensations may be alleged to exist in the other world. Our immediate ape-like ancestor may either be compensated by a more rapid promotion in that world, or, if remaining stationary, may be favoured with the most luxuriant vegetation and the most delicious fruits. But, surely, this is not the way in which a psychical complement to the theory of evolution can be found. If we are to take that theory for our guide we must postulate a complementary process in any assumed spirit world to the process which has taken place on earth. And if a complementary process is assumed, the same need which once existed of inhabiting the earth will occur again, or the first could not with any intelligible meaning be a necessary step in the process. Whatever theory we may hold of the genesis of the mind, its progress in the race is rendered obvious enough by the process of evolution. Are we to assume a different method of progress for the individual mind than that which has been manifested in the race? If so, on what grounds can we assume this? and what is that other progress?

Another objection to Traducianism is suggested by the facts of embryology. The physiological elements which, by their interpenetration and fusion, prepare the way for the evolution of the embryo under favourable conditions are two simple cells. Whether cells have souls of their own or not, is a question which

Professor Haeckel decides in the affirmative. He, however, gives this name to the sum of the properties of the cell. Many of the lowest forms of life are likewise cells. The impregnated cell divides first into two, then into four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two and more cells by a process of differentiation, which at length results in definite and recognisable structure. Now, if cells have souls of their own, and they certainly are living, these are clearly not the souls of the parent organisms, for these are the proper souls of the cells: they require and retain them, and each cell in the body is animated like them. When cells sub-divide, as pointed out above, each of the numerous cells is organised like the first. If, therefore, the embryo has a soul, it must exist over and above the little conglomeration of cells which it rules over. Indeed, Claude Bernard insists in his works on the conception that modern physiology must see in the organism a universe of cells, bathed in an internal medium, and presided over, so to speak, or animated by a vital power. The rudimentary offshoot of the full-grown souls of the parents which the Traducianist assumes is therefore not the cell soul, but must be an independent psychical entity influencing with its vital power the definite evolution of the embryo. Can particles of souls effect that which presumably a full-grown soul is required to effect? The analogy with matter may perhaps be here invoked, and it may be said that since a rudimentary cell develops into an embryo, the same may be the case with regard to a rudimentary soul. But is the analogy valid in this case? The question is as to power. Has matter, as matter, the power of developing in this way? All those who are not materialists deny to matter any

inherent power, and ascribe the structural energy to a vital power which, though manifesting itself in connection with matter, does not proceed from it. For us, therefore, who discuss the mode of the soul's genesis, there is no analogy. If the soul were no more than vital force, as A.B. seems to think, it would be conceivable that a part could represent the whole, for then it would be a definite quantity of energy employed to do a definite quantity of work; but for those who regard the soul as in any sense an emanation from a Divine mind, the view of our psychical derivation from our parents will seem insufficient in this case, as in others, and will appear to allow too much to the materialists. In the cases cited by A.B.* the physical position of the ova is deemed to determine the character of the ego in an absolute manner. But if we consider that the physical conditions are the only ones which determine the ego of the individual, we shall arrive at curious conclusions. The materialist will more than ever see in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life, and will see no need to assume an independent entity which can lend no power of its own to the mechanism of its production; an entity so thoroughly dependent on matter, that even in its origination matter has virtually been its creator. Matter has determined its feelings, emotions, aspirations, reason, and all. It will more than ever be necessary to assume a locality of supreme reward where it may at length be free of the almighty power of matter, if haply a locality anywhere can be assumed where matter of any degree of tenuity no longer is almighty, and where at length immateriality reigns alone and supreme. It may be also that

many of us, however fond we may be of our parents, may feel a repugnance to the consideration that we are but secretions of their minds; and our sense of dignity may revolt at the bare idea that our progress has been done for us and not by us. Metempsychosis, or reincarnation, on the other hand, suggests that we are in no sense the creators of our children, but that we only furnish the indispensable conditions in which their evolution is possible. Our connection with them is the general one of an evolving humanity with the units of all its parts, and the particular one of our affinity with them in our present existence and in others, by ties of affection and by the similarities of our intellectual and moral natures. The connection is therefore more spiritual than material.

The facts of inheritance again do not seem to the present writer to be as favourable to the Traducianist theory as A. B. seems to think. Much will depend in this case also on our point of view.

He says: "To the evolutionist, on the contrary, who considers that the bodily organs have been developed *pari passu* with the musical or mathematical soul from power accumulated during past generations, such apparently spontaneous developments of genius present no real difficulty. Every student of nature knows how complicated are the factors involved in the explanation of the simplest physical facts; and in a human being, the descendant of countless generations of ancestors, and inheriting germs of almost infinite varieties of capacity in different degree, we cannot expect to trace the source of all effects, any more than we can explain the curious strength of atavism which causes a slaty-blue

* See p. 5 of his paper.

pigeon to appear occasionally as the offspring of breeds having in them no trace of this type of bird. This would appear like a new creation if we were not acquainted with the original blue rock-pigeon from which the various breeds have descended; and, if we were equally informed as to the original stock and various developments of the human race, many apparently new varieties might doubtless be traced to their natural starting point. Neither must we forget that two natures are blended in the production of every living being, and that previous to experience it is as impossible to predict what neutralising or strengthening effects may thus be produced, as it is to foresee the nature of the reaction of certain chemicals which have never before been tested."

In other words, we do not know the cause of variations in mental character, but this is a powerful reason for ascribing it to derivation from the parents. For the analogy with matter meets us here again. As certain chemicals which have never before been tested offer unexpected reactions, so the combinations of particles of souls in certain proportions may yield unexpected results. In the instance previously cited of the mathematical genius who is born of commonplace parents, we must assume that a capacity for abstract reasoning existed in an unconscious form in the minds of the parents, or, that it arose in the child by a combination of wholly unlike mental properties. But these psycho-chemical combinations, determined by such capricious laws, may give to one child the nature of an idiot and to another that of a genius. Their results can never be uniform. Our origination, as independent souls, is consequently left to chance. Some will be especially favoured, others remarkably unfavoured.

But, as before observed, there may be methods of compensation in a future existence which may set all this right. It might, perhaps, be desirable to know what these are, but, for the present at least, we must rest contented with the idea that we have here a complete analogy with what occurs in the realm of matter. Indeed, the analogy with matter seems throughout so great in this theory that it becomes difficult to realise any ground of distinction between matter and mind; and one is surprised to find that at death this analogy ceases. For the vital force which is the soul, and has been throughout the evolution of organic forms, linked with the other material forces, is the single exception to their correlation, and retains an inconvertible existence after death. One is driven to expect, as the materialists certainly do, that this force, if it exists, will become dissipated like the rest and assume other modes.

However much we may admire the theory of descent, or the monistic principle which some have sought to build upon it, we need not for this reason identify mind with matter, but may recognise in the fact that they are never found apart, and act and react upon each other, a reconciling principle which will leave to each its sphere of action, notwithstanding their intimate connection. Our conceptions of Mind, as integrally retaining its individuality, and Matter and Force, as having no individuality and constantly transforming, would seem to establish a radical distinction between them, though existing together in Nature. But it is easy to see that it is possible to give the preponderance to either, according to the point of view we may assume. We may take either half to explain the

whole, but the result will be a partial theory, which will fail in one or other respect. It will either fail to satisfy the facts of our consciousness, or to meet the requirements of our more developed reason. Fortified by these considerations, we can as psychologists admit no analogy between mind and matter, though as partisans of physical science we must insist upon their interaction. Should any analogy be once admitted, we should be irresistibly impelled to carry this analogy so far as to imply equivalence, and matter and mind would be convertible terms. Our souls would appear as mere by-products of the physical evolution of the race, the psychic force—force being “the only fact which we can recognise”—would transform itself into some other force or forces, and the deification of matter would be complete. Should we, on the other hand, refuse to admit the interaction of matter and mind in the widest sense, the innumerable facts drawn from so many sciences, which facts all go to prove this interaction, would have to be disregarded in favour of theories which cannot be sustained. What we require therefore is a doctrine which will combine these our conceptions in one single principle, without detracting anything from matter or mind. Metempsychosis or reincarnation offers such a principle. It gives to the process of evolution an intelligible meaning, and to us some insight into our future existence by the conception of the complementary process which must take place there. It opens up a definite view of the progress admittedly occurring, a progress which will extend our mental and moral powers with every successive acquisition of experience. The backward condition of the savage,

the helplessness of the idiot, the apparent injustice of the differences in mental character, thus obtain a solution which is quite unattainable in any other way. By showing that the evolution of the individual takes place in two worlds, and that there must hence be a constant interaction between the acquisitions of the race and those of the individual, it throws light on the problem of heredity and suggests a two-fold law of variation with limitation, ensuring in the long run the same progress for all. The physical evolution of the race is seen to transmit a physical inheritance expressed in the disposition of the material molecules of the nervous system, and the general organisation; while the spiritual evolution of the individual supplies the intelligent motive power of the variations which matter alone could not yield. Thus matter and mind interact without ever merging into the same substance. It is through the interaction of these two factors that progress becomes secured for the race as a whole. The physical inheritance supplies the equilibrating or centripetal influence, while the individual acquisitions provide the living or centrifugal force of variability. And, more than this: the progress of the race and that of the individual being inseparable, the racial must overcome the individual progress. In this way it is possible to understand the extraordinary fact in heredity that highly divergent variations always tend to return to the primary order from which the divergence was manifested. By seizing upon spontaneous variations, artificial selection can, to some extent, perpetuate the same and promote further deviation from the normal standard. This is done by carefully furnishing the physical conditions of variation; but so

soon as these are not artificially supplied and enhanced, the natural impulse to return to the normal standard sets in, and variations resume the original type. There is likewise a power manifested in the process of evolution which ensures the non-deterioration of life. Notwithstanding all that is done by civilisation to promote the survival of the unfit* and the transmitted diseases of all kinds, the race, as a whole, continues to evolve progressively, both intellectually and morally. These facts suggest the conception of a pre-determined order in the evolution of life, which is not to be explained in any sufficient manner by a theory of organic units or hereditary gemmules.

Materialistic evolution, with which it is difficult not to identify the Traducianist theory, fails to supply likewise any grounds for moral action. What reasons have we, if we admit this theory, for furthering the advancement of our earth and our fellows? None of any significance. The earth we leave behind us, to pass on to a shadowy world, where *any kind* of earthly preparation is esteemed a sufficient passport for admittance into a realm of purer and higher joys. Perhaps it may seem ungracious to refuse an immortality of so alluring a kind, one that has no weary round and no forgetfulness; but, independently of its very indefinite character, there are various difficulties in the way of its acceptance which may perhaps not have occurred to the advocates of Traducianism. That of the separate immortal existence of all the living beings who may ever have appeared on the scene of earthly life, from the lowest forms up to the highest, has been referred to. Add to this that most of us

feel convinced that the other worlds in space are, like ours, freighted with living beings who, we are obliged to suppose, have not appeared there by means of any unnatural laws, but have been evolved in those globes by means of natural processes of evolution determined by the different conditions of each world. If Traducianism were correct, analogy would compel us to suppose that their minds had originated in the same manner as with us, that is, by derivation from the parents. We would thus have the interstellar spaces crowded with all the immortal beings that had ever appeared, not only on our world, but also on all the rest. This difficulty might perhaps be set aside, for it might be said that we could not tell how small a space would be occupied by them, or that they might be like mathematical points occupying no space. But what could then be their conditions of existence and progress? Would there be, under these conditions, a scheme of spiritual evolution in the interstellar spaces capable of supplementing with advantage that of our earth? For their intellectual activities would require, besides the space, if any, which they themselves occupied, further space in which to exert those activities, and in which they might be stimulated into action. If, unprepared to defend these conclusions, we were to postulate a complementary process of evolution in other worlds, we should be met by the difficulty that this would amount to a reincarnation in those worlds. And since in those other worlds, as on the earth, every embryo has a normal mind attached to it which has been derived from the parents, it would be necessary for the reincarnating

* See W. R. Greg's "Enigmas of Life," p. 89.

spirit to oust the normal possessor from his tenement in order to take his place. Other objections present themselves to this plan. We should leave far behind us all the associations we had formed in relation to our earth, and probably also we should thus detach ourselves from all that we had held dear in regard to our friends and relations.

The law of continuity requires, moreover, that since matter and mind have developed *pari passu*, the mind should bear an exact proportion to the grade which matter may have reached in every particular case; and hence that if this law is accepted as a law of nature, we cannot arbitrarily clear the space between a certain grade of existence and a different one. If then the lowest forms of life have minds of whatever degree, we know of no other progress for them than that of evolution, in subjection to the law of continuity and all the conditions under which they have come to be what they are. Any scheme of immortality can consequently only be complementary to the material conditions with which we are acquainted; and in this way would seem to involve the least number of assumptions. However this may be, space does not allow of the raising of further objections to Traducianism. There remains only to reply to some objections to reincarnation which are briefly referred to by A. B. at the close of his article, but which are probably those that have the most weight with the generality of minds in relation to this theory.

1. Reincarnation requires that "the old weary round should be trodden again and again." Probably this idea arises from the failure to realise the complementary process which must take place in a future state and which

will only allow of our returning to this world, when, through the progress which has been taking place, it has assumed a different and more advanced aspect. It is, moreover, a somewhat fastidious objection for evolutionists to raise, since all evolution shows that progress is necessarily gradual.

2. "The happy reminiscences of our life (which always outlive the unhappy ones, because we are constantly recalling them) pass from us when we go on to another." This is scarcely an objection, because even in this life reminiscences are not ineffaceable, and are expunged by those of a newer and still happier kind. The loss of memory of pre-existence is probably due to our temporary connection with gross matter; and what is lost in memory may be gained in grade.

3. Reincarnation "harrows the unfortunate mother with the thought that her newly-born child is not a part of her, but a strange wandering soul, which has taken up its abode in the body she has borne with so much pain." The reply to this has been anticipated by the consideration that our connection with our children is more spiritual than material, and that they have two grounds of connection with us, a general and a particular one. The words a "strange wandering soul" arise, therefore, from a misconception.

4. "Metempsychosis has inevitably led to a doctrine of Nirvana and a longing for annihilation." Professor Knight has pointed out in his able paper on the "Doctrine of Metempsychosis" (*Fortnightly Review*, Sept. 1878) that the doctrine of Nirvana or annihilation was temperamental with the Hindus, as can well be believed. It is not difficult to decide which is the doctrine that in modern Europe points to annihilation.

The objections to Traducianism

in the foregoing article have been made from the Reincarnationist point of view. Should they have no other effect—the connection of the soul with the physical organisation being so obscure—than that of inducing Traducianists to bring

forward further arguments in favour of their views, or further objections to Reincarnation, there will still have been something gained in the direction of forming the most rational hypothesis we can of our immortality.

J. P. B.

TOO RED A DAWN.

BY MABEL COLLINS, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," "In this World," "Our Bohemia," &c.

Rise in the Eastern sky soft rosy plumes
 Just as the sun, the king, sits on his throne ;
 Could richer splendour of a day be known
 Than this which heaven so fervidly illumines ?
 Too red a dawn !—have ye not heard that glooms
 Do lie in wait behind that treacherous zone ;
 Where on mist-maidens of the morn is thrown
 That purple robe, storm nears and thunder booms.

Long time 'twill be before this day grows clear,
 And all the surcharged passion shall be spent ;
 That sky must first let fall full many a tear,
 Its crimson beauty, ah, so sorely rent ;
 But trouble once o'erpassed, the noon-day sphere
 From the purged air gains added ornament.

CHAPTER I.

A DIM winter afternoon in London : the last faint ray of sunshine was almost conquered by the frost, and the fog hung heavily around.

A gentleman and a lady got out of a carriage and entered a large house close to Kensington Gardens ; the carriage drove away to the stables, for its owners were now at their own door.

These two people—Gerald and Bertha Hamerton—lovers of some eighteen years' standing, passed arm in arm, out of the chilly atmosphere, into one of the most beautiful houses in London ; and that house was their home. These were what we call fortunate people ; their lives were full of the luxury of wealth, of the colour of art, of the charm of love. They knew of no unhappiness, of no discords, of no want within their own home. Everything which immediately surrounded them was softened by their own atmosphere, an atmosphere made charming by

good breeding, good taste, and warm hearts. The house they lived in was so full of art that to enter it gave one something of the sense of entering a shrine, and yet at the same time the very air in it was so full of happiness that it seemed as though one were transported to a gayer climate than that of our cloudy island.

They went in and passed slowly up the broad, soft-carpeted stairs with that easeful step which does not mean fatigue, but the leisureliness of enjoyment. Truth to tell, most people would linger going up those stairs, for the effects were so warm and rich, and there were some pictures worth looking at, even upon the walls of the stairway. But, as they went up, the most beautiful thing in that house flashed out from between the curtains which hung over an arch ; and that was the face of Merrill Hamerton, their only child. The girl danced out to them like some light-hearted woodland creature.

" Oh, mama, I have been waiting

so long to ask if I may just go into the Gardens with Arthur to look at the skating—only for a few minutes, mama.”

This last was in a tone of entreaty, for Mrs. Hamerton looked very doubtful indeed over the request.

“Oh let her go!” said Mr Hamerton, with his hearty manner. “Arthur must promise to keep her out only a few minutes. I don’t think you have been out all day, have you Merry?—I don’t wonder you want a run.”

Arthur Wansy was standing on the great fur rug which lay in front of the drawing-room fire. He had been sitting in a lounging chair, but had risen on hearing the Hamertons come in; and now he seemed to find a certain languid pleasure in contemplating the group before him, which, framed in the heavy curtains of the archway, was certainly a very charming one. Merry had flung herself upon her mother, and was pressing her warm face against Mrs. Hamerton’s, which was cold with the outer air; and Mr. Hamerton, with that physical amiability more common in big than in little men, was submitting to be kept standing behind them in the doorway.

“It is getting so dark and cold now,” said Mrs. Hamerton, hesitating; “why do you want to take her, Arthur?”

They all seemed to expect an answer to this question, and Arthur Wansy, although gifted with a great amount of self-possession, seemed rather puzzled how to reply to it. After a moment’s pause he said, “Because she looks so pretty in her furs.”

They all laughed. Mr. Hamerton laughed heartily. Mrs. Hamerton with amusement, but a little less glee. However, the ingenuous compliment caught her, and she yielded. “Run and put

on the furs, Merry,” she said, “but be very quick, for you must be home soon.”

Arthur, having obtained his wish, sat down in a very easy chair by the fireside with much of the air and appearance of a tame cat, and he seemed to be something of the sort, for Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton scarcely noticed him, but began to discuss some purchases they had been making at a sale of old china. They were debating which of the cabinets should be re-arranged to admit the new treasures, and they proceeded with the discussion, paying no more attention to Arthur than if he really had been a familiar tabby. He, meantime, sat lazily in his comfortable corner, waiting for Miss Hamerton’s return. She was back again in something like two minutes, looking certainly very pretty in her furs. Lazily Arthur rose from his lounge and joined her. Mr. Hamerton smiled at the two and just said, “Be quick back, Merry dear, or you will get cold.” Mrs. Hamerton sat down in the lounge which Arthur vacated, and loosed her cloak impatiently, as if its pressure across her chest was more than she could bear.

“Gerald,” she said, “I wish that boy would do something which would give me an excuse to forbid him the house. I hate to have him always hanging after our Merry.”

“My dear, they are little more than children, and while he lives next door it is but natural that they should run about a little together. It would do more harm than good to interfere in any way.”

“I suppose so,” said Mrs. Hamerton more quietly, yet with a distress in her voice; “but still I don’t like it. Our Merry is too dear a child to be so much with a

young man like Arthur, who I know is both selfish and fast. I can see it in his eyes."

Mr. Hamerton came and knelt on the hearthrug by his wife's chair and took her hand. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fine man of middle age, with just that touch of coming snow upon his hair which is more beautiful about a face on which experience has placed its mark, than any aureole of gold. He was a man of large physical presence and considerable dignity, yet he had retained that boyishness which always clings about a gentle nature, and it enabled him to kneel at his wife's side with all of—perhaps more than—the grace of a young lover.

"Little woman," he said, "don't worry yourself. Those two are boy and girl together; if we interfere, it will just suggest to him that he might make love to her."

"I know," said Mrs. Hamerton, "but still we must do something. We will try to get Clotilda Raymond to stay with us for a week or two; it would give Merry a companion, and one, too, who I am sure is very good for her."

"Yes, Clotilda is a very sweet girl," said Mr. Hamerton thoughtfully; "but she is so clever, I sometimes think she hardly cares for our Merry."

"No one can help loving Merry," cried Mrs. Hamerton with some warmth. "She does not write verse like Clotilda. She is not all brains; but, dear me, Gerald, even poets know the beauty of a sweet, pure nature, true and constant as a rock, like our little girl's."

"Why dear, I know!" said Mr. Hamerton, laughing a little at his wife's indignation; "all I meant was that I did not know whether Clotilda found herself rather out of her natural element with us."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Hamerton,

"so many of her friends come here that I think she is happy. And it does her good, because her life is almost too intellectual—while ours is perhaps not quite intellectual enough." She finished her speech with an amused laugh.

"You are severe, Bertha," said Mr. Hamerton, rising from his knees and drawing himself up, as he stood in front of the bright fire. "You are very severe; but doubtless you are right. We do the best we can, I think; and if the Creator did not over-burden us with brains, we cannot well help it. But there is one thing which I really believe we do very well: and that is appreciating what other people do."

"Just so," said Mrs. Hamerton with a smile, half of amusement, half of genuine enjoyment. She rose, as she spoke, with the intention of leaving the room; but she paused a moment at her husband's side, and looked around. Certainly the evidences of a capacity of appreciation were all about her. The room was a sort of temple of art in itself, and gave, even to an unobservant eye, a deep sense of repose which penetrated to the very soul and quieted it. One peculiar magic in pure art lies in its power of appeal, not only to the intensely æsthetic eyes, but also to those hardly awakened to beauty. To these latter it simply conveys a sense of perfection which gives a feeling of rest and peace. None can be so blind as not to derive some delight from Perugino's pictures, although many will be unaware of what it is which penetrates to their souls and soothes them. They do not understand where the perfection lies which overpowers their senses. Even the unartistic would have a feeling of this kind in entering the Hamertons' house. When the hall door shut behind you, London and its

dreariness was shut out, and not only that, but forgotten; you had entered an atmosphere of art, and the very first breath of it brings a certain intoxication of the senses.

Mr. Hamerton had some right to speak of his power of appreciation: he was a critic and collector whose approbation delighted artists. He thought his wife (after eighteen years of marriage) the most beautiful and charming woman in the world; he had placed her in a home which might almost be pronounced as beautiful as a home could be. If it was a temple of art, Bertha Hamerton was its priestess.

"Let me take your furs away, Bertha," said her husband, "and you rest here till the tea comes; you are tired, I know."

"Thank you, Gerald," said she, absently. She was thinking how happy she was, and, in the depth of her contentment, was scarcely conscious of the voice of its principal creator. He took off her cloak and sealskin cap, and put them aside; and then pushed her gently into a chair.

"What are you dreaming of, little woman?" he asked, after a little silence.

"You, I fancy," she answered. Mr. Hamerton laughed as he stood up with an action as of straightening himself, which was habitual to him.

"You are absurdly unlike the generality of women," he said; "it is unusual, isn't it, to stay in love with the same man for eighteen years?"

"Why, yes," she answered, "I should think it is unusual, because there are not many men like you."

"I don't know about that, but certainly there are not many women with such a constant heart as yours. It is a great gift, that quality of constancy. I hope, and

indeed I believe, our Merry has it from you."

"I wish she would come in," said Mrs. Hamerton, a shade of uneasiness crossing her handsome, happy face.

"Oh, she is all right," said Mr. Hamerton lightly; "Arthur will take care of her."

"Of course, but I never feel so uneasy about her as when she is with him. I have a presentiment that, if any trouble comes into our darling's life, it will be through Arthur Wansy."

"Presentiments always mean the opposite thing," said Mr. Hamerton. "It is the only weakness in your character, that you are so fond of your dreams and fancies; and, just to show how foolish they are, here are the children coming upstairs. Don't you hear Merry's voice?"

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton. A second after the heavy curtain which hung over the arched entrance to the room was pushed aside, and Merry Hamerton, with a glowing face and sparkling eyes, danced into the room like an embodiment of joy. Mrs. Hamerton opened her arms instinctively, and the girl flung herself, furs and all, right into their embrace. No lovelier picture could be imagined than that made by the mother and daughter. Arthur Wansy leisurely coming through the curtains dropped them behind him, and paused to look at it, forgetting, in the pleasure of admiration, his usual habit of immediately ensconcing himself in a comfortable arm-chair. Merry looked simply the most perfectly happy and bright-eyed of English girls. Her mother had more the air of a Roman matron, for she wore a dress made much in the fashion which the ladies of Rome wore some two thousand years ago, and Roman ornaments

of beaten gold lay upon her neck and glittered in her dark hair. With her matured beauty, her stately preservation amid middle age of all the charms and fascinations of womanhood, she wore this picturesque dress as few women could wear it. The two had unconsciously placed themselves in a most charming attitude. Mrs. Hamerton was sitting on a wide carved seat, a chair which was a perfect example of pure Byzantine art. Its light wood, ornamented with brass and ivory, and the great yellow satin cushions which lay upon it, made a most perfect framework to her form, dressed in its curious robe of some dim yellow material. Right in her arms lay Merry, all covered with sealskin, so that only her bright young face flashed out from her dark figure. Mr. Hamerton, standing upon the hearthrug, watched them quietly, as he had often watched them before, with the same sense as they always gave him, that, beautiful as his house might be, it was the presence of these two which made it perfect. Crowded upon the tables in this room were specimens of ancient art, Greek, Roman, and Japanese, which were priceless. Yet, beauty-lover and votary of the arts as he was, the owner of all these things knew well enough that the true hearts of the two fair women, who made a home of this museum of beauty, were of a far more incalculable value than anything else which it contained.

After a moment's pause in her pretty attitude, which had struck the two men with admiration, Merry turned her head. Her eyes flashed across first to Arthur, where he still stood by the curtains of the doorway. Mr. Hamerton, looking at her so intently, noticed the glance, and caught, as it were, the meeting of the two pairs of eyes,

for his own travelled like lightning across to Arthur's face. A certain intelligence which passed between them in those glances struck him with a sudden wonder. It was hardly the look of two children who are only playmates—what was it then? There was but one answer to that, in his mind, in such a perfectly natural case as this, of two handsome young people, both rich and unexceptionable. He suddenly became aware that his wife had keener senses than his own, and that these young people, after all, were children no longer. Arthur, now that Merry had changed her position, and the spell was broken, came over to the warmth of the fire. Mr. Hamerton eyed him curiously as he approached. "I'd like to duck him in the Round Pond if he's been making love to my little girl," he said to himself; "and yet there's not a single objection to be made to him. He's a handsome fellow, straight as a dart—bears himself as if he were somebody and knew it; rich and well connected. I wish he were in Japan, or travelling in search of the North Pole."

Perhaps this charitable wish made itself somehow felt in Mr. Hamerton's atmosphere. At all events, Arthur, after warming himself all round at the fire, took his leave without sitting down. Mr. Hamerton did not trouble to see him out, or even to ring for a servant. Arthur Wansy came in and out familiarly.

When he had left the room Mr. Hamerton went and sat down in the wide seat beside his wife, and put his arm round Merry. He drew her towards him, took her hat off, and held her head against him, so that her clear eyes met his.

"Do you remember," he said, "what you used to say when you were a little thing, just in your

frocks, if you fell down and hurt yourself?"

"No," said Merry. Then suddenly, "Oh, yes, I do!—'You great big boy, come and pick me up.' Wasn't that it?"

The father and mother both laughed heartily, for Merry spoke with a reminiscence of her infantile lisp, which came back to her tongue with the words.

"Why, Gerald!" said Mrs. Hamerton. "I haven't heard that for years. What ever made you think of it again?"

"Because I don't want Merry to forget that I'm only a great big boy, one of whose vocations in life is to pick her up. Now, you two, you must go and dress. You know we dine at the McClintocks' to-night, and we positively must get there somewhere within an hour or so of the time they name. So be quick."

Mrs. Hamerton looked at her watch—a tiny thing studded with jewels, but which nevertheless kept time—and started up at once. "Come, Merry," she said, "it is really getting late. We will have tea while we are dressing. Take it up to my dressing room," she said to the servant, who was just then bringing it in. Arm in arm the mother and daughter went slowly up the wide stairs, where the walls were covered with pictures, and where statues stood at every corner—the simple loveliness of the marble gleaming against the tapestry hangings. The house was warm with beauty and stately with art at every turning. Merry went up, leaning almost heavily on her mother and with her eyes on the ground. Presently she heaved a deep sigh. Mrs. Hamerton looked quickly at her; the sound was one so strange from this girl. A single tear had crept from under the dark lashes and quivered there upon her cheek. "Merry, what is the matter?"

exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton, pausing and looking at the downcast face. Merry raised her head and showed two dim eyes, all suffused with unshed tears.

"I don't know, mama," she said, "I don't know, indeed."

Mrs. Hamerton looked again at her, kissed her, and then turned into her dressing room alone and closed the door behind her.

"What a sad thing it is," she murmured to herself, "that everybody has to grow up!"

She felt a strange, heavy feeling at her heart, as if some unknown sorrow had penetrated its depths; but presently all this was quite banished and forgotten when the tea came, and with it Merry, clad in a pink dressing gown, her dusky hair all over her shoulders, and her eyes, so lately full of tears, sparkling with the mirth which, with this happy child, seemed perpetually to arise out of herself, like the waters of a sunlit fountain. No dark shape of sorrow had ever yet crossed her path. She was still in that joyous time when all the world appears to be irradiated with sunshine; when the poor and sick are in existence just to be the recipients of charity, and made happy by it; when the whole of mankind are more or less perfect, only differing in degree as to their virtues. Merry believed implicitly that everybody was good and that everybody was intended to be happy, and believed it, too, after seventeen years of experience in this cold world of ours. But then Merry, though she was perpetually in society, had actually hardly yet peeped beyond the curtains of her babyish bassinette. She was always sheltered under her mother's wing and guided by her father, and she naturally imagined that all the world was as true and as charming as Gerald and Bertha Hamerton.

Mrs. Hamerton lay back in her chair, and, while she drank her tea, watched the girl's face,—every dimple and smile spoke only of a happy soul; and so at last the dim presentiment passed out of the mother's heart.

When they went down dressed at last, to find Mr. Hamerton waiting in the drawing room and the carriage at the door, they were laughing together like two children; and the sound of their voices was so agreeable to Mr. Hamerton's ears, that he forgot to scold them for being, as usual, very late.

"Now," he said, as they settled themselves in the carriage, "close your eyes, and get yourself into a properly pre-Raphaelite state of mind. Turn on the æsthetic tap to the full, else the McClintocks will think your education has been neglected."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Hamerton from out of a depth of furs, "that Clotilda Raymond may be dining there to-night. If so, shall I ask her to come and stay with us for a little while?"

"Yes, do," said Mr. Hamerton. And so the matter was left.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVED at the McClintocks' house, and, it is to be hoped, having got themselves into a properly æsthetic state, they were ushered into a drawing room, where subdued lamps with rose-coloured shades gave the dimmest of religious lights. A faint odour of incense pervaded the room; there was a sound of voices, but even that was a solemn sort of murmur, as of awe-struck votaries at a shrine. The chatterers were gathered in a group around a lady, who seemed to be in some sort the goddess at whose shrine they worshipped. She was not prepossessing in appearance, having a kind

of roll of the eye that to most persons unacquainted with her would have suggested incipient insanity. She was lounging elegantly in a very low chair. She was clothed magnificently in a very low-necked dress. She rose from her chair, when the Hamertons were announced, in a studied manner. "Dear Mrs. Hamerton, how good of you. I am so glad to see you and your charming daughter. Rollo, take Miss Hamerton nearer the fire; she is quite cold." Rollo, a highly educated and intensely profound youth, with all the Oxford stiffness in his back, and all the newest nonsense on the tip of his tongue, obeyed with as much alacrity as his elegant manners allowed, for he very much admired Miss Merry. There was no great natural gaiety in the McClintocks' house—they were all too refined; but they were not too obtuse to admire pure gaiety of heart when that rare and charming quality came in their way. So Rollo regaled Miss Merry with various rather high-flown remarks during the waiting for the announcement of dinner. He always felt it his duty to be as sentimental as possible in the presence of a pretty woman. He amused Merry very much. She had a natural sense of humour, and delighted in the two McClintock sons, and the affectation with which they persisted in hiding some genuine ability. To-night for the first time she experienced faintly a slight sensation of boredom: the man wearied her with his nonsense, and she yawned behind her fan. "I wonder why I feel so tired," she said to herself in some amazement. Her emotions had all been so unconscious hitherto that she was quite perplexed by this new sense of realising her own mental fatigue. She was delighted when dinner was announced, and the gal-

lant Rollo's mind was a little distracted from sentiment to the more serious matter of handing her down. She found herself at dinner opposite Clotilda Raymond, and as her glance fell on her, she remembered that her mother had said she would ask her to come and stay with them. Instantly the thought passed through her mind, "I shall have to go about with her. I shall not see Arthur so often." Just then Clotilda looked up and smiled her recognition. She and Merry were great friends, though of a very different order of girlhood. Merry suddenly became conscious of the thought in her mind as she met Clotilda's smile. Her answering smile was lost in a blush so vivid, so intense, so painful, that she thought the eye of every person at the table must be upon her, and that everyone would guess at what seemed to her in her innocence her shame and her agony; for, in that sudden, half-unconscious thought, she was forced into an awakenment so strange to her, that it made her heart beat and her head throb. Rollo McClintock, turning to speak to her, was startled by the expression of her face and the passionate flush which still lingered even upon her forehead. "You are not well, Miss Hamerton," he said; "this room is too hot." Merry assured him she was all right, and indeed her sudden colour was rapidly giving place to a degree of paleness not common with her. She made an effort and went on with her dinner and her artistic gossiping with Rollo. Very soon she was herself again, and had almost conquered her rush of feeling when, glancing across the table, she met Clotilda Raymond's eyes full upon her. They were always soft, sweet eyes, but now they appeared as though filled with a new and inexplicable sympathy.

Clotilda was a poetess of the emotional order; but, surely, thought Merry to herself, she could not have divined any need of her sympathy. Can a blush speak in words? wondered poor Merry, overcome by her new consciousness. Clotilda's earnest gaze was easily explained. She was a student of human faces, and to-night she was filled with the idea that there was some change in Merry's expression. Her next impulse, as an avowed reader of human souls, was to discover the meaning of this new look in her friend's eyes, the added sweetness which hovered about her lips and gave them a look more soft and delicate than even that which is given by the freshness of perfect youth. "It is only that Merry is developing, I suppose," she concluded; "her mind is opening, and she is beginning to taste of the bitters and sweets of life." This idea decided Clotilda to accept Mrs. Hamerton's invitation at once when it was given later in the evening, especially as it was earnestly pressed by Merry herself. Mrs. Hamerton was charmed by Merry's warmth. "How is it possible," she thought, "that she could care for a young fellow like Arthur if she can love a girl so intellectual as Clotilda Raymond?" Mrs. Hamerton had a bad habit of undervaluing Arthur Wansy, as most mothers undervalue their daughters' early admirers.

"Little girl," said Mr. Hamerton to Merry after they were in the carriage and driving home, "you have looked very pale to-night. Do you feel well?"

"Yes, papa, thank you," said Merry, with a little undertone in her voice of something which was new to these two who were so familiar with its every ring and change.

"Are you sure you feel well?" he repeated, leaning forward to try

and see her face by the lamp light. His answer was a sudden passion of tears, something so strange and unusual in Merry that it startled them both inexpressibly. Mrs. Hamerton put her arms out and drew her close, nursing her as though she were a baby in some depth of childish distress; but well the mother knew, as she felt the rise and fall of that throbbing young heart, that this was no babyish storm. She said nothing, however; the girl was only treated as if she were over-tired, and when she got home, was petted like a weary child. Merry had always been "the baby," and to-night she accepted this tenderness in thankful silence, feeling simply that it wrapped around and comforted her startled soul.

"What do you suppose is the matter with our Merry?" asked Mr. Hamerton, when at last his wife came back from soothing the girl to sleep.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hamerton, not caring to give her ideas that definiteness which comes with explanation; "perhaps she has been dull lately, wanting companionship. We are too fond of her perhaps, and keep her too much to ourselves. Young people need the companionship of young people. Clotilda comes to-morrow; we must take them out as much as possible. I daresay it will do Merry good."

"Yes, we can see if it does," said Mr. Hamerton, who also did not care to form his thoughts by putting them into words. "If not, we must take her away from home for a while, and see what a change will do."

The next morning Merry seemed quite herself again, and she played one of those little tricks on Arthur which only a woman is capable of. He wanted to take her to one of the winter exhibitions in the after-

noon; he had asked her, and had trusted to her persuading her father or mother to go, or, as more often happened, both. Merry chose to forget all about it, and when he came in, after lunch, expecting to find her, as usual, waiting for him, she had gone in the carriage to fetch Clotilda Raymond. He was very much disgusted, but said nothing, as Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton had evidently never heard of the proposed expedition. He soon betook himself home again, for the two elder Hamertons, though perfectly polite, were never very warm to him. It was Merry who was his friend in the house, and whose child-comradeship with him had admitted him through that front door, which in his earlier boyhood had seemed like some enchanted portal, so delicious even to his partially educated sensibilities, was the luxurious artistic atmosphere within it. The drawing-room windows of the two houses were only divided by an iron bar; the small gardens were separated by a very low wall. In early childhood these solitary children had, out of the sociable disposition of their age, amused themselves by holding confab over the garden wall; as they grew older they would sit on the balconies in the dusk of the summer evenings. It was impossible to keep them apart, so the heads of the two families, though by no means naturally sympathetic, made the best of the circumstances by politely pretending to be so. The acquaintance gradually resolved itself into formal calls at long intervals between the two ladies; and in Arthur's pervading the Hamerton's house—spending half his time there, in fact, when at home. Arthur was one of those persons who cannot endure to be alone for a moment, and who

simply will not stand being bored. His own parents bored him exceedingly, and ever since he had entered upon the dignity of breeches he had made a point of avoiding their society as far as possible. To-day he went home in very ill-humour. He had not anticipated Merry's forgetting her engagement in this way. He did not quite know what to do with himself. He went back home, and entered the dining-room with his hands in his pockets (that most impudent of all masculine attitudes), and a not over-amiable expression on his face. Mrs. Wansy was sitting by the fire, dressed to go out. She was waiting for the carriage, and was fidgeting and getting more angry every second because it was so long in coming. She opened her eyes in some surprise at Arthur's appearance, but did not concern herself about it, for her mind was too full of the more important matter of the coachman's delay to admit of considering anything else at the moment. She was a woman who habitually took in ideas very slowly.

"It is really too annoying," she said, fretfully, "the way that man keeps me waiting. He is positively growing into a tyrant. I shall be afraid to order the carriage when I want it soon, but shall have to ask him if I may go out. I do think, Arthur, that you might speak to him."

"I speak to him," said Arthur, with that lordliness of manner which the modern young man knows so well how to assume towards his elders; "thank you, I should get into a row with the governor then. I believe that coachman of ours is the only man in the world the governor's afraid of. What a thousand pities when people keep horses who don't understand them!"

"Arthur, don't speak so of your father," said Mrs. Wansy, in a

tone of timid severity. She was arriving at a very trying period for the maternal feelings. It was a point of honour with her to maintain an appearance of authority with her son, and yet she was beginning to be afraid of him. It mattered little to Arthur what tone she took; he seldom paid any attention to her. Just now he was disposed for a wrangle and a jar of tongues, and would probably have succeeded in goading her into a fury in another ten minutes; but, fortunately for her, the carriage was announced, and Mrs. Wansy, who, despite all her secret rebellion, dared not have kept the carriage waiting at the door, hurried out. Arthur stood at the window, and watched the carriage drive away with something very like a sneer on his face. When it was out of sight he turned from the window with a groan of disgust. "What a prospect to gaze upon," he said aloud; "dead trees, a dirty road, a leaden sky, and all the ugliness of London walking and driving past. Confound it, why don't we have stained glass windows, like the Hamertons?"

He threw himself into a large easy chair close by the fire. He enjoyed the sun or the fire just as a spaniel does; he basked in it with the deepest physical satisfaction. But, though he liked to be warm, he also liked to be amused; and there was very little in that handsome dining room to afford amusement or interest of any kind. It was one of those sort of rooms which a valuer or house agent can describe admirably. Everything in it was of the very best, the handsomest, the heaviest; the silk window curtains hung in splendid folds from the thickness of their make; the table stood like a rock in the middle of the room; the sideboard shone with perfectly polished silver. It was a room to

dine your friends in, with dignity ; to eat turtle soup in, drink old port, and to entertain solemnly. But who dare be witty in such a room as this ? who dare look on life as a light thing, or make merry with fate, in the presence of these substantial upholsterings ? Here you were associating with the votaries of Wealth, and must needs be deferential to that great deity. The people who own these solid signs of riches would surely be shocked at the very atmosphere of a man who could be light-hearted amid debt and difficulty. There is a religion of riches as well as a religion of art ; but of all the worshipped task-masters of the earth none is so hard on those who really serve him as Wealth. It is not difficult to understand this : money should be a servant ; make of it a master and you will be tyrannised over as people always are who allow their servants to rule them. The home of the person who is avowedly and deliberately *rich* generally exhibits a strange absence of prettiness. This was very conspicuous in the Wansies' dining-room, where everything was sternly solid.

Arthur sat and looked about for awhile, and then relieved his feelings by a vast yawn. His next proceeding was natural enough under the circumstances. He put on his hat, took a hansom, and went into town in search of amusement, and did not return home until just eight o'clock, in time for dinner. Mrs. Wansy had come in from her calls, and was re-arrayed in a subdued splendour for the evening. Mr. Wansy had returned from the City, where he buried himself from early morn till dewy eve. It did not appear to hurt him, however. He was a man who maintained an incessant flow of good animal spirits and never allowed anything to interfere with

his enjoyment of life, except on those occasions when he found it necessary to get into a violent temper. Probably he enjoyed this also, or he would not have done it so well or so often, but other people did not generally find much amusement in these exhibitions. His clerks, his servants, his wife, regarded his anger with an awe which only can be inspired by a tyrant. His coachman and his son were the only two persons under his roof for whom he had a certain secret respect, and he did his best to keep that secret locked in his own breast. Wilkins, his coachman, understood horses, and he did not ; his horses had cost a great deal of money, which was a sufficient reason for him to be intensely proud of them, and he really did not know when they would or when they would not catch cold. For Arthur he had a certain secret respect, because he had paid enormous sums for his education and college expenses ; while he himself had acquired his limited learning at a country day-school, and the only accomplishments he possessed were reading, writing, and making money. He was perfectly conscious that Arthur entered a world of which he himself knew nothing and cared to know nothing ; business fully occupied his whole mind, and he considered that his whole duty to his son was fulfilled when he yearly paid all his expenses. There is evidently some attractiveness in the idea that parental duty consists simply in supplying a young man with enough money to pay for any vices he may choose to develop, seeing that so many parents are content with such a view. There is some justification perhaps for business men in the fact that they, as a rule, really have no leisure, and (more important still) no brains, to spare for attention to their children.

Arthur seemed to flourish on this system: he was growing into a broad-chested handsome young fellow, half a head taller than his father; was developing most gentlemanly tastes, and thoroughly understood pleasing and amusing himself. This was a great relief to his father, who rewarded him by making it a point of honour never to inquire how he had been employing himself. So long as Arthur kept within his liberal allowance, contracted no debts, and kept a good appearance before the respectable circle of acquaintances in which the Wansies moved, he might do just as he chose. And Arthur did so; showing his appreciation of his home life principally by a tolerably regular appearance at the dinner hour. Truth to tell, the cook of the establishment was a very excellent one, and Mr. Wansy's wines were really good. That gentleman himself now stood upon the great rug in front of the drawing-room fire. The steel of the fireplace and fender shone in the light of the flames, and formed a perfect picture of brightness and glow; Mr. Wansy, spotlessly arrayed in evening dress, looked as cheerful as the hearth in front of which he stood. Notwithstanding all this brightness, Arthur closed his eyes for a second, with a slight shudder as he entered. He very rarely came into the drawing-room; when he did, this little spasm inevitably passed through his system. If he ever indulged in champagne and lobster so far into the small hours as to give him bad dreams, his nightmares always enacted themselves in this room. And why?—only because it was blue, quite blue; a perfect chaos of stretches of blue carpet, of blue satin couches, of blue satin chairs. A great mirror reflected the blueness and intensified it. In front of this mirror was a

row of artificial indiarubber plants, sticking their stiff green leaves out defiantly, as if they meant to stand by their own colour to all eternity in spite of the unfair majority of the Blues. Near them, in a large blue chair, sat Mrs. Wansy, dressed in black velvet, with many aggressive artificial roses in her cap, and looking as yellow, by dint of her beloved blue drawing-room, as a tolerably well-complexioned woman can be made to look. She was complaining of something, in the peculiar monotone of habitual aggrievement, and Mr. Wansy was not listening to her. He welcomed Arthur joyously, as a happy interruption to the Darby-and-Joanism of the moment. Mr. Wansy made small disguise of his contempt for the female sex generally, and his wife in particular. He had never made the acquaintance of a woman who could do anything except spend money, and if she could do that pretty well, it was a dead certainty that she would not be able to balance her accounts. Consequently, he was not likely to think very highly of the mental powers of the sex, as the capacity for making money was his measure of human virtue, and accurate bookkeeping appeared to him to be necessary to salvation. It is very doubtful whether he would have been able to regard a person who could not balance his accounts as possessing an immortal soul. Arthur had inherited a business faculty, and it is probable that Mr. Wansy would have regarded the results of a University education in a very different manner if he had found Arthur's brains bestowed upon the making of Latin verse, instead of that young gentleman exhibiting, as he did, a very fine appreciation of the value and virtues of hard cash. Arthur knew exactly how to keep his father in good humour,

and he took the trouble to do it, for he hated to be worried by anyone else being out of temper. So, if he did perchance bestow a few moments of his lordly leisure upon the blue drawing-room, he invariably glanced over the City article of the morning paper, in order to have some topics of conversation. This pleased his father very much; it made him feel that his son was a person of some intelligence; and it suited Arthur, as he generally obtained a few hints worth having in these little conversations—the fact being that he indulged his hereditary tastes by engaging in certain small private speculations of his own.

In this way the five minutes in the drawing-room, and the hour and a half of dinner itself, was generally got through pretty successfully in the way of conversation. Mrs. Wansy hardly ever said anything at dinner-time. She was a great eater, and was growing stout and flushed by dint of a total absence of exercise and much meat and wine. The substantial—almost aldermanic—repasts which were served in the solemn dining-room of this house were certainly not what would be called in the modern medical jargon, “brainial meals;” but then, as a witty writer recently remarked, it might be as well for people to ascertain the existence of an organ before they troubled themselves about providing it with special food. The Wansies understood the art of eating and drinking according to the usual English middle-class standard; their dinners were as portentous as their sideboard and as solid and heavy as their silver.

Arthur had a smoking-room, which, as his father never smoked, was his own sacred property. He had furnished it himself, and had contrived to introduce into it a certain air of luxury without the

overpowering sense of the upholsterer, which prevailed in every other part of the house. But still the solidity of the mansion penetrated even this sanctum; there was something heavy in the atmosphere, and Arthur could seldom support the solitude of his smoking-room after he had disposed of a couple of fragrant cigars. He always went out in the evening. Rich young bachelors can always find plenty of society in London, of every description, and Arthur Wansy, when he issued upon the door step of his home, a handsome, cultivated, wealthy young man, had practically a little world of societies from which he might pick and choose his amusements and companions. As is frequently the case with the sons of men who have made money, Arthur went into circles both higher than his father could gain admittance to, and lower than he would have cared to have his father know anything about. But Arthur had not been trained up to the standard of Oxford æstheticism for nothing. He knew a good thing when he saw it; consequently, though there were plenty of rich people who would be glad to see him in their drawing-rooms (which were all more or less after the pattern of Mrs. Wansy’s), and though there were plenty of another sort of people, to whom the fact that he was rich was a sufficient introduction—and who were very amusing—yet his taste led him perpetually to prefer the Hamertons’ house to any of them. Here there was never anything to offend the most delicate mind, the most highly educated taste. These people belonged essentially to that charming modern class who make true politeness a principle of life, and who regard amiability as a virtue never to be dispensed with.

And so to-night—as on so many

previous nights—Arthur hesitated which way to turn; and when he had finished his cigar on the broad door step of the house, he eventually let himself in at the Hamertons' garden gate. Why should he not? There could be no reason for Merry's omitting to keep her engagement in the afternoon except the easy forgetfulness of such a light-hearted disposition as hers. And yet, for some undefined reason, he felt one degree less sure about his welcome than usual. But, he argued with himself, this was ridiculous. Merry had a friend with her now, which was all the more reason why she would be glad to see him. Girls always wanted men to amuse them; and so, with that peculiar consciousness of innate value, which lends a dignity to many an empty-headed puppy, Arthur boldly advanced.

"The gentlemen are still in the dining-room, sir," said the manservant who let him in.

"Oh," said Arthur, hesitating, "I did not know there were visitors."

"Only Mr. Richard, sir," said the man, shutting the front door, for he knew perfectly well that Arthur would stay; and Arthur did stay. Mr. Richard was a person of whom he had heard a great deal and whom he had never seen; therefore a certain amount of curiosity gave him an additional desire to stay. But he did not go into the dining-room; he preferred to get under the wing of his little friend Merry, who was always kind and sweet, and in whose atmosphere the very thought of ennui departed.

He went upstairs to the large drawing-room, admitting himself quietly through the heavy curtains which hung over the arched doorway. There was no one there, and the lights were turned low. A brighter light which gleamed through a curtain, and a low sound of voices, led him on.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a quaint little slip of a room hardly wider than a passage between the great drawing-room, and a room beyond which was sacred to certain pictures. This nook was a favourite one of Merry's, and here Arthur found the two girls to-night. The room of the pictures was called the Egyptian room from its peculiar style of decoration. A large picture by a modern master stood upon an easel at one side. It was illuminated so carefully that it never showed its beauty so fully as at night. The little ante-room in which the two girls were sitting had a low-cushioned seat at the far end, from which this great picture, which brought Egyptian life home to the very senses, could be seen at its best. From this seat, looking down the room, the marvellous head of the Pharaoh, with the deep, patient eyes, seemed to be a living thing, only more intense in its silent reality than a changeable human face. Merry was lying back against the great yellow satin cushions of this couch, her eyes fixed upon the eyes of the Pharaoh. Clotilda had been reading aloud from a volume of Mrs. Browning; but she had put the book aside at a remark made by Merry just as Arthur was coming through the drawing-room.

"That face of the Pharaoh," said Merry, in a tone much graver than usual, at least in Arthur's experience of her, "is becoming every day a more intelligible teacher to me. Patience, unchangeableness, constancy through all trials, are the qualities which I see in it, and which make it appear so beautiful."

"You are right, I believe, as to the qualities," answered Clotilda; "and, at all events, there is no doubt that a great moral lesson is embodied in that picture."

"But who needs moral lessons in these days?" said Arthur, coming upon them just at that moment. He shook hands with Miss Raymond (whom he knew slightly and regarded with some contempt as a blue stocking), and then sank into a tempting nook near Merry.

"We are educated beyond those things now," he went on, with the fluency acquired in the debating club, where men learn to talk with ease on subjects to which they have never given a moment's real thought; "we have discovered in this complicated nineteenth century life that a different conscience is needed for every different walk in life. The commercial conscience and the clerical conscience, for instance, are two articles of totally different growth; there is a great gulf fixed between them, and there is nothing for it but to shake hands across. I hope I am not offending you," he said, turning to Miss Raymond, "but I think I am safe; I fancy from what I have seen of your poems that you are not of any avowed religion."

"Oh, no," answered Clotilda, quickly, "I am an unbeliever, because I know nothing in which to believe."

"An unbeliever?" said another voice, in a tone of surprise. They all looked up a little startled to notice that another person had come quietly in. The voice was as quiet as the speaker's movements, and had a certain sweetness in it which is not very common in masculine voices.

"You have not met my cousin before, have you Arthur?" said Merry, and she introduced the quiet gentleman as Mr. Richard Hamerton. He bowed to Arthur, and then immediately fixed his eyes again on Clotilda's face. He sat down by her and began to speak in that peculiarly low voice which

made Richard Hamerton's conversation so charming to the one person to whom it was addressed.

"You are very young," he said, "to call yourself that."

"Am I?" said Clotilda in her quick way; "is it not better to begin by avowing that I know nothing? If I ever accept any faith it will then at least have the merit of being real."

Mr. Hamerton made no reply for a moment, and, after a little pause, Arthur spoke.

"As I said just now, we are educated beyond great moral truths and religious teachings; we all have a little scientific training, which necessitates a disbelief in unproveable doctrines."

He spoke in that cool tone of condescension towards all things create and uncreate, which has become a common feature in modern conversation. He was in the mood to show off a little before Miss Raymond, whom he despised because she wrote poetry, and before Richard Hamerton, whom he had taken a dislike to at first sight. He never talked in this way to Merry; and he was cut short in his impending eloquence by a sense that the girl's eyes were on his face, and that they were full of an undisguised distress. Richard Hamerton also caught the look, and was interested by it.

"You, Merry," he said, "you don't call yourself an unbeliever?"

Two passionate spots of colour came suddenly in her cheeks; she half rose, as if confused, and then sat down again; there was an eager look in her brilliant, youthful face. She put her hands up as if to hide the glow of expression which shone out from her.

"I," she said, "I believe a great many things which you would all laugh at. I can't help it—I cling to my faiths—they are part of myself—and I cannot be so in-

constant as to give up anything which I still love, even if you all clearly prove it to be only an idea. I think you must be so unhappy if you have nothing to believe in! Oh, Arthur, I can't bear to hear you talk so; it makes my heart ache!"

She turned towards him, her eyes fastened on his, he felt her sweet breath as it came in little passionate thrills from her quick-beating heart. She had forgotten the others, she only thought of him—of his joy or sadness; and the intensity of her young, ardent feelings, struck through him. He looked into her eyes, and knew in that moment that she was his by virtue of the unasked surrender of a heart as pure and true as an angel's.

"Don't trouble about me," he said lightly; "I can assure you I am very well contented with my own views on matters in general."

He spoke with that air of superiority which always silences a woman who is loving, especially if she is young. Merry felt as if a quiet and cold hand had stilled her emotion, and thrust her back into herself; she became suddenly aware that the others were looking on, and that perhaps she had been too much in earnest for the good taste of avowed unbelievers. She leaned back against the cushion and took up the volume of Mrs. Browning which lay between her and Clotilda. She began to turn the pages, and endeavoured to assume an air of indifference. But the two bright spots upon her cheeks grew large, and gradually the colour covered her face. In the meantime Clotilda had begun to speak in answer to Arthur's remark about himself.

"That is a very unusual state, I think, Mr. Wansy, and I am sure it must be a very delightful one. It is so much more common to find

people really quite disgusted with their own lack of belief, and altogether dissatisfied and perpetually trying to attain some different state. It is quite charming to think of anyone being very well contented."

"You may look upon me, then," said Arthur, "as a shining example of that charming condition. Belief is unnecessary to my constitution; I like the world very much, I desire no radical changes or great improvements. In fact, I have none of the making of a reformer or an enthusiast in me."

"I should think not," said Mr. Richard, drily. He could be very dry in his own way sometimes, and generally that was the only exhibition of his dislike. Merry, who was very familiar with all his mannerisms, knew by the tone in which he spoke that for some reason he did not like Arthur Wansy. She raised her eyes from the book in her hand, and looked perplexedly at the two men. She felt that they did not like each other. Why was that?—how could that be?—when she liked them both so much? That was her first feeling, but the feminine instinct told her in the same moment that this was but natural: the men were not only unlike, they were of absolutely opposite constitution. It was fortunate for her tender little heart that she could not guess how strong the antipathy between them was.

Just then a diversion was made by the arrival on the scene of Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton, looking as happy and as handsome as a pair of young lovers. "So," said Mr. Hamerton, when they came upon the little group in the corner, "you have a taste for art, it seems. You are all silent in front of the Pharaoh. It is good to be awe-struck in the presence of beauty sometimes; but I should not have

supposed that any of you would be so entirely subdued by a picture."

"I don't know that it was the Pharaoh that silenced us," remarked Richard Hamerton. "I fancy we had frightened ourselves with discussing views and opinions which it is perhaps better to leave undiscussed." He had his eyes on Merry as he spoke; her sudden colour and emotion, and then her relapse into a pale quietude, had troubled him. He thought she was too young to enter into such conversations as these.

"Oh, do you think so, Mr. Hamerton?" said Clotilda, quickly. "Is it not always better to talk things out and face them? We are much more likely to be frightened by them if we hide them in the dark."

"Do you see no beauty in unconsciousness, Miss Raymond?" asked Richard Hamerton.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "but I doubt if it exists now."

"I am sure it does," he said, "though I allow it is very rare." He looked at Merry while he spoke. The unconsciousness of her nature was still so great that she never even noticed how his eyes lingered upon her, and how evidently she was his ideal and the picture from which he drew his visions. It would have required great change in Merry's nature to have spontaneously thought of cousin Dick as anything but—just cousin Dick. She was constitutionally the exact opposite of the woman who sees in every man a possible lover. Thus Richard's lingering eyes fell upon her without her being even aware of his look. She rose now, in the pause which came in the talk, and put her arm familiarly through his.

● "Come with me, and look at the new pictures in the Egyptian Room," she said. Her purpose was to leave Arthur's side. She

shrank from him, yet longed to be near him; the natural womanly action was to follow the instinct to leave him. A coquette who understood her own sensations would have looked over her shoulder, and Arthur would have followed her. But Merry went away with Richard into the other room, and chattered to him about the new treasures which the rooms had in them, and seemed as happy as though no Arthur Wansy existed in the world. At least so Richard Hamerton thought; and with the conviction that she certainly did not care to flirt with that handsome young fool, as he mentally termed Arthur, he consoled himself a little for the many stabs which Merry sent into his heart by the easy familiarity with which she treated him. How long would it take to awaken consciousness in this innocent child, he wondered.

Soon afterwards the small gathering broke up; but before they separated it was arranged that they should all go skating the next morning together.

CHAPTER IV.

IT WAS a golden morning when Merry looked out from her window, and laughed to herself with gleeful anticipation of the skating. She was still such a child, and so healthy and happy a one that physical pleasures had their sway, and could even silence for a time the newly awakened disturbances of the soul. The glory of this timid winter sunshine, which came through the bare branches of the trees in the park with a shine like the dim brilliancy of veiled eyes, filled her with that desire to be out of doors which belongs in its intensity only to those happy ones who have never offended nature. Merry was as much at home amid the dead leaves and the white hoar

frost as the robin, and her heart even yet was as light as his. She positively sparkled with childlike anticipation of a morning spent amid the sunshine; and when she came into the breakfast room with this natural brilliance in her young face, Richard, turning from the window, wondered which was the brighter—the sunshine without the room or the sunshine within it.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Arthur lounged in, carrying his skates. The Wansy family breakfasted with a rigid punctuality at what Arthur, though quite used to it, called the unholy hour of half-past eight. He objected, on principle, to most of the domestic arrangements of his home. This arose in a great measure from the sheer imitativeness of human nature. His mother had done little else but grumble, in his memory, and his father believed that no order could be maintained in any household without ill-temper; so that possibly Arthur had merely acquired the trick of discontent. It was one of the things which Mrs. Hamerton disliked in him.

He came in this morning with a cloud on his face, which looked strange in the sunshine. He brightened visibly, however, in a few minutes; the ease and gaiety which was always to be found in the Hamertons' atmosphere invariably raised his spirits from the dull level to which any discomfort had the power to reduce them. By the time everybody was ready he had caught something of Merry's own spirit of delight, and the two were out first and stood at the garden gate waiting for the others. Richard Hamerton's heart smote him as he came out after them; they looked such a handsome young couple there in the sunshine. "It is only natural if she loves him, or someone like him,"

said he to himself ruefully; "what right has an old fellow like me to want a sunbeam such as Merry is all for myself?" Just then the girl turned from Arthur, ran to him and took his arm. The cousins started to walk on to the station together (they were going out to the Highgate Ponds), and there was nothing for Arthur to do but join the other three, who were following in a group.

For those who love skating this was a perfect day. Arthur was the best skater on the ponds, and was much admired. Yet, though his vanity was fed, and though the exercise made his healthy frame glow with delight, as the golden morning wore on into the dim wintry noon, his face grew momentarily more and more sullen. He had careered many times round the ice with Clotilda, who skated prettily, but had not much courage, and he had gone about with Mrs. Hamerton in the hope Merry would join them. But all the morning Merry had stayed with Richard, and the two, hand-in-hand most of the time, had been all over the ice together, and had, apparently, much amusement and adventure. They were evidently very happy, and enjoying themselves vastly; and every time he met them, and caught a passing glimpse of Merry's bright cheeks and shining eyes, he grew more and more angry. The thing vexed and annoyed him intensely; for a long time past he had been in the habit of regarding Merry as his own particular chum—a jolly little girl, ready to amuse his lordship whenever he liked. Now this confounded cousin had appeared on the scene was she going to devote herself to him in this ridiculous way? Richard Hamerton and Arthur had never happened to meet before, as Richard's long visits at the Hamertons' house had occurred during

Arthur's absence at college. Thus he had perpetually heard of cousin Dick, and had regarded him as an elderly gentleman of in-offensive habits. He had never anticipated his monopolising Merry in this absurd fashion. He felt very much inclined to make a formal complaint of the way in which he was being used, only it occurred to him that he had no rights. And then for the first time it struck him how much jollier his position with the Hamertons would be if he was engaged to Merry. His thoughts went on quite a new tack. Now that the spark of jealousy had been roused, he gloomily reviewed the young men who were always coming to the house. How that conceited Rollo McClintock openly adored Merry! All that was bad enough; yet he had the pull over those fellows by living next door; but if this cousin was going to stop in the house, and thought he had a prior right to Merry's companionship, he—Arthur—would soon find it extremely slow. He relied on Merry for the brightness of all the odd and unemployed hours of his life. He was a young man who always required someone to amuse him, and who could not long exist without contact with a brighter disposition than his own, to relieve the monotony of existence. Left alone, he was apt, as now, to think himself ill-used. Clotilda made small effort to alleviate his solitude. It was a condition to which she was much attached, herself. She skated alone as contentedly as possible, and seemed to desire no companion to add to her pleasure. She had none of the charming little clinging ways which were natural to Merry. She liked to be self-supporting; she was still in the early stage when a highly - educated

woman believes herself man's brother instead of his complement. She liked talking to men who "regarded her as a reasonable being;" as she would have said. She did not care at all for a young man whose idea of feminine society was flirtation. So, though Arthur made one or two attempts at bringing about a more sociable state of things, Clotilda always skated away again alone to some distant corner.

"Poets think solitude necessary for their lofty minds," remarked Arthur to himself sarcastically, when this had occurred once or twice; and then he gave himself up to gloomy and secret contemplation of the cousins, while at the same time excelling himself in performing the backward roll and other occultisms of skating to the admiration of all beholders, including Richard Hamerton and Merry, who presently paused near him. Richard was quiet in his skating as in everything else; he was just good enough at it to keep up with Merry, who flew about like a bird; and it amused him to observe Arthur's wonderful evolutions. Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton came near too, and soon Arthur paused and joined them. "Are you tired?" he asked. "This sort of thing seems to me confoundedly slow."

"Come, Arthur, don't humbug," said Mr. Hamerton, with an amiable contempt, "you enjoy it or you would not do it so well."

Arthur skated off without replying. "He is being neglected, that is all," remarked Mrs. Hamerton; "Clotilda won't condescend to flirtation, and Merry is quite taken up with Dick. How they are getting on together, to-day!"

"What a good fellow Dick is," remarked Mr. Hamerton, "always in the same quiet good-tempered mood." And then these two skated away again together in a very cheerful frame of mind. Mrs.

Hamerton was as active as a girl, and could still waltz, skate, or ride with as much spirit and grace as ever. The passage of years makes little mark if all the memory they leave is that of almost perfect happiness. Love is the great giver of strength and of beauty; and Mrs. Hamerton's eyes still out-sparkled those of many younger, and even more beautiful, women.

Meanwhile Merry was perhaps for the first time in her gay young life pretending to enjoy herself more than she really did. Her instinct taught her to avoid Arthur, but she had no remotest notion of the effect which her devotion to her cousin Dick would have upon her other admirer. She missed him from her side as only a woman who has blindly given her whole heart away can miss the man she loves; but the consciousness that she did miss him made her cheek flush more than the keen wind did, and made her eyes glow with a new pride. She was thankful to take refuge in the society of her dear cousin Dick, whom she had always regarded as an old friend in whom she might confide all her small troubles with as much openness as she would to her father and mother. She clung to him as she would have done to her elder brother, with a feeling that he was a kind of guardian and guide, and that to be with him was a certain safeguard against her own new emotions.

When the afternoon fog began to gather over the ice-bound earth Mrs. Hamerton suggested going home, and they started off, altogether, forming a very merry group to all appearances. No one would have supposed that the girl whose eyes were so bright and who seemed the life of the party, had, merely by her natural merriment, rendered gloomy the hearts of two men. Arthur

was sullen and jealous; Richard was saddened a little by the patent sisterliness of the affection which Merry felt for him. It did not actually discourage him, but he realised more fully than before that the undertaking which his heart forced him into, was difficult indeed.

Going home from the station in the now deepening twilight Arthur succeeded in taking Merry's skates to carry and getting her hand under his arm. Then he proceeded to loiter persistently, so that the others got well ahead.

"You have enjoyed the skating very much, haven't you?" he asked.

"Very much indeed," replied Merry innocently.

"Are you very fond of that cousin of yours?" he asked abruptly and with an air of gloom which would have warned a more worldly-wise young woman at once.

"Of cousin Dick?—oh, yes, very; you know I am," she answered warmly.

"Really?" he said; "isn't he bald on the top of his head?"

"Why, Arthur! I'm sure he's not, but does it matter to me if he is?" exclaimed Merry, indignant and surprised.

"Oh, then you don't care for him as I meant?" said Arthur with an air of relief.

"I don't understand," said Merry in perplexity and with some apprehension.

"Never mind about it then," said Arthur, loitering now to such an aggravated degree that they all but came to a standstill. "What I want is to try and make you understand something else—Merry, do you think you care for me enough to say you will marry me?" He had stopped now by the lamp-post which stood close to their houses. He held her hand tight under his arm, and paused just so that the

lamplight fell full in her face. She did not answer him. He could hear her breath coming quick and short, but she kept her eyes on the ground. "Tell me, Merry," he repeated, and then began to pour out the hot words of love, which come so easily from fluent tongues like his. In the midst of his quick words Merry broke from him.

"Don't, don't!" she cried out, "I can't bear it!—No, no; don't say any more."

He did not understand her. He could not guess how her emotion was too great for her to endure it any longer. He caught her arm and held her a moment. "But, Merry," he said, "you must say something to me. You cannot leave me like this!"

She drew a long breath with difficulty, and steadied herself with one hand against the railing by which they stood. "I am too young," she succeeded in saying at last.

"Nonsense," said Arthur, impatiently; "if that is all, I will ask Mr. Hamerton whether he thinks so to-morrow."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Merry, apparently in the deepest distress; "no, don't do that. Indeed, I am too young yet."

"Let others decide that for you, Merry," said Arthur persuasively. "If your father and mother—and I—don't think you too young, why should you? Let me ask them what they think at least."

"No!" said Merry, more firmly, and looking up at him now with eyes that shone like stars from her overflowing emotion, but a face as pale as death. "I entreat you put it off a little while. Let me think of it. I am frightened, indeed!"

Just then Clotilda and Richard Hamerton came out at the gate again. Mrs. Hamerton had sent

them to bring in the truants out of the cold. Arthur left them and went in at his own gate, filled with a sense of disgust. Merry had not pleased him by her shyness. He did not know that shyness to be merely the result of a heart so warm that it was terrified by its own impulses.

Merry ran up to the drawing-room to look for her mother; but Mrs. Hamerton was not there, and, looking through the rooms, Merry, found herself in front of the "Pharaoh." That strange, majestic, unchanging countenance seemed to her, in her highly-strung condition, to be the face of a familiar friend. She stood there, startled by a sudden feeling of how real, how great her love was, and, in the presence of this stately countenance, she breathed a timid, yet intense, vow to be true to that love with a constancy worthy of even the Egyptian king and high priest.

She ran away to her room, escaping from the others by one of her quick bird-like flights. She wanted to be alone, if she could not have her mother; her heart was too full to bear any other contact.

CHAPTER V.

FOR some days after this Arthur did not come to the Hamertons' house at all; they saw nothing of him. Only one person missed him, and no one else knew that she did so. They were all very well content with each other's society. Clotilda and Merry read poetry together, sang duets, walked and talked together. They were always very excellent friends, all the more so perhaps that Merry openly avowed herself a mere humble admirer of Clotilda's intellectual abilities. She was always ready to hear and to learn, and as it came natural to Clotilda to think quickly and lead

the way in conversation, they were admirably suited as companions. Each gained from the other. Merry gained distinct mental advantage from the contact; while Clotilda found a deep sense of repose in her friend's pure and simple soul. But, at the same time, the two, curiously enough, never became intimate. There was no confiding of girlish secrets between them; each held her own life quietly apart, and they only met upon the common ground of general interests and sympathies. Thus Merry went on day by day with her secret in her heart, till secret and heart alike began to ache. She nestled into her mother, and found some comfort there; but, though both father and mother were the best and most intimate friends she had, she could not bring herself to tell them of her troubled heart, for a reason which appeared absurd to herself, at the same time that, by its own innate strength, it was irresistible. It seemed to her that, with the first utterance to them of these new thoughts which dwelled in her mind, she would say farewell to the sweetness of her long, dear childhood, and that she would lose the fair fellowship which had existed so fully between the three, and which by its intensity had appeared to shut out the rest of the world. There seemed to her a certain treachery to her old love for them in the thought of introducing a new strange claim upon her affections, and that one, too, which she felt instinctively would not please them very much. A sense of desolation settled upon her young heart as these feelings passed through it, that sense of strangeness and sorrow which the first thrill of a new love brings with it. A tender, gentle soul is too often stung by the fancy that the new love is a sin against the old. Merry grew strained and saddened

by these new conflicting emotions, and she longed to lean on someone wiser, as was always her instinctive tendency. But her father and mother—no—her way of speech to them was to kiss them both twice as often and vow in her heart that she loved them twice as much. Those sudden irrelevant gushes of affection, combined with an odd appearance as if the girl's eyes were daily growing larger, set them both thinking; but they wisely held their tongues and waited.

Merry never felt at all inclined to open her heart to Clotilda Raymond—why, she herself sometimes wondered. She could not know, in her unconsciousness, that it was because their development had so distinctly taken different directions that each was older than the other. In brain, Clotilda, beside Merry, was a woman beside a child; in emotion she was a child beside a woman. Merry instinctively felt that the warm glow of her heart would be unintelligible and startling to the friend who was a guide to her in other matters.

Arthur held aloof; and the days went on. Richard was still in the house, but he was very busy with some affairs of his own, and the girls had seen but little of him. One afternoon he came in to the Egyptian room and found Merry alone there, studying her favourite picture, yet looking at it with unseeing eyes. Indeed, her eyes had grown a little dim, for her heart was very sad. She was alone; the others had gone out, but she had stayed at home, and had been wandering through the rooms more like a ghost than her merry-faced self.

"You are not ill?" exclaimed Richard. It was so new to him to see anything but delight written in this clear face, that it startled him to see the long droop of the heavy

eyelids and the dim smile on the little trembling mouth.

A sudden impulse came into the overburdened heart.

"Dick," she said, looking up earnestly at him, "you have always been very good to me—I wonder whether you would help me—advise me, now?"

"You know I would," he answered in that peculiarly soft voice which made him so pleasant and so unobtrusive.

"Tell me," she said, with a quick rush of suppressed feeling to her lips—"tell me, should I be right to let my life change in any way? Am I not too young—too much of a child—to be anything but a child yet?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, his own heart beginning to throb painfully—not altogether out of sympathy.

"Perhaps I ought not to ask you—only you are so good to me, and I have no one to ask but papa or mama; and it is just they I don't want to ask, because I am afraid of distressing them—and, indeed, I think it would perhaps be all unnecessary, for I am sure I am too young, and I can't bear that they should think I am in a hurry to love anyone but themselves. And yet I don't know what to do—I don't know what to do."

"Tell me what you mean more clearly," said Richard, speaking with some difficulty; but Merry did not notice it—her thoughts were not with him at all.

"Arthur Wansy asked me to marry him, the other day," she said very quietly, with her eyes upon the ground, and a tell-tale crimson rising in her cheeks. "I want to know if I should be doing right if I tell him I will give him no answer for a year; would it be right to him?"

"I don't think it would," said

Richard. "Surely you can give your answer, now?"

"I would rather not," she said.

"And why?" asked Richard, quickly.

"Because I don't want—so soon—to change my happy life."

"You mean you love him!" exclaimed Richard, with a manner almost rough, it was so emphatic. Merry put up her hands with a gesture of appeal, as if the words hurt her.

"Be honest, and tell him so, if you love him," said Richard with a roughness and anger, which amazed Merry. She had absolutely some difficulty in believing that this really was Richard who spoke to her, it was so unlike him. "Why ask me such child's questions? You know it is right to tell him so if you love him, and he asks you!"

He went away from her to a window at the further part of the room, and stood there, looking out. Merry sat still and silent, her heart feeling as if it lay dead within her. She had never heard such a tone before in her life—she was crushed in shame, as it dawned upon her that she must have done something terrible indeed, to have deserved such a rebuke as this. After a few moments of stillness, she could bear it no longer, and rose with a suddenness like the uprising of a frightened bird, and was at the curtain of the doorway in an instant. But Richard, whose ear had seemed to himself to hear her very heart-beats, was as quick as she was.

"Merry, my Merry," he said, in a strangely agitated voice, "don't go away like this; I did not mean to wound you. Come back, and listen but a moment. Do you love Arthur Wansy? I tell you, Merry," he went on in this new manner which startled her by its intensity, "I cannot live if you marry Arthur Wansy!"

Merry was totally confused for a moment, the situation was so unexpected. "I don't know what you mean, Dick," she almost gasped, after a moment's pause, during which he had stared at her as though the flickering colour of her cheek were living words to him which he could read by his intense gaze.

"Not know what I mean!" he cried, with a gesture of despair, which transformed him from quiet cousin Dick into some one strange, unknown, alarming, to Merry. "Not know!—when I have never looked—never dreamed of anything but that you should be my wife, dear child. What have I to live for otherwise? My love for you has grown with every year of your life—I thought—I believed—you could not but know how I loved you."

Merry was simply dumb. Her principal sensation was one of surprise; but from underneath this there rose a passionate sense of sickness and grief. What did this mean? why did Richard look at her like this, as if she had done some dreadful wrong? At last she moistened her lips, and succeeded in saying, "I am so sorry——"

"Oh, I entreat you," cried Richard; "don't speak in that tone, as if all was over. Anything but that—I can bear anything but that. I will wait five years for one look of love—only don't speak as if all was past, and there was nothing left but to grieve over it. Don't answer me now, Merry; you are too young—you said so yourself; only don't send me away. I will be still. I will never say a word to disturb you. I will be just cousin Dick, and no more, as long as you like."

"You bid me be honest only just now," said Merry, with a little flash of pride which gave her

enough strength to speak, "and you know it is best to be honest. Let me speak the truth, then, and ask you to be cousin Dick, and no more, to me, always."

Even she, so young and inexperienced in the ways of sorrow, was touched deeply by his suppressed manner and the dumb yearning in his eyes as he answered her.

"I will be just what you wish me to be," he said; and, without any further pause, he lifted the curtain of the doorway and went quietly out of the room.

Merry had been standing with one hand against the side of the doorway, since he had stopped her from going out. She stood there still when he was gone, looking like a pale statue of sorrow. She gazed about her vaguely as one in a dream; and in the irrelevant fashion in which insignificant things occur to the mind in the midst of deep emotion she recollected that certain tapestries and ancient embroideries, which were ordinarily folded away, it was her task that afternoon to arrange in the drawing-room. It was their evening "at home," when an æsthetic and artistic circle habitually gathered in their rooms. For years past Arthur Wansy had always come in when he was at home—being accustomed to make himself pleasant, and help Mrs. Hamerton to amuse and entertain her guests. He liked these ultra-refined people, and it pleased him to enter into this occult society where he found life made into an art.

This was the first of these evenings which had occurred since Arthur had spoken to Merry. Would he come? Surely, yes! even the elder Hamertons, who cared little for his absence, would notice it to-night. It would seem very strange if he did not—of course he would come!—and at this thought a colour began to arise in Merry's

cheeks, and in a moment the pale statue of sorrow was transformed into a glowing woman—alive with sudden emotion and half terrified at her own thrill of delight. Hurriedly she ran to the carved chest which held her treasures of art-work, and tried in vain to excuse to herself her sudden-crimsoned cheeks by an idea that she must be quick with her arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton coming quietly in together, found her like this, busy at work, with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes. They glanced at each other with looks of reassurance; for only just then they had been speaking of her new paleness and subdued manner.

CHAPTER VI.

ARTHUR, as a rule, was the first person to appear on these evenings when the Hamertons were "at home," and Merry clung to her mother's side with a timidity which she could not conquer. How often had he not come early and found her alone in the large drawing-room? Yet to-night—though he was the only person in London whose presence she cared about—to-night she dared not sit in her usual little corner, and risk his finding her there by herself. So she allowed her instincts to lead her into assuming a state which was not quite natural. The emotions are such teachers of subtlety that it is difficult indeed for the most honest soul to exhibit itself with perfect candour. Merry flitted about as if her vivacity was overflowing and she could not keep still; while, indeed, she trembled and was cold, anyone would have supposed, seeing her flushed cheeks, that she was full of warmth.

The rooms filled, and began to present that strange fantastic appearance which the gathering of a modern æsthetic company pro-

duces; yet Arthur did not come. Merry talked, sang, made herself charming to everyone; she smiled so kindly upon Rollo McClintock that he began to believe he was really in love with her. And yet her heart lay like a cold lump within her breast.

Clotilda Raymond was regarded as a sort of heroine among her friends, having what may be described as a private poetic reputation. The society in which she moved was of a sufficiently cultivated character to appreciate good work, however it came to them; and Clotilda, though very young, had shown sufficient evidence of real power to be regarded with considerable interest. But to-night she was altogether eclipsed by the advent of a social lion of much larger size; and that was Mr. Paul Stretton, a popular poet. He had not often been to the Hamertons; and Mrs. Hamerton fancied that his principal attraction was Clotilda, for he sat down beside her, and seemed disinclined to move. The result of this was that a little fluttering group of admirers gathered around the two to feast upon their poetic utterances.

Clotilda's father, a fine, soldierly-looking man, had come with Mr. Stretton. He was what Mrs. Hamerton would have described as a "good creature," excessively proud of his little girl, as he called Clotilda, very kind to her, and quite unable to understand her. His wife was dead, and thus he had to play father and mother both, which was a task that, with all the good intentions in the world, he did not always find himself equal to, especially with a girl so unlike the young ladies of his youth as was Clotilda. He had discovered long since that matters generally turned out best when he let his daughter take her own way and follow her own fancies.

Mrs. Hamerton made some little remark about how the two poets seemed to enjoy each other's society. "Don't you know," said Mr. Raymond, "that they are to be married very soon?"

"Is that so, really?" exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton, in some surprise. "Why, I thought Clotilda had a prejudice against marriage which it would take some time to overcome!"

"Well, so she had, and has still, as far as I can understand; but she seems to regard a marriage with Mr. Stretton as a different thing from an ordinary love affair. It appears that they are to be brother poets, and mental companions, as well as husband and wife. Some view of this sort has caught Clotilda, I fancy. I hardly think she is in love according to old-fashioned ideas. But, if it pleases her, the match is a good one; for Mr. Stretton has an excellent position, good means, and a high reputation."

"I must congratulate her," said Mrs. Hamerton, and she turned away quickly to speak to someone else.

Bertha Hamerton belonged to the type of which Juliet is the perfect example. To her Romeo and Juliet, the ideal lovers of the world, were the most natural persons possible, because her heart was made after their pure pattern. To many of those great creatures, the critics, who have chosen to exercise their powers upon this play, Romeo and Juliet evidently appear very foolish young people. The picture, which will stand true to nature so long as sweet souls are born into this world, of the loves of two warm yet constant hearts, does not fire their sympathies. To Bertha Hamerton every marriage must needs have as glowing a history as that of Juliet—one as full of passion, if not so full of pain; and, indeed, it is doubtful whether she would not

rather see troubles in the lives of people she cared for than lack of love.

She could not bring herself to quite like the idea of the marriage between Clotilda and Mr. Stretton; it looked to her as though it contained every essential for a happy union, except that one which she regarded as the most necessary one—passion. Still, she resolved to pronounce no opinion until she knew more about the affair. She had the true motherly yearning over a motherless girl, and she had small opinion of Mr. Raymond's capacity for anything but good nature; so she determined to find out Clotilda's heart if she could. Just now, as they were evidently very happy, these poets, she must leave them alone; she had plenty to do. There was almost a pause in the general "buzz-buzz;" she must ask someone to sing.

She soon found a musical lady; very æsthetic in appearance. This lady was a studio haunter, a favourite with artists. She had a real gift for music, and repaid the pleasures she received fully. She had a strange, expressionless face; her hair was like a mop; her dress was white with a broad piece of something which looked like wash-leather down the front of it. She rose to sing instantly that she was asked; and there was an instantaneous hush of pleased expectation. Her expressionless countenance only admitted of a look of deep resignation, even while she sang; she seemed utterly unaware of the presence of any person but herself, and might indeed, from her appearance, have been giving vent to an exquisite despair upon a desert island. She sang perfectly; the whole effect produced was one of intense sadness, and a dim dream of beautiful sorrow, such as is given by the works of the modern pre-Raphaelite artists.

"How lovely," said Mrs. McClintock, with a subdued and melancholy sigh of delight. Mrs. Hamerton had been sitting beside her during the song. "Intensely artistic, is it not?" she said, in reply. She would scarcely have dared, to a woman of Mrs. McClintock's order of mind, have confessed that she liked something more natural. It would have been to avow herself an inferior being.

"Do introduce me to her," said Mrs. McClintock with her special subdued fervour. Mrs. Hamerton immediately went over to the musical lady, introduced her as Miss Leslie, and gave her the chair which she had been sitting in, next Mrs. McClintock. The new acquaintance flourished in a wonderfully warm way, considering the intense yet subdued melancholy of both ladies; for Mrs. Hamerton a few minutes later heard Mrs. McClintock saying, "Relationships of blood are things of the past; I, at least, find that my relationships are eclectic. I am akin to the persons whom I like and admire. My dear Miss Leslie, let me adopt you as a cousin."

Mrs. Hamerton did not stay to hear the reply to this cordial proposal. Just then she caught sight of Merry's face across a vista in the crowd, and she was so startled by its expression, that she hurried to her side. "What is it, my dear child?" she whispered. Merry was leaning against the wall as if she could hardly stand, and her face was not exactly pale but full of emotion so strong that it seemed to obliterate her natural expression. But she looked up and smiled directly. "I am all right, mama," she said. "I think the room must be very hot."

"You are faint, child; go downstairs into the cool dining-room and get some wine. We musn't both go. I will ask Clotilda to take

you. Oh, no, there is Arthur; he will go down with you quietly," and in her anxiety, absorbed only in the idea that Merry was ill, she all unconsciously brought her face to face with the very person who had so startled her. It was like thrusting a scorched hand into the furnace to send Merry downstairs with Arthur: his tardy appearance at the doorway of the drawing-room had driven all the blood, in furious pulsations, to her heart. But this was the very reason why Merry, in her instinctive reticence, dare say no word, but must put her arm in Arthur's, and let him, after a whisper from Mrs. Hamerton, lead her downstairs.

Arthur knew his power, and used it very gently. He could feel that she thrilled under his touch. He was very quiet, and put her in an armchair in the dining-room while he got her some wine. There was no one there: they had it all to themselves. He watched her while she drank her wine, and said hardly a word. Then he came close to her, and said, "Have you another answer for me to-night, Merry?"

She trembled and flushed suddenly; but she held her breath so as to speak, in a moment, with some steadiness.

"I have learnt since the other night that it is best to be honest."

"And what is your answer honestly?—yes or no?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER VII.

THE next afternoon Mr. Hamerton sat alone in his study—a sacred nook full of favourite books. He was not reading now, though he had apparently only just put down a volume, which lay open at his side; he was looking at the leaping flames of the fire. He was dis-

turbed as he sat there by a slight sound. The heavy curtain at the doorway was moved, and Mrs. Hamerton came in slowly and quietly.

"Well, Bertha?" said her husband, looking up with a smile one degree less natural than usual.

"Oh!" answered Mrs. Hamerton, "she's in love with him; there's no doubt of that."

"Then the whole thing is settled," said Mr. Hamerton with decision. "She is very young, yet she is older than Juliet was; and I am sure she knows how to love as truly as any heroine of romance."

Mrs. Hamerton did not reply for a moment; then she broke out suddenly—

"Gerald! what are girls made of—where are their eyes, their instincts, when they can give a whole wealth of love to a conceited young puppy like Arthur Wansy?"

"My dear," said Mr. Hamerton, gently; "remember you dislike Arthur Wansy. Probably your mother disliked me; and I have no doubt I was as conceited and as puppyish as Arthur, at his age."

"You were not," flashed out Mrs. Hamerton, with such genuine indignation, that her husband lay back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"Oh, you may laugh," she said, half laughing herself in the midst of her vexation; "but I know a man when I see him. Arthur is a selfish puppy; and I expect he will take our girl's love as his due, just as he takes everything else."

Mr. Hamerton did not reply directly; in his interview with Arthur he had seen a little of this spirit, and he by no means admired it; but what was to be done if Merry loved him?

"You must remember," he said, "that Arthur's home-life is not one calculated to bring out a man's

better nature; a little fresh experience may make him into something quite different from what he now is. And then, too, you women are made so strangely—when you do love a man you love his faults as well."

"True," she said, "except when we love a man who hasn't any faults."

"Meaning me?"

"If you choose to be so vain as to think so, pray do," she answered, with a little laugh; then instantly her face clouded again. "I don't like it," she said; "but I must make the best of it, I suppose. Among other things, I shall have to be agreeable to that most uninteresting of women, Mrs. Wansy."

"Bertha," said Mr. Hamerton, with mock severity, "I perceive a tendency in you to be uncharitable. Mrs. Wansy is a model of the domestic virtues."

"I know it," she said, with a sigh; "I will endeavour to appreciate her. Oh, there is Arthur coming in again. I suppose he means to live here now, and monopolise Merry altogether."

"The fact is, Bertha, you are jealous. Arthur must live here, if he likes; for if he is not all he ought to be in order to deserve our Merry's love, there is only one way in which she will find it out, and that is by intimacy."

"Positively, Gerald, for the first time in my life, I wish you were not so just and sensible! I should like to make some excuse for keeping Arthur away; but I see you are right—he must come as much as he likes; and, if I have to swallow a bitter pill, I will do it, at least, with a good grace. I will actually go and fetch Merry down to him. She is shut up in her room, and that is bad for her."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Hamerton, with real admiration; for he knew, better than she could tell him

how disappointed and vexed his wife was in this affair.

She had hardly left the room when the curtain was again lifted. Mr. Hamerton had just taken up his book, but he laid it down at once when he saw it was Richard who was entering.

"Arthur Wansy is in the drawing-room again," he said, with something of impatience visible through his usual quiet manner.

"I'm afraid you don't like Arthur very much," said Mr. Hamerton; "and I am sorry, for he is likely to be here a great deal. But you will probably see little of him; for engaged lovers are generally too much absorbed in themselves to bore anybody else."

"Engaged lovers?"

"Yes; he has proposed for Merry, and she has accepted him. You may as well know it at once."

"And you can tell me this!—I thought you knew!—I thought Merry knew!—Dear God! what a fool I have been!"

"Dick, what is it?—what do you mean?" Mr. Hamerton started up from his chair; he was so surprised at the revelation in Richard of some emotion which he did not understand. He had got into a habit of regarding him as altogether imperturbable—a philosopher both on principle and by nature—a man too much of the world to be easily shaken by anything. What did this mean?

"Since Merry was a child I have looked upon her as my all but promised wife! I thought you must have seen how I loved her—how I lived in her life—and that you would have prevented my coming here had you not intended her for me. She has been too young yet for me to speak to her, and now she is snatched away from me!"

"Dick, be reasonable! What could you expect when you said no

word? I believe you to be worth twenty Arthur Wansies, and I would far rather see my girl your wife than his; but what can I do, if you have not won her love, and he has?"

"Oh, I know you are right. Forgive me this outburst; I will not trouble you so again. But oh, I am hurt! My wound perhaps is 'not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve!'"

"My dear Richard; do you mean this!" exclaimed Mr. Hamerton, in positive consternation. Richard's effort to recover his balance, and to turn the thing off easily, did not deceive him. He knew the man too well for that. It meant hopelessness as great as Mercutio's, when he felt that he had received a death-wound; and a spirit as brave to bear the inevitable lightly.

Mr. Hamerton stood a moment silent; and in that moment his mind travelled back over many years. He saw before him a man whom he admired, and to whom he was greatly attached, yet also one of the very last men whom he would have thought of as his daughter's lover. The thing would never have occurred to him; but, now that he knew it, the fact shed a flood of light upon the past, and he began to understand the weighty meaning of a crowd of small incidents, which had before appeared mere nothings. He realised on a sudden, that within the cool, quiet crust of Richard Hamerton's exterior there must be a very deep and tender heart.

"The thing is over now," said Richard, breaking the pause, "if Merry has made her choice. All I ask is, don't turn me out because of this. She has so grown into my heart, and become part of my very self, that I must be her friend always, if I may be nothing more."

"Nothing could make you less than a friend," said Mr. Hamerton, quickly. "Merry is not a flirt: she is capable of appreciating a man if she cannot love him."

"Capable!" exclaimed Richard; and then he paused, and went on more quietly: "She has the rare elements of a noble nature—a nature very rare indeed in these over-conscious days. I know what a brave, true spirit is hers; and the very fact that she loves him proves to me that Arthur Wansy must be a better fellow than I think him."

"He is not a bad fellow," said Mr. Hamerton, half-doubtfully, half-inquiringly. "He is very gentlemanly, and apparently amiable enough—" and then he stopped somewhat abruptly. Truth to tell, he had, for the moment, already forgotten Richard's new position as the unsuccessful lover, and was speaking to him, out of habit, as to a sort of family adviser and intimate friend.

"Oh!" replied Richard; he is everything to be desired. I only dislike him because he has succeeded where I have failed. That is natural enough. I have no other reason for the dislike. Now I am going down to the Club. Are you coming out?"

"No; I am busy," replied Mr. Hamerton, taking up the volume which he had been reading when his wife first invaded his study.

"Good-bye then," said Richard, now speaking in just his usual quiet manner. He possessed to a high degree that perfect repose, that total suppression of any individualities of manner which is the distinguishing characteristic of the modern gentleman. So complete was his absence of excitement or heat now, that even Mr. Hamerton who knew him so well was partially deceived. "He will soon get over

it," he said to himself. "Men of the world like Dick are not so easily given a death-wound. He feels it deeply now, but he will very soon forget the whole thing. His interests in life are not so narrow as to be chained by a fancy for one girl—even a girl like Merry!" With which reflection he took up his book again. He had set himself a quaint task for the afternoon. He was looking through the various great romances of literature in order to revive his old sympathies with the lovers and his old abhorrence of the unconsenting fathers. He had felt ever since Arthur had spoken to him the rising up in his nature of the obstinate parental element; he did not think Merry's choice a wise one, and he would like to refuse it to her. It was eminently characteristic of him that on discovering this state in himself he resolutely tried to get back into his own youthful mood. He had vowed to be Merry's friend, rather than her father, and he was struggling to retain this position now that a call came which tested its strength.

In the midst of the afternoon of quiet reading which he had settled down to, Merry herself invaded his sanctum. Her face was a-glow—it was like the advent of a living flame, the entrance of that sunny child.

"Papa!" she cried, "we are all going out—it is such a lovely day; mama is getting ready; do come too!"

He put his book aside with a laugh at his own folly. What need to try and bring himself, with all this trouble, to reason? The girl's face was argument enough. The brilliant happiness which shone out of it lit up life like a flood of sunshine; no one could object to anything which made her so radiant!

(*To be continued.*)

ONE OR ALL.

Oh for the wings of a dove,
To fly far away from my own soul,
To reach and be merged in the vast whole
Order of infinite Love !

Oh that I were as the rain,
To fall and be lost in the great sea,
Made one with the waves till the drowned me
Might not be severed again !

Infinite arms of the air,
Surrounding the stars and without strife
Uniting our life to their large life,
Lift me and carry me there !

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 26.

M. ALPHONSE LEGROS,

SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ARTS AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

M. ALPHONSE LEGROS, "the Alceste of painting," as he has been happily styled, was born at Dijon in 1837. He comes of a middle-class race, and is a true son of the streets; but he has farmer cousins, and in his town breeding there is a rich dash of the peasant, a strong smack of the farmhouse and the fields. His parents were poor, and he was one of a large family, so that he grew as best he could, and learned nothing but what he taught himself. It is to be conjectured that, in the case of the future painter of the "Ex-Voto" and the "Répas des Pauvres," that natural and unconscious education of the imagination and the eye, which is common to all children, was uncommonly complete and characteristic. Just as Millet drew mainly for his art on the experiences and associations he had assimilated while he was yet a peasant, so does it seem that in the life of Dijon and its environs the little Legros found much that was afterwards to be of special use to himself and of special interest to the world. After Millet, none has painted the poor of France so faithfully and well, with such an intimate understanding of the species and the individual, as Legros. With those strong and simple types of the Ordinary and the Common-place, those representative fractions of subaltern humanity, to whose presentment he is addicted, he must from the first have been familiar. As he saw them long ago, he sees them now. Working and eating, worshipping and resting, the men and women of his boyhood have served him in a hundred compositions. At church and at plough, at market and at confession, hewing and reading and netting, mourning and rejoicing, angling and boating and hedging, living and dying—he has drawn them with such an austere affection, such a severe and yet profound appreciation of what in them is dignified and noble, as could only be found in one originally of themselves. The large and manly melancholy that informs his treatment of the poor and their environment, whether urban or champaign, is that of a true child of the people. Such a masterpiece of the Sordid-Pathetic as the "Procession Dans les Caveaux de Saint-Médard," in which the shabby-genteel is

Bien à vous,

A. Legros

Bien à vous,
A. Legros

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ennobled into something actually heroic, could only have been done by an artist who had struggled with the cares and felt the anxieties of the processionists; such typification of poverty as is to be found in the "Chaudronnier" and the "Vagabond," could only have come from a maker who has fought in the ranks and known the linesmen in life's battle for his comrades and his equals. It is not for nothing that M. Legros is, so to speak, the Holbein of the poor. He is a self-made man, and if he ever thought of denying that he is so, nine-tenths of his works would rise up and give him the lie.

The artist started in life at eleven years old, as 'prentice to a house-painter named Nicolardo. The master was a not unamiable drunkard; and the pupil, who seems to have known both cold and hunger in his service, had really a principal share in the conduct of the business. He was rewarded by being sent for a few months to the art school at Dijon. Presently the Legros family went south, and settled at Lyons, and there, in a decorator's workshop, the ex-'prentice found his first opportunity, and got employed in adorning Cardinal de Benald's chapel with arabesques and ornaments in fresco. In '51 he came to Paris and entered the studio of Cambon, the scene painter; but here he made no friends, and was glad when he could get away from scene-painting and scene painters both. A pupil in Belloe's art school, in the Rue de l'École de Medicine, he attracted the notice of Lecoq de Boisbaudran, a drawing-master of repute, under whom he worked for some time. His advance in art could hardly have been other than astonishing. According to Burty, the drawings he made under Lecoq and at the École des Beaux-Arts, which he attended in a vague and desultory way, have in them much of the vigour and correctness, the ease and the distinction, that are notable in those he has of late produced; while, in '57, his twentieth year, he not only exhibited for the first time, but, in a portrait of his father, exhibited a picture that was greeted as a masterpiece by men like Champfleury and Baudelaire. Champfleury, the novelist and archæologist, a man of singular intellectual independence and unusual keenness of perception, always on the look-out for power and sincerity in art, and always armed against the intrusion of what is false and what is feeble, had already recognised and saluted the talent of Courbet. He did the same for Legros. The portrait had evidently been painted under the influence of Hans Holbein, the great and original master to whom, after nature and himself, Legros is most largely indebted. None the less, it seemed to the novelist, one of the first works that announce the advent and production of a rare artistic personality, and this, as we know, it actually proved to be. It is not strange that Champfleury's visit to the young painter—already confident of his powers and eager for work and notoriety—should have marked an epoch in the latter's life, and yet remain one of his best and highest memories.

The immediate effects of Champfleury's notice and approbation were but small. Legros had been discovered, but only, as it appeared, for Champfleury and Champfleury's friends. Buyers were few, and life not easily lived. Bohemia is, in some ways, a pleasant land enough. As you read of it in the pretty conventional idylls of Mürger, you do not wonder that there should be men and women found ready and willing to risk its hazards and attempt its adventures. But Mürger is no more true to life and reality than the Lancret or the Fragonard, from whom he derives. It is a fine thing to listen to Mimi and Rodolphe as they carol that joyous round of theirs—

Cuirassés de patience
Contre la mauvais destin,
De courage et d'esperance
Nous petrissons notre pain.
Notre humeur insoucieuse
Au fanfare de nos chants
Fait la misère joyeuse.
La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps—

and in their way those first four verses are more significant than most of their author's work. But there is another aspect to things Bohemian than that which Mürger elected to show his readers; and this aspect, which is more often the true one, is not only not attractive, but bitterly and miserably repellant. It was under this aspect—caught and rendered by Champfleury in the "Chien-Caillou" of his first volume, and in certain pages of the "Souvenirs et Portraits de Jeunesse"—that Bohemia was seen by Legros. He lived as he could—by giving lessons, designing frontispieces, lithographs, an occasional poster; and his existence was not a happy one. Still, the old time had its compensations as well as its trials. He learned to etch, and if his etchings were usually laughed at, they found admirers in such men as the late Poulet-Malassis, who collected them from the first, and in the lamented Guillaume Regamey, one of the soundest painters of his epoch. Champfleury and Baudelaire were among the young man's intimates and admirers. So, too, was Léon Gambetta, then a briefless advocate, haunting the Café Procope, where, to his future portraitist, he read one evening, in that fresh and magnificent voice of his, the "Châtiments" of Victor Hugo, with an eye on the door for fear of spies, and slipping the volume underneath the table with every new arrival, lest they might hear who should not. With youth and hope, and acquaintances of this sort, and the consciousness of his own talent, Legros, like one of Balzac's heroes, contrived to exist and to push forward on his way. The end was far, and the road was rough; but with patience and courage much is accomplished, and in times of battle and endeavour, while many perish, it is but few who despair.

Legros, then, went on working at his craft, and produced what pictures he could. For the moment the cast of his inspiration was, to a certain extent, religious. He painted the populace, as always; but he painted the populace as it appears in the act of worship. He seems to have discerned the fact that at prayer and praise the people looked its noblest and its most pathetic. In the treatment of this class of subject the "deep, imaginative melancholy," which is rightly described by Professor Colvin as a prime characteristic of his art, found ample scope; it accorded well with the solemn richness of his scheme of colour, and the uncompromising directness and severity of his design. A little picture, called the "Angélus," was exhibited by him in '59; it was warmly praised by Charles Baudelaire, who recognised its author for a true religious painter. In '61 the "Ex-Voto" was accepted for the Salon, and badly hung there. Flandrin at once demanded a medal for it, but only an honourable mention was accorded, and it was returned unsold. The "Ex-Voto," it may be added, was afterwards exhibited in England, where it was warmly admired, and finally passed into the museum at Dijon, a gift from the artist to his native city. Two years after the "Ex-Voto" Legros sent in "Le Lutrin," or "La Messe des Morts," a picture painted under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, and, with all its great and striking merits, unlucky from first to last. It was received, but it was badly hung, and, like the "Ex-Voto," it came back to the studio. Long afterwards Legros cut it to pieces, and with a fragment of it, and another picture, "L'Amende Honorable," won the gold medal of the year. Meanwhile, however, his career as a French painter, and the rival of French painters, may be said to have come to an end with the check received over the "Messe des Morts." He quitted France for England, where he has since remained, and where he has won the better part of his success and acquired the most of his fame.

The kindness and consideration with which the young painter was received in London did much to console him in his exile. Among his warmest friends were the brothers Rossetti, and the distinguished artist who is now President of the Royal Academy; while from Mr. Watts he had such proofs of goodwill and esteem as must have been wonderfully grateful to him, being good to think of and remember even yet. In '64 he exhibited the "Ex-Voto," and, although the picture was hung so high as to be only visible through an opera-glass, it attracted great attention, and created no small stir among painters and critics both. The exhibition picture of '65 (it was not a particularly good one) was a life-size "Return of the Prodigal;" that of '66 was a "Martyrdom of Stephen," which was hung high over a doorway in the Academy, and which, passing over to France, won the gold medal of the Beaux-Arts, was bought by the Government, and, after a year in the Luxembourg,

went into the museum at Avranches, where, a noble commentary on the æsthetic principles of the Hanging Committee, it yet remains. In the same year Legros exhibited a couple of unimportant canvasses at the French Gallery in Pall Mall; one the "Interior of a Spanish Church," the other a first draught of "L'Amende Honorable." One of the most successful and powerful of the painter's works, which was medalled by the Salon of '68, was bought by the Government, and is now hanging in excellent company in the Luxembourg. Meanwhile, '67 saw the exhibition of the "Cupid and Psyche," a work of no great merit; of the "Communion," a picture painted under the influence of the early Florentines; and of the "Study of a Head," the first of these vigorous transcripts from the life, these rapid and masterful *pochades*, in which the artist is unrivalled and with which he has made himself a place apart among his contemporaries. Next year—in Paris, the year of the "Amende"—was in London the year of the "Demoiselles du Mois de Marie," one of the painter's luckiest efforts, and of the "Réceptoire." Of the second of these works, it was remarked by a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose hand is easily recognisable and whose authority is not to be gainsaid, that "most painters, whatever their line of work may be, would feel that it would be a higher gratification to their purely artistic ambition to have produced this picture than to have painted any other in the Exhibition, not because it is the most perfect or the most beautiful, but because it shows an unhesitating command of all the resources peculiar to their art;" and, as the artist himself is understood to be still well pleased with the "Réceptoire," it may be assumed, without much difficulty, that the critic has not overstated its merits. Thereafter M. Legros produced some of his most notable pictures:—"Le Pélerinage," presented by Mr. Philip Rathbone to the city of Liverpool; the "Bénédiction de la Mer;" the "Femmes de Boulogne;" the admirable "Chaudronnier;" the "Marchand de Poissons;" and so on. Such of them as were exhibited at the Academy were treated badly enough to excite attention and remark. Certain critics of the epoch were loud in their complaints of the way in which Legros was always placed, and of the difficulties put in the way of his recognition. It is, therefore, by no means wonderful that, when Sir Coutts Lindsay established the Grosvenor Gallery, and thus conferred a great and lasting service on the arts, Legros should have broken for the moment with the authorities at Burlington House, and set his face towards the new and golden opportunity that was offered him elsewhere.

In the new rooms in Bond-street he found for the first time a fitting place for his pictures. Till then the public had had perforce to take a great deal of his merit and accomplishment on trust. What he had exhibited elsewhere had seldom been so hung as to be approachable. It

was otherwise in Sir Coutts Lindsay's new foundation, and Legros, grateful for his treatment and satisfied with his surroundings, has from the first exhibited largely there, and exhibited well. To the first gathering he contributed the four "Studies," now hung at South Kensington; they had been painted before his pupils at the Slade School, and were to be reckoned for not a little in the brilliant success of Sir Coutts' venture. In '75 he painted, for Sir Charles Dilke, his admirable portrait of the great Frenchman he had known *au temps jadis* at the Café Procope; and '76 he exhibited a fine portrait of Lord Emley, and published the "Mort du Vagabond"—one of the most famous and impressive of his etchings—and the portrait of Cardinal Manning. In '78 his exhibition pictures were "Le Répas des Pauvres," a second "Angélus," and the excellent composition, "La Fin du Jour." In '79, with several studies, he sent in his "Jacob's Dream." In the collection now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, he is represented by upwards of seventeen studies, all of them remarkable; one, a drawing from the antique (No. 304 in the catalogue), is probably the finest academical drawing made since Ingres. It is an open secret that the picture he is at work on for the forthcoming exhibition is the largest he has attempted. It is to be called "L'Incendie," and seems to have been developed from a composition in the possession of M. Gambetta, representing a fire by night, and the destruction of a peasant's cottage. As it stands, it is not yet sufficiently advanced to enable one to speak with anything like certainty of its chances of success. Thus much, however, may be hazarded concerning it; that it is a picture full of energy and dignity, and grandiose alike in sentiment and in design.

It has as yet been question of the painter only; the time has come for a few words as to the teacher. Fortune, as has been seen, was for a good while hostile to Legros. Of late she has shown herself far less coy and far more discriminating; a great change has been wrought in the artist's life and function; at this moment his work is regarded by many as second in importance and interest to that of no living painter. Dating from '76, his appointment to the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts at University College—a distinction he shares with Mr. Sidney Colvin at Cambridge, and, since Ruskin's retirement, with Mr. W. B. Richmond at Oxford—has been a good thing for him, and a thing no whit less good for the cause of art. The appointment is owing in great measure to the generosity and intelligence of Professor Poynter. Himself an admirable draughtsman, and an able and enlightened teacher, Professor Poynter was quick to recognise the mastery of line and form, the vigorous and imaginative correctness, the intellectual passion, that are the distinguishing characteristics of the draughtsmanship of Legros; and on his transfer

from University College to South Kensington he recommended to the Slade Committee the adoption, as his successor, of the painter of the "Pélerinage," and the "Ex-Voto." It is not surprising that Legros, who shares with Méryon the honour of being the strongest and most individual modern master of the point, should have been made professor of etching at South Kensington: the post is not one of mark, and then Legros has the etcher's gift—he works more readily on copper than on canvas, he had made himself a place among etchers as peculiar and proper as Rembrandt's own. But it was different with the Slade Professorship. The place is one of the most important known. It is within the means of him who holds it to exercise a serious influence on the tendencies and accomplishment of a considerable number of growing British artists, and so, in some degree, to modify for better or worse the future of British art. It is an honour to Professor Poynter that, putting aside all differences of theory and practice, of nationality and temperament, he should have suggested and supported the candidature of Legros. By so doing he may be said not only to have given the French painter his first great opportunity, but fairly to have trebled his authority and usefulness, and to have placed him in a position where he could at last approve himself the rare artist and teacher he is. That Professor Legros has, so far, done credit to his ally is certain; it is not less so that, if British Art is advantaged by his effort, whatever benefit may accrue is primarily referable to the action and initiative of Professor Poynter. With regard to his practice as a professor, it may be said unhesitatingly that he is the *beau idéal* of a drawing-master. He is not less original and impressive as a teacher than as a painter and an etcher. His method of instruction is peculiar to him, and has been pursued by no other master. He corrects as his Ingres corrected—going from easel to easel, and criticising and rectifying each drawing with direct reference to the model from which it has been made. On the other hand, he speaks but little English, and his lectures—so called—are altogether practical. He aims at the encouragement of boldness and readiness in attack and rapidity in execution; the amorous and purblind patience of those who stipple not wisely but too well is repugnant to him; his pupils are trained to see quickly and fearlessly, to understand at a glance, to draw largely and surely, to retain their energy and individuality, and to be at the same time as exact and literal as Art can need or academician desire. To gain these ends the professor not only corrects his pupils' drawings and paintings, but—and this is the principal point in his practice and the very essence of innovation—he also paints and draws before them. According to him, there are no mysteries in art; there is no secret tierce with the brush any more than there is with the sword; the true painter has nothing within his means that he may not, and ought not, to impart to his disciples. Given

a pupil, it is the master's duty to pass on to him, as surely and openly as may be, all that is communicable of his own accomplishment. If the pupil surpass the master, then so much the better for both, and so much the better for the art they pursue. To his practical exposition of this noble theory are owing the several series of studies with the production of which the picture-seeing world has come to associate his name. They are done at a sitting each, as were the heads of Vandyke and Franz Hals, the faces and hands of Rembrandt and Holbein and Rubens. The model is placed on the *estrade*; the pupils are grouped behind the master, who takes his brush or his pencil, and in a couple of hours or so every student in the room has had a brilliant lesson in painting, and is the richer by so much knowledge and insight, and by so much the readier and more eager for work on his own account. What is positive and communicable in the practice of art has been shown by one who has an absolute understanding of the subject, a master's ease and certainty of execution. As an exposition in action of the process of representation, each lesson has the value of a splendid surgical operation or a demonstration in physiology; and it would be as unjust to speak of trick and charlatanism in connection with Legros as to speak of them in connection with Joseph Lister and Thomas Huxley. For the rest, it is known that Professor Legros is confident of the value of his method, and that he is always ready and willing to put his theory into practice before any body of learners in the kingdom. As his own apostle, he has in this way preached before the art scholars of Oxford and Liverpool, of Manchester and Sunderland and Newcastle, of Glasgow and Paisley and Aberdeen; with the countenance of Professor Poynter he is wont from time to time to paint and draw in the schools at South Kensington; to do the same thing he goes wherever and whenever he is asked. It is much to be hoped that other great painters may presently be induced to follow his example, and that everywhere art students may once or twice a year be favoured with a chance of seeing for themselves how a real artist sets to work, and what is the system he works on.

As an artist, whether on canvas or on copper, Legros is possessed of great and precious qualifications. His talent is wonderfully robust and virile; his is an artistic personality, and he has both sentiment and power; he has learned much and borrowed little or nothing. Such as he is, he stands alone—a man of whom it may be said, and said with truth, that he has never temporised nor stooped, that he has always been true to his art and himself, and that he has won his place and his fame by the exercise of sheer strength and skill, and by the operation of a steady and resolute self-assertion, without any sort of care for the public humour and without any sort of concession to the public taste. His prime quality is an imaginative realism; he looks to nature and life for

his materials, and if in dealing with them he retains their essential properties of spirit and form, he retains them only to transfuse them with his own individuality and to modify them to his own purpose and according to his own convictions. The results of the process are often worthy of the highest regard, and are seldom or never valueless or uninteresting. For the rest, it must be owned that his mastery of the technics of his art is very striking. The great water-colours he has done are genuine *tours de force*. It was the opinion of Malassis that Legros the etcher was a more considerable person than Legros the painter; and it is possible that there are many who, taking the artist in connection with some thirty or forty of the two hundred and eighty several etchings he has produced,* will think that probably Malassis was right. Certain it is that there is nothing in modern etching that comes near such work as the "Grands Arbres," the "Coup de Vent," the great "Carlyle," the "Saint Médard," the "Église Espagnole," the "Vagabond," the "Poynter," and the "Dalou," certain of the "Études de Têtes," the "Canal," the "Bûcherons," and a score or two more of his plates; certain it is that since Méryon none has practised etching with anything like the boldness and skill of Legros, or has given proof of the possession of such an uncommon measure of the etcher's sentiment, the etcher's instinct, the etcher's peculiar faculty, as would appear to be his. As a draughtsman, again, he is of notable force and originality. At once vigorous and austere, daring and reticent, imaginative and true, he is often coarse and rough, but he is never vulgar, for he has dignity and distinction, he approves himself in every stroke a stylist, and a stylist of a high order. As a colourist he is perhaps less powerful than as a draughtsman. His aim is not to dazzle but to appeal; and he has wilfully restricted himself to the limits of a certain scheme. His palette is only sometimes brilliant, but it is nearly always fecund and rich; his harmonies are usually softened and quiet, are indeed severe, solemn, chaste; and, as his management of tone is always that of a great painter, his pictures, which gain by consideration and study, are intellectually, if not emotionally, impressive, and are each and all of them examples of a very noble and manly order of art. As a painter and as an etcher, the worst that can be said against him is that he is all-too apt to discern the beauty of ugliness, and that his great want is a want of charm; and it is not every critic who is able or willing to say even that.

* The best and most complete collections of the Legros etchings are those which are the property of M. Thibandean, Green-street, Leicester-square, and of Mr. Robert Guéraud, Dartmouth-road, Hammersmith, the artist's publisher.

DAVID GARRICK.

BY R. B. S. KNOWLES.

SEVERAL of the great names that adorn our literary annals are attaining their century of posthumous fame. Five years ago, Goldsmith had been dead a hundred years. Another five will bring us round to the centenary of Johnson's death. Last year completed the first cycle of the immortality of David Garrick. It is often bewailed on behalf of the actor's art, that it is by its nature limited in its effect to the witnesses of its power. Beyond that, the actor's reputation must be accepted upon trust. It would not be unreasonable to argue on the other hand that, while it is more ephemeral, the fame of the actor is also more secure than that of the author who has delighted in his own day, but whose work must, through successive generations, run the gauntlet of altered tastes, manners, times, and opinions, long after the acclamations of his contemporaries have died away. The actor's name having once attained to eminence remains unchallenged, while the popular author may be hereafter quoted only to illustrate the fallibility of contemporary judgment.

Garrick's name, however, rests upon something more than mere tradition. The circumstances of his career, the grounds upon which his contemporaries held him in estimation, and the radical nature of the revolution he brought about in dramatic representation, all go to testify that his art was

superior to the influences of his age, and, like the highest efforts of genius in other walks, was founded upon the simplicity of nature.

Speaking roughly, the history of the English stage may be divided into the three periods that correspond with the perfection of the three parts composing theatrical representation, viz., the play, the acting, and the external aids to illusion, of scenery, dresses, and other accessories. The first and second of these periods bear one or two features in common. The prime of both eras was brief; it was contributed to in each case by the labours of many, yet each is particularly identified with the name of one man; and he in both instances came from the least likely quarter. That Shakespeare should have been the son of a yeoman who could not write his name was not more remarkable than that Garrick should have sprung of a respectable family unassociated in any way with the stage, which the two generations that preceded him regarded, the earlier with feelings of religious horror as the worst of abominations, and the next with a sentiment of contempt, as being low. His grandfather, Peter "Garric," a Huguenot wine merchant of Bordeaux, like many of his coreligionists, took refuge in England in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was joined in London shortly after his

flight, by his wife; but for many months the life of the couple was rendered an alternation of hope and fear by anxiety for the safety of their infant, who had been left behind. The child at length arrived, thanks to the care of his nurse, after passing unconsciously through many adventures, the last and most dangerous being a storm during the voyage from St. Malo. The boy, when he grew up, joined the English army, and very shortly after married the daughter of one the vicars of Lichfield Cathedral. Of this marriage, David Garrick was the second child.

David's early life was passed at Lichfield, and the propensity which to all appearance he did not inherit, was left to the chance of such poor nourishment as the stray visits of strolling players to the town, and the ordinary recitations that are a part of every school course. "He came," Johnson used to say, "of a half-pay officer's family where the study was to make 4*d.* do as much as others made 4½*d.* do;" and of the difficulties attending such an endeavour Garrick had considerable experience from his early boyhood. When he was about fourteen, his father, to provide for the necessities of his large family, exchanged into an active regiment, and exiled himself to Gibraltar. The eldest boy being gone to sea, young David found himself his mother's chief adviser, and the family manager and correspondent. Some of his letters written at this time still exist, and are full of the economies and managements called out by straitened circumstances. "My mamma," he writes to his father, "received the £30 you was so good as to send. She paid £10 to Mr. Rider, one year's rent, and £10 to y^e baker, and if you can spare her a little more, or tell her you will, she is in hopes of paying y^e

debt, so that you may have nothing to fret you when you come home." By-and-by his sisters Lenny and Jenny request through him, "with the greatest duty and obedience . . . a small matter to purchase their head ornaments," and he urges their petition with the logic with which they no doubt had primed him "for how else," he asks, "are people to distinguish them from the vulgar madams?" Once more he writes, "my mamma is very weak, attended with a lowness of spirits which compels her to drink wine, which gives a great deal of uneasiness on two accounts, as it goes against her inclination and pockett."

It is easy to understand that the quality of prudence would be rapidly developed under such training—and prudence (some called it parsimony) was a prominent trait in the great actor's character. But there was another and far stronger instinct within him, and that was the dramatic. He was about twenty-one when his father died, and within a few months the mother followed her husband; and Garrick and his elder brother Peter found themselves the guardians of eight younger children. They were not quite unprovided for, and the two brothers put together their capital, and started as wine merchants; Peter managing the business at Lichfield, and David being the London partner. Here he made his way naturally to the coffee-houses, where, of course, the theatre was an all-important topic of discussion, and where he attracted notice by his faculty of recitation, which had developed with his growth from a passion into a power, and by exercising his natural gift of mimicry upon the leading actors of the day. As it were inevitably, he was drawn behind the scenes of the theatres.

His most intimate associates were members of the acting confraternity; in fact one idea engrossed his thoughts; the wine business languished, and the interests of the young brothers and sisters were apparently in a bad way. In truth, however, it was nothing less than a regard for the feelings of his family, and for the effect it would have upon their position in the respectable town of Lichfield, that restrained him for a number of years from embracing the profession of his choice.

It was quite in harmony with the caprice of that fate which formed the greatest of English actors out of a descendant of French Puritans, that Garrick should have stormed the town, not from either of the patent theatres, but from one of those illicit places of entertainment that contrived to evade the legal penalties which guarded the monopoly of the two great houses. The history of the Goodman's Fields Theatre is somewhat curious as illustrating the difficulties under which unlicensed theatres worked out their existence. Early in the century, the neighbourhood was populated by a thrifty colony of silk weavers; but the primitive simplicity of the quarter was invaded by a speculator to whom the idea occurred to construct a theatre for their amusement. The scheme was so successful, in a pecuniary sense, that in a short time the demand for entertainment had outgrown the capacity of the theatre, and a handsome one arose either upon the same site or at no great distance. But now came ill fortune. The existing theatrical legislation had latterly shown a tendency to fall into desuetude. A new house or two was springing up here and there. Actors were growing more independent, and the patentees felt the advantages of their monopoly to be on the wane.

For the minor theatres occasionally drew away their audiences—less by reason of the merit of their programme than of the licentiousness of their plays, which had begun to take a political turn, and more than once seriously alarmed the Ministry. This was the chief cause which led the Government, about the year 1736, to revise and supplement the half-forgotten enactments relating to the stage. A Censorship of plays was instituted. Obsolete penalties against actors were re-enacted with additions, and performances in any unlicensed establishment were made punishable by ruinous fines. This was the storm which threatened the existence of the little Goodman's Fields Theatre and its company. By one device or another, however, the company and the manager made a shift to hold together, and drag on a precarious life. The actors, by becoming joint householders, lifted themselves out of the category of "rogues and vagabonds;" while Giffard, the builder, proprietor, and manager of the new theatre, having in vain petitioned both Houses of Parliament to grant a licence in his favour, hit upon the plan of describing his building as the *late* Theatre, and the entertainment as a concert, to be followed by a play, presented "gratis" "by persons for their diversion." Garrick had contracted an intimate acquaintance with Giffard, and was often to be found behind the scenes of the lawless little place. Here, after a long struggle between his inclination and his sense of duty to his family, he determined upon a sort of compromise. It was indicative of his character that even at this crisis, proceeding as he was in defiance of ordinary prudence, he was still cautious and deliberate. He proposed to try himself first in some remote town under an assumed name. If he

should fail, he would say nothing about it, and no harm would be done. Accordingly he went with Giffard's troupe to Ipswich in the summer of 1741, and there, under the name of Lyddal, he essayed a number of inferior, and one or two important parts, with such success that at the end of the term he had acquired confidence enough to enable him to appeal to a London audience. On the 19th Oct. 1741, the playbill of the *late* Theatre in Goodman's Fields announced the usual concert of vocal and instrumental music, divided into two parts. Particular attention was called to the fact that between the two parts of the concert would be presented an Historical play called "The Life and Death of King Richard III., containing—

The distresses of King Henry.
VI.

The artful acquisition of the
Crown by King Richard.

The murder of young King
Edward V. and his brother in
the Tower.

The landing of the Earl of
Richmond,

And the death of King Richard
in the memorable battle of
Bosworth Field, being the last
that was fought between the
Houses of York and Lancaster;
with many other true histo-
rical passages.

The part of King Richard by a
gentleman (who never appeared
on any stage)."

On the first and for several succeeding nights the benches were but thinly filled; but gradually a rumour went spreading westward that a wonder was to be seen in Whitechapel, and presently there came a rush to the theatre in Goodman's Fields. It is related that the narrow roads from Temple Bar to Whitechapel were blocked with the line of carriages. People

arranged parties to make the journey to see the new actor. The tide of civilisation was turned and flowed eastward. Statesmen, poets, actors, celebrities of every kind thronged from all parts. Pope, who had long ceased to be a playgoer, was roused from the quiet of his retreat at Twickenham, and went to see "The Reformer of the Stage." The effect upon him was remarkable, and his well-known expression is the best evidence of the depth of emotion which was stirred within him by what he saw. "That young man," he said, "never had his equal, and never will have a rival;" and then the sight of such perfection caused a feeling of despondency to succeed at the thought that the young actor would "grow vain and be ruined by applause." An expression of spontaneous admiration on the part of Mrs. Porter, a celebrated actress then retired, has also been handed down to us. "He knows more at his first appearance," she exclaimed, "than others after twenty years' practice. Good God! what will he be in time." According to Davies even veteran playgoers, sharing the general enthusiasm, went so far as to admit that he equalled bygone favourites in their especial excellences, and far surpassed them in range of power. For the chorus of praise was not evoked by one or two characters. His first season, extending from the October to the following June, consisted of 150 performances irregularly distributed between nineteen parts—Richard III.; Clodio, in *Love makes a Man*; Chamont, in *The Orphan*; Jack Smatter, in *Pamela*; Sharp, in *The Lying Valet*; Lothario, in *The Fair Penitent*; Ghost, in *Hamlet*; Fondlewife, in *Old Bachelor*; Costar Pearman, in *The Recruiting Officer*; Aboan, in *Oroonoko*; Witwou'd, in *The Way of the World*; Bayes, in *The Rehearsal*; Master Johnny,

in *The Schoolboy*; King Lear; Lord Foppington, in *The Careless Husband*; Captain Duretete, in *The Inconstant*; Pierre, in *Venice Preserved*; Captain Brazen, in *The Recruiting Officer*, and Captain Plume, in the same. But, of course, both now and for years later there were dissentients. The most downright of these was Horace Walpole, who looked on Garrick, and simply "saw nothing in him." "Have you seen him?" sneers Colley Cibber. "The completest little doll of a figure! the prettiest little creature!" Even when the veteran found himself forced later on to admire, his admission of excellence was accompanied with an innuendo of personal disparagement. "What an admirable Fribble! Such mimicking, ambling, fidgetting! Well, he must be a clever fellow to write up to his own character so well as he has done in this part." Neither now nor hereafter, however, was the theatre-going public chary of applause or support. In this first season people on foot and people in carriages were turned from the doors by crowds, for want of room whenever Garrick played; and the patentees of the two great houses, looking with jealousy upon the Cinderella of Goodman's Fields, began to consult their lawyers about some counter-trick to the pretence of the concert.

A shadowy memory of this convulsion of the stage still hangs about the neighbourhood of Goodman's Fields in the shape of a small house entered from Leman-street, and called the Garrick Theatre. Hither we were drawn not long ago by a sentiment of wonder and admiration at the power which could turn the wit and rank of London from its accustomed chan-

nels. The way there lies through thoroughfares bearing ancient names, and still retaining occasional traces of their antiquity. Here an old house with protruding stories and venerable gables; there some remnant of a King's palace; across the road an inn,* with tiers of old-fashioned galleries and inner corridors looking down upon the yard and roomy stables; or again, some token in the wall of a house marking the site of one of the city gates, or the position of some old watchhouse, all tend to dispose the willing mind to invest with a classical interest objects that in more familiar and more modern neighbourhoods would seem unworthy of attention. Here, for example, a quaint, low-roofed shop with square window divided into small square panes, through which little else could be seen than cheap periodicals and tissue-paper catalogues of cheap popular songs, yet looked as if it might be a repository of antiquated gossip and decaying traditions. The garrulous old lady bending over her stick, who hobbled out of an inner room upon our entrance, was so eager, so voluble, and so emphatic in her replies, that we felt we were losing information of precious worth by not understanding all that she said; especially as we gathered enough to make it clear that a tradition of Garrick's triumph was not extinct in those regions, and that it was her firm conviction that the present structure stood upon the very ground where, to use her words, "Garrick, poor fellow, used to act." Even the dingy little theatre itself, when we entered it, was continually suggesting reflection, sometimes by a point of similarity, sometimes by a point of contrast with its prototype. In

* Since the visit referred to, the Green Dragon Inn has been pulled down, and the Garrick Theatre has entered on a new career under a new management.

Giffard's theatre there were three prices of admission—1s., 2s., and 3s.—to the gallery, pit, and boxes. We found a similar division existing in the Garrick Theatre, but the audience had been enticed thither by the reduced fares of 2d., 4d., and 6d. Where Reality looked down upon a swarm of hulking men and noisy restless boys, and around upon the few poor occupants of the boxes, Fancy called up brilliancy of colour, the buzz of criticism, jewellery glittering in the candle-light, the flutter of fans, and murmured tones and soft laughter. Could such an audience as that before us be moved by a Garrick if one were again to arise, or could its enthusiasm send the wave of rumour vibrating to the opposite extreme of London? It struck us as an odd coincidence that the play should be preceded by a miscellaneous concert; but that orchestra consisting of a battered piano, a fiddle, a trumpet and a drum, was much more primitive than that which accompanied Giffard's "pretext," while to match the play, and the acting thereof, it would be surely necessary to go back to the days when the Inn-yard was the home of the stage.

The play was a farrago of incidents huddled together without regard to art or sense, presented by dialogue that combined the stiffness of preparation with the flatness of ordinary talk, and by gestures retaining all that is awkward in the pupil stage of histrionic art, without any of the freedom of commonplace action. To an ordinary playgoer the amusement caused by the desperate earnestness of the serious characters might hardly balance the weariness arising from the inanity of the comic personages, and the ever-present self-consciousness of both alike would effectually destroy that modicum of illusion which even

a mediocre performance can create. But the case was very different with our audience. Sweeny Todd's fifth murder, though identical in its particulars with those preceding it, was hardly less effective. The assertion of the fat comic character that he had been to Mrs. Lovett's pie-shop, and eaten "five tarts, and sixteen mince-pies, and forty-two sausages, and fifty-four meat rolls," &c., was received with increasing roars of laughter. The faithful sailor who knows that Sweeny Todd has practised foul-play upon his master, and appears at intervals muttering, "I'll have my master, I'll have him if I die for it—I'll watch, never fear Dick'll watch"—wins the heart of every one; and when towards the end of the last act he stealthily enters Todd's shop with seven brave companions, and hides them away in different corners, the whole theatre is hushed. As Sweeny Todd comes in explaining that he has safely disposed of Mrs. Lovett's dead body, one of the concealed rushes out and seizes him by the shoulders. Todd retaliates, and grasping the shoulders of his adversary gives him push for push, and finally hurls him to the ground. Upon this another rushes out, and when Todd has gone through the same business with each of his hidden enemies in succession, the triumph of Virtue is felt to be all but hopeless. By the time, however, that the seventh has been worsted the rest are recovered, and they spring up simultaneously and set upon the barber altogether to the uncontrollable delight of the audience. But Todd, who had been too much for his enemies singly, proves himself more than equal to the lot; for the lapse of a few minutes beholds him standing proudly erect with folded arms, while they lie panting on the floor. Again there

is a pause and a hush. Suddenly the street door flies open, the faithful sailor is seen standing with a levelled gun which goes off with a bang that kills Todd, who falls dead upon the stage, while the rest start to their feet and hail their deliverer standing in a glare of red fire, as the curtain slowly descends amid the gratified plaudits of the house.

In witnessing such an entertainment one is divided between astonishment at the smallness of the means capable of affording pleasure, and wonder at the comparative amount of training, study, thought, and calculation that go to make up a merely respectable performance. Men and women, in the expression of their feelings by speech or action in the usual or exceptional events of their lives, are unconsciously exhibiting those changes of countenance, uttering the tones, or falling into the attitudes which would be perfection on the stage. But place them among fictitious surroundings that are even within the range of their ordinary experience, and they are at once at sea. We have then the impassibility of face, the awkward and inappropriate gestures, the monotonous or at best conventional tones of voice that mark such performances as that described. These are the characteristics of the art of acting in its rudimentary stage; and, beginning from this the lowest point, there are many gradations of increasing excellence before nature is reproduced by art. Now, though it was the undisputed opinion of his contemporaries that Garrick reached a higher pitch in the scale than any of his predecessors, it is not to be understood that he found the art of acting in its infancy. Old playgoers had the memory of Booth and Betterton by which to test the new comer; and players of the same school—Quin, Delane,

Ryan, and others—continued to hold a favourable place in public esteem after Garrick had taught a higher ideal of acting. Yet it is safe to assert that, apart from our unquestioned superiority in accessories, the acting of to-day, taking it generally, is of a more finished description than that which was accepted before Garrick's reform. The little journals of the time seldom did more than merely record dramatic events; and it was a sign that something out of the rule had occurred when, the morning after young Garrick's first appearance, some additional words in the *Daily Post* related how the reception given to the new actor had been "the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion." From later comments in similar quarters it may be gathered that part of the enthusiasm he aroused was due to the circumstance that acting at that time was understood in a comparatively limited degree; for a negative form of praise was adopted as best expressive of his merits. His voice, it was remarked, was clear and penetrating, "without monotony, drawling, or affectation; neither whining, bellowing, or grumbling, but perfectly easy in its transitions, natural in its cadence, and beautiful in its elocution. . . . He is not less happy in his mien and gait, in which he is neither strutting nor mincing, neither stiff nor slouching. When three or four are on the stage with him, he is attentive to whatever is spoke, and never drops his character when he has finished a speech, by either looking contemptuously on an inferior performer, unnecessary spitting, or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators. His action is never superfluous, awkward, or too frequently repeated, but graceful, decent, and becoming."

An actor might merit such praise to-day without having any claim to be regarded as a prodigy. But this is not said in disparagement of Garrick. We owe it to him that such is the fact. It was he who widened the scope of the actor's art. He broke down the tradition which confined it to the effective delivery of words accompanied by set gestures. He showed how even what is ideal in the drama may be best interpreted by natural means, and he brought into its due prominence the value of that silent eloquence that can be expressed by play of eye and feature, and all the varied art of by-play. His discovery, as it deserves to be termed, was so obviously just that it commended itself easily and at once, and has never since been altogether lost sight of. But, though painstaking and study may accomplish much, the chiefest and rarest qualities of the great actor are in the bestowal of Nature alone. Together with that frame of manageable proportion with flexibility perfectly under command, that penetrating and speaking eye, movable brow and plastic features which his contemporaries tell us were Garrick's physical characteristics, must be combined the originality of thought and the unceasing spring of impulse which enabled him so completely to hold and sway his audience. A tradition of the stage had led tragedians of that day to represent the character of Richard III.—to take one example—as a melodramatic villain. In Garrick's rendering, on the other hand, the love-making to Lady Anne was so irresistible that the change in her sentiments ceased to be strange; and, throughout, the many-sidedness of the character was always kept in view, so that, while ever and again the real man was made manifest, it was felt that the mask was so well assumed that

it was only natural he should have succeeded in imposing on his victims and his dupes. So consummate an actor as Richard III would not be likely upon every occasion to break into the bellowings of the stage tragedian. In several instances marked out by custom for such displays, as upon the retirement of the citizens and Lord Mayor, and in a subsequent scene with Lady Anne, where, when she asks in what she has offended, he tells her that she has outlived his liking, Garrick petrified his hearers by a repressed intensity, while the succession of emotions in the tent scene—the piteous terror, the wonderful dawning upon his face of a thought that the whole has been but a dream, the gradual awakening of hope, the return of confidence developing at length into his accustomed courage—held the audience in such a sustained breathlessness, that it might well be excused for venting its pent-up feeling in uncontrollable excitement.

Part of the furor which hailed the rising of Garrick was due to the unexampled range of power he displayed. There have been great tragedians since Garrick, and great comedians; but in no one actor have both faculties been since united in their highest excellence. Neither in his first success nor throughout his career was it agreed whether he was greater in comedy or tragedy. In the early days the most popular, though not the most legitimate, of his comedy characters was that of Bayes in "The Rehearsal." The part afforded an opportunity for the display of powers of mimicry, and it had long been the custom to make capital out of this by imitating the peculiarities of leading actors. The practice, which in others had been found harmless, produced such an effect in Garrick's hands, that some

years later a deputation of actors waited upon him to complain that he was endangering their means of livelihood. That he at once relinquished the chief attraction of the character speaks strongly for the generosity and self-control of a young man suddenly raised to the head of his profession; and his self-denial is enhanced by the fact that this diminution of its amusement was not regarded with favour by the public.

The giving birth to its prodigy was fatal to the poor little theatre in Goodman's Fields. The following season saw its doors closed, and Garrick transferred to the boards of Drury Lane. This removal to a more famous house was not an unmixed advantage to Garrick, who was now to experience the fact that monopoly, though in the interests of public enjoyment by securing the best men to the patent theatres, often operated materially to the disadvantage of the individual actor. Latterly Garrick had been reaping half the profits of the Goodman's Fields Theatre, and this sudden access of good fortune had had the chief share in reconciling his family to his adoption of the stage as a profession. But at Drury Lane, in spite of full houses, the treasury, under the spendthrift manager Fleetwood, was often empty and closed. After some time, Garrick, as the largest creditor, called a meeting of the company at which a strike was resolved upon, and a document signed, by which it was agreed that all should stand or fall together. As time passed on, however, and the reckless manager, either from obstinacy or inability, continued to refuse to satisfy the demands of his subjects, it became every day clearer that the advantage in the struggle was leaning to his side. The attempt of the rebels to obtain a licence to open the Lincoln's Inn

Fields Theatre or the Opera House was unsuccessful, and their powers of endurance began to fail. Some at length threw themselves upon Fleetwood's mercy; but he refused to see them unless they were accompanied on their return by Garrick. At the same time he declared that he would not re-engage Macklin on any terms whatever, for Macklin had been his bosom friend, and up to this period a close friendship had also existed between Macklin and Garrick. The position was clearly a difficult one for all concerned. The bulk of the actors were starved out and eager for re-employment at any cost. Macklin naturally objected to be sacrificed, and, insisting that all were bound to adhere to their written engagement, refused every compromise that Garrick proposed, while Garrick was distracted between his written pledge and a desire to exercise the power he was continually being reminded he possessed, of putting an end to the distress of the other actors. It was hardly to be expected that he could continue to prolong the greater of two evils out of a regard for the strict letter of his undertaking, and, after an interval of indecision, he returned to the theatre. But by this act he incurred the undying hatred of his former friend. Macklin cherished his resentment even in spite of the reconciliation with Fleetwood, which the offices of Garrick shortly after brought about; and, notwithstanding that he repeatedly availed himself of the engagement that was always open to him when Garrick himself became a manager, he remained to the last Garrick's most persistent enemy, and his pen has conveyed to us the most unfavourable estimate of Garrick's character.

Macklin's case was undoubtedly

hard, and it found sympathisers. He prepared a pamphlet detailing the episode. This he launched upon the town on the day that Garrick was to make his re-appearance. The latter hurriedly caused a handbill to be printed and distributed during the afternoon, and among the audience at night, asking the public to suspend its judgment until Mr. Garrick should have had time to reply to the charges brought against him. Nevertheless, upon his entry in the character of Bayes, Garrick was received with a storm of hisses, and cries of "Off, Off." He bowed low and asked to be heard. By way of answer, a shower of eggs, apples, and pease rained upon the stage. They would have no more of the play, and in the end the curtain was let down. A similar reception awaited him the next night; but Fleetwood had privately introduced into the pit, before the opening of the doors, a body of his cock-fighting and pugilistic acquaintance. As soon as the overture had commenced the leader of this band stood up, stopped the orchestra, and then, turning his back to the stage, addressed the pit in this fashion: "Gentlemen, I am told some persons have come here with an intention of interrupting the play. Now, I have come to hear it, and have paid my money, and advise those who have come with such a view to go away and not hinder my diversion." The uproar that had been intended for Garrick was now diverted to this quarter, and a free fight ensued, in which victory was on the side of the pugilists. But the quarrel was continued by pen. Pamphlet answered pamphlet. "The Case of Charles Macklin, Comedian," was followed in a few days by "Mr. Garrick's Reply to Mr. Macklin." Then came a "Reply to Mr. Garrick's Answer to the

'Case of Charles Macklin, Comedian,'" until, by degrees, public interest in the affair was worn out, and the matter was forgotten by all but the disputants.

It was inevitable that in the thirty-five years during which he maintained his pre-eminence, Garrick should experience something of the caprice which distinguished the audience of that day. The theatrical riots, then so common, suggest the existence, in our [not very remote ancestors, of a nature akin to the quick and effusive temperament of those nationalities whose popular favourites are adored one night, and hissed the next. The audience then was a power which made itself regarded with terror, and it extended its jurisdiction not alone to the play, and the manner of its performance, but also, as we have seen, to the private quarrels of the actors, and even to what it was pleased to consider the private motives of managers. In the year 1748 Garrick and Lacy became partners in the patent of Drury Lane, and for some years they held faithfully to the programme of legitimate drama. Garrick had always a leaning towards spectacle, and used to fall back upon it to fill his treasury when the ordinary attractions failed to draw. His first attempt in this direction was a dancing entertainment called the "Chinese Festival," and he hoped, by elaborate decorations, dresses, and scenic effects, to stimulate flagging patronage. Various causes contributed to bring the undertaking to disaster. Garrick had by this time acquired considerable unpopularity with that important coffee-house constituency which, though it had patronised him in his early London days, now included many a wit whose play had been either rejected or unsuccessful. The profession, too,

marked with disfavour the design he had in hand; for, as it could only be profitable by means of a long run, it was thought that many of the ordinary company would be left unemployed for a considerable period. These, however, were only the tributary streams which swelled the torrent of popular fury. Garrick's great offence lay in ignoring national prejudice by engaging foreign dancers at a time when war was impending with France. Even the presence of the King, which Garrick had successfully striven to ensure for the first night, was not held a sufficient guarantee for the loyalty of the management. The evident enjoyment by George II. of the indignation displayed by the pit may rather have encouraged the rioters, whose hostile demonstrations broke out as soon as the curtain rose upon the "Chinese Festival," and were continued without pity until the curtain was dropped. Garrick, who was most unwilling to abandon his outlay, continued the struggle through several nights. The aristocratic portion of the audience was with him, and one evening some lords and gentlemen leapt down upon the stage, and drew their swords, while ladies in the boxes pointed out delinquents in the pit. This only had the effect of oil upon fire. The benches were torn up and smashed, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. On the seventh night it was announced that the piece would be withdrawn. But the pit, not satisfied with this success, determined to humiliate its favourite in person. When Garrick next appeared he was assailed with shouts of "Pardon, beg pardon." Garrick was roused into a spirit which it would have been better if he had oftener displayed. Advancing, he declared that he had been treated wantonly and malignantly, both as to his

property and his character; and, while he admitted that favours had been heaped upon him during his career, he assured them that, unless he was that night permitted to perform his duty to the best of his ability—he was above want and superior to insult—he would never, never appear upon the stage again. Only an actor with a remarkable hold upon his hearers could have ventured with impunity upon such a threat. The audience was staggered; for a moment there was no sound; and then the house broke into a cheering that lasted many minutes.

His attitude was less heroic some years later, in a riot directed against the abolition of half-price during the run of a new piece, and led by one Fitzpatrick, an Irishman, a barrister, and the oracle of the Bedford Coffee-house. One morning the coffee-houses were found placarded with printed statements setting forth the grievance, and inviting attendance at the theatre to demand an explanation. That evening when the curtain rose the preconcerted uproar broke forth. Fitzpatrick was to be seen haranguing the pit from the boxes. The commotion brought out Garrick, who was received with yells, and could only just make it understood that he would explain everything in the newspapers of the following day. With this neither Fitzpatrick nor the pit were satisfied. The fittings of the theatre, the benches, lustres, sconces, everything within reach, were demolished, and Moody, an actor of Irish characters, rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the rioters by snatching from one man the light with which he was attempting to set fire to the theatre. After all this the money was returned and the house cleared.

But the next evening it soon became evident that the same ele-

ments of disturbance were present, for at the third music the orchestra was called upon to play "Britons, strike home," and when that had been given there was a demand for "The Roast Beef of Old England." Then Holland came on to speak the prologue, and was hissed off, and suddenly Garrick stood before the house, which was packed from floor to ceiling. Amid the din were to be distinguished cries of "Hear him," and counter cries of "Hear the pit." Fitzpatrick in the boxes rose from his seat, and when he was seen to be standing, the tumult rapidly died away. He called out "Will you or will you not charge half-price for every piece except a pantomime?" The manager began to explain. "Yes or no," roared Fitzpatrick. And Garrick, whose expressive face betrayed an inward struggle between anger and caution, presently answered—"Yes." The house was surprised, perhaps disappointed, at this easy victory. Ackman, one of the actors, who had made himself conspicuous in opposition to the rioters the night before, was required to come forward and beg pardon, which he did. For Moody was reserved the additional disgrace of being ordered by the audience to beg pardon on his knees. He came on, and, with the air and voice of one of his Irish characters, said he was "very sorry for having offended them by saving their lives." There was a cry of "Down on your knees." "By G——, I will not," answered Moody, with determination, and he walked off. At this the indignation of the pit broke out afresh; and, though Garrick embraced and applauded his plucky friend, telling him that his salary should not be interrupted, he rushed on again to calm the audience and save his theatre, by giving an assurance that Moody should not be allowed to act again until the public gave

permission. Garrick's apologists attribute his weak conduct throughout this affair to over-persuasion by his partner; but the defeat must have been felt as doubly humiliating when he found that at the other house, where a similar innovation had been introduced, a more spirited policy succeeded in maintaining the new practice, and in bringing a number of the rioters to justice.

Throughout Garrick's era the manners of the audience showed no signs of the modification they have since undergone, but his reign over the theatre was not destined to pass unmarked by change in other respects. At his retirement, in the year 1776, the theatre itself retained a distinctly old-world appearance. In shape it was still almost square, and lighted with tallow candles, or, on special occasions, with wax lights; and it was still the custom for a soldier to stand as sentry on each side near the doors immediately in front of the curtain by which the performers continued to enter and retire. But, under Garrick's reforming hand, the stage, which he had found protruding oval-shaped far into the pit, bringing the actor into nearly the centre of the theatre, and enabling him to make every whisper heard, and every motion of his face perceptible, had gradually retreated nearer and nearer to its present limit as the demand for space increased. The practice of admitting the audience behind the scenes on benefit nights had been abolished, and the spectacle of the stage built up "as after the manner of an amphitheatre," to use the expression of the playbills—the circle of listeners on the stage being completed by a line of figures recumbent on the floor in front, while in the intermediate space Hamlet fell back scared at sight of his father's

spirit, or Juliet reclined upon the couch covered with a cloth, that did duty for the tomb of the Capulets—had become a sight to be remembered, but to be seen no more at Drury Lane. Costume had begun to claim attention, and though an officer's scarlet coat was still the recognised dress of Macbeth and Othello, and Hotspur continued to appear in a Ramillies wig, Hamlet had thrown aside the clergyman's long coat and waistcoat with big flaps, the cast-off clothes of the nobility and gentry had been discarded, at least by the leading performers, and Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Cibber had swept the stage in silks and satins of their own. Here we see the dawn of the genius for millinery which in our day has sometimes developed into eclipsing proportions.

It must be admitted that if in the present age dresses and scenery have absorbed much of that attention which formerly was riveted upon the actor, the actor in his palmy days encroached upon the supremacy of the dramatist. In Shakespeare's time the play was "the thing," but in Garrick's day it had long been dethroned and turned into a vehicle for the display of the actor. The mind of the play had ceased to be of the first importance; it had become secondary to the embodiment. Idealism, proportion of character, harmony of design, all gave way to stage effect. Hence the small quantity of dramatic workmanship of that period which has survived its own day, and hence the tampering with Shakespeare which at that time had become a habit so confirmed, that the actors themselves were sometimes not aware of the fact. "What!" exclaimed Quin—the first tragedian of his day until Garrick's arrival—when he heard that Garrick was going

to produce Macbeth as Shakespeare wrote it, "Do I not play Macbeth as Shakespeare wrote it?"

The version that was being superseded was Davenant's, the one associated with Locke's music, and in which Lady Macbeth towards the end becomes repentant, and exhorts her husband in this strain:

There has been too much blood
already spilt,
Make not your subjects victims to
your guilt.

Macbeth. Resign my crown, and with it
both our lives?

I must have better counsellors.

L. Macbeth. What your witches,
Curse on your messengers of Hell!
Their breaths
Infected first my breath. See me no
more
As king: your crown sits heavy on
your head,
But heavier on my heart. I have
had too much
Of kings already. See! the ghost
again!

There was not a play of Shakespeare's on the stage that had not been "improved." Garrick himself amended and patched more than once. His "Katherine and Petruchio" is still occasionally played, and the love scene which he added at the end of "Romeo and Juliet" is generally retained even now that we have become purists as to Shakespeare. The Richard III. by which Garrick first made himself famous was Colley Cibber's adaptation. In the version of "King Lear" then acted, Edgar was made to be in love with Cordelia, and a scene between the lovers is said to have been one of the most affecting in the play, which ended happily.

In these days when such profanity on the part of the actor in his heyday has found a retribution in the fact that he has become subsidiary to beautiful scenery and accurate costume, it is peculiarly difficult to form an idea of what

that acting was that absorbed all the attention now shared by the accessories: that could cause a thousand deficiencies and absurdities to be overlooked, that could year after year draw full houses to witness stock pieces, much in the same manner as people nowadays are drawn season after season to hear the same round of operas. It would be easier to conjure up, by means of the descriptions that have been handed down to us, some image of what great acting *was*, if, by means of our current experience, we could form an idea of what great acting *is*. The English stage affords at present no instance of a great actor. Mr. Irving, who enjoys a larger following than any other English tragedian, after advancing step by step for a number of years, at length essayed a Shakesperean character, and was thought by some in the first burst of enthusiasm to have restored the palmy days of the drama. In Hamlet, with his philosophic musings, and sudden and short ebullitions of fantastic passion, Mr. Irving was well suited, and his scene with the players was not open to the accusation brought by some of his contemporaries against Garrick, of being too didactic. But Mr. Irving has certain slight physical defects, which must always seriously tell against him. His voice is not only weak but unsympathetic, and the artificial methods by which he labours to correct its monotony fall very far short of nature. Certain marked peculiarities, too, of carriage and manner manifest themselves in every character he undertakes, in spite of the perfection of his skill.

In parts like Macbeth and Othello, which call for the exhibition of vigorous and sustained passion, Mr. Irving wholly fails to make us forget the actor in the

character. America has sent us an actor in Mr. Jefferson, who, in the part with which he has made us familiar, is perfection. In the current of understanding he establishes with his audience, by which the expression of Rip's unuttered thoughts is conveyed through a look, a trivial gesture, a passing expression of the face, a pause, or an arrested action, we gain some notion of the eloquence, apart from speech, which formed so important an element of Garrick's power. Of tragic acting by far the finest specimen recently seen on the English stage is that of Signor Salvini. Each character he assumes becomes a distinct and individual embodiment. The soul with which he endows his impersonation shines with a force of truth and reality in spite of the drawback of a foreign language. The scenery may be old and the dresses dingy; but we know nothing but that there stands Othello, or Hamlet, or the Gladiator. Yet, apart from the fact that different kinds of great acting produce similar effects, we can form from Salvini only an imperfect idea of what Garrick was like. Nothing could be wider than the physical differences between the two men, Salvini being of massive build, of great bodily strength and power of lung; while Garrick was of low stature, possessed a slight figure, and a voice not very strong. Even though we might take it for granted that there was the same husbanding of power, and, upon occasion, the same overwhelming bursts of passion, there would still be wanting in Salvini, partly in consequence of the too great development of our theatres, in which facial expression is lost at any distance, those fine workings of the countenance which so distinguished Garrick. It will be readily understood that an absorbing effect must have been pro-

duced by a play of feature answering so rapidly to the thought, as to anticipate the words, or, it may be, betraying a contradiction between words and thought. It is easy to imagine how the alarm expressed by retreating body and distended fingers would be heightened by the inspired expression that came over Garrick's face in *Hamlet* when he first sees the Ghost. Unite with this language of the face the tragedy of *Salvini* and the comedy of *Jefferson*, and a notion may be gained of what went to make a Garrick. It was in a Shakesperean width and depth of range that Garrick surpassed all the other members of that brilliant band which seemed to have been called into existence by his early triumph. Barry might rival him as *Romeo*, Sheridan or Mossop might be superior in *Hotspur* or *Faulconbridge* where the quality of robustness was in demand; but no one had so various and so complete a hold upon his audience, no one could work such magic over its laughter, its tears, its pity, and its terror. An ominous chill of fear used to pass over the theatre as *King Lear*, being gradually wrought upon by the growing perception of his daughter's ingratitude, threw away his crutch, clasped his hands, and turning his eyes to heaven, fell upon his knees. Then, "with extended arms, and clenched hands, with set teeth, and a savage distraction in his look, trembling in every limb, and with eyes pointed to heaven, he launches into the famous curse — with a broken, eager, inward utterance, gradually rising in every line in loudness and rapidity of utterance, until all at once he is struck with his daughter's ingratitude, and bursting into tears, with a most sorrowful tone of voice, he says, 'Go—go my people.'"

In such terms was the rendering

of the curse in *Lear* pictured by an unfriendly eye-witness. The well-known passage from *Tom Jones* describing Partridge's visit to the theatre is such a happy piece of indirect criticism, and is of such assistance in forming an impression of what Garrick was like, that we cannot refrain from quoting parts of it.

"As soon as the play, which was '*Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*,' began, Partridge was all attention; nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost, upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?'

"Jones answered, 'That is the ghost.'

"To which Partridge replied with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue until the scene between the ghost and *Hamlet*, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. 'Oh, la, sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost it could do one no harm at such a distance and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.'

" 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost

thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?’

“‘Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ah! ah! go along with you? Ay, to be sure! Who’s fool then?’

“Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, ‘Hush, hush, dear sir, don’t you hear him?’ And during the whole speech of the ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

“At the end of the play Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best?

“To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, ‘The King, without doubt.’

“‘Indeed, Mr. Partridge,’ says Mrs. Miller, ‘You are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage.’

“‘He the best player!’ cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, ‘Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner and done just as he did. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, Madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.’”

There is a story vouched for by Johnson as having been told to him by Peter Garrick, of a Lichfield grocer, who, having business in London, went one evening to Drury Lane, for Garrick, being a Lichfield

man, and the brother of a Lichfield magnate, was much talked of among the class to whom London was as unknown as fairyland. The play was the “*Alchemist*,” with Garrick as Abel Drugger. The first sensation called up in the mind of the worthy matter-of-fact tradesman at the sight of Abel Drugger was one of disappointment. As the action proceeded he became disgusted, and at last honestly indignant; and on his return to Lichfield when he next encountered Mr. Peter Garrick, he exclaimed, “Well, by G——, sir, though he be your brother, he’s one of the shabbiest, meanest, most pitiful hounds I ever saw in the whole course of my life.”

It was not alone, however, the simple and inexperienced who felt the truth and nature Garrick infused into most of the characters he assumed. Those whom long habit might naturally have rendered proof against the effect of simulated emotion were remarkably sensitive to his influence; and we hear of actors upon the stage with him controlled and disconcerted by the peculiar spell of his eye; of Mrs. Siddons’ declaration that she never forgot the terror with which he had once inspired her by a look; and of the sentry on the stage, in tears at the sight of King Lear’s woes. We know, too, how Mrs. Clive stood fuming one night at the wing waiting to give the manager a fishwife’s lecture upon his exit. While standing there the pathos of the scene overcame her; she wept and swore alternately, and at last cried out, “Damn him, he could act a grid-iron.”

“Wonderful, sir”—writes the same impulsive woman after her retirement, when she could speak plainly without laying herself open to the suspicion of flattery—“Wonderful, sir, who have for these

thirty years been contradicting an old-established proverb—you cannot make bricks without straw; but you have done what is infinitely more difficult, for you have made actors and actresses without genius.” The practical ability which words like these remind us that Garrick possessed, and the patience, tact, and temper that he brought to bear upon the routine business of his career, might be illustrated *ad infinitum* by the testimony of his own correspondence, or the correspondence of others with him. We might see him, now parrying with clear-headed coolness the thrusts prompted by disappointment or rejection; now winning by his suavity the gratitude, or at least the respect, of his opponent; now expressing the pleasure he feels at an acknowledgment of indebtedness voluntarily proffered by the only actor of his day who ever approached the variety of his own excellence; now the subject of an encomium by a famous novelist* who, finding his antipathy melted by unlooked-for generosity on the part of the manager, endeavours thus to “make atonement in a work of truth, for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.” But there is no need to

multiply instances of this kind. We have seen an aptitude for dealing with the prosaic difficulties of daily life to have been among the earliest indications of Garrick’s character, and the unquestioned facts of his career are in consonance with that early trait. The extraordinary union of two faculties rarely met together affords a striking parallel between Garrick and the author of whose works he was the greatest interpreter the world had seen. The range of both extended over every passion, every humour, and in each the highest genius was joined with the most practical common sense. But how different is the ultimate fate of the actor and the poet! To the second attribute Shakespeare owes nothing of his posthumous fame; but who will say that the name of Garrick would not have faded into a mere tradition, but for the prosaic quality that made him, as the adroit and wealthy manager of Drury Lane, an employer of labour, a keeper of the gates of Fame, a powerful friend of men in power, a centre round which pleasure, wit, and ambition revolved; a figure reflecting itself in the literature, nay, in the very history of his time?

* Smollett.

THE FAME OF LORD BYRON.

CHILD of the ocean, thou Britannia born!
Who roved the ocean wave alone, forlorn,
Who floated thy young limbs upon her foam,
And dived her depths, her shelly fields to roam,
Who caught her spirit breathed into thy breast,—
Tumultuous, mournful, changing without rest,
Proud, free, and mighty, beautiful and wild,—
May we not, Byron, call thee ocean's child?

'Mid scenes like this it was thy wont to stand,
Where now these waves are rearing on the land
Like free-born steeds that, scorning all control,
With streaming mane and pawing height charge, roll
Upon the rocks, and dashed in frenzy, fall;
Where hoary cliffs and crags upstanding tall
Meet ocean's pride with rugged front as proud;
Where voices of the waters surging loud
Awake the answer deep of vaulted caves,
That rise cathedral-like above the waves,
And from the dark recesses of their gloom
In hollow accents speak with solemn boom;
Where, here and there, in lanes of endless blue
Extends the rocky pillars' vista'd view
Of liquid purity; where sun and sky,
In fretted loveliness, outspread on high
The fringes of a glory unconceived;—
In places such as this, alone, deceived
In man, and seeking only nature's truth,
It was thy wont to stand,—to stand in youth
And excellence of strength, thy form and face
In chiselled beauty of a noble grace
High pedestaled on solitary rocks,
The sea-born breezes playing with thy locks,
As seeing in their rippling waves a sign
Thou too hadst risen from the wavy brine:
With posture leaning on a columned stone,
In contemplation of the scene—wide, lone,
And grandly sad in strength as thine own heart;
With eye bespeaking in its every dart
The inward glowing depth of living light
That inspiration kindled in its sight;—
Thus didst thou stand, in thoughtful majesty,
A Poet statued into poetry.

Ah ! never more shall we that form descry,
Except in pictures seen by fancy's eye ;
The statue lived and, cast in mortal clay,
In vanished beauty now has passed away ;
But more enduring than a granite block,
Fresh moulded into form from native rock,
Is that which thou hast left to guard thy name,
Thy sculptured thought within the temple— Fame.

For who like thee could crystallise the rhyme,
And in the symmetry of jewel line
The fire of poetry condense, inwrought
To sparkle with the thousand hues of thought ?
And who like thee those thousand hues could change
With changing motion, till through subtlest range
Of spirit's iridescence thou hast made
The dazzled mind to see its every shade ?
No eye has seen with any clearer sight
The land of Fancy, spreading in the light
That Genius sheds ; no other heart distilled
Its passions from a source more deeply filled.
Who dares with thee to measure thought with thought,
Or thinks to touch a theme which thou hast brought
Within thy vast dominion ? Thou, yea, thou
Hast lived, and, like the giant-frowning brow
Of some all-shadowing mountain, we behold
Thine intellect to frown on us in bold
Supremacy. And now we wander o'er
That mountain huge, in wonder to explore
The depth, the height, the beauty, and the awe,
The verdant slopes, and jagged crag-steeps raw,
The caves of thought, and chasms of the mind,
The cliffs sublime of grandeur undefined,
The snows of purity in radiant white,
The glacier spires in fields of frozen might,
And sky o'er-leaping summit lost to eye
Amid the clouds of sombre mystery.

Yet some there are who would decry thy name,
Who tortured thee in life with words of blame,
Who held thy strength Satanic, and thy song
Inspired by breath of Hell to urge the wrong.
O fools and blind ! ye men of squeamish soul !
Your puny natures cannot view the whole
Of a world-grasping strength. Ye fools and blind !
Who would have dammed the outlets of a mind
That high-exalted streamed its courses round
On every side, to fertilise the ground
Of Poesy in all its depths and heights,—
'Tis well your forces, urging wrongs and rights,

Prevailed not 'gainst the irrigating source,
Nor stopped the Wit, nor stayed the Satire's force.
Ye antiquated spinsters, sharp and sear,
Ye college bloaters, pompously severe,
Ye parsons, priests, schoolmistresses, and nuns,
Ye Pharisees, and English prophets' sons,
Ye hypocrites who pray in Church Reviews,—
Think all, think well, before ye thus abuse
A man who did far more to raise mankind
Than all your moral weaknesses combined.
Remember that in all his brilliant wit
No verse is ever once allowed to knit
Into its texture any thread of vice ;
That all the exquisitely humoured spice,
Which your unhealthy taste doth deem o'er hot,
Is nowhere foul, or poisonous to what
No less than you he deemed most sacred life ;
His manly breast concealed no murderous knife
Wherewith to stab the thing he held most dear,
And to his guarded pen* no sigh or tear
Of sorrowful remorse was ever due.
That Innocence must shun his verse is true,
But would ye so restrict the range of Art,
That fledgling souls should share the only part,
Or clip the wings of Poetry forsooth,
Lest they should fly the nursery of Youth ?
If still ye urge his character was base,
His life impure, his fame bathed in disgrace,
Think all, think well, and do not here forget
That his whole life was blasted with regret
Of losing that which would have kept him pure,
The tender bonds of love in love secure.*
And if not yet your snakish eye-sight heeds
Extenuation for a name that bleeds,
Think not your languid nature knows the life
That gave the fervour to his nature's strife,
Nor think to measure in your reptile brains
The energy that stirred within his veins ;
But rather mark the merit and the praise
That justice may accord to one whose lays
Bespoke such fire of passion, yet whose life
Was never stained by wrong to maid or wife.†
Here surely is the voice of welcome due
To one thus young, benevolent, and true—
A man who wore the poet in his face,
Whose form in all its movements flowed with grace,
Who did Leander's deed of prowess strong,
And held the world enraptured with his song ;

* See Lord Byron's letters.

† See Letters.

A man who thus amid temptations few
Have met, in noble manliness all threw
Them from his way, as he was wont to throw
The billow's breast caressing him with snow.
O England! hide thy burning face in shame
That he, thy god-like son, with youthful flame
Of Genius in the zenith of its prime,
Did wander as an outcast to the clime
Where lay his compeers—there to "look around,
To choose his ground, and take his rest;" 'twas found
Too soon, too soon "the soldier's grave" he sought,*
And thou art left with murder of his thought!

Is this the end? Not yet, alas, not yet;
The hands of infamy will not forget
To mutilate the corpse they lately killed,
And revel in the blood they lately spilled.
For one there is, not woman, but a ghoul
Of hideous form and speech uncouthly foul;
For lo! she preys on garbage of the grave,
And, grinning, gibbers that it is to save
The reputation of her sex she feeds
By charging on the dead incestuous deeds!
O woman! out upon her with the flame
Of all that consecrates thy hallowed name!
Let all the lightning of thy chastity
Blaze forth to wither up the blasphemy;
Let all affection, love, and reverence,
And every thought that makes the severance
Between the heaven of thy breast and her—
Let all within their deepest fountains stir,
And rising in one wave of sanctity,
Sweep on their floods o'er this monstrosity!
Let not sweet pity kindle in thine eye!
Let not thy deepest tenderness descry
In this an erring sister! See, O see
In it a brutal crime that calls on thee,
By all the strength of all thy purity,
To guard thy breast in just security
From breathing forth its most angelic word—
Forgiveness! Mercy, shut the ear that heard
The infamy, and let dire vengeance fall,
Let brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, all
Who own the hallowed bond of human ties,
In horror on this hell-born shape arise.

Half crouching like a crooked ape she stands,
And from the freshly-opened grave her hands

* Quoted from a poem written on his last birthday.

Have raked a skull—the skull of him we sing.
 —When on the pale, still face of Death we fling
 The latest handful of the crumbling clay,
 And hush our speech with stronger thoughts to say
 Our last, our reverent, our long farewell,
 In every breast where human heart doth dwell,
 There rises, like a mighty flood, the thought—
 “This is the end; that silent face hath brought
 To its last home, its grief, its fear, its care,
 All sealed in that last look reposing there
 In steady, awful sleep. It is alone.
 No word nor look, no tear, nor sighing groan
 Can ever from that marble face ascend;
 In death it is alone; it is the end.”
 —And on this final sacred solitude
 Where is the human hand that would intrude
 Without remorse its secret delving probes,
 Or thrust Suspicion's spear into the lobes
 Of that defenceless brain, and seek to kill
 The life of death with memory of ill?
 Humanity! rejoice thou that the spear
 Of foul suspicion has been broken here;
 That splendid “dome of Thought,” defenceless now,
 Received the stroke on adamantine brow.

“Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps,”
 And, while the world “in saddening thousands weeps,”
 “Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
 And Passion's host, that never brooked control:
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit? ”*

No, Byron, no, we cannot now refit,
 But can and will defend it from the spit
 Of desecrating slander. Could, O could
 Its arch and wall again be reared, how would
 Its Thought, its Soul, its Wisdom, and its Wit
 Arise, with Passion's host, this thing to hit
 Below the lowest depth of infamy
 That human strength has ever hurled a lie!
 How would that now lack-lustre, eyeless hole
 Outflare with all the fury of thy soul;
 How would that gay recess out-crackling flash,
 With thousand pointed flames, thy keenest lash

Of fire that, darting from the airy hall
Of Satire's Lord, would nimbly consume all
The slime that lurks in evil-stagnant minds.
But peace ! there is no need ; the filth that blinds
The hag leaves eyesight clear to men ; we know
For this we need no passing wish bestow
To raise thy spirit from the unknown deep,
Or break with odious breath thy sacred sleep ;
No need that this, thine absent tongue should speak,
Or that thy manly, young, and generous cheek
Should burn with indignation at the word.
Right well we know thy kingly mouth would curd
With scorn, were yet its lovely poet shape
Within that vacant frame. Enough ! The rape
Of slander has been foiled by every word
Thou hast already uttered. Who has heard
Thee speak or sing, and has not learnt to know
That thou, at least, sincerity didst show ;
Thine every thought was spread to public view
In blacker shade than was its actual hue.
Then where can any human soul be found
That will not melt in sorrow at the sound
Of that unequalled dirge,* where thy great soul,
Upheaved in all its depths, out-gushed the whole
Of its stupendous strength in one vast flood
Of tenderness, that tears of very blood
In congealed eyes of Death might thaw ; a love
Pathetic, pure, and beautiful above
The highest flight of any other song ?
And this it is the hag would brand with wrong !
Enough ! Too much ! O leave the loathsome lie !
Ah, mighty dead ! we wrong thee to reply !
Thy spirit—thine ! doth “ rule us from its urn,”
This viper's tooth on viper's flesh to turn.

We thank thee, Byron, thou hast left thy name
Above the reach of slander and of shame,
Untarnished in its all resplendent glow,
Immortal lustre on the world to throw ;
As thou hast wished, without the need of friend or stone,
That mighty name shall be thy monument alone.

F. R. S.

* “ Lines to Augusta.”

ON TWO FORMS OF RELIGION CALLED CHRISTIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORY, SCIENCE, AND DOGMA."

THE Ancient Law, led as a captive at the triumph of Romish Christianity, bore two children in the halls of her captor. Morally irreconcilable with each other, although each owning the lineaments of their common parent, they avenged her dishonour by introducing into the Catholic Church two essentially opposed systems of doctrine.

In every ancient and long-established religion may be distinguished four constituent elements, in each or all of which each form of creed not only differs from every other, but may itself be divided into sects and schools. These elements are the historic, the political, the metaphysical, and the moral or emotional features of the religion.

The basis of every great national religion is historic. Belief in asserted facts is the germ of all ancient creeds. The most ancient religious books assume the form of history. The eyes of men are directed to an early order of things now past and gone. The earliest national chronicles are engrafted on a prehistoric mythical period. The reigns of the Gods preceded that of the first of the thirty-three dynasties of Egypt. The monkey gods of Ceylon, and the transformation of the deities of India, preceded the foundation of those royal lines, some of which claim to trace back a lineal descent for ten thousand years. The Ruler

of the Heavens was confounded with a heroic king nursed by a white goat in Crete. The reign of the Seven Evil Spirits preceded the wanderings of Isdubar, and the flood from the fury of which that Assyrian Hero escaped. The science and true conception of religion must be far advanced before men learn to distinguish the principles which it acknowledges from the question of the real or mythical character of the events which are said to have occurred around its cradle.

The political aspect of religion had its natural origin in a patriarchal state of society. The first division of the power of the father, master, and head of a tribe was that between the warrior and the priest. The names of the Midianite chieftains taken and slain by Joshua illustrate the early division of power—the religious sheiks were Altar-man and Image-man. The war chieftains were Raven and Wolf. The title of Rex was originally sacred. In every form of national organisation the religious order is the counterpart of the political order. A priestly hierarchy is the counterpart of a regal hierarchy. In that modern inversion of ancient order, in which some men see the hope of the human race, and others detect the signs of a rapid retrogression to a state of barbarism, the Church is as subject as the State to the tyrannous rule

of a majority. The political aspect of religion is that which we call its ecclesiastical constitution.

Later in the history of any religion than either its definition of an historic basis or its adoption of an ecclesiastical order, is the development of its metaphysical character. This will, for the most part, be a reflection of the mental constitution of the race amongst which it has taken root. Wild and savage tribes see the powers of nature reflected in the objects of their worship. More cultured races idealise the powers and faculties of man. The practical and law-abiding Romans recognised the rule of Fate. The more subtle and disputative Greeks analysed the objects of worship and the relation of man to the Supreme with the same minuteness, although not with the same truth and delicacy, that Aristotle brought to bear on the analysis of human society, of the external world, and of the inner nature of man. No portion of religious doctrine has so far tended to stifle the voice of conscience and the illuminations of nature as the metaphysics of religion.

Last—and fated to remain, to live, and to lighten the human race when mythological legends shall have been remitted to the region of poetry, when ecclesiastical claims shall have been reduced to the order of a truthful service, and when metaphysics shall have been reduced to the clear knowledge of what is within the range of human capacity—is the moral nature of religion. In this, indeed, is the essence of any faith that is worthy of the name—that faith which makes the good son, brother, friend, husband, father, citizen, workman, student, teacher; that faith which, by promoting all that can make this life noble, pure, and

happy, gives the brightest promise of a life that is to come.

It is in the metaphysical aspect of Christianity that we trace existing side by side, covered by the same formulæ, connected with the same historic traditions, uttered in the same language, two entirely different principles of religion. These are the two children born to her conqueror by the ancient Law.

These two ideas, principles, or metaphysical theories of religion, spring from the rite of the Day of Expiation. A sacrifice was offered on that day by the High Priest, in virtue of which, combined with sincere penitence on his own part, every Israelite was assured of the pardon of all sins committed within the preceding year. Such was the plain promise of the Law; such the sanction of the Divine Legislator. The rite unperformed, the Temple overthrown, the High Priesthood in abeyance—the peace of conscience secured by the Day of Expiation was a gift too precious to be lost by the organisers of the new religion.

The Alexandrine Jews, a body of men whose very name was a reproach—for if they were obedient to the law, they should not have abandoned the Holy Land, and if they held to their Temple at Heliopolis, they had no right to call themselves Jews—led the way to the appropriation of the language of the Law by those who despised its substance. An eloquent advocate of the new faith taught that the ritual of the Temple was but the shadow of a heavenly service. Aaron and his sons were but symbols of a heavenly High Priest. Forgetful of his own opinion, somewhat later expressed, that it was impossible that the blood of bulls and of goats could take away sin, the Alexandrine epistolist argued that, if that blood sanctified

to purification, much more should the blood of Christ purge the conscience. The substitution of a mystical sacrifice, once offered on the Cross, for the annual rite appointed by the Law, became a central doctrine of the Christian faith. But that doctrine assumed two forms so diverse that they constituted the germs of two distinct theories of religion.

According to one view, a prescribed ritual was to be maintained. The sacerdotal office was the one permanent and necessary feature of religious institution. Pardon and hope were to be communicated to the faithful only by the Sacraments of the Church. It was the performance of the appointed rites by the priest, under the Christian as under the Jewish law, that secured the future happiness of the recipient. The laity was purely passive. The clergy were the possessors of the key that opened Heaven. Mere presence in a church while mass was being said insured a divine blessing.

According to the other view, the penitence which was required by the ancient law was the essential feature of the sacrifice. The external rite was to be performed, because such was the divine command. But there was no magic influence in the ritual. The *opus operatum* was not that effected by ministrant priest or by visible ritual. It was wrought in the heart directly, on the prayer of faith being offered and accepted, if that faith was according to dogma.

In the earlier period of Jewish history, an analysis of the ritual of the nation was beyond the culture of either the day or the race. By the time that the oral law was committed to writing, the precept had both hardened and contracted. In extreme reverence for the law, it was forbidden to pry curiously

into its hidden meaning. Its literal commands were to be literally obeyed. No one of them was greater or less than another. As issuing, as he thought, from the mouth of God, the Jewish teacher who held so prominent a station among his countrymen as to win the title of the Second Moses, taught in so many words that the expression "and his wife's name was Mehitabel" is of as much sanctity, force, and divine truth as that "I am the Lord thy God." Among a people who produced and who loved a literature of this description, it would be vain to search for any conception of the philosophy of religion, or of the import or essential nature attributed to the rite of sacrifice.

It was entirely different when the language, rather than the dogmas and doctrines, of the Hebrew sacred books was adopted by Aryan races. For the unchanging, unquestioning love of uniformity, and exact obedience to literal commands, was substituted the ever curious spirit of the Aryan genius. That ever-active curiosity was powerful both for good and for evil. It has led, on the one hand, to all that mankind now possesses of scientific knowledge. When directed to ascertain, to group, and to explain facts, it has raised man from the state of the semi-mute rustic to walk in the paths which have been trodden by Galileo, Newton, and Kepler; by Cavendish, by Dalton, and by Cuvier. But when directed to what could not be, or at all events what was not, matter of knowledge, but only of speculation, it revelled in the subtle follies of the Scholiasts, and in formularies such as the creed of Athanasius; and forged for the human mind fetters more galling than any that were ever worn in the time of earlier ignorance.

In such barren regions creeds had

their origin. First invented as an aid to memory, or as a compendious form of instruction, the dogmatic creed soon assumed the form of a special engine of spiritual tyranny. Men have been found to complain of the bondage of that ancient law which permitted all that it did not distinctly prohibit. Men have been found to complain of that reservation of the teaching of religion to those prepared to accept its lessons, which was veiled under the form of the mysteries of Greece and of Egypt. But no bondage was ever so cruelly thorough as that which strove to grasp the very freedom of individual will, and which paralysed the sense of right and wrong, by insisting, first, that man could believe what he chose; and, secondly, that he ought to choose to believe what was expressed by some incomprehensible and self-contradictory symbol. "This is the Catholic faith which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved."

It is not intended to deny that a splendid ritual has a great and perhaps a beneficial influence on those, especially of southern races, who have grown up from childhood in its presence. The gorgeous ceremonies of the Romish Church afford to many a worshipper the only escape practicable from the depressing influence of the squalor of daily life. Nor is it intended to throw any slur on those forms of solemn prayer, of devout thanksgiving, or of expression of piety and of hope which holy men of old time have left, in golden words, for the comfort of those who came after them. Neither the imagination nor the emotions are to be meted out with an iron rod, or to be reduced to rule and to measure. But there must be something inherently wrong in such a seed, by whatever name we call it, as sprang to full flower in the pontificate of

Alexander VI. That dogma, or that tradition, which led the Borgia, while stepping lightly from one murder to another, to tremble because he had forgotten to carry the consecrated wafer—sending his confidential servant for which, he drank unawares the poison he had prepared for his guests—that line of argument which led to the conclusion that if a man was present in a church in which sixteen masses were being said at so many altars, he derived sixteenfold spiritual benefit from the mere fact of his presence—is an outrage alike on morality and on intelligence. Nor less irreconcilable with the voice of conscience and with the light of intelligence is the self-satisfied sophistry which weaves a system in which the intolerable is only to be escaped from by professing to accept the unintelligible, and in which the eternal purposes of the Ruler of the universe are freely laid down by men ignorant of the very bases of historical, or indeed of any kind of knowledge, men who unblushingly reply to the rebuke of the philosopher, that God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. There is a sense in which this is true, but it is a sense very hostile to the welfare of mankind.

Guarding ourselves, therefore, from any inferences that may be hostile to the maintenance of a well-ordered ritual, or to the traditions of sound learning, we cannot but point out how inferior in philosophic importance, are either the historic facts on which any religion claims to be based, the authority of its sacred books, or the inferences deduced ecclesiastically from the latter, to the philosophic conception which lies at the root of the whole theory of religion.

The Jew, the Mohammedan, and the Monotheistic Christian, or Uni-

tarian, do not differ so widely from one another, as to the essential elements of religion, as do, while agreeing in giving an unqualified acceptance to the books of the New Testament, the Sacramentarian and the Calvinist, if we take the extreme form of each of these two opposite systems of irreligion.

Of the internecine hostility of the two forms of dogma it is needless to speak. Which is the more hostile to human progress, which the more irreconcilable with the truly religious spirit, it would be hard to decide. As holding to the ancient ignorance as to magic, the former may perhaps be regarded as the more intellectually contemptible. As holding to the fierce intolerance of early savage life, the latter may be more morally odious. By the philosopher the spectacle of Pope Alexander sending in terror for his pyx is regarded with the profoundest disdain. But if we could conceive that a Divine Ruler could regard any of his works except with infinite love and with infinite pity, we should have to admit that the fiendish and yet feeble conception of the Almighty which Calvinism has reduced to system, would be the more odious to God.

Nor must it be forgotten that, in losing the thread of filiation with the Rabbinical doctrines which are thus distorted by these two schools, the sole redeeming features of rabbinism have been lost. If the Jew attached a superstitious importance to the effect of any sacred rite, he had at least the letter of the written law and the tradition declaring itself to be unbroken from the lips of the Jewish legislator himself, for every detail of his ritual. He might well say "So it is commanded—so I do; it is not for me to ask the why or the wherefore." With the ritual that grew up, no

man can say from what first seeds, and as to the chief element of which the New Testament is either silent or contradictory, no such justification can be urged. All that the Borgia could say would be, "Such is the custom of the Romish priesthood." Again, with regard to the intolerable conceit of the Calvinist, he has not the excuse of the Jew, who held that the descendants of the Jewish Adam, the progenitors of Abraham, were the only men in the true sense of the word, the only immortal Sons of God. The Jew might have an insane pride of race, but as a fact he was taught that, worthy or unworthy, he was the offspring of God. The Calvinist had no such point of vantage. If he alone was safe, and a thousand millions by his side were lost, it was a personal matter—his own merit, predestined, no doubt, by what he called his Creator, but personal, exclusive, incommunicable. How unimportant were such trifles as rules of morality to a being thus apart from his kind!

We have taken, we admit, the extremes. But there is a sound reason for so doing. It is found in the maxim that a tree is known by its fruits. It is only as reaching its full and unshackled development that the mischief of a false doctrine can be appreciated. There are many men at this present day in the Church of England who would shrink with horror from the superstition of Pope Alexander, and yet whose weekly exhortations can have no effect on the feeble and the uneducated minds that they address except to guide them insensibly towards that melancholy superstition. And although there has been a wonderful and most hopeful decay of the sterner and more distinct Calvinistic teaching within the last few years, yet the old fury ever and anon bursts forth,

especially from Scottish pulpits; as it did the other day in disposing of the purposes of the Most High as to the collapse of the Tay Bridge.

More futile, perhaps, than either the gross fetishism of the one dogma, or the insane pride and cruelty of the other, is an assumption that is common to both these forms of false doctrine—that is, that belief is the act of the will. Of course, it is true that there is such a thing as closing the ear to evidence. Perhaps it is not an uncommon case. But quietly to assume that the man who does not agree with you—though he may have given months to a study to which you have only given half minutes—is necessarily in wilful error, is the special distinction of the theologian. To watch the balance, to observe with such vision as God

has given him the vibration of the index, to put into either scale, honestly and fearlessly, every scrap of true knowledge that can be gathered, and then to be guided by the indications of the scale-beam, is the course of the lover of truth. At any moment, if any new fact be brought to his knowledge, he will be ready to reconsider views which, the more they grow into consistency, the more will he be aware that they are partial, imperfect, and transient. But between the man who says, “Such seems to me to be the outcome of all the evidence I have yet been able to collect,” and the man who says, “This is the plan of salvation,” there is all the difference that there is between light and darkness—between partial truth and wholesale and intolerant and mischievous falsehood.

IRELAND IN 1880.

(Continued from page 82.)

THE outburst of feeling—to bestow a mild term upon it—from the sister island during the last months of 1879, has caused in thoughtful Englishmen a good deal of surprise, not a little disappointment, and some alarm. Visitors and tourists in Ireland have, for the last few years, taken exceedingly hopeful views of the state and condition of the country. They noted material progress actually made, and they saw, or thought they saw, indications of still better things to come. An excellent system of railways connected the principal towns and cities with each other and with the metropolis, and the dividends upon them, though not large, appeared to be steadily increasing. Postal telegraphs had been extended through the kingdom; docks had been excavated, harbours deepened, bridges built, and the aspect of even remote country towns and villages had everywhere undergone favourable alteration. Better than all this, farming—for in Ireland land is the all-important question—showed beneficial change. Improved dwellings, larger farm offices, new plantations, and larger and better fenced inclosures were everywhere to be seen. The land had been turned, as far as it could, and farther than it ought, into pasture. The Green Isle was once more green, and a prosperity, such as Ireland had attained in the golden days of the Cromwellian settlement, was believed to have

fallen on the country, and, for the same cause as in the days of the Protector, the multiplication of flocks and herds. During these years the prices of corn had not been low—barley, in fact, from the national taste for strong drinks, had brought prices unknown even in the days of protection. Wheat, which had suffered most from the effects of free trade, had almost disappeared from our system of cropping. Meantime meat had advanced enormously in value, probably not less than 200 per cent. on the prices of thirty years before. It seems to be in some way an order of nature that fruitful and unfruitful seasons, fat and lean years, should succeed each other according to some unknown sequence. In 1879 what astronomers call a “cold” wave passed over these islands, and there was no summer. Misfortunes seldom come singly. About the same time the Americans discovered the secret of conveying dead meat safely to the English markets, and beef and mutton in consequence lost one-fourth of their value. All at once the castles in the air of Irish prosperity tumbled to the ground. Everywhere public meetings were held, and the distress of Irishmen in general, and landholders in particular, set forth with much elaboration. And so far Irish and English farmers stood together, for theirs was a common misfortune. But here their paths separated.

A moderate reduction of rent, a fair outlay on the part of the proprietors, satisfied the modest claims of the Englishman, as, with a hope of more genial seasons, he buckled on his armour to the contest, in a firm reliance on that skill and industry that has never failed him. Irish discontent was not so easily appeased.

Seven hundred years, it was contended, of English legislation had resulted in the present misery. There was no remedy but the old one—that Ireland should henceforth belong to the Irish, with a native Parliament, a peasant proprietorship, and a total, or at least a partial, wiping out of all present liabilities.

There is some truth in these complaints, for the treatment pursued by England towards her dependency during her early connection with it cannot be defended. To subdue the country and bring it under the rule of law and order at any cost of life, would have been a mercy; to leave it as it was left, to continue for centuries the battlefield of hostile races, was cruel as well as unjust. These contests, commencing with the Norman invasion of Ireland in 1172, cannot be said to have closed before 1691, to break out again a century later with the old fierceness, and to be suppressed with the old merciless severity.

During all this time there was an Irish Parliament, which sat at intervals in Dublin. Its annals, whether under king or viceroy, tell the same unvarying tale of oppression, corruption, and self-seeking. It is now remembered by one solitary act of usefulness, namely, the abolition of the tithe of agistment.

The Declaration of Independence, passed in 1783, convinced statesmen of all parties of the urgent necessity of an immediate union between the islands. The principal delay in carrying the measure was the

difficulty of coming to terms with Irish noblemen and gentlemen, willing enough to sell their country, but extremely exacting as to the price.

The Union was a noble as well as a necessary measure, but it was not free from serious blots. The darkest of these was the omission of Catholic Emancipation from it, which it was the intention of Pitt should form a part of the measure, and to which he was pledged. The obstinacy of the old King stood in the way of the completion of the good work, and Pitt resigned office—returning to it, however, to the injury of his fair fame, three years later, unconditionally, a great war then raging having filled even the great mind of Pitt, to the exclusion of all other questions. Another great blot was the retention of the Lieutenancy of Ireland. This was owing to a crotchet of Pitt's, who recollected that on two occasions communications with Dublin had been interrupted by the presence of hostile fleets in the Channel; and that, in the event of similar circumstances occurring, a central authority in Ireland might be desirable. It was unfortunate that such an expensive and useless piece of pageantry should have been retained. It helped to keep alive the idea that Ireland had a separate national existence apart from the sister island; while to make Ireland a West Britain, if not a Yorkshire, should have been the great object of the Act. As the office has, however, survived the condemnation of three generations of statesmen, as well as the ridicule of Thackeray, it may probably see out the present century.

Thus delayed, the year 1829 was reached before Catholic Emancipation had passed into law. This was unfortunate, for in the meantime a formidable political agitation had spread over the land. Its

acknowledged leader was a great tribune of the people, who displayed in a remarkable manner the power to excite and guide, as well as to tranquilise, his turbulent followers. The belief that Catholic Emancipation was extorted, and not conceded, was universal; but the evil did not rest here, for the further belief was entertained that no demand, no matter how baseless, if backed by the same amount of physical force, could be by possibility rejected. This prejudice deprived the beneficial measures that followed of much of the value due to their intrinsic worth and to the spirit of liberality and fairness which prompted their concession. For now, and for the first time in history, both the great parties in the State seemed to vie with each other in the endeavour to make Ireland, if it were possible to do so, an integral portion of the empire, by reasonable concessions and well-devised measures for social and general improvement. Accordingly, measures such as these began to fall thick and fast upon Ireland. A police force had existed for several years; it now underwent many improvements, and it would be impossible to overrate the benefits it has conferred upon the country. It has given to life and property a security they had never possessed before. Faction fights and riots ceased to exist, and all details of the criminal law were quietly carried out. Illicit distillation and coining were suppressed under their strong hand, and on two occasions attempts at open rebellion were stamped out. Tithes were, perhaps, more productive of discontent, lawlessness, and loss of life than any of the wrongs of which the people complained. By a few practical measures they became a rent-charge, in no way oppressive, in fact harmless, and tithes, with

their manifold oppressions, are now almost forgotten. Consistorial Courts, that gave to the tithe system its sharpest and most irritating weapons, were now abolished, and Church cess and minister's money followed suit. An Act for the relief of the poor was passed. It relieved the land of a mendicancy that had become a formidable nuisance. It lessened vagrancy; infanticide ceased to exist. The old, the feeble, and the infirm were cared for. Medical charities and vaccination Acts were placed under its control, and typhus fever, which paid Ireland a yearly visit, and small pox, hitherto never absent from it, became strangers in the land. District lunatic asylums have been established; and here we would draw attention to the statement of Lord O'Hagan that an urgent need exists for their further extension.

A valuable system of education has been brought into existence. It has enabled young Irishmen to compete and compete successfully with the youth of the sister island for situations in the public service at home and in the Colonies. Two Universities have had charters from the Crown, a second to replace an earlier one, against which some prejudice existed. Meantime, railways, cheap postage, and Post Office Savings Banks had spread over the land. The paper duties were removed, bringing cheap publications to every household. Sugar and tea duties were abolished or lessened, and a healthy beverage brought within reach of the very poorest of the people. Mr. Gladstone's important measures came later. One was disestablishing the Irish Church, the other bestowed a tenant-right of no small value on 200,000 poor landowners.

But time would fail us in the attempt to give a list of the

wonderful legislative achievements of the last half century.

If justice to Ireland had been allowed to fall into arrear, a strong disposition to pay up was made manifest. We do not pretend to say that enough has been done to satisfy even the moderate demands of the friends of Ireland, but to look back on good work is no small incentive towards securing its completion. Of the measures thus passed into law, those most gratifying to the pride of the Irish people were Catholic Emancipation and the Disestablishment of the Protestant Church. Those most pregnant with social and material advantages were the Tithes Abolition Acts and Mr. Gladstone's Land Act. And yet it is against this latter that the full tide of Irish indignation has set. It has in fact all the faults of *Gil Blas's* mule, but it seems a little hard that it should be condemned for not doing what it was never intended it should do. The Act was not intended to prevent evictions for non-payment of rent, and these proceed pretty much as before it was passed, varying with good or bad times, by which farmers rise or fall. It was intended to prevent "capricious evictions," and it has been successful; for most landlords will pause before encountering the certainty of a considerable fine for disturbance, heavy law costs, and the odium that in Ireland adheres to plaintiffs in such cases. It was also intended as a check on the great greed of landlords in any attempts to appropriate to themselves the value of their tenants' outlay. A few verdicts for serious amounts, under the headings of disturbance, value of unexhausted manures, and for buildings of all kinds, have almost put an end to litigation on these subjects.

The cases adjudicated upon have

been most useful as precedents, and where disputes arise an amicable settlement, guided by previous decisions, is readily arrived at. In truth, most Irish landlords are proud of their tenants' improvements, for, as examples, they are of rare value, and improving tenants are more frequently unduly favoured than oppressed. But there are some thousands of Irish farmers in the south and west, and from such as these no part of the kingdom is altogether free, who are entirely outside the scope of Mr. Gladstone's Act. These are the holders of small farms, seldom exceeding twelve Irish acres, the equivalent of twenty according to English measure. On these small holdings drainage is unknown, and there is little appearance of outlay on the part of either landlord or tenant. The shanty—for it would be a perversion of terms to call it a dwelling house, of only two rooms, scarcely keeps out the rain. A rough shed shelters, and only shelters, the pig, the cow, and the calf. Wide zigzag fences, covered with gorse for fuel, divide the farm into patches. A few ill-laid-down fields produce an herbage of which grass forms only a part. Those in tillage, scantily supplied with artificial manure, obtained on credit, produce little beyond the seed put into the ground. No vegetables are grown except potatoes, and blackened stalks tell what their fate has been. On such a farm there is probably two to three years' rent due, and the tenant is not unlikely to be deep in the books of money lenders of all denominations, as well as indebted to the full extent of his credit for meal, manures, and clothes for his family. And yet it is this class that are most noisy at indignation meetings, where the great Parnell attends to add fuel to the fire of Irish discontent and

excitement. These are the men who cheer the great man loudest, and believe they interpret the oratory exactly as intended when they shout, "Down with the landlords!" "Give them lead!" What could an Act of Parliament do for these men?

A few words relative to the legislative experiment under the Bright clauses of Mr. Gladstone's Act. To a farmer possessed of one-third the purchase money of his holding no investment could be better than this Act enables him to make; but such cases are few. When a farmer sells his cattle from half-stocked lands, or leaves his fields unmanured in order to make up the required sum, it becomes a very doubtful speculation; but when (as has happened in many instances) the money is borrowed at a high rate of interest on bills, on which on renewal a still higher rate of charge will be extorted, the case becomes still worse. A proprietary of money-lenders would be no desirable result of the Act.

The contest between landlord and tenant in Ireland is carried on, sometimes a little within law, not seldom a little outside its bounds. As far as can be seen it is likely to outlast the century, for, though a good harvest may bring a truce, a bad one will be sure to cause a fresh outburst of hostilities. Landlords would be quite willing to leave their cause in the hands of the English people, and of their representatives in Parliament, but Irish tenants are not so minded. A tribunal consisting of landlords would, they irreverently contend, be like going to law with the devil, and the court in hell. They prefer a waiting policy, until an Irish Parliament of their own choosing shall assemble in College Green, where, under proper local control, the example set by King

James's Parliament of 1689, may be safely followed, and the millennium be reached.

In the meantime the party of the movement may be asked, how Irish tenants have discharged their duties while clamouring so loudly for their rights, and the answer, which like charity, "must cover a multitude of sins," is, that the Irish tenants having no rights have no duties. But leases are not after all a rarity in Ireland. They are many, and could be increased, for in many cases they could be had for the asking, and in a still greater number of instances they have been refused by the tenants. On the estates of the great proprietors, where increase of rent is unknown, existing titles are found sufficient for demise or sale, and they have the substantial advantage in addition, that no creditor will be permitted to oust an old tenant from possession.

If insecurity of tenure be the sole cause of the backward state in which Irish farming is admitted to be, surely lease-held lands should present a marked contrast to those held at will; but no such difference exists—the same ill-tilled and ill-laid-down fields are common to both. Dwelling houses and farm buildings have the same dishevelled aspect, and ditches, hedges, and fences have the same uncared-for appearance. Crops obtained from English soil of the same natural fertility are three times the weight and four times the value of those produced in Ireland. And a lack of capital will not always account for this, for large sums of money lie to the credit of the farmers in the banks of the south of Ireland, bringing to their depositors not more than one per cent. interest. But the greatest sins of Irish farmers are

against the working classes. Every crop that causes the necessity for the employment of labour they carefully avoid; turnips, mangold, kohl rabbi are seldom to be seen, and a vegetable garden is a parish curiosity. Working men have therefore to seek employment in the large towns, enlist in the army, or emigrate; and young Ireland, from eight to ten years old, of the class who in more favoured lands find agricultural employment, may be seen idle at the roadsides, robbing birds' nests or orchards, or playing at pitch-and-toss on the flagstones. Labourers are beyond doubt the most distressed class in the land; no voice seems to be raised in their behalf, though they and their families are at all times on the verge of starvation, and are just now in a state of unexampled wretchedness.

When our grandmothers heard a hundred years ago of the doings of the wild Irish, their consolation was that between England and Ireland rolled a boisterous sea, which geographers assured them separated the islands, and an occasional shipwreck in crossing with respectable loss of life convinced them of the reality of the barrier. That pleasant fiction no longer exists. St. George's Channel, instead of separating us from our troublesome neighbours, has become the very strongest bond of connection. It is in fact a wide highway, without turnpike gates, a road that carries the heaviest locomotives without tolls or wear and tear of rails. Modern travelling discards the idea of distance; time and cost of transit only are considered. To rich men and busy men time is all-important; to the rest of the human race money is everything. Measured by this golden rule, Bristol is nearer to Dublin and Cork than to London, and a dozen Irish ports are easier

of access from Liverpool than Manchester or the towns of the West Riding of Yorkshire. On steamers, coal vessels, pit-wood luggers, and fishing smacks Irishmen reach England at a cost of a few shillings, or, as they express it, "for God's sake," which means for nothing at all. They never go back; they have passed from a poor country to a rich one, and they are not slow to recognise the pleasant fact. It might be supposed that the Irishman would be induced to return by the attractions of some rural Biddy; but, by one means or another, Biddys in vast numbers have contrived to reach the golden shores before him. Irish females are in fact everywhere, in every lodging-house, in the houses of the middle classes, at hotels and refreshment bars, for when one of them gets settled in good quarters, to make room for a sister or a cousin (and Irish cousinship is endless) seems a portion of a national duty.

But London can scarcely be regarded as the head-quarters of the Irish in England. The manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire have each their Irish quarter, and the south of Scotland holds them by hundreds of thousands. For thirty years back the same human tide has set strongly across the Atlantic, and a high authority tells us that the great towns of the seaboard of America are fast becoming Irish cities.

The English colonies also have received Irish men and women in great numbers, and there they have found a wide field for their industry.

The late Mr. O'Connell frequently lamented that the Irish race should have dropped their native tongue, for he saw how thoroughly a common language had knit together the fragments

of the old Polish monarchy. But the instincts of the Irish people were for once wiser than the great Liberator. The Erse has no literature, and would probably have confined the people to their own island: their adopted language has made them citizens of the world. Of the numbers of the Irish race in existence, for lack of trustworthy data, it is impossible to form even an approximate estimate. The population of Ireland itself since 1846 has fallen off one half, but the loss has been more than recouped in England and elsewhere. Totals have been placed at ten, fifteen, and twenty millions, of which two millions are believed to have their homes in England alone. The census of 1871 is no safe guide to the facts of the case. It gives 90,000 Irish-born inhabitants to London, but the offspring of Irish parents and grand-parents have no place in the return; and other fertile sources of increase could be mentioned, independent of the constant stream of human beings across the Channel. In comparison with this vast importation, the hordes of Saxons, Danes, Normans, and Dutchmen, who made visitation to our shores in former times, count but as handfuls. But on the whole the benefit of this inflowing has been great. In prosperous England there is always more work to be done than hands wherewith to do it. A first-class artisan can never be made of an Irishman; but for odd jobs, or ability to turn a hand to anything, he is unsurpassed—as he is also in an especial aptitude for those trades and professions where a quick intellect and a ready tongue can aid him.

The great crimes which blot the name of England are seldom the work of Irishmen. When such unfortunately occur, national pre-

judice or wrong-headedness is pretty certain to be at the root of these offences. In Ireland an oppressive landlord is seldom molested—it is the agent who obeys orders, or the bailiff who merely serves notices, that is shot at or murdered. They are minor offences against law and order which are brought home to them. Turbulence, riots, assaults, drunken rows, and quarrelling with his English neighbours—under these headings can be placed the major part of an Irishman's shortcomings.

It may be asked whether there is a probability of the present excitement and discontent existing in Ireland resulting in an uprising of the people similar to what occurred in 1689 and 1798. We believe that no such probability exists.

Twice within living memory great efforts have been made to stir the Irish people to rebellion. In 1848 M. Ledru Rollin headed a French deputation with that object. He was listened to, applauded, and cheered to the echo, a great deal of treason was uttered, after which the people went home and forgot the orator. In the Fenian disturbance some years later, numbers of disbanded soldiers of the American army landed in the country, there was a considerable supply of arms, and some money; but the result was rather to sober than to excite the people, and the few outbreaks that occurred were easily suppressed by the police.

In truth, in the absence of a regular army, the police force are masters of the situation. They consist of 11,000 trained men, distributed over 1465 stations, with a central depôt, from which and from peaceable localities a concentration of force wherever needed can be readily effected. Standing at the

back of the Irish police force is the British army, exercised in the perpetual warfare of India, under control of the strongest government in the world.

Dismissing, as in the last degree improbable, an uprising of the Irish people in the old manner, circumstances may arise under which such an event might become a grave possibility. Should, for instance, some of the old causes of hostility between France and England be revived, or new ones present themselves, the excited nations may once again rush to arms. Such a war would be a contest of giants, for the great art of killing and wounding has reached an unexampled pitch of perfection. Where in such case could occupation be found for the vast army of France, numbering little short of a million of men? India is too far off, and England with her united people, gallant little army, militia, and volunteers, would probably be too strong. Ireland, beyond all question, would be the vulnerable point, and there the blow would be delivered. The winds and waves, which in former wars fought so well for England, are powerless against the inventions of modern

science, and 50,000 French soldiers could be readily landed in Munster. The leaders of the Irish people would probably be of the common stamp, ready of speech, unscrupulous in assertion, shallow of judgment, and ignorant of the real interests of the country; but able and willing as ever to add fuel to the fire of Irish discontent and disloyalty. Under their teaching, recollections of the past times of trouble and sorrow would revive, the wrongs, defeats, and confiscations be remembered, and the nation would rise as their fathers rose, when the old banner was given to the wind, and the old war cry shouted. It would be a grave mistake to believe that, if such things came to pass in Ireland, the native race resident in England would remain quiet. The same causes would produce the same effects, and they would, beyond all questions rise from our very hearths. Days of terror, dismay, and misery would most probably follow, but they would be short. No sane man can doubt what the end would be. England is not strong enough to conquer France, France is not strong enough to conquer England. History repeats itself.

H. INNES.

LOUIS EUGÈNE NAPOLEON.

JUNE 1ST, 1879.

Yes—I am free at last—and here alone I ride,
 Alone—with the English Lieutenant and English troop at my side,
 And still as I ride aloof, I muse upon old Molière
 And his *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*
 Alone—for I am Napoleon—heir of a warlike name,
 And they tell me I needs must show myself worthy Napoleon's fame—
 Heir of Napoleon—ay—but the world has changed of late—
 'Tis scarce nine years since my father fled from his people's hate—
 Nine—since the Prussian hordes pierced to the heart of France,
 Nine—since our fairest fields were the prey of the Uhlan's lance.
 And I, too—I have changed—from a child, become a man;
 Changed in body and soul—changed in my life's whole plan!
 Were it well that I should reign? Is France not peaceful and strong?
 Were it well that I should reign, recalling my father's wrong?
Le boulet du Deux Décembre! No—it shall never be said
 The Fourth Napoleon throned on heaps of his country's dead—
 And yet—Napoleon's heir! Yes, spite of Legitimist lies,
 Spite of Republican slanders—thank God, I've my mother's eyes!
 My gentle, saintly mother—my mother, so pure from guile,
 How dared they sully her name with whispers false as vile!

* * * * *

My father *was* a Napoleon, tho' Bourbons and Reds may rave,
 And Kinglake, ignoble scribbler! hint that he never was brave;
 Never was brave—and in battle his cheek turned muddy green—
 —I rode by his side at Saarbruck, and *that* I never have seen!
 Yes—he was a Napoleon; but then, the Queen Hortense,
 And my grandsire, Louis of Holland?—Pah! let me sweeten my sense!
 * * * * * [*Rouses himself and looks round.*]

What ho! you English troopers! Halt! Front! Attention! Dress!
 Off with your saddles, and picket, and give your horses their mess!
 Here's the spot for the camp! Why, Carey, what do you say?
 We shall find no better ground though we ride ahead all day—
 Nonsense! Spears, you think you spy in yon mealie field?
 Nothing but stalks of maize—your sight's beginning to yield!

[*To the Kaffir guide.*] * * *

What say you, guide? Black faces? Every black fellow we meet
 Leave me to do the killing, and I'll give 'em to you to eat!

[*While they are unsaddling, a volley is fired.*] * * *

God! was he right after all? Shots—and a trooper down!
 O Rouher, may France forgive you this wildgoose chase for a crown.
 Saddle and ride for your lives! Carey, you lead the way!
 Steady, you restive brute! Stand to your saddle, I say!

[*His horse breaks away and gallops off.*]

So! here it seems I must die. Out, sword of Waterloo!
 Could he have dreamed of this?—Oh, France! oh mother! Adieu.

[*Falls.*]

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY,

January 23.

THE official returns of the University for the present session, to which I referred in my last letter, have at length been published, and are in every way satisfactory. In regard to numbers, there is an increase of 239 students over last year, 2856 as compared with 2617. These are distributed as follows: In the Faculty of Arts 965, of Divinity 77, of Law 372, and of Medicine 1442. The constitution of the medical classes is interesting: 622 of the students are from Scotland, 492 from England, 25 from Ireland, 89 from India, 174 from the colonies, and 40 from foreign countries; 84 gentlemen have taken the degrees of M.A., 12 of D.S.C. or B.S.C., 1 of LL.B., 7 of B.L., 32 of M.D. and 99 of M.B. and C.M. Several scholarships have been founded, a rather important one for graduates in medicine, Leckie-Mactier. Another, excellent in its aim, seeks to promote the study of natural science among theological students of the Free and Established Churches. The restriction is surely a pity, or, in 1880, worse. Will the other Churches look on it as a compliment or a slight?

Professor Blackie has proved himself one of the best beggars in Scotland. The endowment is complete, and the appointment to the Celtic chair is only delayed, we are told, till the necessary preliminary arrangements be made. A chair which attracts more attention, and which certainly is of more general and of growing interest, is the Watson Gordon Professorship of the Fine Arts. The endowment of 12,000*l.* has lapsed into the hands of the University by the death of the sister of the founder, Mr. H. G. Watson, C.A. Already speculation is rife as to the probable Professor. One name has gradually emerged from the rest, and now stands pre-eminent, that of Mr. Hamerton. Mr. Hamerton has already won a place in the hearts of many of us, and done not a little to clear our heads by his genial and refined and scholarly writings. If the Fates should bring him among us, he may be sure of a warm welcome, and the numerous students of Mr. Ruskin would be delighted to sit at the feet of so distinguished a disciple of the great master, and none the less that the pupil has shown his independence, while gratefully acknowledging his indebtedness. Mr. Hamerton's peculiar position as a carefully trained artist, who has devoted himself more especially, and with such power, to the interpretation by literature of his art to the public, just meets the difficulties of the case.

Some discussion indeed has already been provoked as to the aims which a Professor of the Fine Arts should mainly set before himself. Is he to play the part of interpreter to the public, guiding them to a proper appreciation of the good work of artists, cultivating a true taste for art, and diffusing this as widely as possible? Or is he rather

to be a trainer of artists in the mysteries of colour and form, and all the *technique* of their crafts, standing apart and hidden, avoiding the *profanum vulgus*? Is he to be a kind of Grand Lama, visible only to the initiated, and revealing himself to the crowd at rare intervals? Round the sister chair of Music there hangs some such mystery of elevation. In the meantime—and it is a proof of the general interest felt in the matter—Mr. Charles Heath Wilson, of Florence, has addressed a letter to the *Senatus Academicus*, suggesting a middle course, by which there would be lectures open to all wishing to attend, thus meeting a growing public desire, and by which, at the same time, provision should be made for the intellectual well-being of artists of every class. And so the matter at present stands. The new Professor alone can decide how much we shall have of practical, how much of critical; whether the chair shall be at the same time a centre of artistic life for artists, and of true artistic taste for the public.

UNIVERSITY OF COIMBRA,

January, 1880.

THE installation of the University in Coimbra in the year 1537, an act which had been premeditated for so long a time, and which was executed on the absolute authority of the King, whom some historians have surnamed *the Pious*, opens a new epoch in the history under analysis.

Although it would appear from the account given us by some authors, that the idea of removing the University to Coimbra, notwithstanding its own wish to remain in Lisbon, in a great measure originated in and was due to the annoyance felt by D. João III., at the commencement of his reign, at the neglect or want of courtesy shown by the University in hesitating to elect its Protector; it is nevertheless evident that the prime object which impelled him to do so was to remove this academy from the surrounding influences which were vitiating it in Lisbon, and to restore its former glory and raise it to the level of the most celebrated Universities of Europe.

Clearly is this intention revealed to us if we examine the provisions which were successfully adopted, and the efforts made to induce the most renowned professors of Europe to come to Coimbra, and by their enlightened culture effect the desired purpose, and render the University illustrious by their knowledge and the fame of their teaching. And truly D. João III. had the good fortune to attain this much-desired result during his reign. Yet it is equally true, that he did not know how to render lasting the only work which could have preserved a glorious remembrance of his name, for it was he himself who, during his latter days, retarded—perhaps unconsciously—the advancement of the University, and even impelled it towards the road of a dire decadence into which it fell for the space of two centuries, until the powerful arm of the great minister of D. José I. saved it from complete ruin.

In the personal character of D. João III. can be discovered the explanation of that notable disaccordance between his first and his last proceedings in relation to our University.

D. João was not a person of elevated intelligence, nor, indeed, of even

mediocre talents and correct judgment; and still less was he a monarch dowered with the indispensable gifts for rightly directing and governing the State, under the peculiar and difficult conditions in which Portugal found herself at the time. On the contrary, it will not be an act of injustice to consider him a weak spirit, leaning ever towards fanaticism, superstitious, and susceptible of being dominated by the influence exercised over him by those who well knew how to take advantage of his moral defects. His father the King D. Manuel had tried by every means to give him a good cultured education, and a varied instruction in the classical languages and in the sciences; but all he had derived from this, according to what his chronicler Fr. Luiz de Sousa says, "was a good taste for letters, and a love for learned men," an inclination which, later on, became in his regard almost a mania, for his great and ardent wish was at all hazards to help to form learned men, particularly theologians, for which end he supported in Paris alone some seventy students in this science, as is affirmed by the author of "*Monarchia Lusitana*." From this passionate love for theological studies most certainly resulted that preponderance which he ever manifested for religious questions above all other affairs.

As we continue the sketch of the rise and progress of our University, we shall see it once more planted in Coimbra, and how in a few years, conquering all difficulties, it was able to command an elevated position among the most celebrated European schools of those times,

There were two important points, and both essential ones, which it became necessary to keep in view, in order to render the transference of the University a step unattended by grave consequences or fraught with any disadvantages. The first was as regarded the teaching body, and the second in relation to the administrative dispositions for the arrangement of the courses and the scholastic service.

As regards the first point, no efforts were spared, nor sacrifices withheld in the outlay of money to call to the University learned professors; and the good results which proceeded from these efforts and sacrifices prove the sound judgment which governed the means which had been employed; but in regard to the second, the results manifested the fact of a most complete failure in the direction and execution of the plan pursued.

During the last terms of the former existence of the University in Coimbra, before D. Fernando transferred it to Lisbon, the teaching body was small, and so limited and few its courses, that the halls of the building then used sufficed to meet all its requirements. But now that after the reforms effected by D. João I. and by D. Manuel, the Academy was returning, considerably increased by a larger number of faculties, held by a powerful staff of professors, and with hopes of a greater influx of students, there existed in Coimbra no appropriate building or one sufficiently large for comfortably accommodating the whole staff, and leaving room moreover for teaching all the different studies; and this was one of the first difficulties which the University had to contend with. It appears that the King at first intended to establish all the faculties within the Colleges of Santa Cruz; but possibly, in view of the material difficulties which the execution of such a plan presented, it became necessary to divide the faculties, leaving some to be taught in the halls of the Colleges of Santa Cruz, and others in the buildings occupied by the Rector D. Garcia d'Almeida, who, under the

provisional arrangement made on the first of March, 1537, had been nominated by the King to direct the new organisation of the studies. The inconvenience arising from this separation of the faculties was further increased by limiting the authority of the rector solely to that portion of the University which was to hold its functions outside the colleges; the courses held within being subject to the government and authority of Fr. Bray de Braga (or Barros), governor and reformer of the Monastery of Sancta Cruz, who, in accord with the project of the King for transferring the University, had directed the reformation of the studies, and the foundation of the colleges.

The halls which were provisionally established in the houses of the Rector D. Garcia d'Almeida were actually opened on the second of May, 1537, but were not continued long in that place, for in September of the same year the King ordered the construction of general schools, which, however, were never erected, and he further declared that meanwhile the studies were to be held in the royal courts, where the courses were accordingly commenced in October.

After many changes and alterations of plans, it was definitely decided that in the Royal Courts should be read laws civil and canonical, mathematics, rhetoric, and music, and, in the colleges of Sancta Cruz, courses of theology, the Greek and Latin tongues, the arts, and also medicine, under the pretext of its connexion with the arts.

The most serious inconvenience which resulted from this arrangement was not so much the great distance between the different houses, although this was of some consideration, but the irregularity in the division of the scholastic bodies, as they both remained under diverse authorities, and independent one of the other. The University could not possibly conform to such a division; hence it made a representation to the King against this arrangement, but the King paid no heed to their petition. It was not until some years had elapsed that, in 1544, when Diogo de Murça was the Rector, the University at length obtained the boon of uniting all the faculties into one body, subject to the authority of the Rector and of the Academic Council, in conformity with the statutes, all the courses being held in the royal mansions, which since that time have continued to be the halls of the schools, and which, even at the present day, constitute the principal seat of the University.

Another proof of the imperfect order which was followed in the plan for transferring the University to Coimbra was in regard to the statutes. As the principal aim of the King in effecting this transference was to restore the University, and to inspire it with a new life, it would appear only reasonable and natural that he should give, or order, new statutes to be made, since the existing ones, by reason of their non-observance, had lost their authority. But such was not the case. Hence, when the University sent their syndic to Lisbon to demand the statutes of the King, he merely delivered those of D. Manuel, being the same statutes by which it had been governed during the last terms of its existence in the capital.

Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, the University within a short time gave signs of great vitality. The scholastic term had been a propitious one; and the principal reason of the happy result of the change was not due so much to this change having been effected at an opportune moment, as in the fortunate and intelligent choice of the professors into whose hands were entrusted the duties of teaching. From among the

existing teaching body at Lisbon, those of highest renown came to Coimbra, and such as did not follow the University in its transfer were superseded by men of acknowledged culture. From different universities, principally from those of Salamanca and Paris, celebrated professors were invited to Coimbra, where they were offered great advantages, they in their turn amply repaying the advantages offered them by attracting a great number of students from home and abroad, who eagerly flocked to hear the lessons taught by such learned masters.

Long and brilliant indeed is the list of the professors, who, at the commencement of this epoch, were gathered together to establish the renown of our University, and as it is impossible to furnish here even a brief sketch of the merits of each professor who holds a place in this list, I must refer such of your readers as would care to know more of these distinguished men to the able work by the Rector Figueiroa, who speaks of them in detail. However, in my next letter, I will mention one or two who more greatly distinguished themselves, and discuss the influence they brought to bear upon the brilliant rise of our University.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

English Fragments from the German of Heine. Translated by SARAH NORRIS. Edinburgh: R. Grant and Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1880.

Heine's sardonic humour might have been a valuable enlightener and corrective of British Philistinism, were it not for the fact that the peculiar property of Philistinism is its unassailable self-satisfaction. We should rather say was; for, of course, there is no Philistinism in these latter days of general sweetness and light, and it is now just half a century since Heine wrote these "English Fragments."

But, should there still exist any survivor of that mighty clan, it is to be feared that he will not be greatly prepossessed in favour of the present volume by the author's preface. Heine speaks of his slight sketches as "information," and then proceeds to show how he arrives at such information respecting a foreign country; namely, that, in the first instance, he forms in his mind, by intuition, germs of views respecting it, and then, if practicable, visits the country to verify as many of them as he can:

"Although England has been often described by German poetical novelists; yet Willibald Alexis is the only one who knows how to give an accurate picture with true local colour and outline. I believe he was never once in the country, whose characteristics he knows only through that wonderful intuition

which renders an objective reality quite unessential to the poet. In this manner I myself wrote, eleven years ago, 'William Ratcliff,' to which I might here refer as being, not merely a true description of England, but also as containing the germs of my later views about this land, which, at that time, I had never seen."

Heine's generalisations often manifest that quality of glibness which shows that they proceed as much from what he would allow to be intuitive view, as from solid experience. But solid experience is, unfortunately, so often incapable of generalising or abstracting that we are compelled to forgive Heine his glibness and intuitive facility on account of the *per contra* of his rare faculty of expression of ideas. There is a certain truth, for instance, in the following comparison, however arrived at:

"The English are a domestic people; they live a secluded, circumscribed family life. The Englishman seeks the delight of his soul with his kinsmen in the home circle—a delight which is denied him beyond his threshold on account of his inborn defect of social adaptation. The Englishman is therefore content with that form of freedom which unconditionally guarantees the protection of his personal rights, his goods, his marriage, his faith, and even his hobbies. There is no one so free in his own house as the Englishman; to use a common proverb, he is king and bishop in

his own house, as his popular motto run—'My house is my castle.'

"If on the one hand, the thing indispensable to the Englishman is personal freedom, the Frenchman on the other hand might be indifferent to this if he were allowed his share of the common freedom which is called equality. The French are not a domestic but a social people, they do not like a select familiar conclave, which they call *une conversation anglaise*; they run chattering from the *café* to the *casino*, from the *casino* to the *salons*, their light effervescent blood and brilliancy of conversation driving them into society, whose first and last condition—yea whose very soul—is equality."

"Again, the Englishman, far more tolerant than the Frenchman, endures the sight of a privileged aristocracy; he consoles himself with the thought that he possesses the right that renders it impossible for his superiors to disturb him in his home comforts, and his claim on life."

"With the German, the case is different; he needs neither freedom nor equality. The Germans are a speculative people, ideologists, far-off thinkers, abstract dreamers, who only live in the past and future, and have no present. Englishmen and Frenchmen have a present. With them every day has its strife and counter-strife and a history of its own. The German has nothing to fight for, and if he imagined that there existed things the possession of which would be desirable, he has only to remember the prudence of his philosophers who taught him to doubt the existence of such things. At the same time it cannot be denied that the Germans love freedom, but it is in a different manner from that of other nations. The Englishman loves freedom as his lawful wife,

and if he does not always treat her with peculiar tenderness, yet he thoroughly respects her, and knows how to defend her honour like a man. The Frenchman loves freedom as his bride. He glows with fire for her, he throws himself at her feet with the most exaggerated protestations, his heart beats for her in life, and, he has persuaded himself, in death also, while he commits a thousand follies for her sake. Now the German loves freedom as his old grandmother."

The following is quite as true now as it was when first written:

"You may send a philosopher to London, but, for heaven's sake, do not send a poet! Send your philosopher, and set him at a corner of Cheapside. He will learn more there than out of all the books at the last Leipsic Fair; and, as the waves of humanity roar around him, so also shall a sea of new thoughts rise up before him. The Eternal Spirit, hovering overhead, will breathe upon him, and the most hidden secrets of the social order will suddenly be disclosed to him. He will distinctly hear and clearly see the pulsation of the world—for, if London be the right hand of the world, the active, powerful, dexter hand, so must this street, leading to Downing-street from the Exchange, be considered as a main artery.

"But send no poet to London! That stern earnestness in all things, that colossal uniformity, that mechanical motion, that irksomeness of joy itself, that inexorable London stifles phantasy and rends the heart. And did you wish to send a German poet there, a dreamer, who would remain standing at every strange sight, before a ragged beggar-woman, or a shining goldsmith's shop—oh, then it would go hard with him, and he would be pressed along from every

side or be told mildly to 'move on!' just as he was jostled over. Oh that confounded pushing! I soon observed this people has much to do. They live in great style, and although food and clothing in their land are dearer than in ours, yet they will make a point of being better fed and better clad than we. As is usual with superiority of rank, they have also their heavy debts; but notwithstanding, out of mere ostentation, they will throw their guineas out at the window, and pay other nations to purvey their pleasures, yet at the same time they give a generous regal maintenance to the Crown. For all these reasons John Bull has to work day and night to replenish his exchequer in order to balance accounts with his extravagance. Day and night must he tax his brains for the invention of new machines; now he sits and calculates in the sweat of his brow, anon he runs and races through the streets, without looking much about him, from the wharves to the Exchange, from the Exchange to the Strand. And it is very pardonable that he somewhat roughly brushes against, with a hasty expletive, a poor German poet at the corner of Cheapside, who is staring open-mouthed into a picture-shop."

Let us indulge a hope that an improvement has taken place in our barbarian state, so that the following depiction is not quite so true to life as it was when it came from Heine's pen:—"That coquetry accompanied with foreign manners and phrases, that awkward elegance, that ease ill at ease, that prudish insipidity, that varnished rudeness, in short the whole unrefreshing life of those wooden butterflies that hover about in the drawing-rooms of the West End."

We have had notes on English, French, and German; the follow-

ing has to do with Scotch and Irish:

"It appears as if the Irish, by an immutable law of their nature, regard indolence as the mark of a gentleman; and therefore every one of those people, even if too poor to clothe himself decently, is nevertheless a born gentleman. So it happens that proportionably few sprigs of green Erin mingle with the merchants of the City. Those Irishmen who have had little or no education, and the most of them are of this number, are gentlemen day-labourers, and the rest are gentlemen at large. Could they succeed by a rapid *coup de main* to the possession of a merchant's wealth, they would only too gladly resolve to make the attempt; but they could never stoop to sit on a three-legged stool, and bend over desks and ledgers in order to acquire, by parsimony, slowly accumulating riches to themselves.

"Such, however, is quite the business of a Scotchman. His desire to be at the top of the tree is also very eager; but his hopes are more patient than sanguine, and constant assiduity supplies the place of momentary impulse. The Irishman springs up his tree like a squirrel, and if he does not hold fast enough, as often happens, he is shot down into the mud to stand there dirty, perhaps also hurt, and a few hops hither and thither are preparations for a new attempt, which probably will end just as fruitlessly. On the other hand, the prudent Scotchman chooses his tree with great care; he examines it slowly to see if it is well grown and strong enough to bear him, and if its roots are vigorous enough to withstand the storms of fortune. He looks also that the lowest branches are quite within his reach, with a convenient upward succession of limbs on the stem to sup-

port him in his gradual climbing. He begins at the foot, attentively considering every branch before he trusts himself upon it, and never moves the one foot before he has made sure that the other stands firm. Other people, with more haste and less deliberation, climb far above him, and sneer at the scrupulous slowness of his progress. Heedless of that, he toils up with caution and perseverance; then if those who jeered at him should fall and leave him above, it is his turn to laugh, and he laughs right heartily.

"This admirable ability of the Scotchman to distinguish himself in mercantile pursuits, his extraordinary deference to his superiors, his readiness to unfurl his sail to every wind, in all these is to be found the reason not only of the almost indefinite number of Scotch clerks being employed in London, but also of so many Scotchmen becoming partners in business houses. For all that, the Scotch have not been able in any way, notwithstanding their number and their influx, to impress their national character on this sphere of London society."

Here is Heine's picture of John Bull himself:

"The impress of John Bull's character is as deeply stamped and as sharply cut as that on a Greek medal, and no matter where or how you find him, be it in London or Calcutta, be it as master or servant, you can never mistake him. Everywhere he is a reality, like a stubborn matter of fact, strictly honourable but cold and forbidding throughout. He has quite the solidity of a material substance, and you can never help observing that, wheresoever and with whomsoever he is, John Bull always regards himself as the principal person; so also he will never take advice or warning from such per-

sons as may assume an air of superiority over him. And wherever he may be, it is his own comfort, his own immediate personal comfort, that is the greatest object of all his wishes and endeavours."

"Before you courted him, he gave cold precise politeness, and what he has to give afterwards is not much more. You perceive in him a mechanical formality, and an open display of that egotism which perhaps other people have just in as great a degree, although they carefully hide it away, so that the most costly banquet of an Englishman does not taste nearly so good to us as the Bedouin's handful of dates in the desert.

"But whilst John Bull is the coldest friend, he is the surest neighbour and the most straightforward and generous enemy. Whilst he guards his own castle like a pasha, he never seeks to penetrate into a strange one. Comfort and independence—by the one he understands the power to procure everything for himself which can conduce to his most enjoyable ease, by the other he understands the feeling that he can do what he likes and say what he thinks—these two conditions are of the first importance to him, and he concerns himself little about mere accidental and perhaps chimerical distinctions, by which so many other people are distracted. His pride—and he has pride enough—is not the pride of Haman; it frets him not if Mordecai the Jew sits continually before his door, only he provides that the aforesaid Mordecai does not come into his house without his special permission, which he certainly will not grant unless it accords with his own interest and comfort."

Heine is an idealist. Such a view as the following is just what the realist prefers not to see:

"Once the conditions of the

world were much simpler, and the thoughtful poet likened the State to a ship of which the Minister was the pilot. But now everything is more complicated and confused. The whilom ship of State is become a steamer, and the Minister has no more simply to steer a rudder, but as responsible engineer he stands under the immense machinery—scarches anxiously every iron bolt and rivet—every little cogwheel whence somehow an interruption may arise—looks day and night into the glowing furnace, perspiring with heat and fatigue—seeing that through the most trifling oversight on his part the big boiler may burst and occasion the destruction alike of ship and crew. The captain and the passengers meanwhile quietly walk the deck, quietly the standard flutters at the taffrail, and he who sees the vessel sailing on so smoothly has no idea what dangerous machinery and what anxiety and trouble are hidden in her hull.”

“English Fragments” is a valuable little work, and may contribute its share in the expansion, so greatly needed, of the English mind.

Beside the Still Waters. By JOHN PAGE HOPPS. London: Williams and Norgate.

It is a sufficient proof that doctrine is not an essential of religion, to find works possessing every characteristic of faith and religious feeling emanating from men outside the pale of orthodoxy. There is no refuge from the logical dilemma that either such is the case, and religion is not a secretion from dogma, or the faith and feeling evidenced in the works of heretics are absolutely false and fictitious—the devil taking angel’s form with intent to deceive. It would require a mind very deeply dyed with Calvinism, and very much

hardened by narrow bigotry, to rest in comfort on the latter horn of the dilemma.

The following, for instance, if it be not genuine, implies a capacity of deceit sufficiently superhuman to be well worthy of study on that account :

“Religious spirits have always felt, and must always feel, that the permanent things are not the things that pertain to controversy, to protest, or even to the anxious search for demonstrable truth. The enduring things are those that relate to simple-hearted joy in God, and to the calm confidences of the soul. The restless clouds are evanescent; it is the tranquil blue that remains. The mists of earth fleet by, or die away; it is the gracious sunshine that abides. Battle-fields are for a day; but the quiet meadow-lands lie ever open to the dews and beams of heaven.”

It would be too much to expect a man of merely imitative faculty to show the least originality. Conversely—if originality be shown, the work is not merely imitative, but the result of genuine feeling and vision. The following extracts on the subject of sunshine tell their own tale in this respect :

“If that wonder came only once in a century, or once in the average life-time of a man, what anxious preparations would be made to witness it, — to have observers armed at all points, so that nothing should be missed of the amazing effects produced by the flood of glory on mountain, meadow, crag, and sea! Then, when the gorgeous day was over, and the veil was drawn for another age, what volumes would be written, what views would be produced, what learned discussions would be taken, and what stories would be told to new listeners, as they grew up, to prepare them for the next display!”

“The mightiest mechanical forces

known to us are puny, and bear scarcely any appreciable relation to the tremendous force received from the sun during one day of sunshine."

"Note again concerning sunshine, that it *never ceases to exist*. And yet nothing seems so fickle as sunshine. It comes tardily, it deals treacherously, it departs hurriedly, it disappoints continually."

"Yet nothing is so constant as the sunshine. It is just the one thing that never changes. The change is all in ourselves. On the darkest midnight, when no man can see his way, the sunshine is still pouring its glory upon the earth; but our portion of it has turned itself away. On the other side, while we shudder at the frightful gloom, children are laughing at their play, the reapers are busy with the corn, and the glory of forest, sea, and meadow replies to the glory of the sky. And on dull November days, when, at mid-day, only a few thin gleams find their way to us, the fault is all our own. The fogs are earth-born, and come between us and the sunshine. If you could mount up beyond the thin veil of mist that folds us in on those dreary days, you would find the faithful sunshine there, brilliant and beautiful as ever, and only waiting for the right conditions, the open door, that it may enter in."

With regard to science, every man who thinks must have felt something like Mr. Page Hopps expresses himself:

"The chemical analysis of tears will not prevent crying, or cure the heart-ache, neither will the chemical analysis of man touch the mystery of life or the need of God."

The following passage, too, among many others, is worthy of study:

"Day by day, in business, in politics, in social life, and in

religion, it is becoming more and more difficult to be one's self—more and more difficult to be calm, and self-possessed, and self-reliant, and free. More and more, on every hand, the morbid craving for excitement grows, and, one by one, individual minds and lives are lost in the monstrous whirl. In social life the rage for expenditure, for costly living, has, to a very grave extent, seriously affected the trade and commerce of the world. In business, feverish competition, and ambition as feverish, have led to the positive creation of a new and portentous system of speculation, which threatens everywhere to be the death of both old-fashioned industry and old-fashioned honour. In politics, the same spirit prevails, and the same effects are following. In religion, the manipulation of mighty masses by revivalists, and the rage for mere sensationalism on the most sacred subjects, strongly illustrate the unhealthy and hectic condition of the age. Sober reflection, strong thought, private judgment, calm faith, brave, patient trust in God, where do we find these prevailing? They exist here and there; but they nowhere prevail. Everywhere it is the same; self-possession and simplicity and real thought giving way before the rush of masses swayed and pushed on by the demand of the hour."

For the remedy, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

The Antiquary; a Magazine devoted to the Study of the Past. Edited by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.

Antiquarianism has rarely been celebrated in strains so charming and full of allurements, as are found on the forefront of this new periodical. They are by Mr. Austin Dobson, and shall speak for themselves:—

PROLOGUE.

The days decay as flower of grass,
 The years as silent waters flow ;
 All things that are depart, alas !
 As leaves the winnowing breezes strow ;
 And still while yet, full-orbed and slow,
 New suns the old horizon climb,
 Old Time must reap, as others sow :
 We are the gleaners after Time !

We garner all the things that pass,
 We harbour all the winds may blow ;
 As misers we up-store, amass
 All gifts the hurrying Fates bestow ;
 Old chronicles of feast and show,
 Old waifs of by-gone rune and rhyme,
 Old jests that made old banquets glow :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

We hoard old love of lad and lass,
 Old flowers that in old gardens grow,
 Old records writ on tomb and brass,
 Old spoils of arrow-head and bow,
 Old wrecks of old worlds' overthrow,
 Old relics of Earth's primal slime,
 All drift that wanders to and fro :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

ENVOY.

Friends, that we know not and we know !
 We pray you by this Christmas chime
 Help us to save the things that go :
 We are the gleaners after Time.

It seems hard to criticise so pathetic a picture, and the only line that does not shine with perfect clearness, to our vision at least, is the penultimate one of the first stanza.

That those interested in antiquarian topics are understood to be a class of somewhat æsthetic taste we should judge from the typographic style and the paper of the *Antiquary*, which are so good that it is difficult to see how it can be sold at a shilling, freighted as it is over and above its material bulk with the results of much painstaking labour on the part of a well-skilled crew.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1880.

THE COURT AND LIFE OF BONAPARTE.*

IN a well-ordered library there is a certain shelf which is a post of honour. It contains volumes which are of imperishable interest. It affords materials for the analysis of human nature, as that nature is affected by the sore trials that beset illustrious birth and exalted position. It gives information without which a man can neither be a philosopher, a historian, or a statesman, in the best sense of the words. On this shelf stand the *Memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon*, the *Letters of Madame de Sevigné*, the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, and the *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz*. Beside these standard works of European fame room must now be made for the *Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat*.

We write under the great disadvantage of not having read the original memoirs. But the translation, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, is like a painting so finished that the trace of the motion of the brush is nowhere visible. As published by Messrs. Low, the memoirs might have been written by an English author—an Englishman of literary power, we

were about to say, were it not that the fine touch, and the delicacy of appreciation of character, are such as are rarely found displayed by one of the stronger and ruder sex. Persons who are loud in their opinions as to woman's rights and woman's powers would do well to study wherein the highest success has been attained by the most celebrated women. In the pursuit of science they will find only a reflected, though a very luminous, ray emitted by even such a writer as Mrs. Somerville. But for perception and delineation of the very elements of character, it will be hard to name many male writers who deserve to be ranked with Mme. de Rémusat.

Not that we would hold up the memoirs as a faultless, or an altogether reliable, work. It is on the central figure, on which the attention of the writer was for thirteen years so unavoidably bent, that the chief light is thrown. The inferior figures, the background to the great dramatic hero, are perhaps subject to the same kind of aberration in their definition that attends on the action of the

* "*Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-1808.*" Published by her grandson, M. Paul de Rémusat (Translation). London: Sampson Low and Co. 1880.

camera itself. In one case in particular, a pure-minded and delicate writer, judging of an early playmate by herself, has given a portrait of a charming and unfortunate woman, which even M. Paul de Rémusat is obliged thus to qualify in a note: "There are few things in these memoirs which will be read with greater surprise than the pages relating to Queen Hortense. My grandmother lived and died in the conviction that in speaking thus she was strictly adhering to the truth. The contrary opinion has, however, prevailed, and it has been confirmed by the conduct of her son, Napoleon III., who rendered marked honour to the Duc de Morny. Very likely that, as often happens, everything was true in its turn;—in youth, innocence and sorrow; afterwards consolation."

Again we should be disposed to pause for some confirmation of the estimate formed of Eugène de Beauharnais, who appears in the memoirs as the very genius of faultless mediocrity. If the little sketch be a true one, not a mere silhouette of a favourable aspect of the man, his pulse must have beaten even more slowly than that of his formidable stepfather.

But, regarded as a work of art, the conception of the central figure is rather enhanced, than otherwise, by the comparative carelessness of touch with which the subsidiary personages are delineated. A descendant of a good family of *ancienne noblesse de la robe*, Claire Elizabeth Jeanne Gravier de Vergennes was born on the 5th of January, 1780. Her father fell on the revolutionary scaffold on the 24th of July, 1794, three days before the fall of Robespierre. His death left his unhappy wife and her two daughters unprotected. Madame de Vergennes retired to Saint Gratien, in the valley of Montmorency; where, in 1796, at the

early age of sixteen, Claire married Augustin Laurent de Rémusat, born in Provence in 1762. While living in a modest country house at Saint Gratien, M. and Mme. de Rémusat formed an intimacy with Mme. de Beauharnais, who, in 1796, became the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. As the latter advanced in his career, Josephine, who was the good genius of her husband, became fully aware of the great importance of attaching to his circle any members of the old noblesse. In 1802, when Bonaparte was First Consul, the one desire of France was for peace and for order. The very name of liberty had become odious, for it was another word for the *régime* of the guillotine. "To profit by the repose that Bonaparte had given to France, and to rely on the hopes that he had inspired, was, no doubt," says Mme de Rémusat, "to deceive ourselves; but we did so in common with almost all France, and, when he became Consul, people breathed freely. At first he won public confidence; when, afterwards, causes of disquiet arose, the country was already committed to him. At last he frightened all those who had believed in him, and led honest citizens to desire his fall, even at the risk of loss to ourselves. This is the history of M. de Rémusat and myself; there is nothing humiliating in it. We, too, were relieved and confident when the country had breathing space, and, afterwards, we desired its deliverance above all other things." These simple words are offered, not as an excuse, but as an explanation, of what led respectable persons, who had a right to use the *de* to their names, to attach themselves to the person of Bonaparte. In 1802, when twenty-two years old, shortly after the nomination of her husband to the post of Prefect of the Palace, Mme. de

Rémusat became lady-in-waiting to Mme. Bonaparte.

It was thus that Bonaparte unconsciously gave occasion for the presentation to history of a sketch of his inner life, for which we shall in vain seek a parallel elsewhere. Sketches there are, of course, many, as well as full-drawn and elaborate portraits. Nor has anyone laboured so persistently, and, it may be added, so mendaciously, at this task of portraiture as did Bonaparte himself; whether the medium of expression were a bulletin from head-quarters, or a reminiscence from St. Helena. But there was one thing which Bonaparte could not understand. It is something which none of the loud preachers of equality and the rights of man can ever understand. It has been very gracefully indicated by an English writer, in one of her latest novels, which is as yet only in serial form ("He who will not when he may," by Mrs. Oliphant). It is the impossibility of the production, from any but its own soil and under its own conditions, of the highest outcome of civilisation—the well-born and well-bred gentlewoman. To understand what such a character is, is also to be aware of the perpetual jar which must ensue from its juxtaposition with even the most brilliant and triumphant of *parvenues*.

We have referred to the touch of Mme. de Rémusat as no less brilliant than that of Mme. de Sevigné. But the pages of the former are not the embodiment in amber of the infinitely little. They are photographs of the material of history. There is all the intuitive perception of character, which gives the great charm to the Memoirs of St. Simon, without his bitterness or his prejudices. There is as honest a self-analysis as is that of La Grande Demoiselle; but it is the analysis of the mind of a

delicate woman, a true and loving wife, a faithful friend, as well as a woman of rare gifts and intelligence; not that of a woman converted by the force of her education and surroundings into an incarnation of selfish and almost unconscious pride. There is as valuable an insight afforded into the little nothings which form such powerful forces in politics as can be found in the pages of De Retz. But when Mme. de Rémusat tells us that she speaks what she knows we believe her; when De Retz tells us the same, we only know that he wishes us to believe him. This is high praise; but as far as the first volume of the memoirs go—all that we have yet seen—it is nothing but literary justice.

An interesting example of the reliability of the Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat is to be found in the story of the marriage of Bonaparte and Josephine. Some years ago, in Italy, a priest of a certain consideration in the Roman Church told the writer of these lines what at the time, he said, was known to few. It was a matter of extreme importance, from an ecclesiastical point of view; because it is the doctrine of the Church of Rome that marriage is indissoluble, and divorce impossible. Of course, the question will always arise, "was the marriage canonical and therefore real?" If it was otherwise, a declaration of nullity is competent to the spiritual power, and this, it was said, was what rendered possible the marriage of the Archduchess Marie Louise. Napoleon protested, was the story, that his ecclesiastical marriage with Josephine had been accomplished against his own wish, and by *force majeure* on the part of the Pope, and on that ground made good his subsequent objection to the validity of the ceremony.

The Memoirs of Prince Metter-

nich, published almost at the same time as those of Mme. de Rémusat, contradict this account. The Prince gives his authority for the statement, incredible as it may seem, that no religious marriage ceremony actually took place between Bonaparte and Josephine; but that the assent of the Pope to take part in the coronation, which he had refused to do until satisfied on that point, was obtained by a false assurance being given to the Pontiff, by three prelates, to the effect that such a marriage had taken place.

But the account of Mme. de Rémusat, which is in exact accordance with that of the Italian Canon, bears the stamp of unquestionable exactitude. Two days before the coronation, M. de Rémusat, who had to submit to Josephine the superb diadem which had just been made for her, "found her in a state of delight and satisfaction, which she could hardly conceal from public notice. Presently, she took my husband aside, and confided to him that, on the morning of that same day, an altar had been erected in the Emperor's cabinet, and that Cardinal Fesch had performed the marriage ceremony between herself and Bonaparte in the presence of two aides-de-camp. After the ceremony, she had procured a written certificate of the marriage from the Cardinal. She carefully preserved this document, and, notwithstanding all the Emperor's efforts to obtain it from her, she never could be induced to part with it."

The account is thus given at first hand. It accords in every point with that to which we before referred. But what is more, it furnishes a missing link in the latter. The Roman story was, that when the preparations for the coronation were advanced, the Pope suddenly discovered that Bonaparte had not

been canonically married. He sent to ask for an interview at once—offered himself to marry them then and there; but declared that nothing should induce him to be present at the coronation without the marriage being first performed. On this, after a violent scene, Bonaparte sent for Cardinal Fesch, who performed the ceremony.

The point raised is—who told the Pope? This Mme. de Rémusat tells us. It was Josephine. On Bonaparte telling his wife that the Pope was about to arrive in Paris, and that he would crown them both, "the Empress confided to me the ardent desire she had long felt to have her marriage, which had been civilly contracted, confirmed by a religious ceremony." Bonaparte had, on this point, "rejected his wife's pleading, firmly but mildly. She therefore determined to await the arrival of the Pope, being persuaded, very reasonably, that his Holiness would espouse her cause on such a point as this." It is thus tolerably certain that the imputation brought by Prince Metternich against the prelates is altogether without foundation.

It is impossible, without extended quotations, to do justice to the admirable picture of Bonaparte given by Mme. de Rémusat. As to a doubt about his paternity, which might throw some light on the extraordinary difference between himself and his brothers, the book should be read. On the other hand, have to be borne in mind the extraordinary beauty of his sisters, and the close resemblance to his features borne by the present Napoleon Jerome. The education of the family had been much neglected, when, in 1790, Mme. Bonaparte, then a rich widow, retired from Corsica to Marseilles with her family—Napoleon being then at the Military School at Brienne.

The morality of the daughter, is described as anything but strict; and Bonaparte is said to have retained a permanent dislike to Provence, which seriously affected the interests of the country, from a knowledge of the low estimation in which his family were held at Marseilles.

In the days of the Empire, Mme. Bonaparte, or as she was called Mme. Mère, neither had nor desired any influence. She was a woman of very ordinary intelligence. She lived a retired life, amassing as much money as possible, and meddled in no public matters. The selfish and obstinate incapacity of Joseph, the no less thorough selfishness of the able and profligate Lucien, the low melancholy of the egotistical and suspicious Louis, the servility and nonentity of Jerome, are indicated by slight but masterly touches. And the mutual hatred and thorough vulgarity of the whole Bonaparte family are, as if unconsciously, exposed in a manner that Molière might have envied, especially on three occasions. One of these was an undignified squabble at a dinner party at Marlefontaine, the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, as to precedence between Mme. Mère and Josephine. The second was on the occasion of the coronation. The sisters of Bonaparte had been detailed, sorely against their will, to bear the train of the Empress during the solemnity. "When she had to walk from the altar to the throne there was a slight altercation with her sisters-in-law, who carried the mantle with such ill grace, that I observed at one moment the new-made Empress could not advance a step. The Emperor perceived this, and spoke a few sharp, short words to his sisters which speedily brought them to reason." On another day, "after a family dinner,

a violent quarrel took place. I was not present, but we could hear something of it through the wall which divided the Empress's boudoir from our salon. The cause was the attribution of the title of Princess to the wives of Bonaparte's brothers, but not to his sisters. It was on this occasion that he uttered the memorable remark, 'Really, Mesdames, to hear your pretensions, one would think we held the crown from our father, the late King!'"

Of Josephine, Mme. de Rémusat speaks with more affection than respect. "She was not a person of remarkable intellect. A Creole and frivolous, her education had been a good deal neglected, but she was aware of her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation. She possessed true natural tact; she readily found pleasant things to say; her memory was good—a useful quality for those in high position. Without being precisely pretty, she possessed many personal charms. Her features were delicate, her expression was sweet; her mouth was very small, and concealed her bad teeth; her complexion was rather dark, but, with the help of skilfully applied red and white, she remedied that defect; her figure was perfect, her limbs were flexible and delicate; her movements were easy and elegant. La Fontaine's line could never have been more fitly applied than to her—

Et la grace, plus belle encore que la beauté.

She dressed with perfect taste, enhancing the beauty of what she wore; and with these advantages and the constant care she bestowed upon her attire, she contrived to avoid eclipse by the youth and beauty of many of the women by whom she was surrounded."

It is almost impossible to pause

in extracting the finely-drawn character of Josephine—the account of her influence over Napoleon, and of the evil effect of his influence in return. He inspired her with contempt for society, with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion, and he taught her the art of lying, which they both practised with skill and effect.”

The constant envy, hatred, and malice evinced by the Bonaparte family to Josephine and her children is one of the most remarkable bits of local colour that are brought out by this painter with the pen. Especially interesting is it to compare the brutality shown at times by Bonaparte to his wife, with the deference, amounting almost to awe, which he afterwards paid to Marie Louise; if, at least, we may trust in this respect the statements of M. de Metternich.

To the portrait of Bonaparte himself the finishing touch is put by his own hand. But we have to regret that the authority for this touch is only that of M. de Talleyrand. And we should like to know what, if the conversation cited really occurred, was the word translated “base.” “In reality,” Bonaparte is represented as saying, “there is nothing really noble or base in this world. I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonourable action. My secret tendencies, which, after all, are those of nature, apart from certain affectations of virtues which I have to assume, give me infinite resources with which to baffle every one. Therefore all I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try to

find out besides,” added he with a satanic smile, “whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step.” The chief reason for believing that Talleyrand did not invent all this is, that the cynicism displayed is so much coarser than his own.

There is hardly a line of the picture of Bonaparte which can be left out without loss. In the interest of literature we must decline to give a sketch of a portrait so finely drawn, one in which the touches of feminine malice—in the French sense of her word—are at once so keen and so inimitable. Yet the picture is such as befits the history of the writer. It is the work of an artist who saw too closely to admire, much and long as she strove to do so. In the same way that the portraiture of Sir Thomas Lawrence threw an air of nobility over his sitters, that of Mme. de Rémusat throws an atmosphere of truth around her slightest remarks. It is not her fault if we recoil from the infinite want of nobility of soul, of decency of manner, of loftiness of conception, even of true self-reliance where dignity was required, of her subject; at the same time that she does justice to the grandeur of the intellect of what Talleyrand justly calls “this devil of a man!”

Perhaps the most useful lesson to be drawn from the whole book is one that must be read between the lines. Bonaparte could never get over the uneasy sense that he was a *parvenu*. His long orations, his private crimes, his public splendour, his sanguinary wars, all spring mainly from that one uneasy sense. It may have been the case, two thousand years ago, that the frugal disinterestedness of Cincinnatus was displayed, and was admired. But in a society which has grown old in civilisation, the effort to produce equality, as it is

futile, is always most disastrous. "My family dates," said Bonaparte once, "from the 18th Brumaire." It would have been well for Europe if he could have been content that such should be the case. In the whole story of the Great Revolution, as well as in many more recent portions of history, the envious perception of the fact that a long line of illustrious ancestors is the one possession that no violence can grasp has embittered the demagogue. It has raised the guillotine. As it led to Waterloo, so did it lead to Sedan. Even in England, where, owing to our civil wars, and the almost total extinction of our old *noblesse*, the feeling is less powerful than it was in France (particularly as pride in long *bourgeois* descent is almost entirely unknown in England), the motive is most powerful when most loudly disclaimed. It prevented Peel, despite his high qualities and the public respect which he enjoyed, from ever feeling at his ease. It inspired the frantic petulance which strained the Royal Prerogative by the production of a warrant for a sudden change in the army. It gives venom to the loud-voiced advocate of peace at any price. For men like these feel that, rise how and when they can, there is a line they can never pass. This line can only be obliterated by the abolition of the class above it. This is the secret of the cry for equality and fraternity. Napoleon himself saw this, and said with truth that the French cared nothing for liberty.

It is an unfailling lesson of history that the stability of a State depends on the maintenance of the hereditary principle. When the stability is too rigid, that maintenance takes the form of caste. A long period of unchanging condition may co-exist with caste; but progress is out of the question; and,

in course of time, the natural multiplication of the people produces unavoidable collisions. But we have no instance of permanent liberty apart from hereditary institutions. In those States where, as in Egypt under the Second Empire, and in England to-day, low birth is not a vital impediment to the rise of men of genius, where the Bar, the Church, and the Army form ladders to the peerage, we have (theoretically) a sufficient balance. But, while the remembrance of what the nineteenth century owes to Watt and to Stephenson may be appealed to against any over-rigid adherence to ancient lines of demarcation, it is indisputable that it is contrary to any sound political principles to encourage the children of the working classes to endeavour to take the place of those above them. This is capable of demonstration. Those of us who can trace back, for four, six, eight, or even ten centuries, the memory of the successive education of their forefathers in the art of government, or in the cultivation of the brain, are at a disadvantage, in some respects, when compared with those hardy sons of toil whose progenitors have chiefly been occupied in manual labour. The power of resistance of the latter is greater, their hardihood greater, their ability to pinch and pare till their savings have laid the basis of independence is greater, the power of push, of self-assertion, and the want of all inconvenient check by the operation of modesty or taste, is greater. If the State try to encourage a circulation of class, by calling up the sons of the men of toil to the seats of her sons of the men of thought, the encouragement will either be efficient or not. If not, it will tend to displace the superior by the inferior workman—workman in the broadest sense of the word. This will be a great loss of power. If

it be said, on the other hand, that out of the rude material the best workman is made, what is to become of her displaced upper class? For the benefit of the children of the labourer we are pauperising the children of the men of culture. The rude task of the peasant, rejoicing in his animal strength, and sleeping an undisturbed sleep, cannot be adequately discharged by the sons of knightly lines. The man whose ancestors have been on horseback since the Crusades looks as ill-bestowed with a spade and a pick in his hands as the man trained to the use of these does on horseback. Maintenance of hereditary position as a rule, fit application of education to station, and possible

safety valves for the uprising of genius wherever genius may be born, are the great conditions of permanent national welfare.

The grave anxiety with which M. de Rémusat, and those few patriotic Frenchmen who thought more of the welfare of France than of a ribbon more or less at the button-hole, began to regard the action of the self-inflicted Nemesis of the Empire, is indicated with great truth and beauty by the writer of the memoirs. We hope to have the opportunity of making further acquaintance with the works of this delicate and intellectual observer. The absence of a portrait of Mme. de Rémusat is the chief defect of this fascinating book.

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

No. II.

"Good morning," said I, "coming suddenly on the Rector," good morning. You remember what I said last time I met you? I was not so far out, was I?"

The Rector was coming out of the church porch just as I came to it; he was followed by another clergyman, a spare man, with a very sharp-cut and well-defined face, in whom I recognised an Oxford professor. "No, indeed, you were not," said the Rector. "It was a most curious coincidence. Some people would have called it prophetic. I have been thinking of it ever since. You know Professor Lewis?"

"I have that pleasure," said I, capping the Don. "What is it that is so remarkable?" asked the latter.

"You remember what a day it was on last Wednesday?" remarked the Rector.

"Indeed, I do," said the Professor. "At Oxford we were wrapped in one thick blanket of fog, and in London, I am told, people positively could not find their way about. A friend of mine was sixty-three minutes going from Charing Cross to Cannon-street."

"It was not so bad as that here," said the Rector. "But it was very bad for us. I could not distinguish the time by the town clock until I came so near that the idea struck me to step the distance. I found it was sixty-six yards."

"I should say that you were sixty-six times better off than the Londoners," said the Professor. "But was this what you said was so curious?"

"No," said the other. "What I referred to was this. I met our good friend here; and he said, 'Shall I give you an extract from the morning papers of the day after to-morrow.' 'By all means,' said I. 'The dense fog,' said he, as if he was reading, 'which has hung over London for the last ten days showed no signs of alteration at daybreak on the 6th; and much apprehension was entertained at the idea of any unusual gathering of persons on the route of the procession. Shortly before the time when the final arrangements were completed, however, gleams of sunlight pierced the gloom. The fog then suddenly lifted. The sun, which had been invisible in London since the 29th of the preceding month, shone out bright and clear, and the uniforms of the household troops and the trappings of the State carriages gleamed in the ray. Nothing could have been more brilliant than this scene, or more hearty than the Queen's reception. The most remarkable part of the story was, that the weather remained fine until the return of Her Majesty to Buckingham Palace; immediately after which the sky clouded over, and a soft but persistent rain closed the day.'"

"You don't mean to say that

that was told you on Wednesday," said the Professor.

"As closely as I can remember," said the Rector, "those were our friend's very words. I am sure they convey the sense of what he said. I remember that I laughed a good deal at the time, because I thought the forecast so extremely improbable; and I thought that the style of the penny-a-liner was so admirably hit off."

"Well," said I, "I think your report is *verbatim*, as nearly as I can remember. What do you say to my forecast?"

"It was an odd coincidence," replied the Rector.

"Not so very odd," said the Professor. "Mr. — had the law of chances in his favour."

"How was that?" I asked.

"In our climate," explained the Professor, "we have a certain average of weather. For instance, wet days average, if I remember rightly, about 180 in the year. Of course the foggy days are more rare, but they have their average also. Let us assume this average at 20. Now, we must have had certainly a fortnight of fog. Then the chances of a fine day were 185 against 6, or 31 to 1. So there were 31 to 1 in favour of the prediction."

"And of the return of the rain at five o'clock," said I.

"Well," said the Professor, "I cannot give you the exact chance of that; but you know at this time of year the evenings do often cloud over. What time was high water at London Bridge?"

"I have no idea," said I.

"Nor do I think it could have much mattered," said the Rector. "We are thirty miles from London here, and six or more miles from the Thames. But I remember going out in the garden at about half-past twelve, being attracted by the sunshine; and I noticed how

unusually high the clouds were. 'It must be fine in London,' I said. As I was going to evening my wife said, 'Pray take your umbrella.' I did so to oblige her; and when we came out of church I was rewarded for my consideration. There was quite a drizzling rain."

"Which shows the wisdom of the proverb about umbrellas," said the Professor.

"Then you do not see anything remarkable either in the facts, or in the prediction?" asked the Rector.

"Not in any way," replied the Professor. "The calculus of chances is so well known and so simple, that for any one who cared to take the pains to study it with that view nothing would be more easy than to set up for a prophet. Such things are mere coincidences; and we can generally calculate the mathematical expectation of a given coincidence."

"What is a coincidence?" I asked.

"It is the fortuitous occurrence, at the same time, of events that have no relation to one another," replied the mathematician.

"So that, if a hen has been sitting for the proper time on a dozen eggs," said I, "and her chickens all come out on the same day—that is not a coincidence."

"In one sense it is," returned the Professor. "It is a coincidence in time. But here we have cause and effect. The same cause, the warmth communicated by incubation, acted alike, or nearly so, on all the eggs. Thus there was a high degree of mathematical expectation that they would all hatch at about the same time. This was not a casual coincidence."

"Then I must distinguish for the future," said I, "between coincidences and casual coincidences. How am I to know which is which?"

"When a common cause tends to produce synchronous effects," replied the Professor, "the coincidence is not casual."

"And how am I to know whether there is, or is not, such a common cause?"

"That must depend on your information," replied the Professor; "information and intelligence."

"Then whether a coincidence is to be called casual or not, depends on my ignorance or otherwise, whether there is a common cause."

"Put it so if you like," said the Professor; "it matters very little."

"But I am asking for information," said I. "I merely want to get clear ideas on the subject. Let me ask you now, Rector. You remember the very bad weather last summer. After a time we had the prayer for fine weather; and within a day or two we had fine weather. Was that a casual coincidence?"

"I remember," said the Professor, rather taking the words out of the Rector's mouth, "when I was a boy, that the churchwardens asked our vicar to put up prayers in a very bad season. Says he, 'I will if you like, but its all d—d nonsense till the wind changes.'"

The Rector did not smile. He looked rather severely, and said, "If I were to use the prayers for fine weather, or for rain, without any belief or expectation that they would have any effect, I should consider myself a hypocrite."

"Then," said I, "you would not consider the coincidence in question casual?"

"I certainly should not," said the Rector. "But I don't know that I ever regarded the question so very attentively."

"So I should judge," remarked the Professor. "You see I speak with the highest respect for the

fathers of our Church who framed our liturgy. They wrote at a time when the weather was supposed to be directly regulated by—in fact, by the special interposition of Divine Providence; and for persons who are still in that state of mind, no doubt the use of such formularies is a comfort—and so has a good effect. But if I know, by telegraph, that there is a depression coming across the Atlantic, due on our coast the day after to-morrow—can I suppose that putting up a prayer in a church will induce an interference with a law of nature? Because that is what your question involves."

"Is it certain that the depression will arrive?" asked I.

"Three times out of four it does," said the Professor. "Sometimes, indeed, these disturbances seem to wear themselves out in crossing the Atlantic, or take a northerly direction, and we hear no more of them."

"But, as a rule, you can speak with certitude?"

"As a rule, yes," replied the Professor. "The general theory of meteoric action is very fairly understood; we are collecting more details every day. Our knowledge is already of great practical value."

"What is the chief point to ascertain," I asked, "in order to know what weather to expect?"

"Pressure," said the Don; "barometric pressure, and that over as large an area as possible. When we know the differences of pressure, at certain points, we know what we call the gradients, or the rates at which the winds are travelling in the proper directions."

"The barometer rises when fine weather is coming, does it not?" I asked.

"Yes, the barometer rises be-

cause the atmosphere is more heavy. The mercurial column is *in vacuo*, you understand, so that there is only the weight of the mercury to be supported by the pressure of the air; and this makes a very sensitive balance."

"I think," said I, "Pascal was the first to establish this."

"Yes, he was," said the Professor, "and a great step he made. In fact, it was one that went to the very limit of the possible knowledge of the subject."

"Then the height of the barometer shows the exact pressure of the air on the mercury in the cup," said I.

"Exactly," said the Professor; "so that, as we ascend a mountain, or in a balloon, the mercury falls; and if we go down into a coal mine, or into the valley of the Jordan, which is more than 1000 feet below the sea level, it rises. We can tell our height above the level of the sea by the barometer."

"But does not the barometer vary if it is not moved?" I inquired.

"Of course it does," said the Professor. "There are two elements combined in the barometric pressure—one is that due to the height of the station; the other is, of course, variable."

"And variable to some extent, is it not?" I asked.

"By more than ten per cent., without anything abnormal," replied the mathematician.

"But gravity does not vary, does it?"

"There is a slight variation from the equator to the pole, dependent on the distance of the local surface of the earth from the earth's centre of gravity," said the Professor. "It is marked by a difference of about the 180th part of the length of the pendulum."

"And the mercury is sustained

in the tube by the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the mercury in the cup?"

"Certainly."

"Then will you explain to me how it is that, if gravity never varies at one spot, the gravity of the atmosphere varies as much as ten per cent. at one spot?"

"It would be easy to give you what the books say in reply," said the Professor, "but, frankly, I don't know. This is one of the things as yet unknown to science. If you ask me my idea, I should say that the pressure of the atmosphere is not due to gravity alone, but that there is an electric or magnetic attraction between the atmosphere and the earth, which varies according to conditions as yet wholly unknown. But this is a slight matter. The general laws of atmospheric action are known. The heat of the sun, and the motion of the earth in its orbit, and the planetary attraction causing the tides, are the efficient causes of what we call the weather."

"So that," said I, turning to the Rector, "I do not see that Professor Lewis leaves much room for the prayer for fine weather."

"No, no," said the Professor quickly, "don't say that; I said before that the subjective effect may be very good."

I looked at the Rector; he looked uncomfortable; he saw that I was waiting for his opinion. "Something more than that," said he; "I cannot be content with that."

"You cannot doubt the immutable order of nature—the known action of known causes," explained the Professor.

"I can conceive of such an argument in certain cases," said the Rector. "As to invariable phenomena, for example, such as the rising of the sun, I do not think we have any reason to expect that

they should vary. Therefore I should think it, for instance, not only foolish, but wicked, to pray that the sun might not rise to-morrow morning."

"The same principle—the same principle," said the Professor. "The moral and the physical orders are not to be confounded."

"Aye," said the Rector, "if you know all about the physical order. But that is what you have just been telling us you do not in this case."

"That is, that when I frankly tell you I know a, b, c, d, e, f, and g, but that I do not yet know h," said the Professor, "when most men would make believe that they know them all, you tell me that my positive knowledge is of no use until I have made up this little deficiency."

"Your sum is not proved, it seems to me," replied the Rector. "If the weather followed a course as regular as that of the planets, varying at each spot, according to local circumstances, but steady and capable of anticipation in each spot, your argument would apply. But with all these reasons for regular sequence, we have absolute irregularity; and you suggest no reason for the irregularity."

"Variation of barometric pressure," interposed the Professor; "that accounts for all."

"But you fail to account for that."

"At present, at present, absolutely to account for it," said the mathematician. "But we have the theory, we only want a little more detail."

"Then," said I, "you would altogether condemn the use of such an expression as a good omen."

"I know what Professor Lewis will reply to that," said the Rector.

"No educated man can be ignorant," said the Professor, "of the

superstitions attached to omens. For my part, I hold that there may be such a thing as an omen without superstition. If I was going to start on a voyage, and saw a very black cloud rise, I should take it as an omen of storm, and should be likely to act accordingly."

"And how about such an omen as the sunshine for the Queen?" inquired the Rector.

"Even there, you see, the idea is not wholly unreasonable," said the Professor. "The coincidence was good in itself. It was likely to prevent mischief, to avoid accidents, to make everybody cheerful, and men disposed to be pleased. So it was an efficient cause of good for the day, and might be called a good omen without any superstition at all."

"Professor Lewis is not one of those who entertain any doubt as to the Divine ordering of human affairs," said the Rector, solemnly.

"Of course not," said the Professor. "Such a doubt would be highly unbecoming in a man in—in—well, in my position. All I object to is any foolish attempt to explain natural events by supernatural causes."

"I think I understand that," said I. "Now, for instance, the nature of the harvest—that is a natural event. I think I can remember instances where this exercised a strong political influence."

"Undoubtedly," said the Rector. "There are not a few instances in our own history where the fact of a good or a bad harvest, and the consequent comfort or distress of the people, produced a decided effect on the policy of the ministers of the day; and thus on the history of Europe."

"And in cases of famine," said I.

"No doubt that the course of

history may, in not a few cases, have been most materially influenced by famine," said the Rector.

"What was the cause of that terrible famine—I forget the exact year—in Bengal and Orissa not so very long ago?" I inquired.

"Simple enough," replied the Professor; "the deflection of the monsoon. The fertility of that part of the world depends entirely on the monsoon rains. In the year to which you refer these rains failed; and dearth was the necessary consequence."

"And what caused the failure?"

"Probably some slight variation of local barometric pressure," replied the Professor. "A very slight deflection in the azimuth of the movement of the clouds would make all the difference whether they discharged their contents where the country needed rain, or somewhere else—on the sea for instance."

The Rector looked thoughtfully at me. "The slight variation may mean a quarter of a million deaths by starvation then," said I.

"Indeed," said the Rector, "the matter assumes quite a new importance in my estimation. Here you tell us is just one slight cause unknown to science, that so varies the regularity of nature as to make all the difference between plenty and famine, between life and death to hundreds of thousands of men and women and children. And all these men and women and children are under the care of God, fed by His providence, taught to look up to Him for daily bread—to ask Him for daily bread. To a man who attributes everything to chance I have little to say. I

cannot myself think that the world could go on for an hour by chance, or without a direct Divine government. Any other idea is to me simply inconceivable. But if there be a Divine rule, if there be a provision of daily bread, the end implies the means. The more slight, and subtle, and unintelligible are those disturbing causes of which you confess your ignorance, the more palpable seems to me the finger of God. We are led up to the very spot where that finger is applied. It is not matter of wonder that science cannot tell how it is done. Don't tell me that science is opposed to faith. True science and true faith are complementary. In this very case, exactly where science fails, and speaks of unknown causes of disturbance, faith recognises the direct action of spiritual power."

"How does it act?" asked the Professor, rather startled.

"That I can no more tell you," replied the Rector, "than you can tell me how gravity acts. But I recognise the one force as you do the other."

The Professor was silent. After a time he said, "It is always a pleasure to hear an earnest man express his opinion, even if one cannot quite share it. But I am afraid that our friend here is not quite so simple as he pretends to be. Don't you get into trouble sometimes, with your innocence, Sir?" he asked. "If not, you must be either very prudent or very fortunate."

"But one feels so safe with a gentleman," I replied; and the Professor was mollified by the compliment.

A RAY FROM THE SPHERE OF PLATO.

IF we seek to "unsphere the spirit of Plato,"* we undertake a large task, for every great spirit is sphere-like, and cannot be seen all round at one view. Nor can such a spirit be rightly unsphered by being unwound like a cocoon, and woven with an alien warp into the web of a critical and analytic presentment. The silver threads have their perfect shine, only when they lie entwined in their own organic order and purity.

But, if on any side we can touch a sphere, the great law of sympathy allows us to enter at that point of contact into its precincts; and now, if we clarify our own atmosphere, we can catch the beautiful colours of a radiance which is shining in upon us.

In this country we are professedly Christian; there is said to be a Christian element in Plato; here, then, there should be an avenue into which Plato's road and our own converge, and in which we might reasonably expect to find a pleasant spot full of green pasture for the pilgrim mind.

If we enter into Plato's thought by so high a road as that of such a comparison, we may console ourselves for our single and limited view, in the fact that, if the result proves satisfactory under such a test, there will be other regions in Plato's mind which we may safely infer to be glowing with beauty. And into these at any time we may enter at will, if provided with the

same passport of appreciation by which alone we were enabled to gather his most spiritual rays.

For the purpose of the present comparison, we shall take any saying of any of Plato's characters, which is not merely controversial, as Plato's own; and this on the ground that, whatever the origin of each thought, he would not give expression to any (apart from the momentary necessities of controversy) with which he was not in more or less sympathy himself.

It has been well said that "Plato finds his highest joy in the whole and the unit; Aristotle in the mass and abundance of sharply-defined particulars;" and that "all philosophising belongs, in its meaning and spirit, either more to the Platonic, or more to the Aristotelian school."

We must, therefore, be prepared, in touching upon the sphere of Plato, to put aside for a while the methods of science, however much in the ascendant at the present time; to turn away from the minute certainties of the senses, and to unchain the mind for a more daring and extended sweep. We must seek the faith which was in Plato; that the ideal is not mere subjective phantasy; that there is a something, called Truth, which the mind may not only grasp, and find substantial and organic, but recognise as being its own birthright and sustenance.

Whether our "builder and maker

* Milton. *Il Penseroso*.

is God," or is Protoplasm ; whether man is Nature's secretion, or the spirit of a higher plane, bent beneath a yoke for education, and for a growth which he is free to retard ; on this great question Plato is never for a moment in doubt. His conception of man in polar opposite states, the ideally perfect, and the fallen condition, is embodied in one of his most sublime passages :

"Through many generations, so long as the God's nature within them was yet a sufficiency, they were heedful of the sacred laws, and bore themselves with loving mind toward the kinship of divineness, for their uttermost motives were real and true, and in everywise great ; so that they dealt with meekness conjoined with wisdom in regard to the contingencies of fortune, and in their relations one with another. Wherefore, overlooking all but virtue, they little esteemed circumstances as they presented themselves, and bore lightly as a burden the weight of gold or other possessions ; nor were they drawn beneath the intoxication of luxury, or rendered intemperate through opulence ; but with soberness they clearly perceived that out of their common love, combined with virtue, all these things would proceed with increase ; whereas to bestow earnest pains and marks of esteem upon material things would result not only in their decay, but in the ruin of virtue and affection with them.

"It was owing to such reasoning and to the steadfastness of the divine nature, that they gained

increase of all things as we have related.

"But when the God's portion became extinct in them, through admixture again and again with the prevalence of what was mortal, and the human nature gained the upper hand, then at length they became unable to bear circumstances as they presented themselves, and fell into mis-shapeness of life, and wore an aspect of baseness in the sight of him that can see, losing the fairest of what they had of most honourable, while unto those powerless to discern true life that leads to blessedness, they then bore the appearance most especially of being all-noble and happy, filled though they were with selfish lust after unfairness and power."* (Critias.)

The doctrine is here plainly conveyed, that a community of persons, who act wisely and temperately and kindly one to another, and possess steadfastness of character, will find little difficulty in supplying their physical needs. It is, no doubt, an economic fact that waste of force is a consequence of rivalries and contentions, and that a community which could agree and work in harmony might become rich in the supply of every need. Indeed, there are instances which prove the fact. On the contrary, where the religious spirit ceases to be a devout attitude governing every act, and loses itself in ceremonial vagaries, despising wholesome life, and treating bodily needs, not with cheerfulness, as a light burden, but with contempt, the very reverse will be

* The following would seem to be a modern reflection from Plato's luminous picture :—
 " A human intellect originally greatly gifted, and capable of high things, but gone utterly astray, partly by its own subtlety, partly by yielding to the temptations of the lower part of its nature, by yielding the spiritual to a keen sagacity of lower things, until it was quite fallen ; and yet fallen in such a way, that it seemed not only to itself, but to mankind, not fallen at all, but wise and good, and fulfilling all the ends of intellect in such a life as ours, and proving, moreover, that earthly life was good, and all that the development of our nature demanded."—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, "Septimius."

the case. It is also true that over-anxiety about circumstances is not the way to improve them; for it paralyses the natural powers. Viewed in this light, the teaching of Jesus is at one with the ideal of Plato, as represented in the quotation above made. Jesus declares a principle; it is for us, if we desire, to discover its application and verify its basis.

“Fret not for the life, what ye shall eat; nor yet for the body, what ye shall put on Your Father knows that ye have need of these things. But seek His kingdom, and these shall be added unto you. Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” (Luke xii. 22, 30.)

“Fret not for your life, what ye shall eat; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. . . . Seek first your heavenly Father’s kingdom and righteousness, and all these shall be added unto you.” (Matt. vii. 25 and 33.)

It may seem impossible to apply so ideal a principle to worldly circumstances already in existence, but it is really simple enough. The whole secret lies in the injunction “seek first God’s kingdom.” That kingdom is love, the true relationship of divineness. Were two people only, who are isolated in the worldly struggle, to join hands, and help each other by affectionate thoughtfulness, and a constant sympathy and willingness to give mutual aid in any and every way, there is no doubt whatever that the burden of both would be lightened to an extent beyond anticipation.

Plato puts in the mouth of Socrates an appeal which we cannot but regard as own brother to the words of Jesus quoted above:—

“I go about doing none other thing than persuading you, young and old alike, to take no care for the body, nor for riches, prior to

nor so zealously as for the soul, telling you how that virtue does not spring from riches, but riches and all other human blessings, both private and public, from virtue.” (Apol. 30 a.)

The apostolic character of Socrates is even more clearly shown in the following:—

“Oh, Athenians! I cleave to you and love you; but I shall rather obey God than you, and, so long as I breathe and am able, I shall not cease the pursuit of philosophy, and exhorting you, and making myself clear to any one of you with whom I may ever happen to come in contact.” (Apol. 29 d.)

Again, we find:—

“To be excessively rich and good at the same time is impossible.” (Laws V. 742 e.)

“A rich man will hardly enter into the kingdom of Heaven.” (Matt. xix. 23.)

“To make much of riches, and, at the same time, fairly win the palm of a temperate life, is an impossibility; for one or the other must of necessity be held in little care.” (Rep. VIII. 555 c.)

This will remind us of the more pointed utterance:

“No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” (Matt. vii. 24.)

The comparison between the spiritual and the corporeal is continued still further by Plato. The following passages declare the supremacy of the soul over the body, and of virtuous purpose over untoward circumstance. After referring to the inherence in each particular of the physical world of a something which is injurious, as blindness to the eyes, disease to the body, rust to metal, he turns to the soul: “Is there not something which renders the soul evil? Yes—

injustice, intemperance, cowardice, ignorance Let us at no time say that the soul shall be ever a whit the nearer brought to destruction through burning fever, or any other disease, or by slaughter, not even though the whole body be cut into the smallest parts possible, until someone prove that through these sufferings of the body the soul herself becomes more unjust and unholy." (Rep. X., c. 10, 610 b.)

"With respect to things just and unjust, honourable and base, good and evil, ought we to follow the opinion of the multitude, and to it pay respect, or the opinion of the one?—if there be any one acquainted with moral philosophy whom we ought to reverence and respect rather than the whole mob of others. And, if we fail to follow him, shall we not corrupt and maim that part of ourselves which becomes better by justice, but is ruined by injustice? Do we think that to be of less value than the body, whatever part of us it may be, about which injustice and justice are concerned? It is not mere living that ought to be made of much account, but living well." (Crito, 7, 8.)

"Suffer anyone to despise thee, as without understanding, and to fling at thee the mud of contumely if he pleases; and, by Zeus, cheerfully let him strike that ignominious blow; for thou wilt suffer nothing terrible, if thou art in reality honest and good, and a practiser of virtue." (Gorgias, lxxxiii., § 175.)

We scarcely need quote the obvious parallel: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul; but rather be afraid of one able to destroy both soul and body in a gehenna." (Matt. x. 28.)

The following goes further in its assertion of the supremacy of

the inward part, in its triumphant carelessness as to nominal stigmas and the conventional appearance of evil: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach, and cast out your name as evil, for the son of man's sake." (Luke vi. 22.)

"Amongst a multitude of arguments, whilst the rest are being refuted, this one alone remains unshaken, that we ought to beware of committing wrong rather than of being wronged, and that above all a man's care ought to be not to seem to be good, but to be good, in private life and public life alike." (Gorgias, lxxxii., § 174.)

According to the teachings of Jesus, a man may not only prefer to be wronged than to wrong another, but may rejoice in being wronged, provided the evil said against him is false.

The comparisons between Plato and Jesus suggest very forcibly the difference between the slow and reasoned manner of the philosopher and writer, and the impassioned abruptness and poetry of the preacher and seer.

"One who is injured ought not, as the multitude thinks, to return the injury. . . . To do evil in return when one has been evil-treated, is that right or not? It is not right to return an injury, or to do evil to any man, however one may have suffered from him." (Crito, x.)

This is a logical deduction from the broad principle that to do evil is not right. The sacred passion of the Christian spirit transcends even this lofty standard, and perhaps by disclosing the gleam of a more heavenly ideal, enables some to come up in practice more nearly to the level of virtue than would have been the case had a higher peak of aspiration never been revealed. "Ye heard that it was

said, thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you."

There is a curious parallel between the Platonic and the Christian respect for established law, as a correspondence to perfect law. Jesus says, "Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets; I came not to destroy, but to make full." (Matt. v. 17.) [cf. "Love is the making full of the law," Rom. xiv. 10.] Plato personifies violated earthly laws, as indignant with their violator, and saying,

"Our brothers, the laws in Hades, will not receive thee kindly, knowing that thou didst endeavour so far as in thee lay to destroy us." (Crito, § 16.)

The following passages are mutually illustrative:

"Blest are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they will be satisfied." (Matt. v. 6.)

"They who have a yearning according to the soul—for there are those who yearn in their soul still more than in their bodies—find their object in whatever it is meet for the soul to have conceived and to swell with. What is it that is thus meet? Thoughtful character and every other virtue." (Symposium, xxvii. 209 a.)

"Men are willing to have their feet and hands cut off, if their own members seem to them to be evil." (Sympos. xxiv. 205 e.)

"If thy right hand causes thee to offend, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members perish, and not that thy whole body go away into a gehenna." (Matt. v. 30.)

"That which is not seen continues always the same, but that which is seen never continues the same." (Phædo, xxvi., § 64.)

"We look not at the things

which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are for a time, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. iv. 18.)

To the impassioned peace of the primitive Christian ideal, as to the reasoned calm of the philosophic spirit, the carping of wavering minds, the nagging of argumentativeness, and the protrusion of an irrepressible personality are foreign and objectionable. "Be not of unsettled mind . . . but seek God's kingdom." (Luke xii. 29 and 31.) "Why were ye reasoning on the way? They held their peace; for they were disputing among themselves on the way, who is greater." (Mark ix. 33, 34.) "Why reason ye among yourselves, ye of little faith?" (Matt. xvi. 8.) "What reason ye in your hearts?" (Luke v. 22.)

"Do all things without murmurings and reasonings, that ye may become blameless and simple, children of God:" (Phil. ii. 15.)

With Plato's hero, the Truth is that which stills the unquiet personality, the Truth is the haven of the kingdom of peace:—

"Supposing any one should believe in any argument as being true, being a person that has no skill in the art of reasoning, and then directly afterwards it should appear to him to be false, at one time being so, and at another time not, and so on with a succession of different ones; and this is especially the case with those who keep up a discussion over mere controversy; they end as you know in thinking that they have become exceedingly wise, and are the only people that have remarked how in things and reasonings alike there is not a particle of soundness or stability, but all things that exist are swaying up and down, and remain for no time in any state of permanence. . . These wranglers, when they are

arguing any point, care nothing about the real condition of the subject under discussion, but are sedulously exerting themselves to make what they have themselves advanced look well to those that are present. . . . I shall not be anxious to make what I say appear true to those present, except as a result by the way, but I shall be anxious above all to make it seem to have such a basis to myself. . . . For yourselves, if you will be guided by me, pay little heed to Socrates, but much more to the Truth." (Phædo, xxxix., xl., §§ 90, 91.)

The concluding paragraph here affords a gleaming glimpse of the enfranchisement from personal anxiety which a sincere motive empowers; the full sense of the glory of release from conventional responsibility is conveyed in the words, "Ye will know the truth, and the truth will make you free." (John viii. 32.)

The following passages seem to throw light on one another, as each acknowledging the value of the legacies of forerunners, the accumulation of experience, and the new extraction of its essence, as a factor in the elevation of man. "Verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men longed to see those things which ye behold, and did not see them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and did not hear:" (Matt. xiii. 17.) "The saying of Epicharmos, 'What two men said before, I by myself am able to say:'" (Gorgias, lxi., § 131.)

"The elements themselves cannot be defined or known, but only appreciated by the senses, whereas compounds of them can be both known and expressed and apprized by true judgment. . . . Science is true judgment in conjunction with reason. . . . Have we then thus, on this very day, discovered what

of old many a sage did seek, and grew old before he found?" (Theætetus, 202 b.)

Perhaps this view may help to clear up the meaning of a somewhat obscure passage: "The law and the prophets were until John; since that time the gospel of the kingdom of God is preached." (Luke xvi. 16.) A new inspiration revives what preceded it, and by so doing, and adding to it as well, makes a new creation greater than anything that has preceded it.

We have referred to the differences between philosopher and seer in handling great subjects. The following is an excellent illustration of such a comparison:

"Those who are found to have lived a holy life are emancipated and set at large from the regions in the earth as from a prison, and make their way upwards to the pure abode. . . . For the sake of these things we ought to use every endeavour to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life: for the reward is noble and the hope great. To affirm positively, however, that these things are as I have described, does not become a man endowed with mind; but that either this or something of the kind takes place in relation to our souls and their habitations—since the soul appears to be assuredly an immortal thing—this appears to me to be a seemly belief, and worthy the hazard for one that deems that so things are: for the hazard is noble, and one should allure oneself with such things as with enchantments." (Phædo, lxiii., § 145.)

This is the reasonable hope of the philosopher, and expressed with the glow of real feeling and belief. But, as a poet has pointed out, "Hope itself is fear viewed on the sunny side." Jesus never expresses hope, never teaches hope; the heart is not either to allure or to trouble itself with hope in matters

of spiritual certainty. "Let not your heart be troubled: have confidence in God, and in me have confidence. In the house of my Father there are many mansions: were it not so, I would have told you." (John xiv. 1, 2.)

The philosopher is like a kindly brother talking with brothers; the prophet is like an angel speaking tenderly to children.

Plato stretches out his arms as far as philosophic certainty or reasonableness can go; his mind is strongly convinced that the ideal is not a castle in the air, but a city having foundations. But he who sees the spiritual city is certain in quite another way; he speaks with the glowing simplicity and assurance that needs no proof, which a fond child might show, in saying "I love my mother."

In the following there is no more question of the existence of spirit than of flesh: "That which has been born of the flesh is flesh, and that which has been born of the Spirit is spirit. . . . Ye must be born from above. . . . We speak that which we know, and testify to that which we have seen." (John iii. 6, 7, 11.)

The philosophic argument will have a peculiar significance in following here: "As to the possession by the dead of some sense of what goes on here—the best souls divine, while the worst deny it. Now the divinations of godlike men are more authoritative than of those who are the reverse." (Epist. ii. 311 c.)

But Plato himself cannot be regarded as a philosopher only; he is of the godlike men who divine what is beyond earthly philosophy. As Goethe presents him, "Plato is related to the world as a spirit of the blest, who is pleased to be its guest for a time." When he speaks of the soul, it is not with the cold assurance of reason

only, but with some serious sense of reality, a sense that may be either one full of glow or full of awe. Of "the soul's ascent," he says, "God knows whether it be true." (Rep. VII. 517 b.)

Plato has at heart all the simplicity of a truly religious man, as when he quotes the words of an old poet, a prayer of far-seeing faith: "King Zeus, give us good things, when we pray for them, and when we do not; and keep from us evil things even if we pray for them."

Plato, in the mouth of Socrates, relates a fable of the primeval time before the division of the divine sovereignty, according to Homer, between three elementary deities—sky, water, and earth. "A very beautiful tale" it is, says Socrates, "which you will consider a fable (myth), as I think, but I a tale; for what I am about to tell you, I tell you as being true." The fable is, that during the reign of Chronos, the lives of mortals were judged while they were still in the flesh, on the very day on which they were about to die, and by living judges. This led to injustice, and Zeus introduced a new rule, thus:—"Sentences are badly awarded, because those in process of judgment are judged clothed, inasmuch as they are judged while living. Many, therefore, whose souls are depraved are clad about with beautiful bodies, nobility of birth, and riches; and whenever the judgment takes place, many witnesses come in their behalf, to testify that they have lived justly. Hence the judges are awed by these environments, and moreover they too pass sentence when clothed, for over their soul do their eyes, ears, and whole body hang like a veil. . . . Men ought to be judged unclad of all these things; they must be judged after they are dead: the judge, too, must be unclad and dead, and must examine

with his soul the soul of each immediately after death, forsaken of all his kindred, and leaving behind upon the earth all that which is ornament, in order that the judgment may be just." (Gorgias, lxxxix., § 167.)

This must remind us of a fable which conveys the very same moral, that of the possible absolute reversal in Hades of earth's judgment upon a man. In the fable of Dives and Lazarus, the rich man has many friends who, for the sake of his sumptuous entertainments, would be ready to give excellent testimony to his virtues before any human judge. But Dives seems to have done nothing else but make merry, and in the pursuit of sensual pleasure could not even find time to consider whether the fragments that fell from his table might not well be given to a poor helpless creature who lay outside his gate, and on whom even dogs took compassion. When the angels come, representatives of the judgment which is not blinded by fleshly advantages, they bear away the soul of Dives to a Hades as painful as the life of poor Lazarus had been, who in his patient endurance of trial has developed a soul worthy of a lofty place, and has himself been borne to a Hades of comfort.

The cry of Dives to Lazarus has in Plato an extended suggestiveness. Many have believed that the penance prepared for evil doers is the slow and arduous process of undoing their own work, and of obtaining a hearty and willing forgiveness from those they have wronged.

As to those who have led wicked lives, when they reach the Acherusian lake, the general receptacle of souls, "they call on those whom they injured, and entreat and implore these to permit them to go out into the lake, and to receive them . . . and they do not cease

from their sufferings until they have won over those whom they have injured." (Phædo, 114 a.)

Plato's picture of the State within man is full of instruction, and leads us on to an appreciation of the meaning of the kingdom of heaven within us:—

"When a man has the form of that which is most excellent, naturally weak in his soul, so that he is unable to govern the creatures within himself, but ministers to them, he is able only to learn what flatters them. . . . In order then that such an one may be governed under a like rule with the most excellent man, we say that he must be the subject of the one who is most excellent, and who has within himself the divine governing principle. Not at all with the idea that the government should be to the hurt of the subject, but on the ground of its being best for every one to be under the governance of one divine and wise, above all if he possess that ruler as his own within himself. But if not, then as a superintendent from without, in order that so far as possible we may all be alike and friends, as under one and the same government. Law itself, too, plainly shows that such a thing is in its design, for it comes to the aid of all in the city; as is likewise the case with the government of children in not allowing them to be free until we have established in them a proper government, as in a city; and after tending that which is best in them, by the same quality in ourselves, we establish, instead of our own rule and government, a like guardian and governor in each of them, and then at length we set him free.

* * *

"It is by looking to the State which is within himself, and taking care that nothing of what is there be moved out of its place through

fulness of possession or through scantiness, and by governing in such a way, that a man will add to his possession and spend out of it to the extent of his ability.

“Having regard to honours likewise in the same manner, of some he will willingly partake and taste, whichever he may judge will render him a better man. But as for those which he thinks would dissolve that soul which subsists within him, from them he will fly both in private and public.

“He will not be willing then to take a part in political affairs, if he really cares for this.—Decidedly, in the State which is in his own, but verily not equally so in his fatherland, unless on the contingency of a peculiar divine fortune.—I understand: you mean in the State we now went through the building of, which exists in our conversations, but I think is not to be found on earth.—But perhaps in heaven its pattern is in being for any one who desires to see it, and seeing, to establish his own self. But it matters nothing whether it does or will exist anywhere; for he would perform the duties of this State alone, and of none other.” (Rep. IX., 590 c. and 591 e.)

With Jesus, the kingdom within is the kingdom of heaven: “Being asked when the kingdom of God was coming, he answered, The kingdom of God comes not by close observation, nor will folk say, Lo, here! or there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you.” (Luke xvii. 21.) How dull that vision is become, which once for a while was made so bright! We must console ourselves with Plato’s wise observation, that “the idea of the good is the ultimate object of vision, and hard to be seen.” (Rep. VII., 517.)

The position of mediator taken up by Jesus, as one under the chrism of the Spirit of God, is thus

understood by Plato: “The whole daimonkind is between God and Mortal. . . . It interprets and plies with messages to gods of men’s matters and to men of gods’ matters, bearing from men supplications and sacrifices, from gods commandments and requitals of sacrifices. Being in the middle between both, it makes the completion, so that the universe is reciprocally bound together with itself. Thereby proceeds every kind of prophecy. . . . for god is not mingled with man, but by the medium described is carried on all intercourse and the commune of gods as brought unto men, whether waking or sleeping alike. He that is wise in respect of such things is a daimonic man, while he that is wise in anything else, or in respect of certain arts or handicrafts, is mechanical merely.” (Sympos. 202 e.) The philosopher is not the man who is prophetically or daimonically wise; “those who philosophise are those between the wise and the ignorant.” (Sympos.)

To the woman taken in adultery, Jesus says, “Nor do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more:” (John viii. 11. Doubtful text.) To the man made whole, he says, “Sin no more, lest something worse befall thee.” (John v. 14.) In Plato (Critias i.) we find the same beautiful appreciation of punishment as discipline, in the prayer to God to inflict on us suitable punishment:—“the right punishment for one out of tune is to make him play in tune.”

The history of the battle ground in the soul is thus presented by Plato:—

“Sometimes . . . some of the cupidities get destroyed, while others are dethroned, because of the coming into play of a certain modesty in the youth’s soul, and once again he gets restored to order. And, again, there are other

cupidities, kindred to the dethroned ones, that gain secret nurture, and, for lack of experience of a father's tending, they grow numerous and masterful. They are wont then to draw him towards the same intimacies as before, and, through their secret connections, give interior birth to a multitude. Eventually, I think, they are wont to seize upon the citadel of the youth's soul, since they perceive it to be vacant of discipline, virtuous pursuits, and true principles—the best watchmen and guardians over the rational part of men dear to God. And, then, indeed, false and vagabond considerations and opinions rush up in the stead of these, and take possession of the identical region in such a man.” (Rep. VIII., 560 a.)

There is the most singular similarity, not only in the idea, but even in the form of expression, between the passage just quoted and the following parable of the inmates of the house or citadel of the soul:—

“When the unclean spirit is gone out of the man, it goes through dry places, seeking rest, and finds it not. Then it says, I will return unto my house whence I came out; and having come it finds it empty, swept and garnished. Then it goes and takes with itself seven other spirits more evil than itself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man becomes worse than the first.” (Matt. xii. 43.)

We may remember also in this connection the expression quoted above, “Sin no more lest something worse befall thee.”

As the stream of life is ceaseless, so must judgment or spiritual adjustment be incessant. It is always a judgment day when an individual turns decidedly to the right or to the left. But as we are familiar with number, yet know

not infinity, as our eyes can apprehend the stages of time, while they can perceive only as in a mist the vast gliding flow of eternity, our pictures of the judgment are local, temporal and made up of numbers. The after-death realisation of one's self and one's purposes must form an important moment, of which Plato presents the following pictorial embodiment:

“Er, the son of Armenios, by descent a Pamphylian, happening on a time to die in battle, when the dead were on the tenth day carried off, and already corrupted, was taken up sound; and being carried home, as he was about to be buried on the twelfth day, and was laid on the funeral pile, revived; and when he was come to himself, he told what he saw over there. He said that after his soul had gone forth, he went with many others, and they arrived at a certain ghostly place, wherein were two chasms in the soil, contiguous to each other, and others in the heavens up above over against them, and the judges sat between these. And when they gave judgment, they commanded the just to go on the right hand and upwards through the heaven, having invested with certain signs on the forefront those that had been judged; but the unjust they ordered to the left and downwards, and these had behind them in like manner the marks of all they had done.” (Rep. X., 13, § 614.)

With this we may compare the symbolism of the great assize, as follows:

“And thou Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? thou shalt be thrust down unto hades.” (Matt. xi. 23.)

“When the son of man shall have come in his glory, and all the angels with him, then will he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him will be gathered together all the nations; and he

will separate them one from another, as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats; and will set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." (Matt. xxv. 31.)

If the soul's way of light be toward the heavenly heights, the dark way must surely be back again towards earth, or lower still:

"Can the soul in sooth, the invisible part, that which goes to some such different place, goodly, pure, invisible, unto Hades to say true, beside the good and wise deity, can this soul of ours, being such as it is and with such endowment, on its liberation from the body be forthwith dissipated and destroyed, as the generality of men affirm? Far from it. . . . If the soul is detached from the body polluted and impure, as having constantly held communion with the body, and having served and loved it, and been bewitched by it, through lusts and pleasures, so as to think that there is nothing real save what is corporeal, which one can touch and see, and drink and eat, and employ for sensual purposes; but as regards what is dark and invisible to the eyes, which is intelligible and apprehensible by philosophy, if it has been accustomed to hate, fear, and shun this, do you think that a soul in such a state can depart from the body by itself, and uncontaminated? It will, I opine, be clasped round with the corporeal, which the intercourse and habitual association with the body, through the constant linking together of the two and the great care paid to the body, have made second nature to the soul. We must opine that that is ponderous and heavy, earthly and visible, by the possession of which such a soul is weighed down, and drawn again unto the visible plane, through fear of the invisible and of Hades,

wandering to and fro, as it is said, around the monuments and the tombs, about which, moreover, certain shadowy phantoms of souls have been seen, being such images as such souls produce as have not purely got free, but partake of the visible, on which account also it is that they become seen. Not that these are the souls of the good, but of the worthless, which are compelled to wander about such places, paying the penalty of their former way of life, which was evil; and they continue wandering until, through the desire of the corporeal nature that closely accompanies them, they are again immured in a body." (Phædo, xxx., § 68, 69, 70.)

"In consequence of the soul's forming the same opinions with the body and taking pleasure in the same things, it is compelled, I imagine, to become addicted to the same habits and the same nurture, so that it can never pass into Hades in a state of purity, but must invariably go forth infected by the body, so as soon again to fall into another body, and grow up as if it were sown:" (Phædo, xxxiv., § 74.)

"The soul comes to Hades possessed of nought else than its education and nurture, which, even at the very inception of its migration thither, are said to be of the greatest benefit or detriment to the dead. For it is said that each person when dead is accompanied by the particular daimon that was assigned to him during life, who proceeds to conduct him to some place where people have to be gathered together and submitted to trial, and thereafter go on to Hades with that guide, whose instructions are to conduct them hence thither. . . . The well-ordered and wise soul both follows on and is not ignorant of its present, but that which by reason of lusts

clings to the body, flutters about it and about its visible place for a long time distraught, until after much resistance and with much suffering, it is led away by force and with difficulty at the hands of the appointed daimon. It wanders to and fro oppressed with every kind of helplessness, until certain periods of time have elapsed, and when these are fulfilled, it is carried of necessity into the abode that is seemly for it. The soul on the other hand that has passed through life with purity and control, meets with gods for companions and guides, and dwells in the place fitted for its particular self." (*Phædo*, lvii., 130, 131.)

There is a curious half-confused reference, probably the refracted ray of some mystical utterance, to a mission of Jesus to spirits in prison: "In the flesh he was put to death, in the spirit he was made living, in which even unto the spirits in prison he went and preached." It is interesting to compare Plato's notion of a spirit in prison:

"The saying in the mystical doctrines that we men are in a kind of prison, and that one ought not either to break himself loose or escape from it, appears to me something great and yet not easy to see through." (*Phædo*, vi., § 16.)

Plato's reference to the "mystical doctrines," as to a sort of corpus of divinity then accessible, is somewhat perplexing. But the traditions, whether oral or literary, of the religious mysteries of Greece form ground upon which there is not a very clear light. There is a curious blending of an Orphic and Pythagorean stream of spiritual lore, and it may be that its most considerable part was so jealously guarded as to have become lost. In any case, Plato's relatedness to the Hebrew oracles was a standing puzzle to the Church

fathers, the explanation of which was sought in an acquaintance made during his Egyptian sojourn with Hebrew Rabbis and their scriptures. An "Atticising Moses" was a name given to him, and contrariwise Celsus averred that Jesus borrowed his best sayings from Plato, and that the whole system of Christian doctrine consists of Platonic dogmas, in part misunderstood, and in part perverted. Plato avowedly derives one of his ethical illustrations from a Phœnician myth, and the most satisfactory solution of such knotty points is to believe that there was a much fuller sympathy between religious thinkers of ancient times, much less jealousy between the true apostles of different races, than the prevalence of a sectarian and disputatious spirit would permit. There are evidences here and there of the influence of ancient thought upon Plato. For example, Socrates says, "This is a certain old-time saying, which we have in mind, that there are souls which pass away and go thither (Hades) from hence, and again pass and come hither, and come into being from among the dead." (*Phædo*, xv.) We may compare with this the doctrine of Pharisaic orthodoxy as evidenced, to take a single instance, in the reference to pre-natal sin on the part of a man born blind.

On the consideration of such a dread subject as the after-death course of the soul, supervenes, perhaps, some pardonable human fear; philosophy finds a remedy for this:

"To dread death is nothing else than to appear to be wise, without being so; for it is to appear to know what one does not know. For in good sooth no one knows but that death is the greatest of blessings to man; but men fear it, as if they well knew it to be the greatest of evils. . . . But to do

injustice, and to disobey a superior, whether God or man, I know to be evil and base. Before evils, then, which I know to be evils, I shall never fear or shun things which, for aught I know, may be good." (Apol. Socr., xvii.)

In the following we meet with that finest fruit of philosophy—insight:

"Shall we not agree that whatsoever from the gods befalls the god-beloved man, all befalls as the best possible, unless there attach to him some necessary ill from prior sin? If the just man come to be in poverty, maladies, or any other of seeming evils, these things will issue to him in something good either living or dead."* (Rep. X., 612 e.)

Side by side with this may be set the familiar words in which so many have found comfort:—

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God:" (Rom. viii. 28.)

Here is a brighter picture still, philosophy ascending into faith, and reason into spiritual instinct:

"While we live, we shall thus, as it seems, draw nearest to knowledge, if to the utmost we hold no intercourse or communion with the body, saving for absolute necessity, nor become overcharged with its nature, but purify ourselves therefrom, until God himself shall

loose our bonds. And thus being pure people far removed from the foolishness of body, we shall, we may reasonably expect, be with people like unto ourselves, and learn through our very selves the absolute, and that probably is the truth; for it is not in law for the impure to reach up to the pure.

. . . . The journey into the far country which is now appointed me is set out upon with good hope, as it would be by any man who thinks that his mind is brought into a state of something like purification. . . . Would it not be ridiculous for a man who, during his life, kept himself in such a state as to live in the closest proximity to death, then when this death comes up to him, to be disturbed?

. . . . Shall one who in reality loves wisdom, and strongly grasps this very hope, that he shall nowhere else obtain it in any way worthy of the name save in Hades, be disturbed at dying and not go thither with joy? One must needs think that it would be with joy were he in reality a philosopher; for he will strongly hold this opinion, that he will nowhere else but there attain wisdom in purity, and if this be so, would it not be highly irrational if such a man were to be afraid of death?" (Phædo, xi., xii., 31, 32, 33.)

* An ill-appreciated modern thinker has thus expressed the same, if not a larger faith:—

"I do not doubt interiors have their interiors, and exteriors have their exteriors; and that the eye-sight has another eye-sight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice;

"I do not doubt that the passionately-wept deaths of young men are provided for; and that the deaths of young women, and the deaths of little children, are provided for;

(Did you think Life was so well provided for—and Death, the purport of all Life, is not well provided for?)

"I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horror of them—no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover, has gone down, are provided for, to the minutest points;

"I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen, anywhere, at any time, is provided for, in the inferences of things;

"I do not think Life provides for all but I believe Heavenly Death provides for all."—*Passage to India.*

The following we may regard as the humour of the subject:

"Both you and Simmias appear to me to be childishly afraid, lest when the soul departs from the body, the wind should blow it away and disperse it, especially if one should happen to die not in a calm, but in some sort of violent storm. Whereupon said Cebes with a smile, 'Endeavour to give us conviction, as if we are afraid, or rather not as if we are afraid, but there be perchance in us some kind of a boy that is afraid of such things. Let us then endeavour to persuade him not to be afraid of death as if it were a hobgoblin.' 'But you must sing charms to him every day,' said Socrates, 'until you have charmed him away.' 'Whence then, O Socrates,' he rejoined, 'shall we get a good charm-singer for such a purpose, seeing that thou art leaving us?' 'Greece is wide, O Cebes,' he said, 'and therein are somewhere to be found good men, and there are many, too, of the races of the foreigners, all of which ye ought to search through in looking for such a charm-singer, sparing neither money nor toil, for there is nothing on which you could more reasonably spend your money. You ought, too, to seek him amongst one another, for maybe you will not easily find any better able to do this than yourselves.'" (Phædo, xxiv., 58.)

The following is in the same key:—

"Crito: 'In what manner are we to bury thee?' Socrates: 'Just as ye please, if only ye can catch me, and I do not give you the slip.' And at the same time smiling gently, and looking round

on us, he said, 'I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, but he thinks that I am he whom he will in but a little while behold dead, and inquires forsooth how he is to bury me. But that which I some while since argued at length, that after the poison-draught is drunken I shall abide with you no more, but shall be gone hence and depart to some happy state of the blessed, this I seem to have told to him in vain, though I meant at the same time to console both you and myself. . . . ye must be of good cheer then, and say that ye bury my body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as ye consider most consonant with our laws.'" (Phædo, lxiv., 147, 149.)

Such as can enter the spiritual world through the gate of the poet and the prophet, are conscious of an angel's joy. It is earthly motives, and sensual retardations, which allow only the gate of the charnel-house to be seen, and make the road seem so drear.

"It does not appear to me that it is for grief that birds sing, or swans in their last song. But in my opinion it is because they belong to Apollo, and are prophetic, and presage the blessings that are in Hades, that they sing and revel in delight on that day more excellently than in the foregoing time. Now I too deem myself to be the fellow-servant of the swans, and votary of the same God, and possessed, at the hands of the master, of prophetic power no whit inferior to theirs, and no more down-hearted than they are at being set free from this life."* (Phædo, xxxv., 77, 78.)

* The following is a modern song upon the same theme of emancipation:

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

The following strikes a note more purposeful and assured, manifesting an undisguisable elation, the joy as of one that is going home :

"Now I am going unto him that sent me. . . . Now I come to Thee ; and these things I speak in the world, that they may have my joy made full in themselves." (John xvi. 5, xvii. 13.)

This is effortless, the joy of consciousness of the life eternal ; the following manifests a victory after a struggle against fear :

"I have no longer a fear of death, but already even a desire, and that I too may say something expansive in imitation of the orators ; and for a long time I have been thinking of things on high, and going through the eternal and divine course, for out of my weakness I have collected myself together, and am become a new man." (Axiochus, 370 e.)

The following manifests a very happy and desirable mean between Calvinistic gloom and the opposite pole of thoughtless frivolity :

"This is surely a proverb, bruited amongst all, that life is a kind of sojourn in a strange place, and that we reasonably ought to pass through it in a good-tempered way, all but singing glad songs on the road to fate. On the other hand, to conduct ourselves in a spiritless manner, and so that it is difficult for us to be torn away, is to exhibit, like a child, a period of life of a kind not over-wise." (Axiochus, 365 b.)

Plato's conception of transmigration is not of an endless whirl ; incarnation in his view finds its

own fit and orderly termination when its lesson is learned. The enfranchised spirit "should return to the habitation of his associate star, and lead a blessed and harmonious existence," or, if evil should still hold sway, the soul has to take some natural form corresponding thereto, and never cease from labour, until, "having dominated by reason its tumultuous and irrational part, it should arrive at the beautiful form of its first and best condition." (Timæus, 42 b.)

Plato, like other great teachers, must have felt keenly the pestilent stupidity of humanity on its lower planes :

"To find the Creator and Father of this universe is a task indeed, and having found him it is impossible to describe him to mankind at large." (Timæus, 28 c.)

If he required any reminder of the ungrateful reception the highest efforts are likely to meet with, he had but to turn to his unextinguishable memory of the fate of his friend and master, Socrates. Speaking of persons unwilling through intemperance to relinquish a bad mode of life, he says : "Is not this pleasant of them, to deem him the most hateful of all men who tells the truth, namely that till one abandon drunkenness and gluttony and sexual excesses and idle neglect, neither drugs, nor caustics, nor surgery, nor charms, nor amulets, nor any other such things as these will be of any avail ? That, replied he, is not very pleasant, for to be angry with one who speaks us well and fair has no pleasantness in it." (Rep. IV., 426 a.)

Let me glide noiselessly forth ;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul !
Tenderly ! be not impatient !
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh !
Strong is your hold, O love.)

Passage to India.

But, like a true philosopher, Plato shows no irritation of temper. He accepts grovelling and offensive men as subject to a retardation of the higher growth, a growth which is yet recoverable, though the "fellow-growth," or sensual half, may be dominant for a lifetime:—

"When the fellow-growth is large and overpowering to the soul, and becomes the lot of a small and weak intellectual disposition, in this case since there are two classes of desires naturally implanted in man, one of aliment on account of the body, the other of wisdom for the sake of the divinest part of what we are, the motions of the more powerful province prevail and enlarge their sway, and at the same time make the province of the soul deaf, indocile, and oblivious, and so induce stupidity, that greatest of diseases. There is one safety for both, neither to move the soul without the body, nor the body without the soul, in order that by a balance of repulsion they may come to be in equipoise and sound health." (*Timæus*, 88 a.)

In connection with the references to deafness of soul contained in the passage just quoted, we may remember the familiar expression as to "eyes that see not, and ears that hear not." "Which answer is more correct, that we see with or by our eyes, and hear with or by our ears?—By which we receive each sensible impression, it seems to me, rather than with which.—For surely it would be strange if many senses resided in us . . . and they did not all tend to one certain archetypal principle (*idea*), whether it be soul or whatever it be right to call it, with which, by these as instruments, we are sensible of all objects of sense." (*Theætetus*, 184 c.)

The following is an instructive thought, the fact advanced being

as true in matters physical as no doubt it is in all things else:

"It would, perhaps, not be a difficult thing to prove how that the gods are not less careful for small things than for those of surpassing greatness." (*Laws X*, 900 c.)

The moral for ourselves we may find in the following:—"He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. If, therefore, ye were not faithful in the unjust Mammon, who will commit to your trust the true good?" (*Luke xvi.* 10.)

As to what is true gain and true life, Christianity and Platonism are clearly at one. The grain that, instead of being sown in good earth, fell among thorns, represents those that heard of spiritual things, but in whom the pursuit of them is choked by anxieties and riches and pleasures of life, so that no fruit comes to perfection. (*Luke viii.* 14.) And the warning runs: "See and keep yourselves from covetousness; for not because one has abundance does his life consist in his possessions." (*Luke xii.* 15.)

With Plato we find a consciousness of the same fact of the evil of possessiveness:

"Through the love of wealth making the whole of time to be without any leisure for the care of anything other than private property, upon which every soul of a citizen is hanging, it can have no care for aught else than daily lucre; and whatever learning or pursuit leads to this, every one individually is most ready to learn and to practise, but he laughs down all the rest." (*Laws VIII.* 831 c.)

"Cares straightway steal upon him, and considerations as to what road of life he is to tread . . . and old age stealthily and uncon-

sciously comes on. . . . wherefore even the gods release more quickly from life those on whom they set the greatest value. . . . Long would be the story of the poets, who with oracular utterance have told in holy hymns the things that belong to life, to follow them as they make lament on living." (Axiochus 367 a.)

"A man's soul is, after the gods, the most divine of all his possessions, a possession which is most his own. . . . the third is the honour of the body according to nature." (Laws V. 726, 728 d.)

"What does it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and lose his soul? For what must a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36.)

We borrow from nature portions of its elements only as things to be one day restored. And rightly we ought to have dominated them by our spiritual part as soon as maturity is reached. The great waves of nutrition, and the advance of external sensations, according to Plato, which constitute the bodily life of youth, disturb the resolutions of the soul, which consequently shows no intelligence of its own; "but when the stream of growth and nutrition invades it to a less degree, then once more the orbits of the soul restored to tranquillity resume their own path, with gradual increase of steadiness. . . . and agreeably with the orbits of nature." (Timæus, 44 a, b.) Neither orbit can be done away; our work is to harmonise them. Proper food and proper education are the necessities for this combination which we call life; he who neglects this duty "will lamely traverse the life of this stage of existence, and again pass into Hades, ineffectual and without understanding." (Timæus, 44 c.)

Plato's conception of righteousness is "that harmonious and pro-

portional development of the inner man, by means of which each faculty of the soul performs its own functions without interfering with the others." He makes the fullest allowances for the state of darkness and imperfection in which the majority of mankind are floundering:

"When the soul supports itself upon that which truth and real being irradiate, it understands and knows it and appears to be possessed of intelligence; but when on the other hand it leans upon that which is blended with darkness, which is born and dies, it then has to do with mere opinion and becomes dim-sighted, changing about in ups and downs of opinion, and seems to be unpossessed of intelligence." (Rep. VI., 508 d.)

A reflection of Jesus is that "the sons of this world are wiser with respect to their own generation than the sons of the light" with respect to theirs. And he advocates as busy an ardour in making friends outside the unrighteous Mammon, as its subjects manifest in its selfish service. Plato notices this staunchness in the pursuit of worldly interests, and converts the fact into a hope that the principle will remain when the pursuit is changed for a higher one:

"Have you never yet noticed, in the case of those accounted wicked but wise, how keenly the little soul (*psycharion*, soullet) looks, and acutely perceives those things upon which it is turned, showing that it has no dulness in the power of vision, but is compelled to be so far the servant of vice, that the more acutely it perceives, so much the more evil it perpetrates.

"As regards this part of such a nature, if from childhood upwards it should be docked and stripped of the affinities of its birth as if they were plummets cut away from it, affinities which by

means of feastings and pleasures and lickerish things of this kind become second nature, and turn the vision of the soul to the things that are below; if from these the soul can free itself and turn itself toward truth, the very same principle in the same individuals would not less acutely see truth than it saw those things upon which it was but lately turned." (Rep. VII. 519 a.)

Holding a belief in a progress which may extend over an indefinite period, Plato must find support to that belief in the differences that exist between men in the present world:

"In the greatest dangers, when men are in peril, in wars, or diseases, or storms at sea, they behave towards those who have power in each several case as towards gods, looking up to them as their saviours, though these surpass them in nothing whatever but knowledge." (Theætetus, 180 b.)

With the belief in eternal progress must be held another without which that belief would be void:

"If the soul is immortal, it requires our care not only for the present time, which we call life, but for all time." (Phædo lvii., 107 c.)

The metaphor of a race fits well the earthly career viewed in its immediate results: "Do not men who are both cunning and unrighteous act as those in the race who run well at the beginning but not at the end, for at the first they briskly leap forward, but end by becoming ridiculous . . . and run off without the crown. But such as are true runners reach the goal and receive the prizes and the crown." (Rep. X. 613 b.) With this we may compare the following variation on the same thought: "Ye were running well; who hindered you from obeying the truth?" (Gal. v. 7.)

The spiritual sense of light and

darkness, expressed by symbolic use of the terms, is to be found alike in Plato and the gospels:

"The light shines in the darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." (John i. 5.)

"Let your light shine before men." (Matt. v. 16.)

"If one possess intelligence, one will bear in mind, that the eyes become subject to two disturbances from two causes; when we change our position and pass from light to darkness, or from darkness to light. And if one believes that the same thing as this takes place with regard to the soul, when he beholds it in perturbation and inability to discern anything, he will not be disposed to unreasoning laughter, but will rather reflect whether the soul has come from a brighter existence and been darkened by unaccustomedness, or whether it has come from a grosser ignorance to a brighter state, and has been confounded by a more resplendent flashing, a sparkle as of crystals." (Rep. VII. 518 a.)

"Life is the outcome of fire and spirit." (Timæus, 77 a.)

"He will baptize you in holy spirit and fire." (Matt. iii. 11.)

The following affords a somewhat close and minute comparison:

"The mouth . . . as Plato says, is the entrance of mortal things, and the way of exit of things immortal. For into it there enter food and drink, corruptible foods of a corruptible body. But out of it proceed expressions of thought, immortal laws of an immortal soul, by means whereof the rational life is regulated." (Philo de Mund. Opif. xl.)

"Not that which enters into the mouth defiles the man, but that which goes out of the mouth, this it is that defiles the man. . . . Everything that enters the mouth goes away into the belly and is cast out into a sewer. But the things that

proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart, and it is they that defile the man. For out of the heart come forth evil designs, murders, adulteries, harlotries, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." (Matt. xv. 11, 17-19.)

The following shows a similitude on what, Platonically speaking, is the daimonic plane of being:

"See that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that their angels in heaven do always see the face of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 10.) That is to say, there is a part that is of them and not yet of them, the unseen part which unconsciously to the physical faculties touches on the angelic spheres, and there finds its sympathy and guidance. The following is Plato's conception of our spiritual link and strengthener:

"With respect to the most authoritative element of the soul that dwells with us, we should conceive as follows; that God has assigned it to each of us as a daimon; that part namely which we affirm, and most correctly, resides at the body's loftiest border, and raises us from earth unto our kinship in heaven; being as we are a plant not of earth but of heaven; and proceeding from that quarter from which the primal genesis of the soul had its being, the divine nature, raising aloft our head and root, gives uprightness to the whole corporeal frame." (Timæus, 90 a.)

The following is a trenchant test of sincerity:

"The righteous man, according to Æschylos, is simple and high-minded, not wishful to seem to be good, but to be so. . . . He must take away the seeming, for if he seem to be righteous, he will have gift and honours as seeming to be of such a sort; and so it will be uncertain whether he be righteous

for righteousness' sake, or for the gifts and honours. He should be stripped of all but righteousness." (Rep. II. 361 b.)

The doctrine here expressed takes us very near to the moral of the fable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and also of the injunction not even to do works of compassion or righteousness so as to be seen of men.

At this altitude a man can arrive only by taking a strictly comparative, or spiritual view of life: "What is there can be great in a little time? for all the period from infancy to old age is but little in respect of the whole. . . . Do you think an immortal being ought to be much concerned about such a period, and not about the whole of time? . . . Have you not realised that our soul is immortal, and never perishes?" (Rep. X., 608 b.)

Jesus said openly "My kingdom is not of this world," and was in distinct opposition to the worldly spirit, which had nothing in him. Plato is more tolerant, as being on a plane nearer the human level, and not so near the angelic; but he ends in discovering that the way of the world, even in politics, is not a way in which he could walk, without too serious a deflection from his ideal:

"At first I was full of ardour towards engaging in affairs of the commonwealth, but when I looked into these and saw that they swayed about in every way from every side, I ended in becoming giddy, yet not so as to withdraw from considering how at any time something better might come into being in respect of these very matters, and above all, as regards the whole form of government, but to be awaiting ever opportunities of action. At last I perceived that all existing states are badly governed. . . . I was therefore

compelled to say, in praise of true philosophy, that through it we are enabled to discern all that is righteous in regard to matters of state and of individuals; and hence that the human race will never cease from ills until the race of those who are right and true wisdom-seekers shall come into political power, or until persons who have power in states shall by some divine fate seek wisdom in very truth." (Ep. vii. 325 e.)

The one quality that distinguishes the sane thinker or seer from the overheated enthusiast, is his patience: he accepts the necessity of growth. There is a very beautiful parabolic metaphor in the following passage, which will show us that Plato was not a fly-away dreamer, the sport of momentary impulse, or the votary of an imaginative asceticism and withdrawal from life:

"We ought to endeavour to fly hence thither [from mortal nature to divine] as quickly as possible. But this flight consists in resembling God to the utmost of our power; and this resemblance consists in becoming righteous and holy with wisdom. . . . God is never in any respect unjust, but the most righteous that can be, and there is not anything more like unto him than the man amongst us who is as righteous as possible." (Theætetus, 177 a, c.)

We may be reminded of the words, "This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God," "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

The peculiar symbolic form of the thought, "the flight from mortal nature to divine consists in resembling God to our utmost," may remind us of an exquisite way of defining judgment as applied to men whose aim is sensual sleep; "this is the judgment [i.e., the judgment consists in the fact],

that the light has come into the world."

In a broader sense than can be fully shown by a comparison of isolated passages, is the spirit of Plato at one with the original spirit of Christianity. With both, human life, while of primary importance to those tabernacled therein, is not life itself, or life of eternal quality, but a secondary, derivative or removed phase of existence, proceeding from the first, and drawing therefrom its normal rule and governance.

But, to judge of Plato by isolated passages is not so great an injustice as it might be in the case of some philosophers: "Platonism is so organic throughout, that it may be developed from every genuine germ of it." There is spirit in Plato's work, not intellect only; and spirit has a glow discernible in the smallest fragment.

"Plato did not propose by his philosophy a mere theoretic perception of abstract truth, but to penetrate and elevate life was its highest aim and endeavour. And so he illustrates the saying of Pascal, that in Divine things one must love in order to know." In this there is a sympathy between his influence and the more personal and vivid appeal of Jesus, a sympathy that will be difficult to perceive only in proportion as "the old habit of thinking immediately, or even exclusively, of something doctrinal, when the Christian element or Christianity is spoken of," still adheres to us.

"The Platonic philosophy, like Christ, does not first bring peace into the world, but a sword. . . . Like Christianity, it arises from hatred of the blinding vanity of the world, which has withdrawn from the alone true and sublime, and procured for itself the love and reverence which are due to them. Like this, it contends, not for its own,

but for God's honour, and for his kingdom on earth; and it does not conceal, any more than this, the long duration and difficulty of this contest, since it well knows that it may fight only with spiritual weapons, and that it can never obtain the victory merely from without, but only when it succeeds in exciting in the heart a co-operation with it.

"It proceeds directly, like Christianity, to cast a firebrand into the soul, to terrify the inner man from his security and repose, and to cause him to feel deeply at some point with shame and confusion the nothingness of that which he holds to be something. . . . It humbles the proud and raises the lowly, fills the hungry with good things, and sends the rich empty away; it meets with cutting severity the despisers of the eternal, but with a tender spirit points aright those who are longing for salvation. It knows that, for the recognition of the one thing needful, there is no greater hindrance than the proud delusion, I am rich, and full, and need nothing. Therefore it aims zealously to show to life its poverty, nakedness, and need, for which it is repaid, like Christianity, not with

thanks, but with hatred, bitterness, ridicule, and scorn. It makes dependent on the deep sorrow of true self-knowledge the blessed perception of divine truth, and the attainment of that peace which the world cannot give. It desires to open the closed eyes of the mind, and to turn them from darkness to the wonderful light which comes from above." (C. Ackermann.)

It is manifest that we cannot be taught the whole secret of our place and condition here, and the reasons why we are in a material world. All truths, therefore, which may be attempted to be conveyed to us must be partial truths. Suggestive facts unnoticed by us busy sleepers, a great and inspired teacher is now and again enabled to convey, facts of our being both spiritual and material, and from these and their solid sanctions in the lessons of life, we are left to deduce such conclusions as best fit the bigness of our own appreciative faculty. We can receive no more than we can grasp from either Platonism or Christianity, and a blow from the resistless hand upon our factitious life is often a necessary preliminary to the opening of our hearts to the truth of any gospel.

K. C.

TOO RED A DAWN.

BY MABEL COLLINS, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," "In this World," "Our Bohemia," &c.

(Continued from page 196.)

CHAPTER VIII.

"OH, of course Arthur must have his way. You have let him do as he likes now for so long that you are half afraid to speak your mind; but I shall speak mine whether it does any good or no."

"But, my dear, there is no reason for me to say anything against Arthur's choice. Miss Hamerton is well off and well connected, and she is a pretty young lady. I dare say Arthur might have got a prize if he had chosen to wait awhile; but if he is contented, I am."

This conversation took place over the dessert that same evening at the Wansys'; Arthur having just announced his engagement. Arthur was quite used to these sort of discussions in his presence, and he went on eating grapes with superficial composure, but a very sullen brow. These family jars were to him almost intolerable. He could just stand his mother's querulous complainings if he summoned a sullen resolution not to be dragged into the vicious circle by defending himself; but his father he really took pains to please, for he had resolved never to face another of the hideous domestic storms which Mr. Wansy created when really angry. His indolent, pleasure-loving disposition led him sometimes to evade and even deceive his father, through what looked almost like fear, and

yet he despised the author of his being from the bottom of his heart. He regarded him as a person without taste or capacity. But, all the same, he treated him with great respect—respect accorded not to himself, but to his temper.

Ill-natured, obstinate people generally earn this kind of reverence, as, fortunately for the rest of the race, there are large classes of people who detest quarrelling and are willing to be "put upon" to save themselves from it. Arthur was not exactly of this order, for he loved his own way; but he had learned to make a sort of science of getting it without rousing Mr. Wansy's wrath against him. He knew beforehand that his engagement would be received with placidity by his father; that gentleman recognised no ill in woman except immorality or poverty. All young ladies who had money and who behaved themselves with propriety were alike to him. But to Mrs. Wansy the affair was very different: she disliked and despised the Hamertons as only stupid and ignorant women can dislike and despise intelligent and cultivated women.

"I should have supposed, Arthur," she went on, in a tone of the bitterest vexation, and with a deepening flush in her face, "that you might have had more sense than to choose a girl like Miss

Hamerton, with whom you know I can never get on!"

"It will be unnecessary for you to try, so far as I can see," remarked Arthur coolly.

"You must go and call to-morrow afternoon," said Mr. Wansy hotly.

Mrs. Wansy's brain was unable to take in these two ideas at once, and, after a brief attempt, she gave it up and just began to complain vaguely again. She imagined herself to have some amount of grievance, based principally upon an idea which can only be properly understood by those who have seen the sort of society in which the Wansys moved—the dead-level middle class. Mr. Wansy was one generation off a small country chemist; Mrs. Wansy's parents were well-to-do farmers, and she was still provincial in all her notions. The people among whom they had their friends and acquaintances were all of the same order: people who had either made money by their own efforts, or, if they had inherited it, got it from the till of a cheesemonger's or haberdasher's shop. They were one and all endowed with that unutterable respectability which becomes a species of fetish; they were of course loyal, but yet looked sadly upon the upper ten as very fast and even immoral, and by no means to be observed or imitated by their own children. They gave frequent heavy dinners and imitated the manners and customs of the fashionable world; but they could not imitate its gaiety. Their idea of social intimacy was something of this sort: they asked each other to "spend the day" or the "afternoon"; the women sat in the drawing-room, and each was expected to bring her fancy work in her pocket. The men went out for a walk together, or, if it was after dinner, sat in the dining-room, got stupid on heavy port,

and talked idiotic and ignorant "politics." If there was a sprinkling of daring beings like Arthur, the smoking-room might be patronised. This system was based upon the old country habits of most of these people, who generally had the blood of farmers in their veins; it would have been natural to them if they had met in a country house for the women to congregate in the 'best room' and talk about dress and servants; while the men would go out together and look at the horses and dogs and pigs. Mrs. Wansy's idea of intercourse with a daughter-in-law was something like this: Arthur would of course take a house close by; Mrs. Wansy would go in about eleven or twelve on most mornings, give advice about the servants and the preserving, &c.; she would have Mrs. Arthur to spend interminable afternoons with her, crocheting, or making babies' frocks; and she would take her out frequently in her carriage to pay calls with her upon the Wansys' friends. Now she found it very difficult to picture Merry Hamerton as the right sort of Mrs. Arthur, and with half-a-dozen nice, quiet, rich girls in their acquaintance, who any one of them would be an agreeable companion for her, she felt herself justified in grumbling. But she had scarcely said a few words before she found herself suddenly silenced by the one thing which had the power to quench her altogether. Mr. Wansy gave her a look across the table which made her know instantly that she was doing wrong, and which brought a flaming colour to her cheeks.

"Look here, Mrs. Wansy," said her husband, "I won't have another word said about this; you have nothing to complain of. Miss Hamerton is a nice young lady; and I insist that you are as polite to her and to the family as you can be.

Now, don't let me hear any more grumbling."

With which he poured himself out another glass of the old port, which he regarded as an absolute necessary of life; and a gloomy silence fell upon the table. Mrs. Wansy soon retired to her beloved blue drawing-room, there to shed a few natural tears over her knitting basket; and Arthur very shortly afterwards betook himself next door, and established himself at Merry's side, where he now felt, with considerable pleasure, that he had a right to be. It was charming to be at home in this always delightful house, and to come in unquestioned and unnoticed. It was as if he had used some magic talisman to make this house his own—this house which, contrasted with his own home, was really to him as much of a fairy palace as it had appeared in his boyhood. It was delightful too to lounge on the couch beside Merry and observe Richard Hamerton afar. Some young men are shy in the position of an accepted lover, and devoutly wish themselves invisible when they have to enact the part in the bosom of the beloved one's family; but Arthur was perfectly supplied with nineteenth-century assurance, and he enjoyed taking up his attitude. It would have been difficult for the shyest young man to be uncomfortable at the Hamertons', whatever his position might be, as the first effect of their good manners and gentle hearts was to put people at their ease. Thus Arthur in winning Merry's love had really made for himself a home in this house, which was in reality worthy to be a fairy palace for Aladdin.

When Mr. Wansy spoke in the tone he had used that evening at dinner, his wife obeyed him with the kind of blind obedience which is yielded to those tyrants who cut

heads off. She regarded herself with some secret pity as one condemned to go through with a disagreeable task; but she accepted it in the way that people arrived at middle age have generally learned to accept the disagreeables of life—as inevitable. And by the next morning she had begun to perceive some little consolation; for instance, she could talk about Mr. Hamerton's pictures, which she heard people speak of as something extraordinary. Anything which had cost money impressed her acquaintances, and, after all, it would be rather pleasant to enlarge to her special friends upon what these collections of pictures and china must be worth.

And so, in a more amiable mood than might have been expected, Mrs. Wansy issued forth from her house in laces and furs, and, with card-case in hand, walked down her own front garden and up the Hamertons', to present herself at their olive-green front door. She raised the great brass knocker, which hung from the mouth of a strange brass dog's-head, and looked in wonder, as she had often done before, at the "Salve" which was written above it in gold letters.

She was shown into the great drawing-room. There was no one there, though the bright fire and the chairs drawn near it gave the room that air of comfort which almost destroys the idea that it is empty. Mrs. Wansy sat down and looked around her. What a quantity of valuable things there were in the room!

While she was deeply immersed in this reflection, Mrs. Hamerton came in with the two girls close behind her. Mrs. Wansy rose and kissed Merry with a singular kind of cold effusion which interested Clotilda Raymond very much. It seemed to her to mean, "You are very charming, and I mean to be in-

tensely polite to you—but I don't like you at all!"

Poor Merry was completely overwhelmed with this show of affection, and succumbed under an attack of shyness which made her quite dumb. Mrs. Hamerton did her best to distract her visitor's attention and make things easy; but it was almost impossible for her to think of anything which would interest Mrs. Wansy, except the weather, &c. The two elder ladies went on talking until their conversation died a natural death; then Mrs. Wansy tried Merry again, but found she could still only extract monosyllables. Determined to make herself agreeable, she then began to admire some of the exquisite old Japanese embroideries which hung upon the walls.

"You admire them?" said Mrs. Hamerton, a little surprised, for she had thought they would be too artistic for her visitor's taste.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Wansy, "I do so much embroidery; I am very fond of it. Do you do much crewel work?" she asked, turning to Clotilda, who was sitting very quiet. Clotilda was a little startled and disconcerted, and only stammered "Crewel work? I—no, I don't"—when Mrs. Hamerton came to the rescue. She put her hand affectionately on Clotilda's arm. "My dear child, I can't fancy you doing crewel work," she said, with a little laugh. And then she turned to Mrs. Wansy, who sat looking rather surprised at the way her innocent question had been received.

"I really don't think Clotilda quite knows what crewel work is," she said, "for I don't fancy she has ever done any fancy work."

"Never done any fancy work!" exclaimed Mrs. Wansy in such sheer amazement, that she could not help expressing it. "Why, Miss

Raymond, whatever can you do with your time?"

Clotilda looked, on her side, so astonished, that Mrs. Hamerton again answered for her.

"You see, Mrs. Wansy," she said, "Clotilda has a great many other things to do. I am sure she has no time to spare. You know she is a great reader and a student of the German classics, and that means giving the most of her time to study; and then, too, you know she writes poetry."

"Oh, poetry," exclaimed Mrs. Wansy, in a tone of impatience; "that is a strange thing for a young lady to take an interest in. I have never known anything of poetry, and I never wish to."

Clotilda looked so puzzled, and Merry's eyes began to flash so, that Mrs. Hamerton thought it wise to create a diversion.

"Now, Mrs. Wansy," she said, rising hastily, "you must come through and look at the little drawing-room; we have been having the walls painted, you know; and it is only just finished. Do come and look at it;" and, so saying, she led her visitors away, leaving the two girls by themselves. The ladies, looking as complete a contrast as were their houses and their lives, went through the Egyptian room into what Mrs. Hamerton called the little drawing-room. Mrs. Wansy admired, as in courtesy bound; but the whole thing was so unlike her idea of a room, that she could not manage to get beyond, "How very pretty! What taste you have, Mrs. Hamerton!" and, with a few such exclamations, and a fervent hope that she might "see a great deal" of Merry in the future, she took her departure.

Mrs. Hamerton, left alone in this little room, which, now that it was finished, was to her eyes the most beautiful place in the house, sat down to think about various things

of which her heart was very full. She did not feel alone here, for opposite her was Merry's face, and at her side Gerald Hamerton's beloved one. These walls were a work done by two great artists, not only for money, but, in a great measure, for love. It was a place which seemed almost like something holy to the artists themselves. And yet the whole thing was simple enough. The only furniture was a low divan, covered with an olive-green silk; all round the room this ran, interrupted only by the doorway, with its heavy green silk curtains. There were enormous cushions covered in this colour, which made some dozen luxurious nooks and lounges in the broad divan. The floor was oak, and so highly polished that it reflected the very shade of the green. Fur rugs lay upon it here and there. Above the cushions of the divan the whole of the walls were painted, and the first charm of these beautiful frescoes was the airy, garden-like effect produced by them. It seemed, on entering the room, as though you stepped into a garden-room; the roses and honeysuckle which clustered upon the walls all but scented the air; and the grasses, and ferns, and bramble, which rose thickly up, just behind the divan, as it were, appeared as though they brought fresh breezes with them. This luxuriant tangle of foliage and flower-growth was painted by a happy artist, who had won a great reputation and position out of his sheer love of sunshine and flowers, birds and trees—a love so great that he took their very spirit into him, and put it out again upon his canvas. But, amid these ideally living beauties, there shone another as lovely, and even more sweet, than they. As you entered the room you were greeted by Merry's smiling face. She appeared to be

advancing towards you between the tall ferns and high brambles; she parted the foliage in front of her with one hand, and came glowing through the leaves. This portrait had the touch of a true master-hand in it: not only was it a picture of Merry's pretty face, but it had caught something of the shine of her soul. The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton were upon the other walls of the room—Mr. Hamerton with his favourite colley dog beside him, his wife surrounded by some of the birds from her aviary, who loved to flutter about her. On each side of the curtained doorway two peacocks spread their gorgeous painted feathers.

In this room everything but peace, happiness, and beauty appeared to be shut out. It seemed possible that, if two persons engaged in a bitter quarrel should stray in at this doorway, their rash tongues must be arrested by the sweet sight which would greet their eyes.

Here Mrs. Hamerton sat down, and deliberately set herself to soothe her ruffled plumes. She had a horror of women of Mrs. Wansy's order. She as nearly detested Mrs. Wansy herself as she was capable of detesting any tolerably inoffensive person. This state of feeling had to be conquered before she met Merry again. She knew too well what Merry would have to face in coming into intimate relations with a family which she herself regarded as simply under-bred, to add in any way to the possible troubles of the future.

Therefore she sat down to grow quiet before she went back to the girls. Just then the curtain was lifted and Clotilda entered the room. She came and sat down by Mrs. Hamerton. "Arthur Wansy has come in," she said, as though some explanation of her appearance without Merry were

necessary. "Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Hamerton, and she was ashamed to find herself thinking, "Well, at all events, the son is preferable to the mother in one way, that Merry is sufficient entertainment for him."

Clotilda had sat down beside Mrs. Hamerton, a book in her hand; but, though her face was down, her eyes were not upon the book, but upon the polished floor at her feet, as though she saw visions in that shining surface. Mrs. Hamerton, looking at her, was struck by her intense pallor and the dim shade of melancholy which overspread a face naturally brilliant.

"Clotilda," said Mrs. Hamerton, by a sudden impulse, "you never tell me anything about yourself."

Clotilda raised her great dark eyes. "Oh, you mean about my engagement? I thought papa would tell you that."

"And so he has," said Mrs. Hamerton; "but I want to hear a great many things which he cannot tell me. You never talk about yourself, Clotilda."

"Why should I?" she answered. "My individuality is of no value; I try not to realise myself. All I want is to learn how to create the beautiful, and so I shall gain all of immortality that is possible by leaving something beautiful behind me when I myself exist no longer. And I am most content when I hardly believe I am individualised. If our future is absorption into the universal life, it seems to me that it is best to approach as near as possible to that state now."

"Oh, Clotilda!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton. "It is easy to talk in that sort of way; but you cannot really feel it?"

"I think I do," said Clotilda, with the peculiar smile which was her charm—a quick bright smile, that seemed to flash momentarily

through a cloud of chastened melancholy.

"You don't allow ideas like this to guide you in the affairs of life?—you would follow your natural feelings in such matters as—well—as your engagement, for instance."

"Oh, yes," Clotilda answered, quietly; Mrs. Hamerton had been somewhat shy of touching on the subject, but Clotilda did not seem to be so at all. After a moment's pause she went on speaking. "As to that," she said, "I think I may say I have followed my natural feelings entirely. But you must not expect me to talk like a girl in love: my relations with Mr. Stretton are intellectual. I look up to him as one of the few who are sufficiently cultivated and developed to be guides to others. I regard the prospect of intimacy with him as a great privilege."

Mrs. Hamerton was grave and silent for a moment; then she said: "Clotilda, I am careful how I speak about these things because my feelings are very strong; I consider marriage without love a curse. To another girl I should say, never marry until you feel your heart is given away; but how can I say such a thing to you? You know more about life than I do; or, at least, I should imagine so, when I read your writing. Certainly you are taking your course with your eyes wide open; and yet, oh Clotilda! even if the man you marry be the greatest and best man the world has ever seen, I cannot believe you do right either to him or to yourself to marry him unless you know you love him."

"I think I am wrong," said Clotilda, "in letting you think I am not in love. I believe I am as much in love as my disposition will ever allow me to be. I wonder sometimes whether it is destructive to the emotions to analyse them. I have thought too much about

my feelings in regard to Mr. Stretton. Probably if I could get back to an instinctive state I should find I am what people call in love."

"I hope so, Clotilda; if so you will be happy. But don't hurry yourself over a thing so vitally important."

"We are to be married in the spring," said Clotilda.

"Oh, that is very soon," exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton.

"When the primroses and daffodils are in flower we are to be married," said Clotilda; "so he wishes it. The altar is to be covered with spring blossoms when we stand before it. And all next summer I expect we shall be abroad—perhaps in Italy. He wishes me to publish something; but I do not care to publish any original work while I live. Posterity shall decide whether I have made any beauty. But I am working up my study of German literature more thoroughly now, so that I may be able to read easily with him next summer; and then together we are to do some translations. I am looking forward to that so much."

Clotilda's eyes were full of dreams, and her hands clasped as in delight. Mrs. Hamerton kept silence; this picture of a honeymoon seemed so odd to her that she did not trust herself to speak about it. Clotilda looked forward to the coming summer much as an eager schoolboy might anticipate the delights of being well coached at college. It sounded to Mrs. Hamerton more like a younger brother talking, than a sweetheart. As they sat like this, without speaking for a time, the curtain over the doorway was drawn aside, and Arthur and Merry came in, arm in arm. "We have been looking all through the rooms for you two," said Merry, a little shame-facedly.

It would be interesting to guess at the amount of time which lovers

spend in "looking everywhere" for other people.

Merry was a perfect picture of glowing happiness, only veiled delicately by a faint shyness which gave that loveliness to her warmth that the grey mist of early morning gives to the glow of summer. She drew her hand from Arthur and sank down beside Mrs. Hamerton with a deep sigh, which meant to the mother's ear, so familiar with her child's every gesture, a happiness too deep for ordinary expression. Mrs. Hamerton looked down at her with a little smile. "I would rather my girl should have a heart and waste it than out-think herself like Clotilda," was her thought.

"We came to fetch you, mama," said Merry; "there are callers in the large drawing room with papa, and he wants you. Mr. Stretton is there."

"Let us all go back," said Mrs. Hamerton, rising. She led the way through the Egyptian room into the large drawing-room, where Mr. Hamerton was talking to a little knot of gentlemen, among them Mr. Stretton. Mrs. Hamerton looked rather more closely at the poet than she had done before. He certainly was rather handsome, and certainly very little like a poet, or an artist of any sort. He was slight, and bronzed by the suns of warmer lands than England; he was a great traveller. His hair was very dark; he had "mutton-chop" whiskers; he wore eye-glasses. He was always faultlessly dressed, and wore two magnificent diamonds upon his left hand. He had an invariable manner of greeting a friend; when he met anyone he knew, he looked surprised, and then, dropping his eye-glasses, shook hands with an air of the greatest delight, as if the meeting was most unexpected. When this manner was used towards a host or hostess,

people whom he would naturally expect to see in their own house, it had a very odd effect. Mrs. Hamerton had regarded it as a rather disagreeable mannerism. Now, under the recent influence of Clotilda's society, she concluded that it was the result of poetic absence of mind, and that when Mr. Stretton shook hands with her in this surprised manner his thoughts were in some supernal sphere. More callers came in, and distracted her attention. So, when she saw Clotilda was under her lover's care, she left them. Clotilda was soon surrounded by others; she was generally the centre of a little circle of æsthetic souls, and when Mrs. Hamerton looked again at her she was reading aloud from the volume in her hand, making remarks upon the verse and developing some theory of her own about it. Mr. Stretton, eye-glass in eye, leaned back and listened; while two or three who had gathered close to them drank in the sweet tones of their favourite modern Sappho.

Certainly Clotilda looked happy enough, now.

CHAPTER IX.

MAN — the "poor, bare, forked animal" — is not only distinguished from most other living creatures by the fact that he walks on his hind legs; he has various marks of superiority. Among other things, he is noticeable for requiring amusement. No other animal on the face of the earth is driven to the base expedients to which man is compelled to resort for diversion. They that walk on four legs, and the birds that fly, and the fishes that swim — all are self-supporting in this respect. Man, the pleasure-loving biped, must needs kill time; and, if the criminal law were to select out of

the general murderers those who commit crime for the sake of something to do, it would probably be found that a vast number of innocent victims were used as mere wax dolls or dummies, and that the actual and purposed victim was poor old Time. Why the time of these human beings should be created and given into their hands merely for them to kill, is a thing which the Creator thereof can alone explain.

Arthur Wansy had no vices — such as our grandfathers would have called vices; but he had that burden of modern youth — the capacity to be bored. He pursued society, not because he particularly loved human beings, but because he hated solitude and abhorred dulness. The peculiarity of this vice of *ennui* is, that it not only demands amusement, but variety. The man who is bored wants to meet with fresh faces and different forms of life.

"Come in and see us some day; we are always at home on Sunday, you know!" was an invitation which one Sunday morning occurred to Arthur when he rose from the solemn breakfast-table in the stately dining-room, and wondered what to do with himself. Sunday at home was a thing simply not to be thought of for a moment; he would have shuddered at the very idea. But that shudder was saved him; for the possibility never occurred to him seriously at all. A day in his smoking-room alone would have been impossible to him. Even worse would it have been to share the delights of tract reading with his mother, or to sustain a conversation upon city matters with Mr. Wansy. That gentleman had a small, handsome library of beautifully-bound standard works, and Sunday afternoon he considered the proper time to devote to literature. As, however, he seldom

opened any but his bank-book on the other days of the week, the occupation was not a very familiar or natural one, and, if he could meet with a male human being, he, with great alacrity, relapsed into the intelligible and interesting matters which absorb the minds of city men. The Hamertons' house was very pleasant on Sunday, because everybody did as they liked; but, as they all liked to be rather quiet, it did not suit Arthur's present mood. Moreover, he had all but lived there during the week, and he wanted variety. So he bethought him of the aforesaid invitation, given to him casually during the week by a certain journalist called Frank Vernon. This man was a most amusing talker; he had been half over the world, and had lived in New York and St. Petersburg. He was essentially un-insular—a fact which made him attractive to Arthur, who hated English respectability. So, altogether, he decided that he would go over and call upon the Vernons, who lived in Park-street. He lounged through the morning (which he found just endurable, as Mr. and Mrs. Wansy were out of the house, at church) over a cigar or two and a French novel, and, in the afternoon, sallied forth, looking as handsome as a fine physique and a Bond-street tailor can make a man look.

He walked across the gardens and through Hyde Park in the faint sunshine of the winter afternoon. The Vernons lived in a house which looked to him hardly big enough to turn round in. But it was a charming little place inside, as he observed the moment the hall door was shut behind him by a knowing-looking and not over-clean French manservant. There were evidently plenty of people in the house; from a room on the ground floor

came sounds of laughter and a buzz of talk; but Arthur was taken upstairs to a drawing-room, which was empty. It was a pleasant room; not exactly artistic, yet full of a certain sense of prettiness, and so crowded with a host of odds and ends, all handsome and all evidently used, that it had a comfortable feeling. It had a charm all of its own; a certain irrelevance in its arrangements, which imparted a peculiar sense of ease. Before Arthur had seen any member of the household he felt as much at home in that room as if he habitually occupied it. It requires a very marked character of a certain sort in the owner of a room to give that especial charm. Who it was that gave it to the drawing-room which Arthur now sat in he discovered before very long. There was a kind of outbreak from the room downstairs—a rush and buzz of voices, as if a number of schoolboys had been let loose upon the stairs; this resulted very shortly in the entrance into the drawing-room of the master of the house in person, followed by two or three gentlemen. These gentlemen were very various in appearance: one of them deserved the title, from the cleanliness of linen, if from no other characteristic; the other two did not shine in this respect. The clean man, whom the others called Merton, was very quiet and very good-natured; his good-nature was being taxed at the moment, for, as Frank Vernon gave his attention to his new guest, Merton had to endure being button-holed by two men at once. For both these men of shady shirt-fronts were talkers—men who talked on in spite of every obstacle which might oppose them. One, with long fair lank hair, and a shabby coat buttoned tight over his breast as if to hide deficiencies beneath, was in the

midst of a disquisition upon Macaulay, which the announcement of Arthur's arrival had clearly failed to interrupt. He had held faithfully on to Merton, who maintained a smile which was gradually becoming somewhat fixed (Merton happened to be an acknowledged critic of Macaulay), and talked all the way upstairs, continuing to give forth a stream of extraordinarily fluent language after they entered the drawing-room. The flow was only slightly varied by an Herculean effort on the part of the other talker to edge a word in: this gentleman was shabby, but cheerfully and openly so; he flung his coat wide with a glorious *abandon*, and cared evidently nothing for what the general opinion of his appearance might be. He was very dark, very restless; he talked in a high key through his nose; and every now and then he succeeded in drowning the discourse of his rival by a very nasal remark. This group interested Arthur, who had never had the pleasure of observing the shabby man of letters before—that deplorable relict of glorious dead Bohemia. After a few remarks between himself and Vernon, he looked at these others, and attempted to understand what it all meant. Vernon noticed his glance. “Oh, confound Macaulay!” he exclaimed. “These fellows will talk all night now they have got on to that interminable subject. The worst of it is, Crayton quotes Macaulay at the rate of a chapter at a time; and, as I never would read a page of him, I object to this sort of thing. Come down and talk to my wife. She is with Mrs. Leweson in the dining-room. You know Mrs. Leweson, of course? No? I thought everybody did. Well, you will know her again when once you have seen her. She is an extraordinary woman, with

an extraordinary history. I have never discovered yet whether she is a widow: but no Mr. Leweson has been heard of since I have known her. She will interest you, perhaps, for she is clever, and a singular specimen of her sex. She is a great smoker, so we all stayed downstairs, as we began to smoke at the lunch table.”

All this time Arthur, convoyed by his host, was leaving the drawing-room by another door (which manœuvre left the Macaulayites in unconscious possession of the field) and going downstairs Frank Vernon opened the door of the dining-room, and ushered Arthur into the presence of two ladies, who were so totally unlike each other that the contrast between them affected Arthur as a sort of excitement. They were sitting by the fire, having evidently just left the lunch table. One was smoking a cigar; and at first sight Arthur thought she was a man; but just as they entered she smiled at some remark Mrs. Vernon made to her, and he saw at once that she was a woman. Short, thick-set, with a strong neck, and a face like a mastiff, with short, straight black hair, and a faint dark line on her upper lip, Mrs. Leweson certainly might easily be taken for a man. The effect was heightened by her dress bearing a resemblance to a man's coat about the neck. Mrs. Vernon, who was sitting with her back to the door, did not see who came in, and did not move at once. So that at first Arthur only observed, above the back of her armchair, a pretty head of absolutely blonde hair; and, crossed upon the fender, a pair of small and very daintily-slippered feet. But when she did rise to welcome him, and make room for him at the fire, his attention was immediately distracted from Mrs. Leweson, and he scarcely observed her again

except to notice that she smoked excellent cigars. He had plenty of opportunity to admire their aroma, for Mrs. Leweson was one of those incorrigible smokers who habitually, as soon as one cigar is finished, light another.

Mrs. Vernon belonged to that order of fine women whose appearance is an appreciable possession as definitely understood and valued by its owner as a balance at the banker's. She knew exactly the impression she made, just as a man of fortune appreciates the effect which the figures of his bank book produce. She understood Arthur's look of admiration perfectly. Inviting him to a chair close beside her, she leaned back again, put her feet on the fender, and proceeded to amuse him partly by her words, but principally by the language of her eyes. She was a woman whose speech put upon paper loses all its value; it is a mere empty shell. Every syllable she uttered was intensified and made expressive by the glances of those dark eyes, whose darkness was so daintily, so delicately heightened that the artificiality was scarcely perceptible. Her skin was exquisite; a square-cut dress revealed a magnificent snowy bosom; her hair was like yellow silk. Her lips were very bright—perhaps a shade too bright and too definite in their outline for the lover of the natural; but still it was all very captivating. Arthur fell a very willing victim to Mrs. Vernon's charms, which, though so fully matured, only gained in voluptuousness whatever youthful charm they might have lost. She supplied his wants exactly. She was delightful to look at, amusing to listen to, and it was pretty clear that she was quite unfettered by conventionalities. She seemed to care very little what she said or how she said it, so long as she amused her hearer.

Arthur felt himself, immediately, as much at home in her society as he had felt in her drawing-room. Some people have no inner chamber in their character, just as their house has no sense of seclusion in it. This quality, or absence of a quality, has a peculiar fascination of its own. Shelley loved to look into eyes which had in them depths beyond depths; but some non-poetic souls can find as strong a charm in a dark line upon the lower eyelid.

Mrs. Vernon liked Arthur at once. She always did like young men who were not only agreeable, but rich and evidently superior to the stings of fortune. She herself had preserved her beauty and her temper through vicissitudes and privations which would have reduced most women to withered hags. She always found a certain exhilaration in the society of a man of fortune who had no idea of what it was like to be bitten by the vulgar fangs of debt or difficulty. It gave to her a sympathetic sense of ease and luxury.

Arthur passed a delightful hour—an hour in which nothing was said but the veriest small-talk, but which was full, to him, of a quite new set of sensations. He had never met with this sort of people before—people who are by no means out of society, and yet who are equally by no means of society. His enjoyment was ended at last by the reappearance of the three talkers, when Mrs. Vernon evidently considered it needful to bestow some attention upon the unfortunate Merton, who by this time had succumbed under the hands of his tormentors and no longer even smiled. But he soon brightened up when Mrs. Vernon detached him from them. Arthur tore himself away with some difficulty from Mrs. Vernon's side, and took his departure, mentally resolv-

ing to gratify Frank Vernon's cordially expressed hope that he would come again and that soon.

Sunday was the day on which he never dined at home: for one thing, it was even slower than usual in the paternal mansion; and for another the dinner hour was on Sunday half-past five, which he regarded as not only abominable but impracticable. So he strolled down Park-street into Piccadilly, and turned eastwards, to go to his club. He soon forgot the Vernons, as speedily as he always forgot persons who were not before him at the moment. He seldom recurred even to pleasant memories.

But he was not so soon forgotten; when the other visitors had all departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon were sitting down to dinner and discussing (as people generally do) their various guests, Arthur's name was mentioned.

"I rather like him," said Mrs. Vernon, in the peculiar, comfortable, superior manner which is common to people who are fully satisfied with themselves. To Mrs. Vernon, her own likes and dislikes were as laws of the Universe.

"We will cultivate him, then," replied Frank Vernon; "he has a good deal of money, and his father is rich and as solid as a brick-wall. Young Wansy is not the capitalist my heart longeth for; but I might get him to put some money into my paper. And then there would be old Wansy to fall back upon."

"Ask the boy to dinner," said Mrs. Vernon, indifferently; "I will flirt with him, and you can see what you can do. My own opinion is that he is shrewd enough to keep his money to himself."

"Ah, my dear, you don't understand male human nature. Women and Scotchmen can find amusement in the mere possession of money, but ordinary men, especially

at that age, like to spend. And they like to think they are somebody—a sort of power in the world. What is Arthur Wansy now?—a mere unit in the mass of London life, just a well-dressed young man. Make him proprietor of the "Early News," and you have a person of power and distinction, a man who can take away his friends' reputations and give them unsuspected blows—a species of moral garotter in fact. Then when he walks down Piccadilly he is a——."

"Suppose you reserve all this eloquence for Arthur Wansy himself," interrupted Mrs. Vernon.

"All right, my dear; I was only satisfying myself that he absolutely needs to own a newspaper."

"What a tender conscience you have, Frank!"

"Not at all! You women are so practical. I have a great imagination. When I want to do a thing, I see it in all its sides; I review it from the point of view of the other person as well as from my own. This gives me twice the eloquence, don't you see?"

"I think you are quite eloquent enough, my dear boy, without taking so much trouble. Arthur Wansy is no fool; and if you persuade him to put money into a new paper, you won't do it by talk, I can tell you."

Mr. Vernon looked at her a trifle disconcerted, and was silent for a moment. He really had an imaginative head, and might have been taken for an artist. He had small, bright blue eyes, placed in his head in that slanting position which gives a semi-poetic appearance to the face. He wore a huge yellow moustache, which certainly was sprinkled with gray, but was still very effective. He could sing sentimental love songs with a sweet tenor voice; he could make charming crayon sketches of the ladies he admired. Add to all this that his

fluent tongue was never weary, and that he had been at one time in the army and had acquired a military bearing, and you have the "points" of Frank Vernon. He was really of an imaginative temperament, and respected his wife greatly for her narrow hard-headed sense, although he was sometimes bored by her unresponsiveness. When he had a new idea he regarded it as a very satisfactory test if it met with Mrs. Vernon's approval. In the present case he was a little disappointed at her opinion of Arthur Wansy.

"What tack shall I take then?" he asked, rather ruefully.

"Be as business-like as you can; you won't fire his imagination, as you call it, because I don't believe he has any; but I will turn his head, and then he will be more easily influenced."

"You have a great opinion of your powers, my lady," remarked Frank Vernon, rather savagely.

"I have proved them," said Mrs. Vernon, coolly. She had none of the finer sentiments, and no more hesitated about saying she was a fascinating woman than a *chef* would hesitate to say he was a good cook.

"You have, certainly, and rather too well for my taste," was Frank's sullen rejoinder; for he was sufficiently feminine in temperament to be capable of contradicting himself. This was an old and well-worn battle ground between these two, and yet nothing could keep them off it; fatuously they rushed upon it and drew the same old swords. Frank Vernon found his wife's manners and beauty of great advantage to him; people liked to have her at a dinner-table, if only as an ornament; and she made his house a very charming place for his friends to visit. All this was delightful; but there was one little drawback. Frank was insanely

jealous of her; jealous as only men who are themselves habitually insincere, and live in an insincere society, can be jealous. He wasted his passion, for Mrs. Vernon never paid any attention to him; she did not even condescend to reciprocate the feeling. Frank might do just as he liked for all she cared, so long as he did not worry her. And yet, with the love of petty warfare which seems to be a common characteristic of small minds, when he grew jealous, she was always ready to fight. The remainder of their meal was agreeably diversified by various sharp skirmishes, and yet all the while Frank was considering how soon he could ask Arthur Wansy to dinner, and resolving that on that occasion Mrs. Vernon must be somehow got into her sweetest humour and her prettiest dress.

CHAPTER X.

"AND this is the life which you despise!" exclaimed Merry, that same Sunday afternoon, to Clotilda, who looked up with surprise. She had been reading aloud a little, and theorising a good deal, according to her wont. Merry usually listened quietly to her friend's disquisitions, whether she agreed with them or not. She thought they were too clever for her to answer. But now, unexpectedly, she had risen from her little chair in the window of the Egyptian room, and stood there, with glowing face, and her hair just touched by the last faint rays of the sun.

"This is the life which you despise — this life of youth, of strength, of love! O, I think it is glorious! — I love it! — I cannot have too much of it! I want more individuality to feel with, instead of desiring less. Why, look, Clotilda, how pretty the trees are in the slanting sun! Look at that dim,

beautiful sky, where the warm colour is all hidden away behind the snow-mist; and look at these pictures—great monuments of art; the very room—how pretty it is in this lovely half-light! And then, Clotilda, here are we, in the midst of so much that is beautiful—young, happy, rich—so rich in love! Oh, Clotilda, you must want to know more of this glorious life!”

Clotilda put her book aside, and looked at Merry with some astonishment.

“Do you really feel it like that?” she said, wonderingly.

“Oh, yes, indeed! and so must you, if you stopped thinking sometimes. Why, Clotilda,” she went on, her face glowing more radiant as she spoke, “Arthur’s very existence upon this earth is one long thrill of pleasure to me. When he is not here, I sometimes fancy that I can hear the footsteps of all the men in the world, and that my heart distinguishes his from out them all. I seem able to hear his breathing when I am quite silent—and I am sure, if when he is far away from me he but said the word ‘Merry,’ it would come to me in his own voice. How wonderful that is! I could never have imagined there was anything so wonderful until I felt it! I am the richer by every moment of his life.”

“You have some secret that I have not; if you can feel like this,” said Clotilda.

“What do you mean?” exclaimed Merry, who was fairly carried away by her own enthusiasm, now that her full heart had at last found some little power of speech. “How can there be a secret in what is in the very air—the glory of living, and—think of it, Clotilda—the glory of loving? I am frightened sometimes when I think how I love mama; for, indeed, I

don’t dare to fancy how I could live without her. But it is so beautiful that I am not really afraid, only my soul trembles a little at its own happiness.”

“Oh, Merry! it is like a flush of warmth in this sad world to hear you speak like this!”

“I cannot understand you,” said Merry, looking perplexedly at Clotilda. “Do you not feel the warmth of life as I do? Do you not see how generous the very air is to us, when it brings us freshness and pleasure?”

“Where have you found all this?” asked Clotilda.

“In my heart,” said Merry; “only there. If I knew words to express myself, perhaps I could often make my full heart easier; but I cannot say what I feel, and sometimes I am startled at myself, and can scarcely tell whether I am here or in heaven, the world appears to me so beautiful.”

“Go on talking, Merry! Do not stop; for I can say nothing. It seems like blasphemy to bring the sad words of thinkers into the same atmosphere with your happy instincts. How remarkable it is,” she went on, “that great poets appear to carry their intuitions of truth so deep in their souls that they can express them without knowing it, and it takes a future age to get the real inner meaning of the words. I never saw before what Byron felt when he said that ‘man’s love is of his life a thing apart; ’tis woman’s whole existence.’ I imagined it to be one of his most superficial utterances, and I daresay he fancied it a mere satire upon woman’s shallow character. But he touched on the great truth which you are now making me understand—that the polarity is different. I feel this strongly, because I think I have always sympathised most with the masculine mind, while you are

woman all through, mind, body, and spirit."

Merry's eyes were fixed upon Clotilda, wide open, and with a dimness in them as of impending tears.

"O, Clotilda, how dreadful those words of Byron's are—they cannot, they cannot be true! Is love a thing apart from men's lives—do they forget it? I can't bear the thought—it touches me like ice!"

"Merry, remember, you will have to pay for your nature; you are born to suffer. Come what may in your life, I can see—I can feel—you must suffer. An absolute woman is all heart; she has to pass through a heartless world!"

"Oh, I don't mind suffering," cried Merry in her happy ignorance. "While the world has love in it, there is no terror for me in suffering. But the thought that men are different—that they do not love as we love—the mere thought of that is like a cold hand on my heart!"

"Yet it is best to realise it before pain teaches it to us," said Clotilda. "One of my few faiths is, that nothing can be gained by blinding oneself to the truths of our own life. It is clear, poetically and practically, that man and woman are so essentially different that they must proceed from the polar opposites of the individualising power of the great universal life. One originates in love, the other in thought; and the simpler and the more definite the character of either the more is it different from the other. I am seeing all this just now; it is new to me—so new that I dislike it as much, if not more, than you can; but I feel it is true, I cannot escape from its truth."

"Why do you dislike it? I don't so much dislike, as disbelieve it," said Merry, with vehemence. "I cannot see how it is possible.

Men are greater than we are; I can recognise that; and for that very reason they must love more."

"I think you are wrong, Merry," said Clotilda; "but I don't want to convince you of it, because your belief is so beautiful. And after all, you may have an intuitive knowledge which I have not, for I am only an artist in words, while you are an artist in life."

"I don't understand you," said Merry. "Tell me what you mean."

"Don't you? Why, Merry, you have an hereditary genius for living. Remember, too, that life is the greatest of arts, as a noble thinker once said. I regard you as an artist of the highest order; instead of talking about the emotions or painting them, you deal with the very things themselves; you use the elements of existence itself to work with; human nature is your colour-box. This genius, which transcends every other, has made your father and mother revered among artists; I see you are a true heir of that genius. I think that the meaning of this may be obscure to you, because you have not yet come to the consciousness of your great gifts. But don't forget what I am saying, Merry dear; there may be a time yet for you, when you will have to remind yourself that you are a born artist, and not a slave of circumstances. In your future, which you are sure to endeavour to make beautiful, don't let yourself be baffled by the incompetency of your companions; you know, so few of us have your inherited ability. A woman born amid rose leaves, with a pillow of love for her head, and a sky crimsoned with beauty above her—how can she guess at the barrenness, the darkness, the rocky solitude of the lives most men and most women lead?"

"Clotilda, why do you speak so bitterly? Dear Clotilda, you make my heart ache. Are you only filled with sympathy, or have you felt this barrenness?"

"Felt it!" cried Clotilda, starting up, as if a sudden emotion made stillness no longer bearable, "it is in my very soul! it is in me! But I will triumph by my own strength. I have never seen the rose-coloured clouds which fill your sky and give a reflected glory to your earth. I see the hideousness of the earth naked before me. I cannot hide from myself its poverty, its crime, its disease, its many horrors. There is green grass upon the ground wherever you step; I too often touch a shrieking mandrake, and start back sick at its voice. I dare not taste of life or of passion; but I have power to live on in patience, finding my happiness in the shut and incense-clouded temple of poetry. Merry," turning suddenly to her, "forget every word I have said. We are so different that we belong to different worlds; I will not insult your lovely faith by exhibiting the unbelief which makes me sad. Come with me into the drawing-room; I think the others are there. Let us be prosaic, drink tea, and forget our follies. Come!"

She took Merry's arm and led her away almost by force. Truth to tell, she was shocked at the reflection of herself which she saw in Merry's eyes, which were fixed on her as in horror. Merry said no word, but submitted quietly enough. She was too full of thought and of feeling to be able to speak. The Egyptian room, where they had been talking, had not been lighted, and the twilight was fast becoming darkness. They left the gloom behind and passed into the glow, for the drawing-room was lit by coloured lamps, the fire burned brilliantly upon the

hearth, and its rich face was reflected in the tiles below it. The five-o'clock tea stood on a little table close in front of the warm blaze, and Mrs. Hamerton was pouring it out. Mr. Hamerton stood by the fire, and Richard sat a little away from it. He was speaking with some animation, telling a story which he had picked up at his club.

"Oh it can't be true," said Mr. Hamerton. "Where's Arthur? he'll tell us; Mr. Wansy is sure to have heard; city men always know everything. Is that you, Merry, coming out of the darkness? Is Arthur there?"

"No," said Merry, "he has not been in to-day."

"Not been in?" said Mr. Hamerton, in a tone of surprise, and then checked himself. He immediately replunged into the discussion with Richard, with a haste which was caused by his catching a strange expression upon Merry's face. It was a momentary look of pain far too great for the occasion; he was startled and shocked by it, and only desired to distract her thoughts from whatever it might be which distressed her.

Merry sat down without loosing Clotilda's arm. She had a sudden sense of cold from Mr. Hamerton's words; it was the merest trifle, Arthur's absence for a single day—but, it was a long time since a day had passed without their seeing him at all. And the circumstance brought a sudden pang to Merry's heart. "Oh, how could I bear it, if he could forget me!" She knew well enough that her ears had been strung to listen for his footstep throughout the livelong day; was it possible that Clotilda's words were true, and that he could forget his love, when once it was assured, and find his pleasure elsewhere?"

Foolish little heart, so tender, so

rich, so ready to suffer ! Its every pulsation must be full of a consciousness either of joy or pain, so vivid is its life. It cannot beat on in dull and careless monotony as can so many hearts that have never been quickened by the roseate happiness which has made this one only too intense in its capacity for pain.

But soon the smile came flickering back to those mobile lips, and the happy light into the brilliant eyes. It would have been hard long to be sad, even for an absent lover, amid so much beauty and brightness, and in an atmosphere of such absolute love. There is a magnetic power in true hearts which gives courage. Merry soon looked up, and smiled at Richard as he spoke, with her exquisite smile of pure sweetness which made him feel so often that, if he might not love her, he could not live without gazing upon her. That radiance of her face came from out her soul, and was food to his.

CHAPTER XI.

THE faint clouds upon Merry's horizon were soon full of their red and gold colours again. The next afternoon, when the Hamertons were standing in the drawing-room just ready to go out, Arthur came in through the curtains, looking as handsome and as cheerful as though he had not been away from his lady's side for positively a whole day. Merry blushed and paled at his entrance, as if some strange thing had happened. So great was his power over her, that by his presence or absence he could change her whole state of feeling, and his sudden appearance in the doorway had a kind of magical effect upon her. Mr. Hamerton, who was watching her face, sighed as he saw the flush of

happiness rise up to it from her heart; it was terrible to him to think that his child's pain or pleasure was at the will and disposition of Arthur Wansy. But so must it be while there are flowers in May to be cut by cold winds, and soft hearts in women to be stabbed by a chilly world. This thought passed through Gerald Hamerton's mind, and then he assured himself that he was an old fool, and that probably under that composed exterior Arthur carried as ardent a heart as a man should have. Possibly he was a better fellow than if he wore it on his sleeve. Still there were no daws here to peck at it.

"Come with us, Arthur," he said, very heartily ; for, indeed, it was gladness to him to see Merry's shining eyes. "We are going down to the private view at the — Gallery."

So Arthur very quietly took up his position at Merry's side, and joined the party. Richard and Clotilda went off together ; they were friends of an odd sort, friends who sympathised on no one point, yet who respected the genuineness of each other's views. Richard knew that he had Clotilda's society only for a brief space of time ; for they were certain to meet Mr. Stretton at the gallery ; and even if they did not, she was an avowed pet among quite a number of the literary and artistic people who are generally gathered together on such occasions. She looked artistic enough herself, dressed in grey velvet, with a broad grey beaver hat on her dark hair, and no colour in her costume, but a bunch of scarlet geranium at her throat, which, by the mysterious power that lies in flower colour, and in none other, seemed to light up her pale face. Merry, in her sealskin suit, made a curious contrast to her friend, for all the lightness and

colour of her figure were in her happy face. Its rich colouring was as perfect and as sweet as that of any rose.

Mr. Stretton happened, in some extraordinary fashion, common to lovers, to be going in at the very moment when the Hamertons' party arrived. He was extremely proud of Clotilda, of her talent, her style, and her pale artistic face, just fit for a modern painter's canvas. Clotilda had never heard of such an ailment as bashfulness. She had been the heroine of too many drawing-rooms not to know just how to exhibit herself to fair advantage; and Mr. Stretton knew very well, whoever he wanted her to talk to, she would do him credit. This was very pleasant, and these two were happy enough among the crowd of acquaintances into which they plunged at once. The rooms were now full, and yet there were more arrivals to add to the voices which mingled in a low murmur everywhere. For a private view has become a curious inversion of itself. Everybody talks—no one looks at the pictures—and though most people carry a catalogue, few of those catalogues are opened. The conversation, moreover, can hardly be called purely artistic. The moment the Hamertons were in the rooms, and had shaken hands with some half-dozen friends, their ears were filled with this sort of thing: "Have you seen the bride and bridegroom—old Mr. Kuller the artist and the young girl he has married? There they are, see. Isn't she pretty? And he can hardly toddle along." "The new beauty is here, but it is scarcely possible to get close, everybody wants to look at her." "I want you to come on and look at Mrs. ——'s dress—crimson brocaded silk, bonnet, mantle and all, with a train a yard behind her. I declare she

is like a great red poppy." "Crayon has brought his little daughter whom he is so proud of, dressed in the most extraordinary fashion. It is quite cruel to dress an innocent child like that," &c., &c.

Arthur and Merry went through the rooms without stopping to speak to anyone. Merry was so radiant that in herself she seemed enough to brighten a day and make other society unnecessary. This magic of her elastic spirits constituted her great charm to Arthur, and held him by her side. It was like drinking off a glass of champagne with the froth upon it to catch the infection of Merry's light-hearted mood. And to-day she was so light of heart that it seemed to herself as if her feet barely touched the ground. Arthur was contentedly conscious that she attracted attention; he did not know that most of the people who looked back after her were really filled with wonder at the happiness which shone from her bright face.

Returning with the idea of making some attempt to look at the pictures, they met two "showy-looking" people who were making a species of royal progress through the rooms, perpetually exchanging greetings with a number of persons, most of whom were also "showy" in style and dress. From their popularity one might have supposed these two to be some very great people indeed; in fact, they were no one more important than Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vernon. Arthur, catching sight of these new acquaintances, resolved to pass them by with only a bow: but when he saw how many claimants there were for Mrs. Vernon's attention, and that it really was not very easy to obtain it, he immediately wanted to be at her side. This, of course, was possible only for a moment, as he had Merry with him; but he snatched an opportunity to shake

hands when the now oppressive crowd brought them close together. Frank left someone to whom he had been speaking when he saw Arthur with his wife. "Glad to have met you, Wansy," he said; "I want you to come over and dine with us on Wednesday, if you are not engaged? Shall be alone, except for Mrs. Leweson. That lady is full of a great idea which she desires to expound. I think it may be amusing. Will you come?"

"Do," said Mrs. Vernon, with her most charming smile—a smile which formed one perfect dimple in her cheek, and showed, just sufficiently, a glimpse of admirably white and regular teeth. The thing was settled at once by that smile. Arthur was never proof against prettiness. "Thank you very much," he said, "I will come." Mrs. Vernon turned to greet some one else, with the same charming smile that she had bestowed on Arthur—a smile which could be repeated to all time as exactly the same as any gesture studied for the stage.

"What a handsome woman," said Merry, as they moved on through the crowd; "I have never seen anyone so perfectly handsome!"

"Really?" said Arthur, with cool insincerity. "Do you admire her? She is awfully artificial—made-up, you know. Have we lost the others altogether?"

"No, there is Clotilda, and Mr. Stretton is with her. But they are quite too occupied to see us, I am afraid! But tell me, that handsome woman is not really made-up?—it cannot be!"

Merry thought Mrs. Vernon something very wonderful. The dignity, self-composure, and finish of mature beauty has an air most fascinating to the girlish imagination. It is only as a woman gets

older that she begins to see and appreciate the charm of youth and unconsciousness. Strange fate this: the course of our life here seems admirably calculated to take the pride out of poor humanity.

Arthur disposed of Mrs. Vernon's attractions by another sneer; but there was a certain life in the subject which he could not kill apparently; for just then Mr. Hamerton touched him on the arm.

"Is that Frank Vernon's wife with him?" he asked.

"Do you know them, papa?" said Merry, in some surprise; for the name was one she had never heard before.

"I know Frank Vernon as everybody knows him. Journalists are like locusts—they go everywhere and devour everything in order to turn it out again in the morning papers. I have heard of Mrs. Vernon as being particularly charming—is that the lady in question?"

"It is," said Arthur. "I believe she is considered handsome."

"This crowd is getting positively oppressive," said Mr. Hamerton. "Shall we go home now that we are all together? Stretton, will you come back and dine with us?"

Mr. Hamerton had a sympathetic weakness for lovers; he liked to see them together. He delighted in everything which was happy, and he could not overcome an old-fashioned idea that engaged persons must be happy. The modern æsthetic class had raced far ahead of him into the strange sad-coloured regions of poetical and pictorial misery. But, whether happy or properly dismal as becomes a poet, Mr. Stretton decidedly liked dining at the Hamertons' when Clotilda was there. So he accepted the invitation, and the whole party disentangled themselves from the motley crowd which was still pro-

fessedly occupied in privately viewing the pictures.

CHAPTER XII.

THE pretty house in Park-street was always attractive, and its drawing-room was never without that agreeable air of belonging to everybody; but sometimes, when visitors were not expected, this peculiar character was carried to a degree scarcely pleasant. Mrs. Vernon loved prettiness; all the little things about her were agreeable to look at in themselves; but there was a tendency to incoherence in their arrangement which might distress an orderly mind. An unexpected visitor would probably have to remove from his chair a fur cloak, or some even less appropriate article of dress; if Frank brought anyone into the drawing-room he generally caught up a few odd things which struck him as unsuitable, and dropped them into a dark corner behind the sofa. Mrs. Vernon had learned by long experience to look for missing lace shawls and such things in this nook, and, as she never looked for anything until she actually wanted it, the said laces sometimes disappeared under the auspices of the servants, who took their departure so often that their master lost count, and never attempted to remember names, and scarcely faces. The Vernons had about them an atmosphere which infallibly ruined servants; the most praiseworthy housemaids and the most virtuous of cooks succumb in time to a course of late hours, unpunctuality, and heavy work, when there is solace perpetually offered in the shape of half-emptied wine bottles, open cupboards, and straying jewellery. Only an angel could conscientiously go on doing his or her duty in such a house; and

angels have not as yet taken to waiting at table or cooking dinners. Mrs. Vernon had a great deal of valuable jewellery which bitter experience had taught her husband to keep locked up in a safe, the key of which he carried about himself. He respected that jewellery as only a man who never knows when he will want to leave home in a hurry does respect such trifles; and he knew very well that he might as well hand them over to the servants at once as let his wife have charge of them. She was too intensely lazy in her physical nature to take care of anything except her own ease. But he had long since resigned himself to this character; it was that deep-rooted idleness which kept her forehead free from wrinkles and her hair so long and thick. This occurred to him very forcibly one afternoon when he accidentally found himself opposite the mirror in the drawing-room.

"Alas!" he thought, ruefully contemplating his own image, "it is my infernal restlessness and irascibility that's bereaved me of the hyacinthine curls of my youth and planted these premature crows-feet beneath my eyes. But still—I have a figure—of that no sorrows can deprive me!" Thus Frank would talk to himself with the absurd mixture of sentimentality and humour which was his characteristic; and sideways, he slyly viewed the curve of his well-coated back in the glass with a sense of satisfaction.

"Admiring yourself, as usual?" said his wife suddenly, while Frank was thus covertly engaged. He had come into the drawing-room to see about getting his wife dressed and amiable in time for dinner, and had found her, as he imagined, asleep by the fire. So, instead of disturbing her at once, he had begun to make a sort of "tidying" on his own account, gathering

up from between the vases on the chimney-piece some glittering ornaments for the hair which had been worn on the previous evening, various ivory-backed hair-brushes, and a host of odd things. In the midst of this occupation he had paused to admire Mrs. Vernon's yellow hair, which lay loose upon her shoulders; thence proceeding to the comparison between their respective personal appearances and the moral thereof. Mrs. Vernon, who had been observing him lazily between her half-closed heavy white lids, was amused to see all his industry end in striking an attitude before that, to him, so fascinating mirror.

"And why not?" replied he cheerfully. Frank Vernon had some good qualities; one was that he knew his weaknesses.

"My dear," he went on, speedily plunging into the more important subject of the moment, "do you know that you ought to be dressing?"

"Must I dress to-day?" asked the lady with a most expressive yawn, at the same time raising her plump white arms, from which the widesleeves of her morning wrapper fell back, and clasping them in a very pretty attitude above her head.

"You look charming, I must allow," remarked her husband, "but positively, Madeleine, if you sit still so much, you will get fat."

"Don't be so atrocious, Frank," exclaimed Mrs. Vernon, starting to her feet on the instant, and looking earnestly into the mirror. "I'm plump, I know, but not an ounce too fat."

"Now that you are up, my dear, allow me to remind you that Arthur Wansy and Mrs. Leweson are coming to dinner at seven, that it is now nearly six, and that you will take an hour to dress."

"Yes, Mrs. Leweson—coming to do your dirty work for you. A woman who cuts her hair off and wears a man's coat will do anything nasty, I believe."

As she spoke, Mrs. Vernon took her hair and threw it behind her; it glittered like gold in the fire-light.

"Because you are a beauty, Madeleine, you need not abuse poor Mrs. Leweson; if she does the dirty work, you have the pretty work to do. You have only to go and dress and then look happy, and your work is done."

"Flatterer!" said she—for she still loved a compliment so well that even from him it had a charm; "but tell me, I am not getting fat?"

"I said you would get fat if you sat still all the time," said her husband. "And I only said that to get you out of your chair. It is almost impossible to move you unless I tease you, when you are so idle. See, here's a whole heap which Petruchio might fairly describe as consisting of 'rings and things'; Suppose I carry them and you to your dressing-room?"

"And must I be tightened and straightened, brushed and combed, all for an old woman and a boy?"

"Business, remember, Madeleine. Even you must exert yourself when it comes to business; for money we must have."

"True, Frank; well, I am ready; have you done putting the room to rights?" For all this time Frank Vernon had been as busy as a housemaid, and had produced quite as much effect as if "putting a room to rights" was his professional calling. Indeed the course of a very erratic life had given him so many strange experiences, that he could turn his hand to most trades with credit. The drawing-room now looking something like a drawing-room should, he took his

wife's hand under his arm, led her to her dressing-room and lit the candles over her pier glass. Then he fell to admiring her yellow hair and the gloss of her white skin and the full curves of her soft neck and rounded arms. Very soon she was busy pinning up her hair, with a pleased smile upon her face; and this result accomplished, he went away to listen for a moment over the kitchen stairs in order to assure himself that the cook was there and not drunk—to look into the dining-room and see that the manservant was laying the table—and then, these many affairs of state off his mind, to dress himself. Frank Vernon's life, it must be allowed, was nearly as arduous as that of a prime minister. Not only did he originate the idea for the discussion of which the dinner was arranged, but he had to order the dinner, to buy the dessert fruit in Covent Garden, and to cajole his wife into her dress. Yet notwithstanding these onerous duties, it is probable that, if Frank had been offered a moderate fixed income and a wife with a housekeeping faculty to manage it for him, he would have declined with thanks. This would result from no incapacity to appreciate the charms of a bank-book and a well-ordered house; but from a vivid consciousness of the fact that his character would make the whole machinery valueless. He never would keep within his income, or be at home at the dinner hour. This irregularity of disposition is regarded as a vice by most people; whether it is vicious or no, Frank was clearly aware that he was made after that pattern, and that the only capital he would ever accumulate would be his wits and their increase. To do him justice, he had made the best of himself in his own way; and his wits had really become extraordinarily sharp.

He was the first in the drawing-

room; but his mind was relieved very soon by hearing the rustle of Mrs. Vernon's dress upon the stairs. She came in sleepy, sleek, voluptuous, like a great Persian cat; with all the soft outer warmth, and with just the same keen claws sheathed beneath physical contentment.

"A success—yes, you are a success to-night, as indeed you always are," was Frank's enthusiastic welcome of this ornamental part of his household. She stood still a moment for him to look her all over, and then sat down in her favourite languid attitude of perfectly pretty repose, and put her two white-satin-slipped feet upon the fender.

"The first part is mine, is it not?" she said, looking up at her husband with her singular smile, which was both luscious and cruel. "I am to turn his head, I think you told me?"

"That was your own phrase, my dear Madeleine. What you are to do is to be sweet to him as you can be sweet to a guest—to amuse, interest, please him—fascinate him if you like."

"I will do my best," said Mrs. Vernon, demurely. Just then there were sounds as of the arrival of the expected visitors, and she leaned back in her chair with a rapid transition passing over face and figure—a mere change of expression, yet one which altered her from a woman who combined the two not over-charming elements of fastness and laziness, into a grand duchess whose languor was simply an outward sign of superiority to the rest of her race.

This grand duchess Arthur found awaiting him with all her smiles at his command. This was very pleasant of course; most young men would have enjoyed it; to Arthur it was particularly agreeable because his whole character

inclined him to like a woman who laid out her charms for him. If she wished to please him she was the more likely to be amusing, and the less likely to make any demand upon him—at least such was Arthur's idea. And he was quite shrewd enough to guess that this princess-like creature wished to please him; why else should a woman of her indolent disposition exert herself to keep him entertained? It was impossible to mistake her indolence; every movement of her hand showed it. Arthur liked its quality. It had the charm essential to the man who wants amusing—it was fresh to him. Merry's ardent soul, so rich, so enthusiastic, so passionate, sometimes made him feel half suffocated by mere contact; and since their engagement he had felt this as he had never felt it before. She had blossomed out towards him, as it were, not in speech so much as in almost unconscious feeling. But Merry's feelings were so passionate and so acute that a man must have been made of stone who would not thrill at their touch. Arthur had experienced this sensation, and, whether it was pleasure or pain, he hardly knew; but he did know this, that a woman like Mrs. Vernon, who lived in the senses instead of in the emotions, was a very agreeable change. They had not been together half-an-hour before they understood each other. After the brief fireside chat in the drawing-room—after she had put her hand on his arm, and walked downstairs with him to the prettily-dressed dinner-table—after she had devoted herself to him during the first two or three courses—Arthur felt that he knew her. The grand duchess's manner did not deceive him, as it had deceived so many men older than he was. His natural shrewdness penetrated the veil so

thin, and yet so pretty, which covered Mrs. Vernon's real character. He knew her for what she was—a common-place, narrow-minded, selfish woman. He liked her all the better for this, so long as she looked so charming, and smiled so sweetly, and kept her vixenish claws sheathed in velvet. He preferred her society infinitely to that of such a woman as Clotilda Raymond, who appeared to him to live in a world of phantoms, and to be perpetually fighting with shadows. He understood Mrs. Vernon at once, and he liked her all the better because she was so easy to him to understand. She had been a puzzle and a mystery to men of mind and ability, who were perpetually peeping behind her beautiful appearance in the hope of finding something there, and fancying it evaded them because they did not see it. To Arthur she was no puzzle, simply because he made no heavy demands upon nature. He did not ask her to hold in reserve mysterious beauties for him; he was very well contented with a whited sepulchre, so long as it was nicely whited.

The dinner passed off well, as dinners do when everyone present is in the mood to please and be pleased. This little party of four was particularly charmed with itself, and that is the very first element of enjoyment. Arthur was in the attitude most familiar to him—one of perfect willingness to be amused, and the other three were all desirous to amuse him.

In this house, unless there was some exceptional visitor, the ladies did not withdraw after dinner. With Mrs. Leweson of the party, it would have been somewhat a farce to withdraw, except to a smoking-room; for her beloved cigar was in her mouth as soon as the dinner was fairly over. While Mrs. Vernon with her white fingers

daintily parted bunches of purple grapes, and put one now and then into her pretty mouth, Mrs. Leweson lit her cigar, and Frank did likewise, and, presently, so did Arthur, and, amid the cloud from the fragrant weed which the three busily created, came on the great subject introduced by Mrs. Leweson.

"We want a new society journal," cried she, as though smitten by a great inspiration; "it is positively demanded by the public. I know a dozen brilliant journalists who would write for such a paper, and write for next to nothing, too, just at first; because anyone with eyes in his head can see what a tremendous success the thing would be. It wants spirit in it; that I know could be put into it. Just consider the vast public there is now, ripe and ready for that sort of reading—delighted with anything smart, quick to recognise every bit of real satire or wit. Never was there a time when that kind of talent was in such demand. I tell you that any man who would start a journal of this sort would make his fortune in a couple of years."

"But why a new one?" asked Arthur, with languid acuteness. "We have several scurrilous publications already."

Mrs. Leweson turned on him.

"Scurrilous, you say—that's just it. These old stick-in-the-muds have lost their life. They are nasty now, because they have no longer their original brilliance, and must needs find some substitute. The men who originally worked on some of these papers have left them. What we want is to keep together a brilliant party of writers who understand their work, and know how to be daring because they exactly understand the public taste. I believe, Frank, you and I and a few others I know of could make a real success out of this

thing if we made a thorough business affair of it. Now is the very nick of time. Two or three of these papers which promised great success are flickering in their sockets from sheer inanition; there is no wit in them, and yet so great is the demand for this sort of amusement, that they are supported. If we came out now with a first-rate weekly journal, spiced from the first page to the last, we should take the very bread out of the mouths of these struggling papers. We should gather the whole public to ourselves. Why, just buy some of them, and see their dulness for yourselves. Now, I have in my mind writers who are really in society, who know everything, and whose experience is so great, that they can calculate what to use and what to suppress. They know the public, and they have at their command just the tit-bits which it loves to feed on. What do you think of it, Mr. Wansy?

"It's a good idea, I fancy," said Arthur, after a contemplative puff at his cigar; "but it strikes me you will want a good deal of capital."

"Oh, not much—not so much as you would suppose," said Mrs. Leweson. "I can speak, for I have had experience of the actual working of more than one paper. Don't you suppose it would begin to pay its printing and paper in a few weeks, Frank?"

"Oh, yes," said Frank Vernon, "that could be all but commanded, by talking it up at the clubs."

Arthur's was not a reflective mind, else it might have struck him that he had come in contract with the two extremes of literature. Clotilda Raymond, who had never yet brought herself to the point of publication—to whom literature was an art kept sacred, to be perfected in silence and with intensity

of purpose—was one of those who form that higher stratum which always preserves the dignity of the art. Frank Vernon and Mrs. Leweson imagined themselves to belong to the inner temple; in reality, they dwelt in the very outskirts; they and their brethren are perpetually dragging literature into the mud, making of it a mere business, as vulgar as any selling of cheese. They are worse, in some respects, than the cheesemonger, for he knows himself to be what he is; but these people labour under the impression that they are the great creatures of the earth. They have a contempt for the minds of actual size and weight because they are not made after the pattern of a lucifer match, like their own. Solid workers and real thinkers they habitually regarded as so many dry sticks, who don't understand life. It is perfectly true that these superficial wits, these clever fellows, understand life very thoroughly, so far as they understand it at all. Well they may, for their attention has never been distracted by anything of wider or deeper importance than the shallow stream in which they live. The result of this is, that what they do talk about they talk about very well; they know what they mean, and they know, by experience, how to say it. A very fair illustration of this was shown to-night. Before the evening was over, Frank Vernon and Mrs. Leweson had so pleased and teased Arthur's mind with the brilliant prospects of their new project, that he had promised to put a few hundreds into it; more than that he gave them to understand he could not do. But it seemed to him that the money which he had made lately in some lucky speculations might as well be risked again in this speculation, which had to him the merit

of novelty and a certain spicy taste.

"Well?" said Mrs. Leweson, inquiringly, when Frank Vernon was putting her into her cab.

"Capital," said Frank, "but, still, this money of his is a very small contribution. What I want is his name. His father is a regular mine of money, and if I get the boy well into the thing, the old one will have to stand by him, because they are so tremendously respectable."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Leweson; "well, I wish you luck; you deserve it. Good night."

Frank turned into the dining-room when he had shut the front door upon Mrs. Leweson's departing cab, to imbibe a refreshing drink and consider his plans. Arthur and Mrs. Vernon were sitting over the fire in the drawing-room, and with all his spasmodic jealousy he did not wish to disturb them immediately.

CHAPTER XIII.

MERRY, in the warm atmosphere of her beautiful home, had developed as early and with as great a richness as did Juliet under an Italian sky. A great painter—one of the few modern masters—has this quaint motto written upon the painted ceiling of his studio: "As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life." This pretty phrase had sometimes come into Gerald Hamerton's mind when he looked at his daughter's glowing countenance and compared it with the unillumined faces of most girls of her age. The comparison, though it gave him pleasure, gave him also, sometimes, a thrill of fear. Cradled in the undisturbed love-atmosphere of her father and mother, taught to appreciate all exquisiteness by perpetually imbibing the full beauty of art,

pillowed upon rose-petals gathered from the garden of life, was this golden-hearted girl a fit inmate of a world which has after all more show of ugliness than beauty in it, more treachery than truth? In time she must discover that these roses once were protected by thorns, and that it was the painstaking care of loving hands which had preserved for her only the softness and the utter sweetness, while keeping away from her any knowledge of pain. Art had coloured Merry's life from the time when first she had opened her bright baby eyes to look out upon the world; every impression even of her earliest childhood had been artistic in the truest sense. And certainly this lovely atmosphere in which she had moved had made her young life most beautiful; she had grown like a flower, unfolding her pure bright soul fearlessly amid the tenderness which surrounded her. But then, thought her father sometimes, the flowers which are thus forced are but exotics in the ordinary society of the world, and must suffer in its midst as some rich-coloured winter exotic would suffer if put into the cold outer air of our chill climate. But, like that delicate flower, the human blossom which has been cherished into passionate beauty by being sheltered from all cold winds, finds the compensation for its fragility in its own perfection. Merry was filled with the absolute grace and loveliness which arise from health of soul and body; like the forced greenhouse flower she repaid for her sheltered growth by swift development in strength and sweetness and beauty.

There is something startling in being the one to enter first a conservatory full of flowers which has been shut and deserted for some hours; you find there, in the warm, moist, perfectly silent and undis-

turbed air, a rich cloud of sweetness, given out of the sheer abundance of these many-perfumed blossoms. All the hours during which they have been left alone here, with none of the excitements of their natural out-of-door growth, no butterflies or whispering winds bringing them messages of love, possibly no sun rays even dimly shining through their glass covering—all this time they have been diligently growing beautiful and throwing out scent from their blossoms. Just so, in the rich seclusion of her home, Merry grew in love, and when anyone entered but a little way into her inner life they were welcomed with a cloud of sweetness as from the opening heart of a sheltered rose. The beautiful objects of art which the Hamertons were continually gathering around them were each and all to this child sources of keen delight. So highly developed were her perceptions, so cultivated was her unconscious appetite for the beautiful, that she actually fed upon and gathered real strength from every fresh contact with positive beauty. Loveliness was never wasted on her any more than sunshine is wasted upon a flower; she drank it in naturally and appreciated it through her delicate intuitions.

To observe this wonderful growth of a sweet soul was to Richard Hamerton a delight which he could not surrender. He returned again and again to her side, growing each time to crave more intensely for the fragrance which he sometimes fancied hovered about her, even physically. It had no likeness to the manufactured scents which women of less delicate organisations can endure, and even find pleasure in; it was something so ethereal that Richard could never decide whether it was not a mere association of ideas caused by the

violet-like colour of those sweet eyes of hers.

Merry's simplicity was so pure and natural that Richard found no difficulty in gradually winning his way back to her side as "Cousin Dick" again. At first there was a strangeness and, on Merry's part, something like a terror, between them; but gradually this wore away. Merry got used to seeing him going about the house in his quiet fashion, disturbing no one, and as the memory of their startling interview died away with her, he began to approach her again with his old soft cousinly manner. Merry sometimes wondered if that terrible revelation of himself, which Richard had made to her, had not been merely a nightmare, a dream, a horrible phantasy arising out of the distressed heart she had carried in her bosom. No, it was true; her memory was too vivid and childlike to deceive her; she had never met yet with those horrors of the mature and sorrow-tried mind, delusions. She knew it was this same Richard who had seemed so rough—so strange—so unlike himself; but she was so glad to have him again as he had been before. She knew nothing of the coquetry which with some women for ever prevents a man who has once been a lover from being a companion or a friend. She loved her cousin Dick, and was only too thankful to dig a deep grave in her soft little heart and bury there the unfortunate memory of the interview which had been the only break in their happy intercourse. It was the deepest satisfaction to her that he appeared to have absolutely forgotten the wild words he uttered that terrible day—how he said he "could not live" if she married Arthur Wansy. Now her engagement was known to him as settled, he perpetually met Arthur at the house, and yet all,

so far as she could see, was the same as before. Probably, if she had not been so deeply in love herself, she would have been more sensitive to Richard's state, and would have guessed, if dimly, at the wild beating of the heart veiled beneath that gentle and quiet exterior. There were times, in her presence, when Richard caught his breath as if suffocated by the effort to subdue this inner passion; and he would wonder then—was it possible to go on thus, or would the natural man assert itself in him? Occasionally he would pause and marvel at the surging up within him of those simple passions which form the basis of human nature. Would that part ever rise in arms against his gentler self, and make him in some mad moment murder Arthur Wansy, or commit any equally absurd act? It would have seemed incredible to those who knew Richard Hamerton most intimately could they have guessed at the sensations which would sometimes cause him to wipe suddenly starting beads of moisture from his brow. The struggle within him only now and then became so violent. He had really so far schooled himself that he could mingle quietly enough in the Hamertons' family life; and he regarded the privilege of gazing into Merry's expressive face, and of hearing her soft voice, cheaply bought by the bitter battle sometimes fought within him.

Mr. Hamerton was rather puzzled by Richard's perfect quietude, and the undisturbed continuance of the old comradeship between the cousins. But all seemed well, so he let it alone; only wondering a little. He judged wrongly, as the most intelligent persons are apt to judge their most intimate friends, when they judge only by appearances. He imagined Richard's quietude was the result of luke-

warm feelings and cool-bloodedness; consequently he grew a shade less attached to him. He had not the clue to the situation; he did not know that it was the warm blood which kept Richard quiet; that he could not face the idea of giving up the thrills of delight which the mere sound of Merry's voice could give him; and he knew that he might only have her society, while he held himself still, and used all his power of schooling himself.

He never faced, even in fancy, the fact that all this must come to an end, that Merry would be Arthur's wife some day not very far distant. He lived from moment to moment, intoxicating himself by incessantly inhaling the odour of her sweet life, and revelling in the glow of her sunny soul. Perpetually on the brink of yielding to passion, and giving way to the tide of natural feeling, he lived with his hand upon the rein, holding himself in with the distinct consciousness that he hourly ran desperate risks for the sake of intense enjoyment. He hid his eyes that he might live in the sun.

When the little drawing-room was first finished, Merry had almost lived in it, amid the wonderful world of leaf and flower growth which made the walls glorious. She would curl herself up amid the great green silk cushions for hours together, studying the beauty which surrounded her. But Richard observed that, after some time, he more frequently found her in her old corner in the Egyptian room, whence she could see the sad, majestic face of the king-priest, the great Pharaoh. The beauty of that stern Egyptian type had so grown into her young soul that it delighted her more than the exquisiteness of flower-growth, or the most dainty perfect-

ness of simple forms of beauty. The great meaning which the artist had put by his passionate desire into this kingly countenance had penetrated deeply into Merry's mind and made her dissatisfied with less expressive art. This face upheld and encouraged her. It filled her with the sense of the grandeur and reality of life; it seemed by its mere existence to contradict and do away with all Clotilda's doubts and questionings—all her shadowy sense of sorrow and dim desire for nothingness. Merry knew, when she met the gaze of those deep stern eyes, that she was right in her intuitive conviction that what she had to do was to live, to develop, to lay hold upon the glorious realities of existence—its love, its truth, its virtue—and make them more by her consciousness of them and her own growth in them. And she knew, too, though doubtless she would have found it hard to express it, that this could only be done through a vigorous individuality.

She held her creed, so far as she understood it, in silence, but in strength within her heart. And she lived so quietly in this inner temple of her thoughts that those about her scarcely guessed how vivid her life was, except Richard. He felt it through his love for her; he knew that he might as well try to turn the sun in the heavens as change Merry's constant heart.

The singular part of Merry's life just now was that she had begun to live alone. Her devotion to her lover was something in itself which placed her a little outside the sympathies which had until now been her support. This fact was concealed by the others as far as possible, but it is not easy to hide from a woman such a thing as this. She is more jealous of the estimation in which her lover is held by those about her than it is pos-

sible for anyone else to understand. She never openly acknowledged to herself that her father and mother did not particularly care for Arthur Wansy; but she knew it well enough, notwithstanding her mother's tenderness and her father's geniality. Mrs. Hamerton was troubled, to a degree she did not dare to confess to anyone, by this early and unwelcome engagement of Merry's, but she repressed all sign of it. She felt towards Merry as one does when the moment comes for some frail growing thing to open itself, afraid to touch it, afraid to breathe upon it lest it should shrink back. She understood this much of the mystery of growth—that it is sometimes well to stand aside and give air.

The days passed by in a kind of solemn stateliness with Merry just now. She was no less her merry, laughing self to all appearance; but within she had a certain awe at the depth of her own passion, and at the marvellous upliftings which she felt in her own heart. She was glad to shrink away from everyone—even from Arthur sometimes—and to pause, drawing her breath slowly, with an effort to realise herself. It was delicious to know she was alive!—to feel her heart beat, her pulses throb—with all this rush of new emotions making her tremble, body and soul alike!

"Why, little Merry, how warm your hands are!" said Arthur, coming in one afternoon and finding her curled up among the cushions in her favourite corner. At first he had thought her asleep, and had hesitated whether to wake her; but he recognised the next instant that the dreams hid behind those long-drooping eyelids were waking ones. He could see it by the flashes of expression which crossed her face—the evanescent

smile which gleamed for an instant on her lips. He took one of her hands in his, and was positively surprised to feel how warm it was, how full of life-blood, and vigour. And looking at her face as she opened her dreaming eyes upon him, he saw her cheeks were vividly aglow with this interior warmth, which seemed altogether independent of outward cold or silence.

"How is it you are so warm, little Merry?" he asked her. "One would suppose you had a fire within you."

She raised her eyes, dewy, impassioned—gleaming as wet violets gleam in the shadowy woodland when the wandering sunrays fall upon them.

"I have—," she said, "I am warm from my heart."

"How serious you are, Merry," was his answer: and he let fall the little warm hand. "Be amusing, as you used to be. You have been so serious to me lately, and I'm bored to-day; it's awfully slow at home, and so confoundedly cold and raw outside. What an infernal climate this is to live in!" he said, as he sat down beside her.

"It is not cold and raw here, is it, Arthur?" she asked, in some anxiety, for he looked wretched enough to be freezing at that very moment.

"No, it is warm here, certainly; and those stained glass windows are an admirable arrangement to hide the ugliness of the winter outside. I wonder is it never to be spring. Are you going to give up laughing, Merry?" he said abruptly, turning to look at her.

"Why, I believe I am too contented to laugh," said she; and she sank back with a sigh and a smile which expressed the height and the depth of her happiness.

"Contented!" exclaimed Arthur. "What a detestable word. It is

not a word for you, Merry. Only dull people are contented and resigned, and all that sort of thing. Why are you so subdued? Let me hear you laugh again!"

As he spoke, somewhat peevishly, for he missed her gaiety, he looked at her and met the full gaze of her eyes, burning like two lamps with the light of deep passion, and all dimmed with emotion. He only obscurely perceived this magical glow which at the moment made Merry's very physical frame seem an embodiment of the love-spirit; but what did occur to him, as he met those deep eyes turned to him in silence, was, that Merry might grow sober as she grew older. The thing had never struck him before; but in this silence, which to Merry appeared alive with words of the soul, the thought came suddenly upon him—that Merry, married, might no longer be the light-hearted creature who had so charmed him. A certain poet is said to have bitterly quarrelled with his wife because she was unable to remain always as young as when he married her. A feeling of this sort rose in Arthur's mind now—Merry grown grave might be a very different person from the Merry he was fond of. It passed quickly and in hardly formed shape through his mind, and left him just with a sense of being bored. He forgot Merry's presence now that she did not arrest his attention by her gay light-heartedness; and sitting there quietly he began to think again about that paper the Vernon set were talking of. It would be amusing to be connected with it: the novelty tickled his fancy. And then he liked mixing with these queer journalists, who were so full of wit and so devoid of respectability. Respectability had been a kind of bane all through Arthur's early years. He liked the Hamertons partly because they were free

from it; they rose above it. These Vernons and their friends were free from it also, though not for the same reason; but the freedom had an equal charm for Arthur. He resolved to go down and see what Vernon was doing about the paper; and was just about to move when Merry's little warm hand stole itself into his. All these moments, while Arthur's thoughts had left her quite behind, she had been wondering when she would find power to speak—whether she could so still her heart as to be gay and amuse him. The effort was almost too great; for the poor child was longing for someone to understand her feelings without her telling them—someone to uphold her amid the whirl of her emotions by an unspoken sympathy with them. Who should this be but her lover—who but the inspirer of these feelings could understand them? She craved for the touch which had actual sympathy in it; but she told herself—Arthur was tired—he wanted to be amused. She made the effort to speak brightly; but the words would not come, and so she just put her hand into his. He took it, and raised it to his lips very prettily.

"Good bye, little girl," he said; and then, seeing the wonder in her eyes, he added, with ready untruthfulness, "I only looked in for a moment; I have an appointment in town. I shall try to come in this evening if I can, to see if you are looking brighter. Good bye," he said again, with a melodious tenderness called into his voice, and yet with a certain manner as of absence of mind, which chilled her all over. She drew back into her nook, with just a whispered "good bye," and Arthur, now intent on fresh enterprise in search of amusement, left her.

"What was it Clotilda quoted?"

she said, half-aloud, when his footsteps had quite died away: 'Man's love is of his life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.' If this is so—O God, teach me how to bear it!"

She fancied herself at the instant heroic, brave, able to face the inevitable facts of life. Yet, it was but a few moments afterwards that Richard Hamerton came into the room with his gentle step, which failed to startle her, and found her leaning back upon the cushions, the tears running rapidly down her face, as though the flood-gates of her soul had been flung open. Her bosom heaved and panted as if some wrestling thing were within it.

"Merry! Merry! What is it? What is the matter?" cried Richard, in his amazement. Never before, since her baby sorrows, had he seen tears in Merry's eyes. This abandonment to grief appalled—stunned him, made him forget himself. His love for her thrilled in his voice, as he rushed to her side, and bent over her.

"Don't sob so, Merry! You will tear my heart! Oh, tell me what is the matter—tell me! Cannot I do anything?"

Merry started up, and cried out, "No!" with a violence which surprised herself. "Don't speak to me"—she went on, hurriedly—"Don't ask me! There is nothing the matter—nothing whatever!"

"Oh, Merry!" said Richard, with heart-stung reproach in his voice. "How can you put me off like this? You know you are in trouble. Surely I, who love you so, might help you!"

"Richard!" cried Merry, turning on him, with dilating eyes, and a sudden indignation in her face which drove back the tears. She looked a woman now; she appeared to grow larger and more dignified in her anger and amazement. Without another word, after that one word and look which expressed so much, she turned away, and went quietly out of the room. Richard followed her to the door, though he did not venture to arrest her; and he watched her go away through the house, without one backward glance. There was a certain majesty and steadiness in her air which he had never seen before.

"What have I done now?" he said to himself. "What have I done now?"

(To be continued.)

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U of M

Always your truly
Edmund Hallen

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[illegible]

I have been thinking of you
 all day long, and wondering
 how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and
 happy. I am feeling better
 now, but I still have some
 pain in my head. I am
 taking some medicine, but
 it doesn't seem to help much.
 I am going to bed now.
 Good night.

Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to extreme noise and speckling. Some faint words like "The" and "and" are visible.

1857 June 15
Chittenden

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 27.

JOHN HULLAH.

THE composer of the "Three Fishers" holds a very special position among all lovers of ballad music. He has poured into our drawing-rooms a flood of pure and charming melody, and, through the large number of his songs which have become popular favourites, has endeared himself to all classes of society. But his life has another value, which is one of very great and wide importance to the nation. Mr. Hullah has been one of the civilisers of the present age—one of those beneficent beings who seem born for the purpose of bringing a ray of light into the dark mass of the unthinking people. The old saying that it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good is very markedly illustrated in this case; as it was a monetary calamity which befell his mother that first induced Mr. Hullah to take to music, as a secondary occupation. His principal study at that time was architecture, and he possesses a very remarkable talent in this direction; but when once he began teaching music he practically began the great work of his life. He became possessed by a profound belief that there is nothing so civilising as the art of music, and as this conviction grew and strengthened, he gradually became one with the idea, and devoted himself to its development. So far as genius can be said to be hereditary, Mr. Hullah's gift originated with his mother, who had a very wonderful voice, and who took lessons from John Danby. Mr. Hullah was born at Worcester, June 27, 1812; when quite young he came to London, and in 1839 his career in the cause of education commenced. But he had already begun to work as a composer; between 1836 and 1839 he composed three operas. The libretto of the first of these operas, "The Village Coquette," was written by Charles Dickens. This was produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1836, and was very successful. It was followed by "The Barbers of Barossa" and "The Outpost," both produced at Covent Garden Theatre.

About this time, when Mr. Hullah had begun considering how the people were to be taught, he became acquainted with Dr. Kay, afterwards Sir James Kay Shuttleworth. Dr. Kay was then secretary to the

Committee of Council on Education. When Mr. Hullah became associated with this gentleman, who was working up the education of the country, he was sent over to France to investigate various matters in connection with musical training. In the course of these investigations he discovered a system working in a very limited way, and taught by its originator, Wilhem. This "Wilhem system" was, to a great extent, the actual basis of what is now known as the "Hullah system." Mr. Hullah carried home the idea of this new method; and he did his first bit of teaching, gave his first class lesson, on Feb. 18, 1840, in the Training College, founded at Battersea by Dr. Kay and Mr. Edward Carlton Tufnell. This Battersea College, which was started at the cost of these two gentlemen, was the first that ever existed in England, and it interested people very much. At that time a brother of Lord Auckland, the Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden, was vicar of Battersea. Both he and his wife, who was a Miss Arkwright, were very talented and very much interested in the subject of education. Their house was next to Dr. Kay's, and they took an active and incessant interest in the reform which he was introducing. They invited numbers of distinguished people to come down to hear the lessons, and their hospitable house brought together a great many important persons and interested them in the subject. The object of the college was to educate teachers in the parochial schools; and Mr. Hullah's great effort to enable musical teachers to understand their work naturally found its home here. The peculiar advantages of his system are thus shown in the preface to the first edition of "Wilhem's Method of Teaching, adapted to English use by John Hullah." Mr. Hullah describes his system as "founded upon and embracing all the practical points of the method of Wilhem," and then goes on to say: "This method is at once simple and scientific—it contains no new and startling theories—makes no attempt at the very questionable advantage of new musical characters; and rests its only claim to novelty upon a careful analysis of the theory and practice of vocal music, from which the arrangement of the lessons results, and which ascend from lessons of the simplest character, on matters adapted to the comprehension of a child, through a series of steps, until those subjects which it might otherwise be difficult to understand are introduced in a natural and logical order, so as to appear as simple and easy as the earliest steps of the method. These are the characteristics of all processes in elementary education which deserve the name of method. This is the characteristic to which the method of Wilhem lays claim, as well as to a few very simple and ingenious mechanical contrivances."

The great revelation to the learners of this new system was that a painful operation became a pleasure; and the secret of this change lay in the fact that the pupils found they began to understand their

lessons. They were not allowed to sing until they understood what they were doing, and thus every step was agreeable because intelligible. This was enough of itself to create enthusiasm; for there are few minds in which art will not kindle passion when once it is understood even in its mere elements. Art in its various forms of manifestation is that which makes civilised life rose-coloured instead of gray; and the masses have a keen sense of this—all they want is culture. This Mr. Hullah, for the first time in the history of our serious nation, offered to the people. The success which met his efforts, and the enthusiasm which they awoke, is enough to show that our race unites with its stern solidity considerable artistic sensibility. The animosity which Mr. Hullah's innovations provoked was bitter enough; but it principally emanated from a few professors, who were jealous of his success, and who, in fact, feared that these public classes which he was commencing would swallow up their private connections. There had been some attempts at class-teaching before, which had failed, and consequently there were some who did not believe that class-teaching was possible. They knew nothing about it, and therefore supposed, as is the general habit, that what they themselves were ignorant of was impossible. But when Mr. Hullah made it clear that the thing was both possible and pleasurable he carried the public with him, and professional animosity died away by degrees, for its opposition was practically drowned by the general voice. So great has been the stride in public education since then, that it is very difficult to appreciate the state of musical education at that time. It can be best guessed at by observing the ignorance of many professors now upon certain points which children understand. The theory of musical notation is sometimes most imperfectly understood. A musical professor once said to Mr. Hullah, "I don't understand what this character means," speaking of the treble clef. Now, if a child understands music at all, he understands such things as that. This is the result of the great feature of Mr. Hullah's method, which is that matters are explained synthetically from the first elements upwards instead of taught dogmatically.

In the endeavour to realise the work done for us by this civiliser and educator, we must bear in mind the astounding fact, that until this effort was made, no popular musical education existed in England of any sort whatever. Mr. Hullah was the only teacher for some time, and eventually he created his staff, evoking the enthusiasm in others which genius and a great belief can alone call forth. He began through these assistants to send out the wave of feeling and intelligence which has so widened now, that it is quite difficult to realise how blank the darkness must have been.

The next marked step was the starting of the "Singing Schools for

Schoolmasters," at Exeter Hall, on Feb. 1st, 1841. This school was for the instruction of schoolmasters of day and Sunday schools, in vocal music; the system was that based upon Wilhem, and made his own by Mr. Hullah's elaboration; it met with a marked success. There was an innate vigour in it which enabled it to outlive and ignore opposition. The general public flocked to these classes at Exeter Hall, and so great was their popularity that teachers of music came from the country to learn the system, and obtain certificates of being qualified to teach it. Mr. Hullah now made the first effort toward his great achievement of giving classical music to the public. He formed his classes into upper and lower schools, and began to give concerts at Exeter Hall, using his upper school as the chorus, while professional singers and instrumentalists completed the orchestra. In the first four months of 1847 he gave four noticeable concerts, which illustrated in chronological order the rise and progress of English vocal music. At first these concerts, or "Choral Meetings," as they were called, were composed of pure vocal music, without any instruments whatever. Their effect must have been something startling at that time, as, different classes in London and its suburbs being gathered together to form the chorus, it would consist of about two thousand voices. The body of Exeter Hall was filled by the vocalists, and the audience sat in the orchestra. This arrangement naturally limited the size of the audience, but what it wanted in quantity was made up by quality. These choral meetings, which being so large really were regarded as state occasions, were frequented by the great people of the time. Lord Wharncliffe, then the President of the Privy Council, which countenanced the movement, took a personal interest in it, and brought with him to these meetings the Prince Consort, members of the Sutherland family, and, indeed, at different times all the great people who were interested in educational progress. The separate classes which met in Exeter Hall were often of large size, sometimes consisting of two or three hundred voices. The largest which ever assembled numbered five hundred, and was composed of workmen. This enormous class kept together for the whole course of sixty lessons. These classes were formed from every grade of society, from the artisan to members of rich families, from the parochial schoolmaster to the distinguished professor. For instance, the classes 18 and 19, which were under Mr. May, and which presented their teacher with a handsome watch in 1843, contained an eminent teacher of the pianoforte, and several other professors, including Mr. Monk, the editor of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." This gentleman attended all the lessons, even those which taught the most elementary principles. Of course there were some difficulties arising from this mixture; and at one time the teachers had considerable trouble from the absurd prejudice which is felt against the soldier's red coat. It

seems strange enough that such ridiculous feelings should interfere in the real study of a noble art. But, in spite of all the difficulties which anyone familiar with human nature knows must inevitably be placed in the way of a great movement, Mr. Hullah's influence widened and grew stronger. The Exeter Hall classes were, as said before, under the countenance of the Privy Council; but eventually Mr. Hullah took some rooms in St. Martin's-lane, and carried them on entirely on his own responsibility.

The classes having now become so large and so popular, Mr. Hullah's supporters resolved to build and present to him a concert hall; this project resulted in the erection of St. Martin's Hall, which was opened on Feb. 11, 1850. Of this building, Mr. Hullah was practically the architect. He has a singular faculty for constructing things suitably for their use, and St. Martin's Hall was not only most lovely in its proportions, but its acoustical properties were absolutely perfect. It would be difficult to find any existing building of which this could be said. During the ten years between the building of this beautiful hall and its destruction by fire, vast strides were taken in the education of the public. A great deal of music was produced there, which had never been before attempted in England, as there had been no orchestral chorus with which to produce them. Numbers of concerts were given in St. Martin's Hall, and Mr. Hullah then effected one great step towards imparting music to the people. His were the first classical concerts to which there was a cheap admission. Now the shilling seats at the concert halls make good music a possible luxury to the masses; then, although the Sacred Harmonic Society existed, and Jullien's concerts contained some classical instrumental music, the cheapest admission was three shillings. Anyone who happens to observe the crowded cheap seats at our concert halls, may make some attempt to guess at the value of this noble pleasure to the people. "The important and useful influence of vocal music on the manners and habits of individuals, and on the character of communities, few will be prepared to dispute." The capacity of the English people for musical appreciation was thus spoken of in the first edition of "*Wilhem's Method*:" "Though vocal music has hitherto been comparatively neglected in the elementary schools of England, there is sufficient evidence that the natural genius of the people would reward a careful cultivation. In the northern counties of England choral singing has long formed the chief rational amusement of the manufacturing population. The weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire have been famed for their acquaintance with the great works of Handel and Haydn, with the part music of the old English school, and those admirable old English songs, the music of which it is desirable to restore to common use. The manufacturing population of Norfolk, in like

manner, has shown taste in the cultivation of vocal music, and has rendered service in the production of the oratorios sung at the festival for which Norwich has been celebrated." Notwithstanding these evidences of the love of the people for music it remained for Mr. Hullah to offer the lower orders the opportunity of indulging their taste. This fact is not forgotten by the people; it is still fresh in their memory, and there are often to be met shopmen or artisans who well remember that they "never heard a symphony" till they heard one at St. Martin's Hall, or that "the first time they ever heard any music" was at one of these concerts. Thus Mr. Hullah's personal influence has been much wider than if limited to his classes; and it is said that from 1840 to 1860 about 25,000 persons passed through these. Another boon to the masses Mr. Hullah brought about by his own energy, and that is the publication of cheap part music. It was impossible at that time to buy a glee or a madrigal under two or three shillings. The large classes which Mr. Hullah created gave rise to the great demand for part music which has resulted in Novello and other publishers issuing it at a cheap rate. But, more than this, Mr. Hullah himself undertook the laborious task of arranging a great quantity of music so that it could be published in an available form. This absolutely had to be done in order to keep his classes supplied, so great was the dearth of music arranged for the purpose. There are a great number of collections of different kinds which we owe to Mr. Hullah; part music, sacred music, collections of old English melodies, and songs for schools, besides many original works upon the elements of the science.

Mr. Hullah has endeavoured to show people how great a field of enjoyment is before them if they take the trouble to understand the science of music, instead of regarding the sole results of the art to be merely a succession of pleasant sounds to be poured into idle ears. In the following extract he points out how much is lost by the ignorant and, generally, careless amateur. "The idea of a necessary connection between music and musical *execution* prevails so extensively, and has operated so actively and for so long a time, on musical studies, that few people are able to think of the one without the other. A musical work and a musical performance are, in their minds relative terms. Assuredly, the performance cannot exist without the work, but the converse of the proposition is not necessarily true. The ear is only one of the senses through which the mind can receive pleasure from music, and though its exercise is indispensable to those who have not studied the science, such is by no means the case in respect of those who have. On the contrary, for the musician, the eye does more than the ear; and the most intimate acquaintance with works of which they have never heard a note, is, among musicians, as common as possible. Perhaps, however, the greatest amount of musical study is carried on

by a joint use of the two senses, the eye and the ear; for a perfectly fair estimate of a work may be formed by a musician with the music before him, from a performance which to an uninitiated hearer would be absolutely unmeaning and unintelligible. Indeed, as respects the enjoyment of fine *music* at all by those who have taken no pains to understand it, I must confess myself a little incredulous. It is not to be denied that persons in such condition exhibit considerable pleasure in musical *performance*, and show some taste and judgment in regard to mere execution, especially singing. But as to the music itself—the everlasting thought to which the artist gives a momentary expression—their pleasure is the pleasure rather of the glutton than of the epicure. Such people swallow everything. All is fish that comes to their net. There is no measure, no discrimination, in their applause. They have the same superlatives for the pipe of Pan as for the lyre of Apollo.”

This is lamentably true to-day, as any one may easily discover who mixes in general society. Everything is “beautiful.” But this arises from an ignorance which in itself is caused by the fatal idea that music is but a prettiness. Mr. Hullah does not exaggerate when he says, “that if a copy of the simplest melody that ever was written were to be put before any number of ladies in an ordinary musical society, three-fourths of them would have no more idea of its effect, *without first playing it on a musical instrument*, than they would of the inscription on one of the Xanthian marbles.” But then most of these ladies would regard reading music as a painful and difficult task, perhaps necessary to be accomplished by professional persons. Mr. Hullah endeavours to show them that it is a pleasure such as is the study of any form of beauty. “The art of reading music, which I cannot but think is a more becoming subject for private study than the art of singing, is unquestionably one in which success is much more easy to attain. And with this advantage: that whereas nothing short of very, very high excellence in the latter is of the slightest value to those who perform or to those who listen, in the former, the least skill is a source of great pleasure to its possessor, and will often serve to complete an aggregate effect of great beauty.” It is very strange that among amateurs the art of reading music is so little attempted. All who have come in contact with really accomplished musicians are aware how great a pleasure they obtain, as Mr. Hullah observes, from reading music which they have sometimes never had any opportunity of hearing performed, and it can only be because it is regarded as a special and difficult undertaking, that persons of less musical capacity are not fired with the ambition of sharing this pleasure. When music has really penetrated into the lives of the people, persons of musical taste will obtain delight and cultivation from works which they have not heard performed, just as now we all know those plays of Shakespeare which are not represented upon the stage as well as those which

are. But this requires that music shall be taught intelligently everywhere; and that all children shall be familiarised with its rudiments. Very few ordinary persons, who have no special bent towards it, can learn alone to appreciate any art so that its study is a source of delight. But Mr. Hullah is in a position to rebuke ignorance, because he has offered to all, such aids towards the study of music, that they shall, if they choose to learn, take every step intelligently and appreciatively. One single instance which Mr. Hullah explains in his introductory lecture on vocal music delivered at Queen's College, will sufficiently illustrate this mode of teaching, which makes learning a delight, instead of a blind task. "As to the places of notes on the stave. Here we have one of the thousand examples of the most scientific explanation being the most simple. Everybody who has ever attempted to teach the elements of pianoforte playing to a child (or, indeed, to an adult) knows what a stumbling-block is presented by the use of the two different *staves*. An intelligent pupil who is told that a note standing on the fifth line of *Bass* stave is called A, and that a note standing on the fifth line of the *Treble* stave is called F—that what is B on left hand is G on the right—will, if he be not too much confounded with this tremendous fact to think at all, have a fair right to consider that the caligraphy of music is a mass of confusion. But show him that the Bass stave is only the *lowest* five lines, and the *Treble* stave the *highest* five lines of one great stave of *eleven* lines, in which the notes of the scale occupy every position in uninterrupted order, not only will the stumbling-block appear in its true aspect as a contrivance of amazing convenience and beauty, but even the *Alto* and *Tenor* staves preceded by the C clef—the despair of dilettanti—the horror of musical publishers—will be regarded with complacency and hope. . . . The facts to which I have alluded relate to symbols with which every performer, vocal or instrumental, must be familiar. But they have a greater significance, a deeper meaning, for the former than for the latter. The instrumental performer sees in the position of a note on the stave, a sign that he is to place his finger on a certain key or part of a string, or that he is to give to his lip a certain form and pressure. If he do this with *mechanical* correctness, the sound will answer to its symbol. Not so the singer, he cannot by any mere mechanical act, put his larynx into such a position as to ensure the production of any given sound; C sharp is not visible to the naked eye, nor is the dwelling-place of B flat at any appreciable distance between the top of the wind-pipe and the opening of the pharynx. The singer must *know the sound* due to the note he sees *before* he can possibly sing it with certainty and correctness."

Mr. Hullah, in "Music in the House," points out a somewhat curious distinction which it is possible to make between different kinds of music. Most persons understand music to be a charming combination of sweet

sounds, to which it is very agreeable to listen. Some musical works they find more difficult to appreciate than others, and if they are not bold enough to say they "prefer a simple English ballad to anything else," they regard the grander music with some amount of awe, and perhaps silently endeavour to understand it. To them, music is all for the hearer. But almost all performers know that there is a charm in music itself, which is quite separate from any idea of exhibition; and there is a great deal of music which has been written for the pleasure of performers, without regard to the satisfaction of an audience. This Mr. Hullah calls performer's music. Naturally performer's music would be appreciated by persons who had brought music into "the house," and only by them. Music being as yet far more a matter rather of public than private enjoyment, the great bulk of performer's music which is in existence is but little cared for. An extract from Morley's "Plain and Easy Introduction to Practicall Musicke," published in 1597, which is frequently quoted to show how common musical ability was among ladies and gentlemen of that period, is also a very good illustration of the idea of music as a pleasure to the performer.

"Supper being ended and musicke books (according to the custome) being brought to table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, everyone began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up; so that upon shame of mine ignorance I goe now to seek out mine old friend Master Gnorimus, to make myselfe his scholler." The curious feature of this picture of a social gathering is the absence of any idea of an audience. The strange visitor is as much expected to sing as to eat supper or to join in the conversation. It would be shutting him out of the pleasure instead of giving him one, to let him sit and listen, an idea very different from that of the modern drawing-room, where music is always understood to be a pleasure to the hearer, even if the performer be lacking alike in skill and voice!

Mr. Hullah, while wishing to widen the field of enjoyment for the studious musician, has not neglected the drawing-room singer. His ballads, pure, beautiful, and original, have filled a place which was lamentably empty. The greater number of modern ballads are so deficient in merit that, as an eminent musician said the other day, "It makes me ill to look at them." Mr. Hullah's ballads are so much above this commonplace level that they have taken a place of their own. There are a great number of these charming songs, and many of them, as "The Storm," "The Sands of Dee," "The Three Fishers," are familiar to everyone. Considering how deeply Mr. Hullah's life has been absorbed in teaching music, it is wonderful that he has been able to compose so much. Besides these just-mentioned songs, he has set

several poems of Charles Kingsley's to music: "Oh, that we two were Maying," "The Knight's Return," four "Songs from the Water-Babies," and "The Last Buceaneer," Shelley's invocation "Rarely, rarely comest thou," and "I arise from dreams of thee," Robert Browning's "Lost Leader," Clough's "My wind is turned to bitter North," Sir Walter Scott's "County Guy," Barry Cornwall's canzonet "Dream, baby, dream," A. Procter's "O doubting Heart," and "Starry. Crowns of Heaven," Barry Cornwall's "Song should breathe of scent and flowers," Kingsley's "Starlings," and "When all the world is young, lad." He has published also "Seven duets for female voices," and "Six duets for two sopranos," the words written by H. F. Chorley; "Echoes," the words by A. Procter; "Angels of the Hearth," part song, the words taken from Horace; "The Free Companion," "Former Days," "How shall we flee Sorrow," "England, the shelter in the storm," "Two Festival Hymns," "If Thou wilt ease thine heart," a dirge; "She loves not Me," "Open thy Lattice"; and, last year, "Three motets for female voices," which were extremely beautiful. Among the many collections which he has edited may be named a pretty "Song Book," which is one of Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series," "The Psalter," "The Book of Praise Hymnal," "The Whole Book of Psalms, with Chants."

In 1844 Mr. Hullah was appointed Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, London. This office he resigned in 1874. He was appointed Master of the Charter House in 1858, and for many years he conducted the annual concert of the children of the Metropolitan Schools at the Crystal Palace. In 1872 he was appointed by the Committee of Council on Education Inspector of Training Schools for the United Kingdom, and he now devotes his time to this office, having given up all other work except that of the Professorship at Queen's College, with which institution he has been connected since its foundation.

In 1876 Mr. Hullah was unexpectedly presented by the University of Edinburgh with the honorary degree of LL.D., and, in 1877, he was made a member of the Society of St. Cecilia in Rome, and of the Musical Academy in Florence.

Dr. Hullah has very recently been over to Germany to investigate musical education in that country; and the reports which he has sent in will probably form a blue-book of more interesting character than most.

As a writer, Dr. Hullah is clear and fluent, and often effective. His essay upon the "Cultivation of the Speaking Voice" is interesting; and "The History of Modern Music," and "The Third or Transition Period of Musical History," which are two courses of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, afford reading both agreeable and valuable. He is not like some professors, limited to expression and appreciation in one art alone, but is a man of refined taste in literature and painting, and can speak and write well upon them. His great influence must be in a

measure attributed to his charming qualities as a teacher. The pioneer, in a new movement, has great need of winning manners with which to propitiate the unlearned ; and this is a power which Dr. Hullah has always been able to exercise over his pupils. The teacher of a new faith of any sort may have much to say, and yet, by failing to charm, may long delay success ; but Dr. Hullah wielded that most powerful of weapons, a genial manner which brought into the class-room an atmosphere as of sunshine.

THE SOUL AND THE STARS.

Most readers of the *University Magazine* will probably have read with interest and attention the very able discussion on Traducianism and Metempsychosis in the papers, respectively signed "A. B." and "J. P. B.," contained in the numbers for January 1879 and February 1880. To the argument of the former, that the spirit has come into existence along with the body, and has been generated by the same physical act (Traducianism), the latter opposes the theory of Reincarnation or Metempsychosis, according to which each human body is tenanted by a pre-existing soul, which has selected it for its tabernacle, and entered it from without. The controversy hinges principally on the question, which view is most in harmony with the doctrine of evolution, the phenomena of heredity, and the divergencies of individual character. The following observations will be directed to show, firstly, that there is truth in both theories—that, while Traducianism is wholly right, there is a sense in which Reincarnation is not altogether wrong; secondly, that the parties themselves have failed to arrive at this conclusion from overlooking a material circumstance, which solves all the numerous difficulties that, after the fullest admission of the principle of heredity, remain to be urged against Traducianism, and at the same time establishes the perpetual reincarnation of *spirit*, though not of *spirits* as conceived by "J. P. B."

So far as the discussion has hitherto proceeded, it must be pronounced wholly in favour of "A. B." Traducianism, as propounded by this writer, is entirely in harmony with one of the most familiar of phenomena, the mental resemblance of children to parents, which it satisfactorily explains, and by which it is supported in its turn. "J. P. B.'s" hypothesis, on the contrary, though plausible so long as no work is required of it, not only fails to explain this phenomenon, but is irreconcilable with it. There' is absolutely no more reason why a spirit should assume the character of those who have provided it with a temporary dwelling place than why a lodger at Brighton should take after his landlady. We must know before all things why a son should be like his father, and can accept no theory as adequate which merely suggests why he should not. Yet Traducianism also has its difficulties. It proclaims the law, but makes no provision for exceptions and anomalies. While Metempsychosis fails to account for the general resemblance of offspring to ancestry, Traducianism offers no adequate explanation of its frequent unlikeness. It is a *vera causa* as far as it goes, but requires a supplement; that "law with which we are not as yet acquainted," postulated by Dr. Alleyne Nicholson, "to account for variability." Until this is ascertained, "J. P. B." is justified in his remark that "the law of inheri-

tance is quite as much a problem as a law."

If this problem remains unsolved, the reason is that inquirers have hitherto taken terrestrial facts solely into consideration. It is but natural—our globe seems at first sight so thoroughly complete within herself, *tota teres atque rotunda*. She was nevertheless at one time a part of the sun, and the simplest phenomena she offers are inexplicable without looking beyond her. Day and night, the seasons, the tides, would be unintelligible were no account taken of her heavenly companions. It is contrary to all analogy that their influence should stop there; and science, after a long aberration, now betrays a growing tendency to recognise it alike where it was once admitted and where it has hitherto been unsuspected. In this spirit one eminent physicist bids us notice that the magnetic storms which silently rage through the earth synchronise with corresponding phenomena in the sun; another shows that the rays of a particular planet exert a more powerful chemical action than the rest; a third points out that earthquakes most frequently occur when certain planets arrive at certain points in the zodiac; while a fourth, connecting the solar spots with famine and consequently with commercial stringency and financial disaster, sends us to the sun for forecasts of the money market.* If any or all of these observations and generalisations should appear overstrained or baseless, their recurrence in a scientific age, and in purely scientific quarters, is none the less significant of an increasing tendency to regard all phenomena as cosmical. We cannot be deemed out of

harmony with this intellectual current in extending the dominion of the extra-telluric influences to the phenomena of mind. Our position is briefly this: We say that the theory of Traducianism as put forth by "A. B." is perfectly correct, so far as merely terrestrial factors are concerned; but that man being a product not only of the earth but of the universe, there are cosmic factors also to be taken into account, which "A. B.'s" argument ignores. In a word, the stars must be consulted as well as the earth. We further affirm that the two theories, taken together, are found to confirm and complete each other in the most beautiful manner—parental generation supplying the needful element of constancy, sidereal influence the no less needful element of variability. The physical conditions of conception are substantially the same, but the face of the heavens alters from hour to hour. We add as a corollary from these views that a stupendous reincarnation is actually going on, on a much grander scale than, and in a very different manner from, that asserted by "J. P. B." It will be understood that we do not advance these opinions on the ground of their inherent reasonableness, though much might be said for them from this point of view. We cannot, for we have admitted that "J. P. B.'s" doctrine of metempsychosis is *à priori* reasonable enough, and have rejected it summarily on discovering that there was nothing else to be said for it. In these days of exact research, *à priori* arguments, like soldiers' swords and bayonets, are very pretty, and not altogether useless things, but hard facts are the bullets and shells that decide

* "He [Buckle] has probably not connected man with nature as he hereafter will be; as, for instance, in the probable effects of astral influences on meteorology and economical affairs."—Huth's "Life of Buckle," vol. 1, p. 247.

the battle. Our reasoning is therefore wholly empirical. Having asserted that the moral and intellectual character is profoundly affected by the positions of the heavenly bodies at the time of birth, we produce a number of instances in support of the proposition, and leave it to the reader's decision whether they do or do not establish a *primâ facie* case. Beyond a *primâ facie* case we do not profess to go; we admit that counter-evidence may exist, and only request that it may be produced and not merely taken for granted.

It is the more necessary to insist on the strictly empirical character of astrology, inasmuch as it is generally regarded as an occult science. The astrologer is considered as a kind of wizard, and allowed the alternative of divination or imposture. He need not be pitied for a misconstruction which he has brought upon himself by his frequent quackery and habitual air of mystical solemnity, and his exclusive stress upon the weakest part of his science—its pretension to foretell the *times* of events. The fact nevertheless remains, that astrology, with the single exception of astronomy, is, as regards the certainty of its data, the most exact of all the exact sciences. The imperfection of the geological record may mislead the geologist; an error in analysis may baffle the chemist; the astrologer takes his data from observations which the interests of astronomy and navigation require to be absolutely faultless. He works, as it were, under the surveillance of his brother the astronomer, and cannot falsify his data without instant detection. The principles of his art have come down to him in essentials from the most remote antiquity; they have been published in a thousand books, and are open to the examination of all the world.

His calculations are performed by no more cabalistical process than arithmetic. The influences he attributes to the heavenly bodies may be imaginary, but are in no sense occult, unless *occult* means *that which is not generally admitted*. It is the peculiar boast of his system, in its application to human things, to enthrone Law where Law would be otherwise unrecognised, and to leave no opening for anything preternatural.

As our evidence is necessarily limited by our space, and the most decisive and unmistakable cases are always the most to the purpose, we shall commence by adducing examples of the effect of planetary positions in producing insanity. Another reason is the facilities for further inquiry afforded by the congregation of insane patients in asylums, where particulars respecting their birth can be readily ascertained. Anyone who may be encouraged to pursue the investigation will there find ample materials for bringing it to a satisfactory conclusion. We cannot, of course, expect to convince a discriminating reader by testimony which he has no means of verifying; our instances will accordingly be entirely taken from among persons of celebrity whose mental affliction is notorious. We hope to find room for several additional examples of the correlation of certain planetary aspects with marked peculiarity of character in sane persons, illustrative, perhaps, of the maxim that "great wit to madness nearly is allied." Of planetary influence on the *physical* constitution we say nothing, inasmuch as the evidence, although even more abundant and conclusive, has less bearing on the theory of Traducianism.

Nothing can be simpler than the rules respecting insanity which have come down to us from Egyptian

and Chaldean antiquity. It is, that mental disease is liable to occur when Saturn and Mars (to which modern research has added Uranus) are at birth in *conjunction* with, in *opposition* to, or in *quartile* (that is, half way between the conjunction and opposition) with Mercury and the moon, but Mercury more particularly. It is by no means asserted that insanity always or even often occurs with such a position; what is asserted is, that it rarely occurs without it. The influence on the disposition of the individual will always be perceptible, but only in exceptional cases will it amount to insanity. When controlled by favourable influences it may even be beneficial, on the principle that a spice of the devil is a desirable ingredient in the composition of a good man. When no such influences exist the most ordinary result is moral obliquity, a practical demonstration of the profound truth that wickedness is madness.

Before the reader can consider the evidence about to be submitted to him, he must acquaint himself with the ordinary astronomical symbols of the planets and the signs of the zodiac. They are:

PLANETS.	
☉ The Sun*	♃ Jupiter
☾ The Moon	♂ Mars
♅ Uranus	♀ Venus
♄ Saturn	☿ Mercury.

SIGNS.

♈ Aries	♎ Libra
♉ Taurus	♏ Scorpio
♊ Gemini	♐ Sagittarius
♋ Cancer	♑ Capricorn
♌ Leo	♒ Aquarius
♍ Virgo	♓ Pisces.

These twelve signs form the great zodiacal circle, divided into 360 degrees. Each, consequently, contains 30 degrees. When two planets are six signs, being 180 degrees or half the circle apart, they are obviously in *opposition*. When 90 degrees or half the opposition in *quartile* (the *semi-quartile* of 45 degrees and the *sesqui-quadrate* of 135 are also to be regarded). Hence a planet in the tenth degree of Leo is in *opposition* to one in the tenth degree of Aquarius, and in *quartile* to one in the same degree of Taurus or Scorpio. The benefic aspects of 60 and 120 degrees do not concern us here, and the *conjunction* hardly needs explanation. To give a familiar illustration, the moon is in *conjunction* with the sun when new, in *quartile* at the quarters, and in *opposition* at the full.

After these necessary preliminaries, we produce our evidence,† advising the reader to recur to the table given above until he is able to read astronomical symbols at sight, as he soon will be, and to satisfy himself that the

* The sun and moon are regarded as planets for our present purpose.

† One caution must be given. The efficacy of aspects not depending upon any occult qualities of numbers, but upon the angles formed by the distances of the planets from each other, it must be ascertained whether these occupy the same positions with reference to the circle as viewed from the earth as well as in the zodiac. The opposition and conjunction present no difficulty, but it is frequently necessary to know the exact time of birth to tell whether two planets are in quartile or not. If one star is rising when another is on the zenith, it is clear that they must be one-fourth of the circle apart, and therefore in quartile. At the Equator planets in such a position will always be 90 degrees of the zodiac apart, but, in our latitudes, they will frequently be less or more. Thus, on the day of Robert Schumann's birth, Uranus in 10 Scorpio was 127 degrees from Mercury in 3 Cancer, and, so far as their position in the zodiac was concerned, could exert no influence upon him. But, in our latitude, when 10 Scorpio is on the zenith 3 Cancer is setting, and Schumann was born at that very moment. Uranus was thus one-fourth of the circle distant from Mercury, hence in quartile with him from that part of the heavens where every planet is most powerful, and Schumann became insane. It is impossible, therefore, to be sure that no traces of insanity exist, unless the hour of birth is accurately known.

quartile and opposition aspects are correctly given by us by himself counting the degrees—90 for a quartile, 180 for an opposition. We begin by instancing nine sovereign princes, notoriously insane or deficient in intellect, upon whose birthdays Mercury, the Moon, or both, will be found to have been affected by Saturn, Mars, or Uranus, in the manner described. They are — Paul, Emperor of Russia; George III., King of England; Gustavus IV., King of Sweden; Ferdinand II., Emperor of Austria; Maria, Queen of Portugal; Charlotte, Empress of Mexico; Charles II., King of Spain; Murad V., Sultan of Turkey; and Constantine of Russia (abdicated in favour of his brother). The planetary positions, so far as essential for our present purpose, are as follows:

Emperor Paul. October 1, 1754.	George III. June 4, 1738.
☿ 5 ♌	☿ 25 ♐
☾ 10 ♈	☾ 10 ♈
♄ 15 ♈	♄ 5 ♈
	♄ 27 ♐
	♂ 7 ♈
Gustavus IV. November 1, 1778.	Emperor Ferdinand. April 19, 1793.
☾ 22 ♈	☿ 9 ♈
♄ 19 ♐	☾ 16 ♏
♂ 19 ♈	♄ 19 ♏
	♄ 4 ♈
Queen of Portugal. December 17, 1734.	Empress Charlotte. June 7, 1840.
☿ 17 ♈	☿ 11 ♌
♄ 19 ♈	☾ 16 ♈
♂ 19 ♈	♄ 20 ♈
	♄ 18 ♈
	♂ 8 ♌
Charles II. of Spain. Nov. 6, 1661.	Murad V. Sept. 21, 1840.
☿ 26 ♈	☿ 24 ♈
♄ 25 ♈	☾ 4 ♏
	♄ 18 ♈
	♄ 16 ♈
Grand Duke Constantine. May 8, 1779.	
☿ 24 ♈	
☾ 15 ♈	
♄ 24 ♈	
♂ 22 ♈	

It will be seen by a reference to the table that Aries (♈) and Libra (♎) are six signs or 180 degrees apart, and consequently in *opposition*; and that Capricorn (♑) is three signs or 90 degrees apart from each, and consequently in *quartile*. On the birthday of the Emperor Paul, therefore, Mercury in 5 Libra was within 5 degrees of a perfect opposition to the Moon in 10 Aries, and Saturn in 10 Capricorn was in quartile to both. An examination of the other cases will yield the following results: Geo. III: Mercury in conjunction with Saturn, Moon in conjunction with Uranus, and quartile with Mars. Gustavus IV.: Moon in opposition to Mars, and quartile with Uranus, and these in quartile with each other. Emperor Ferdinand: Mercury in conjunction with Saturn, Moon in conjunction with Uranus, and all four in quartile to each other. Queen of Portugal: Mercury in conjunction with Uranus, and quartile with Mars. Empress Charlotte: Mercury in conjunction with Mars, Moon in opposition to Uranus, and quartile to Saturn. Charles II.: Mercury in conjunction with Saturn. Sultan Murad: Mercury in opposition to Uranus, and quartile to Saturn; moon in sesqui-quadrant to both. Grand Duke Constantine: Mercury in opposition to Saturn and Mars, and all three in quartile to the Moon.

Is this chance? Most people, perhaps, will at first regard this as the lesser improbability. We therefore follow up the inquiry by adducing six insane persons of genius. Gérard de Nerval, who committed suicide in a fit of insanity; Alfred Rethel, the painter of "Der Tod als Freund"; Agnes Bury, the actress; Jullien; Pugin; and Paul Morphy.

G. de Nerval.
May 21, 1808.
♂ 22 ♂
♂ 18 ♀
♂ 22 ♂

Rethel.
May 15, 1816.
♂ 6 ♀
♂ 13 ♀
♂ 10 ♀
♂ 13 ♀

Agnes Bury.
April 28, 1831.
♂ 27 ♂
♂ 23 ♀
♂ 24 ♀

Jullien.
April 23, 1812.
♂ 21 ♂
♂ 23 ♀
♂ 22 ♀
♂ 8 ♀

Pugin.
March 1, 1812.
♂ 22 ♀
♂ 16 ♀
♂ 22 ♀
♂ 24 ♀

Morphy.
June 22, 1837.
♂ 12 ♀
♂ 8 ♀
♂ 9 ♀

Gérard de Nerval has Mercury in conjunction with Mars and opposition to Saturn; Rethel, Mercury in opposition to Uranus, Moon in opposition to Mars; Agnes Bury, Mercury and the Moon in opposition to each other and quartile to Saturn; Jullien, Mercury in opposition to Uranus, Moon in quartile with Saturn; Pugin, Mercury in quartile to Uranus, Moon in opposition to Mars; Morphy, Mercury in quartile to Mars and Uranus, and these in opposition to each other.

We next take four instances of highly gifted men who lost their faculties in old age:

Swift.
November 30, 1667.
♂ 9 ♀
♂ 11 ♀
♂ 8 ♀

Southey.
August 12, 1774.
♂ 0 ♀
♂ 14 ♀
♂ 2 ♀

Moore.
May 28, 1779.
♂ 17 ♂
♂ 17 ♀
♂ 22 ♀
♂ 16 ♀

Faraday.
September 22, 1791.
♂ 19 ♀
♂ 22 ♀
♂ 16 ♀

Swift has Mercury in quartile with Mars and the Moon conjoined; Southey, Mercury in quartile with Uranus, and the latter in sesquiquadrate with the Moon; Moore,

Mercury in conjunction with Saturn and Mars, and all three in opposition to the Moon; Faraday, Mercury in quartile to the Moon, and opposition to Saturn, Saturn in quartile to the Moon.

Compare with these the cases of three mischievous lunatics, the would be assassins of the late and present kings of Prussia, and a remarkable case of a female lunatic described in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for January 15 last:

Sefeloge.
March 29, 1821.
♂ 1 ♀
♂ 11 ♀
♂ 0 ♀

Nobiling.
April 10, 1848.
♂ 23 ♀
♂ 19 ♀
♂ 18 ♀
♂ 19 ♀
♂ 25 ♀

Oscar Becker.
June 18, 1839.
♂ 16 ♀
♂ 21 ♀
♂ 11 ♀
♂ 24 ♀

G——.
January 2, 1843.
♂ 14 ♀
♂ 1 ♀
♂ 16 ♀
♂ 2 ♀

Sefeloge has Mercury in quartile with Uranus, and the Moon in semi-quartile with both; Nobiling, Mercury in opposition to Saturn and quartile to Mars, the Moon in quartile to Uranus; Becker, Mercury in quartile with Uranus, Moon, and Mars, and the two latter in opposition to the former. The French lunatic has Mercury in conjunction with Saturn, and the Moon in quartile with Mars.

To the question why aspects so similar should produce in some instances genius with a tendency to insanity, and in others insanity with no affinity to genius, we reply, on account of the variations of physical constitution and the hereditary conditions which the astral influence finds awaiting it, and which necessarily modify it as the produce of a seed is modified by the soil.

Our next examples shall be selected from religious enthusiasts and visionaries.

Swedenborg.	Prince Hohenlohe.
January 29, 1688.	July 3, 1798.
☿ 0 ♍	☿ 23 ♀
♃ 18 ♀	♃ 11 ♀
♅ 23 ♀	♅ 14 ♀
♂ 28 ♀	♂ 8 ♀

Joseph Smith.	Katharine Emmerich.
December 23, 1805.	September 8, 1774.
☿ 20 ♀	☿ 28 ♀
♃ 0 ♍	♃ 15 ♀
♅ 24 ♀	♅ 2 ♀
♂ 26 ♀	♂ 20 ♀

Lady Hester Stanhope.	Brother Ignatius.
February 12, 1776.	November 23, 1837.
☿ 9 ♀	☿ 0 ♀
♃ 2 ♀	♃ 3 ♀
♅ 4 ♀	

Swedenborg has the Moon in conjunction with Uranus and Mercury in quartile with Mars; Prince Hohenlohe, who claimed the power of working miracles, has the Moon in conjunction with Mars, and opposition to Uranus, which is in quartile to Mercury. The Mormon prophet has Mercury and the Moon in quartile with Saturn and Uranus conjoined. Katharine Emmerich, who saw the whole life of Christ in a succession of visions, has Mercury in quartile with Uranus, and the Moon with Mars. Lady H. Stanhope has Mercury in conjunction with Mars and quartile with Uranus; and Brother Ignatius has Uranus in quartile with Mercury.

Our next group will consist of instances of eccentricity accompanied with great mental power. It will be admitted by those who know them that two men of genius more morbid or more alike could not well be found than Charles Baudelaire and Borel, "the lycanthropist;" two better instances of sarcastic wit, accompanied with angularity of character, than Voltaire and Lord Westbury; two more original examples of eccentricity, allied with ability, than Archbishop Whately and Father Faber. All these, it will be seen,

have Mercury in quartile or opposition with Mars, Uranus, or both, and frequently with the Moon also, these aspects being usually formed from the signs which the Sun enters at the tropics and equinoxes.

Borel.	Baudelaire.
June 28, 1809.	April 21, 1821.
☿ 23 ♀	☿ 3 ♀
♃ 18 ♀	♃ 3 ♀
♅ 17 ♀	♅ 4 ♀

Voltaire.	Lord Westbury.
November 21, 1694.	June 30, 1800.
☿ 17 ♀	☿ 21 ♀
♃ 19 ♀	♃ 14 ♀
♅ 14 ♀	♅ 13 ♀

Whately.	Faber.
February 1, 1787.	June 23, 1814.
☿ 23 ♀	☿ 27 ♀
♃ 29 ♀	♃ 29 ♀
♅ 22 ♀	♅ 27 ♀
♂ 13 ♀	

As examples of the occurrence of the same cross aspects in connection with a bold, turbulent, and unscrupulous disposition, we offer a group whose family likeness will be denied by none, comprising Benedict Arnold, Marshal St. Arnaud, Count de Morny, Cardinal Antonelli, and General Cluseret.

Arnold.	St. Arnaud.
January 3, 1740.	August 20, 1798.
☿ 11 ♀	☿ 23 ♀
♃ 2 ♀	♃ 20 ♀
♅ 10 ♀	♅ 16 ♀
♂ 21 ♀	♂ 11 ♀
♂ 7 ♀	

De Morny.	Antonelli.
October 23, 1811.	April 2, 1806.
☿ 13 ♀	☿ 29 ♀
♃ 9 ♀	♃ 1 ♀
♅ 18 ♀	♅ 24 ♀
	♂ 26 ♀
	♂ 0 ♀

Cluseret.
June 23, 1823.
☿ 2 ♀
♃ 1 ♀
♅ 10 ♀

The aspects here are virtually identical, and in four out of the five cases they take place from

tropical signs. The same surprising similarity exists in the cases of the two great French Socialists, Saint Simon and Proudhon. Both have Mercury in conjunction with the Sun and conjunction or quartile with the Moon from tropical signs, in quartile with Mars in one case, in semi-quartile in the other.

Saint Simon.	Proudhon.
October 17, 1760.	January 15, 1809.
♂ 25 ♌	♂ 22 ♏
☉ 24 ♌	☉ 25 ♏
♂ 27 ♏	♂ 17 ♏
♂ 10 ♏	♂ 17 ♌

A greater similarity of intellect could hardly be pointed out than in the cases of Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Newman. Each has the same position—Mercury in conjunction with the Sun and quartile with the Moon—the only difference being that with the statesman it is formed from tropical, and with the divine from common signs. Mars in semi-quartile to Mercury in one case, and in quartile in the other, as in the last pair of instances.

Gladstone.	Newman.
December 29, 1809.	February 21, 1801.
♂ 6 ♏	♂ 7 ♏
☉ 7 ♏	☉ 2 ♏
♂ 2 ♌	♂ 12 ♏
♂ 19 ♏	♂ 1 ♏

Contrast with these instances of extreme mental subtlety the massive and well-balanced intellects of Bacon and Bishop Thirlwall, where Mercury is also in conjunction with the Sun and quartile or opposition to the Moon, but from *fixed* signs, and receiving the *good* aspects of Saturn and Mars.

Bacon.	Thirlwall.
January 22, 1561.	February 11, 1797.
♂ 7 ♏	♂ 25 ♏
☉ 12 ♏	☉ 23 ♏
♂ 2 ♏	♂ 23 ♏
♂ 13 ♏	♂ 20 ♏
♂ 5 ♏	♂ 18 ♏

Here, again, the aspects are exactly alike. It will be found that a greatly preponderating percentage of scientific men, whose pursuits require concentrated and patient thought, have Mercury either in *fixed* signs (♏, ♏, ♏, ♏) or in strong aspect with Saturn, or both. Whewell, Airy, Helmholtz, Huggins, Bastian, Williamson, Peacock, Clifford, Lubbock, and Maudsley are cases in point. We have no space to pursue the subject, and can only direct the reader's attention to a contrary phenomenon, the frequent recurrence of the opposition of Mercury and the Moon in cases of the highest poetical genius. It is found in Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley,* Keats, Heine, Musset, and Ruskin.

To recapitulate, we think it has been shown that quartile and opposition aspects between Mercury and the Moon on the one hand, and Mars, Saturn, and Uranus on the other, will be found co-existent either with insanity or with the quick, restless, and imaginative temperament most liable to mental disturbance. This general proposition is of course liable to the most extensive modifications according to the strength of these planets at the time of birth, and to the influence of the benefic planets, of which our limits forbid us to take notice. It holds equally true of the affections of the Sun, Moon, and degree ascending as respects the physical constitution; and of the Sun, Moon, and Meridian as regards success in life. An entire number of the *University Magazine* might easily be filled with illustrations of these two latter propositions. We do not deny the existence of many difficulties and anomalies, and fully admit that astral science is incompetent to

* Edward Irving was born on the same day as Shelley.

explain the divergencies of human constitution and character without a free use of the doctrine of heredity. Our contention is that the two theories complete each other, the latter accounting for the element of stability, the former for the element of variability.* It must not, however, be supposed for a moment that the influence dominating at birth is in any respect a matter of accident. It will usually be found to stand in the nicest relation to the character of the individual, as determined by his parentage, while, from the nature of the case, it can never be precisely the same. Good parents, as a rule, bring forth children under good aspects, and *vice versa*. The resemblance among the nativities of members of the same family is very strong, as could be easily shown if space would permit. This marvellous harmony is of itself a sufficient proof that Nature is the incarnation of the highest reason, not a jumble of conflicting atoms, and that the Cosmos we behold is not the mere outcome of a struggle for existence. Such an Universe might live, as it were, from hand to mouth, but could exercise none of that foresight and precaution which the adaptation of the conceptional to the natal influence implies. One simple and beautiful provision may be briefly noticed. It will be usually observed that persons having two or three of the planets on each other's places, or in friendly aspect, become attached to each other; so that, when they are of opposite sexes, intimacy ensues, and the children are affected accordingly. One of the

most remarkable examples, as might be expected, is afforded by Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, the Sun, Moon, and ascending degree of the former being all on the same place as the meridian of the latter. An even stronger instance is that of the late King of Denmark and Countess Danner. Frederick VII., as well known, was most unhappy in marriage, and divorced two queens in succession; but, having become attached to a milliner, whose acquaintance he made on occasion of a fire in his capital, he ennobled her, espoused her morganatically, and lived most happily with her until his death. Upon examination of the times of birth, it appears that the Sun in one nativity was upon the place of the Moon in the other. The same familiarity occurs in the case of Metternich and his confidant Gentz, while, in that of Rahel and Varnhagen von Ense—a rare instance of an extremely happy marriage where the wife was fourteen years older than the husband—both the Moon and Venus are upon the same places. More to the point still, as the field of investigation is wider, are the affinities between Goethe, the woman he loved and forsook, the woman he loved and married, and his child by the latter.

Goethe.	Fran von Stein.
August 28, 1749.	December 25, 1742.
☉ 5 ♀	☉ 3 ♀
♂ 3 ♀	♂ 5 ♀
C. Vulpius.	A. von Goethe.
June 6, 1764.	December 25, 1789.
♂ 4 ♀	☉ 4 ♀
	♂ 1 ♀
	♂ 1 ♀

* We are aware that a purely physiological solution of the problem has been attempted by the ingenious hypothesis of Pangenesis. It should be known, however, that Mr. Francis Galton, after warmly supporting this theory in his work on Heredity, published in 1869, wrote, in 1871: "I have now made experiments of transfusion and cross-circulation on a large scale in rabbits, and have arrived at definite results, negating, in my opinion, beyond all doubt, the truth of the doctrine of Pangenesis.—"Proceedings of the Royal Society," vol. 19, p. 395.

Frau von Stein has Mars upon the place of Goethe's Sun, and the Sun upon the place of his Mars. Christiane Vulpius has the Moon upon the place of his Sun. Young Goethe has Jupiter and Mars upon his father's Sun and his mother's Moon. This does not look like mere coincidence. The same phenomena are repeated in the case of Novalis and the girl of thirteen for whom he conceived the intense attachment that has so puzzled his biographers.

Novalis.	Sophie von Kühn.
May 2, 1772.	March 17, 1782.
☉ 12 8	♃ 5 8
♃ 8 8	♂ 15 8
♂ 4 7	♀ 5 7

Sophie's Moon is upon the same place as Novalis's, her Mars upon the place of his Sun, and her Venus upon the place of his Mars. Similar coincidences will be found in almost all similar cases.

It will be conceded that there is nothing occult or mystical in the line of argument we have been pursuing. We have appealed throughout to the testimony of facts, partly the notorious and indisputable facts of history and biography, partly astronomical observations derived from no more recondite source than the ordinary ephemeris. Any one can verify or disprove these observations in a moment by the same process; any one who will be at the trouble to search for examples can investigate the subject for himself. As before stated, we claim nothing more than to have established a *prima facie* case, and to have earned the liberty of speculating upon it. Such speculations, carried to their legitimate consequences, would produce a more momentous revolution in human thought than all the discoveries of this wonderful age. For the present, we are only con-

cerned with their bearing on the rival theories of the soul which have occasioned this essay. Our conclusion is manifestly quite incompatible with "J. P. B.'s" doctrine of Metempsychosis. It leaves no room for the intervention of a wandering spirit. Reincarnation must either take place at birth or antecedently to birth. In either case the spirit in its return to this world would be subjected to a new set of influences which would make it virtually a new being. Its character would be improved or deteriorated without any merit or fault of its own, and the whole value and moral meaning of its reincarnation would be lost. The difficulties arising from the phenomena of heredity, meanwhile, would remain as formidable as ever. Traducianism and heredity, on the other hand, are necessary postulates for the theory of sidereal influence. Without them it would be as difficult to explain why persons born at the same time are not precisely alike, as it is for Traducianists to explain why children exhibit faculties and propensities non-existent in their ancestry, as far as we can tell. Both difficulties are removed if it is shown that to the animal soul derived from the progenitors in the conception another soul is superadded at birth. The physical generation of the first or rudimentary spirit remains unimpeached, and the fact of inheritance undisputed; but a new and powerful instrument is enlisted sufficient to account for any degree of variability consistent with the general unity of type. The most conspicuous service of this new factor to the theory of Traducianism is to relieve it of its association with ordinary materialism. "A. B.'s" assertion that "the *whole* of our being at birth is the result of inheritance," warrants "J. P. B.'s"

comment that "it becomes difficult to realise any ground of distinction between matter and mind." "A. B." assumes, indeed, a life-spirit, "not convertible into material forces;" but this is confessedly a mere hypothesis, which most physiologists would pronounce needless. The recognition of an astral influence at birth, however, would exalt it to a certainty, demonstrating the existence of an element essential to the manifestation of the higher phenomena of life, but independent of the preliminary processes of generation. This element must be vital, or it could not co-operate in the manifestation of life; of extreme tenuity and elasticity, or it might be excluded by the intervention of grosser matter; coeval and co-extensive with the heavenly bodies, and therefore infinite and eternal. Its susceptibility to the influence of these bodies affords no more reason for identifying it with them than there exists for identifying the water of a lake with the wind that ruffles it, or the oar that breaks it into ripples. It may, as Philipp Spiller thought, be identical with the world-æther, the transmitter of light, or it may be something as much more attenuated than this, as this must be than the most volatile gas. It would thus correspond most accurately to "A. B.'s" conception of spirit as "a power which permeates the organic form in the same way as ether is supposed to pass between the proper atoms of matter; and thus, while affected by the vibrations of the molecular structure of the body, and in its turn causing vibrations among the molecules, is in no way dependent upon them for its existence, but only for its expression in the material world." *Material* is evidently

used here with the signification of *palpable to sense*; an immaterial spirit could neither affect nor be affected by the vibrations of molecular matter. The world-æther or its representative must be material in like manner, and those who identify it with spirit may properly be called materialists, but their materialism differs widely from that which regards life as a mere function of matter or adjustment of parts. In fact it is very questionable whether any one ever did or ever could conceive "immaterial" existence otherwise than as some sort of physical force, or as matter in a highly attenuated state.

We are therefore entirely agreed with "A. B." in admitting the existence of a force or essence, which may be called spirit, but is, to human apprehension, material; eternal and all-pervading, yet capable of insulating itself in individual forms. We venture to deem that we have considerably strengthened the argument for the existence of such a force, and have shown that the materialistic conception of mind as a secretion of the brain has been formed in complete ignorance of one of the main conditions of the problem. The question of the permanence of the insulated manifestations of this force as such, or in other words their personal immortality, is altogether a different one. No observations, so far as we are aware, have hitherto been made on the effects of sidereal influence upon animals. Should these appear materially diverse from those produced upon mankind, it would follow that, notwithstanding their common physiological development, a distinction must be drawn between merely sentient and truly rational creatures, and "A. B.'s" argument for immortality would be delivered

from the stupendous difficulty of affirming the endless personal existence of "every flea in Jewry." "A. B." has proved that this proposition is not *unthinkable* by thinking it himself, but nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand will pronounce it *incredible*. Were it dismissed, there is certainly no absolute proof that an ethereal force must participate in the dissolution of the corporeal frame, and nothing repugnant to reason in the assumption that the stamp of individuality once impressed is indelible. This must indeed necessarily be acknowledged were there a sufficient amount of "that evidence of apparitions and similar phenomena," which "A. B." admits, "would not, for the present at least, be accepted by the world at large as a basis of argument." Failing such testimony, we are thrown back upon the general analogy of nature, and this, we must think, tends in a different direction. It would not be more superfluous to prove by accumulated instances the permanence of natural laws and forces than the impermanence of their individualised manifestations. Why should the manifestation of the life-force in the human spirit be an exception? Because, answers "A. B.," "it would be an actual destruction of an active principle if the power of consciousness once developed were to cease." Surely cessation is not destruction, and even apparent destruction is always and everywhere simple metamorphosis. The disappearance of consciousness in an individual can be no more the destruction of an active principle than the disappearance of a wave is the destruction of the sea. The train of thought evoked by such a metaphor cannot be better expressed than in an eloquent passage from Mr. Francis Galton, which perhaps affords the

best *aperçu* we as yet possess of a cosmogony at once scientific and religious:

"We may look upon each individual as something not wholly detached from its parent source—as a wave that has been lifted and shaped by normal conditions in an unknown, illimitable ocean. There is decidedly a solidarity as well as a separateness in all human and probably in all lives whatsoever; and this consideration goes far, as I think, to establish an opinion that the constitution of the living universe is a pure theism, and that its form of activity is what may be described as co-operative. It points to the conclusion that all life is single in its essence, but various, ever varying, and inter-active in its manifestations, and that men and all other living animals are active workers and sharers in a vastly more extended system of cosmic action than any of ourselves, much less of them, can possibly comprehend. It also suggests that they may contribute, more or less unconsciously, to the manifestation of a far higher life than our own, somewhat as—I do not propose to push the metaphor too far—the individual cells of one of the more complex animals contribute to the manifestation of its higher order of personality." ("Hereditary Genius," p. 376.)

Views like these express the tendency we have indicated in modern science to regard all phenomena as cosmical. On the assumption of their soundness it would be *à priori* quite rational to conceive the motions and positions of the heavenly bodies capable of affecting the individuals existing upon each and all of them, and the all-pervading ether the vehicle for the transmission of this influence. If so, there would indeed be room for perpetual Reincarnation, not of

individual spirits in individual embryos, but of the universal spirit; of the law of whose being the infinitely varied phenomena of physical and spiritual nature are

but the expression, as the pomp of pageantry or the shock of battle may be but the incarnate thought of a single mind.

A. G. TRENT.



A P A R A B L E .

A magic circle holds me round to-day.

The air is vital with the young, sweet Spring ;
In the fresh wind the leaves and grasses sing,
The songs of birds are blown from spray to spray ;
The time is pure and ardent, and how gay !

Now falls the saintly dusk ; low whispering,
The gentle wind goes by with flagging wing,
The sun to follow on his downward way ;
Great quietude of moonlight holds the land.

Now, if *one* word I whisper to the air,
If one way turn, or even reach my hand—
The spell is broken, and, my Spring to scare,
Comes Winter back ; and, shivering, I stand,
Once more the old blast of his old winds to bear.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

F A R A W A Y .

Like clouds I drift, though fiercely seeking wings,
Throughout the fairy universe to speed,
Conscious that somewhere the sky's paths will lead
To a cloud-veiled form on kindred wanderings :
Thence life will tremble like to budding things,
The mist disclose a bosom that doth bleed,
And my heart know its life is come indeed,
Fired by new sun and fed by bursting springs.
Long lonely ways converge, and home is near,
As each heart's beat to other's pulse is wooed :
We were one alway but for foolish fear
Which casts out love that is beatitude ;
Sweet heaven, blend both of us to make one sphere,
That we may win at last our angelhood.

NAVAL VOLUNTEERING.

WHEN the idea of raising a volunteer force in this country was first started, it was received, as most readers may remember, with an immense amount of popularity, and to this circumstance was no doubt owing the great success and rapidity with which the movement afterwards developed and spread throughout the whole kingdom. Soldiering became the order of the day. Dukes and Marquises, Earls and Ministers of State, besides others of distinction, threw aside for the time being their social pomp and reserve to join the ranks, and were not ashamed to "shoulder arms" or to "mark time" side by side with their humbler compatriots. In the face, then, of such military enthusiasm it was not at all unnatural that a few should have been inspired with the notion of attempting on water that which had been so successfully accomplished on land. At this point, however, the warlike fervour and manifestations of the period seem to have stopped short, and the advocates of a naval volunteer force consequently found themselves in a sadly small minority. Yet Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M.P., who was one of the number, was thereby nothing daunted, and went so far as to organise a small corps of the kind at Hastings (now some fifteen years ago); its success, however, was very measured, and the force, styled the "Hastings Marine Artillery," becoming associated with the land volunteers, had nothing *marine* about it, we are told, further than the title. In

short, the whole suggestion was somewhat in advance of its time, and being therefore ridiculed and discountenanced on every side, was finally abandoned.

The circumstance is hardly to be wondered at if we but remember how deeply the British mind was at that time impressed with the importance of the Royal Navy, which it considered with Blackstone had ever been England's "greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength—the floating bulwark of our island." It was scarcely to be conceived, therefore, that any amateur reserve or supplemental sea forces were required by a nation whose fleet was thus its grandest boast, whose sailors its greatest pride, and which, by the combined power of both, had from time immemorial held supreme sway over the high seas. Certainly the maritime prestige and honour of this country are not a whit diminished since then; nevertheless, opinions not less than men are liable to the changes of time, while experience is after all the most astute councillor. Thus it has come to pass that the proposition which some twenty years ago was sneered at and ridiculed is now a *fait accompli*, and the popularity which the naval volunteers have acquired since their establishment bids fair almost to rival that of the land volunteers. As an exposition of the main objects and duties of this new defensive force, the present paper may perhaps prove not uninteresting.

In setting on foot the naval volunteer movement the principal aim of Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P.—to whose untiring and strenuous exertions the corps is almost entirely indebted for its existence—was to bring together a body of trained men who, in any time of danger, would be useful for the defence of our coasts, or, more accurately speaking, of the most important harbours, rivers, and estuaries in the country. The merits of such a scheme cannot well be denied, although there are, no doubt, those who regard the enterprise only as a waste of time, energy, and money. But opposition is the natural, and perhaps necessary, adjunct of any undertaking; which is perhaps the same as saying there are two sides to every question. The opponents to the naval volunteer scheme do not appear, however, to have very tenable ground to go upon, since it must be obvious that, by the institution of a corps of this character, the members of which are taught great gun as on board ship, field exercise, cutlass and pistol drill, a number of highly-trained seamen is at once released from the duty of defending our coasts in time of war, and the strength of our sea-bound cruisers thereby considerably increased, which, in any time of emergency, would doubtless be found of the highest importance. No actual seamanship being required for the purposes of defending our chief ports and harbours, it is clearly a waste of knowledge and experience to thus employ members of the Royal Navy when they can be otherwise of so much more use and advantage to the country, and to obviate such a waste was the object in founding a naval volunteer corps.

The first step to be taken by the promoters in forwarding their naval scheme was to obtain the sanction and assistance of Government.

With business-like promptitude and energy Mr. Brassey took the earliest opportunity of tackling Mr. Goschen—at that time First Lord of the Admiralty—and we believe the whole matter was settled during an afternoon's ride in Rotten Row, the "Royal Naval Artillery Volunteer Act" being passed shortly afterwards (1873). Government aid was also so far secured in that the corps obtained ships, guns, and the other paraphernalia of naval warfare, but no grant was agreed to as in the case of the land volunteers; so that the force, to a great extent, supports itself, which makes it, however, all the more a volunteer one. For this purpose a subscription of one guinea a year is levied on each member, half of which is devoted to the Brigade Fund, the remaining moiety going to the Battery Fund.

When Mr. Brassey began to develop the idea of organising a force of this kind, it was in his mind to induce yachting and boating men to become recruits, thereby practically utilising the innate love of aquatics and the boating propensities common to all classes of the community. Our highest admiration of and enthusiastic interest in the aquatic skill and intrepidity displayed by the contending crews, we know, is never wanting on the occasion of the annual rowing contest between our two great Universities; our love of water athletics is further evinced by the establishment of boating and rowing clubs on almost every navigable river in the kingdom; and a regatta is a spectacle that always possesses a peculiar and indefinable charm for most of us. But, let us ask, to what end is all the training, skill, and valour which these things involve? They of course promote health, and afford strength and hardiness of constitution, which alone we recognise as

most useful and desirable results ; but then this end is purely one-sided, for, so far as we can discern, no practical and useful advantage accrues therefrom to the general community. And this is exactly what we should like to see. Not for a moment do we deprecate the Englishman's inherent love of the water and its sports, or the existence of the institutions it has given birth to. The argument is simply this, that, if the same love can be directed into a channel where it can produce substantial and useful benefits as well as amusement and pleasure, there is surely no palpable reason or ground why such a course should not be pursued. This was probably Mr. Brassey's view of the matter, for, by the establishment of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, he created an admirable field for the attainment of this end. Not only does a member of this force derive the same amount of aquatic enjoyment as an ordinary boating-man, but it is greatly enhanced, we should say, by the sense of its usefulness to the country. Besides this, the duties of the Naval Volunteer need never materially interfere with the yachting or boating engagements he may otherwise have to perform, for, although the regulations may be stringent as regards the attainment of efficiency, and attention to the various prescribed drills, &c., on the part of each member of the corps, yet there is no immoderate demand made upon his time. But, notwithstanding the endeavours made by the promoters of the Naval Volunteer Force to accomplish this object, the attempt has, unfortunately, been very far from successful, for the members of our yachting and boating clubs have, contrary to expectation, not responded to the appeal, being, so far at least as London is concerned, afraid lest the instruc-

tion they would have to undergo in pulling men-of-war boats should jeopardise and spoil their *up-river stroke*, of which stroke they appear to be mightily jealous. The reason can hardly be considered a good one, but, however that may be, it is a fact that the most hearty supporters of the corps have come from among the denizens of City warehouses and mercantile establishments.

Considering the nature of the employment daily engaged in by this class of men, it is hardly surprising, perhaps, that the exhilarating and health-restoring character of the exercises and duties of the Naval Volunteer Corps should have had a greater fascination for them than for other persons. It would no doubt have been better could the force have been recruited as originally desired, which might have been wholly composed of the men sought for, since, as Mr. Brassey points out, it is not at all necessary that it should be numerous. Enough will have been done, it seems, if a brigade varying from 200 to 600 men in strength can be raised at each of the principal ports of the kingdom, and there is a sufficient number of yachtsmen and oarsmen to accomplish this end. It is almost unnecessary to supplement the argument by pointing out that the knowledge of boating, &c. possessed by the latter gives them a superiority over actual "land-lubbers"—to be nautical—as regards naval volunteering, for the preliminary instruction in the handling of oars, and a certain amount of seamanship required by landsmen would thus be saved and more time could be given to the actual and proper duties of the corps. As it is, however, the authorities have little reason to complain of the efficiency of the men they have secured, for their aptitude and quickness to

learn and become acquainted with the routine of naval duties have proved contrary to all unfavourable anticipations, as more than six years' experience of the experiment has amply shown.

The Act of Parliament of 1873, by which the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers were raised, placed them under the control of the Admiralty; consequently, they are subject to all regulations made with regard to them by that department. The regulations already issued are no less than 123 in number, and enter into the minutest details respecting the corps, thus affording the most complete guidance to the members. It is not necessary that we should traverse them in any measure, but the notice of one or two of the rules may serve to give an idea of what is really expected of our Naval Volunteers. In regulation No. 2, for instance, we have the exact terms of their liability to serve given as follows: "By Royal Proclamation, the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers may be assembled for actual service; and when so assembled, they will be liable to serve on board any of Her Majesty's ships or vessels employed in the defence of the coasts of the United Kingdom, or in any of the tenders or boats attached to such vessels." The sphere of action for the force is here clearly defined, and is, of course, simply in accordance with the original object in founding it; the recruit, therefore, incurs no liability to serve in any sea-going vessels at any time. Even in time of peace, service afloat is not compulsory. When serving in any of Her Majesty's vessels—for the above-mentioned purpose—the naval volunteers "will be liable to perform all the ordinary duties of the vessel in which they may be embarked, in the same manner as those duties are performed by the

regular crews of Her Majesty's ships, except those duties that can only be performed by practical seamen." For example, we are told they will not be required to go aloft or to attend the fires in the stoke-hole, but they will have to accommodate themselves to the berthing and messing arrangements usual for seamen of the Royal Navy. Those regulations which relate to the discipline of the force are explicitly to the point, and show us that members while on duty must submit to strict naval discipline; further, every officer and petty officer is required to make himself acquainted with and duly to observe and obey, and, as far as in him lies, to enforce the due execution of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteer Act, 1873, and the Regulations for the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteer Force, together with all regulations, instructions, and orders which may from time to time be given or issued by the Admiralty, or by any superior officer, and shall in all respects conform his conduct to the customs and usages of Her Majesty's Naval Service. It may also be added that while assembled with the Regular Forces of the army either in camp or for training, Naval Volunteers come under the Naval Discipline Act, 1866, in the same manner as if they were on actual service, and will be placed under the immediate command of an officer of Her Majesty's Navy.

The strength of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers at the present time amounts to three brigades, namely, one at London, one at Bristol, and one at Liverpool, and the establishment of each brigade, which may consist of four, six, or eight batteries, is laid down by the Admiralty as follows: one lieutenant commander for each brigade, and for each battery of the same two sub-lieutenants, one chief petty

officer, two first-class petty officers, two second-class petty officers, two buglers and a staff of lieutenant instructor, first-class petty officer instructor, a surgeon, bugle-major, and armourer. The strength of leading gunners and gunners—equivalent to leading seamen and able-bodied seamen—is from fifty-one to seventy-one. All officers of the staff hold substantive commissions, the honorary officers being quite distinct from the actual volunteer officers. The officer-instructor to the brigade and the petty officer-instructor for each battery composing brigades are appointed by the Admiralty, and hold their posts for five years, or such lesser period as may be thought fit by that office. The former is selected from among the officers of or retired from the Royal Navy, being commissioned as a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, and he is required of course to qualify himself in the various artillery exercises in which it is his duty to give instruction, and the Admiralty strictly prohibits him from holding any other appointment, either public or private. The petty officer-instructor is also selected from the Royal Navy, being taken from the pensioned petty officers, and his duty is to give instruction to the volunteers under the guidance of the superior office-instructor.

Of the three brigades already mentioned as being now established, that at London is the oldest, numerically the strongest, and being immediately under our eyes, so to speak, it is also probably the one in which most interest is taken; we naturally single it out, therefore, for special notice as model of the system

pursued in respect of all the brigades. The London Brigade, which is under the command of Lord Ashley, is divided into three corps, as follows: 1. London Corps, numbering 321 members; 2. Brighton Corps, with 56 members; and 3, the Hastings Corps, with 46 members, making an aggregate strength of 423. Mr. Brassey—the founder—occupies the post of additional lieutenant, besides largely aiding the force with liberal subscriptions. The post of lieutenant-instructor is held by Commander St. Vincent Nepean, R.N., whose devotion as regards time and labour has contributed in a very large measure towards the success of the brigade.* The Admiralty has given this brigade the use of two ships, namely, H.M.S. "President," lying at the West India Docks, and H.M. Gunboat "Rainbow," which is moored off Somerset-house, and drill takes place on board the former vessel every evening between six and eight o'clock. The "Rainbow" is only used as an armoury and for boating purposes, and the want of a large ship of the "President" class, where the "Rainbow" now lies, is, we understand, very much felt, as it is found to be a great tax on the volunteers to have to go to the West India Docks for their drills, for the room on board the "Rainbow" is not sufficient to teach the various exercises which have to be gone through. We can only hope that the members of this brigade may not have long to wait before a paternal Government, recognising the patriotic zeal, the perseverance and assiduity of its semi-naval sons, will gracefully accede to their wishes by providing a suitable ship

* Since this article was written, Commander Nepean has resigned the post of lieutenant-instructor, much to the regret of his brother officers and the brigade generally.

of the kind required. The muster at the drills on board the "President" is, as a rule, pretty strong. Indeed, the stringency of the rules and regulations on this point is alone calculated to enforce a good attendance on the part of the volunteers, while Lord Ashley, in his special book of rules issued to the London Brigade, considers "It is a breach of faith on the part of any member who wilfully neglects opportunities of making himself efficient, which cannot be too much censured, and officers commanding batteries are authorised to remove from the muster-roll of their respective batteries the names of any members who fail to attend drill regularly." Although the rule as regards attendance is thus stringent, still, as already pointed out in this paper, there is no unnecessary demand made upon members' time.

The duties of the naval volunteers consist of "great-gun drill," in which they have to run out, level, and fire a 7-inch 6½-ton gun with all the deftness, precision, and agility of a true "blue jacket," and of exercises with small arms, namely, rifle, pistol, and cutlass. Class instruction is the method used for teaching the use of the great gun, the strength of the class being of course determined by the number of men required to work a 7-inch gun; viz., fourteen men, with four spare members to fill up casualties caused by sickness. All drills are carried on as in the Royal Navy, and from them no deviation is permitted. Besides, too, the volunteers are taught to pull men-of-war boats, there being two cutters, pulling ten oars each, and two gigs supplied to H.M. gunboat "Rainbow," in which great interest is taken, and Commander Nepean is of opinion that those who man them are in no way inferior to yachtsmen and

up-river men in their capacity of oarsmen. On board the "Rainbow" knotting and splicing are also taught, and, whenever opportunity offers, the volunteers, it appears, are always glad to go aloft to learn the elements of seamanship, although this is not actually required of them. To become an "efficient," the naval volunteer "must be able to perform in a satisfactory manner the duties of any number, except No. 1, at heavy gun to the 64-pounder (i.e. 7-inch 6½-ton gun) guns mounted on gunboats; and he must be possessed of a good knowledge of the manual, platoon, and cutlass exercises."

On the subject of dress the rules of the London Brigade of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers are emphatic, requiring all members when on duty to be in uniform, and strictly forbidding the practice of appearing in partial uniform. The wisdom of this injunction is praiseworthy. There is hardly a more incongruous or absurd sight than a muster of volunteers, some in uniform, others partially so, while as regards the majority, perhaps, there is not the shadow of a pretence of being in uniform; and yet this is by no means an uncommon spectacle in the case of the rifle volunteers. We cannot help thinking that it is much to be regretted and deprecated. Uniformity in every detail is exactly what is aimed at by the naval volunteers, and there can be no doubt that if true military or naval efficiency be designed as the main end of the drills, exercises and instructions which in both classes the volunteers undergo, uniformity is one of the most prominent and important features in the standard of such efficiency. The dress of the naval volunteers is of the same pattern as worn by members of corresponding rank in the Royal Navy, with

the exception of some details as to lace, buttons, epaulettes, trimmings, badges, &c. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remark that badges, stars, and the like ornaments are the privileges of those members who are efficient or have made themselves specially acquainted with the duties of the corps.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the London Naval Volunteer Brigade is the gunboat cruise made every year, generally in August, for about eight or ten days, of which advantage may be taken by all members who are able to show in their returns a regular attendance at drill for three months. Some very pleasant trips have thus been made in one of Her Majesty's gunboats, and although strict naval discipline is all the while maintained, they appear to be most popular among the members of the brigade. Nor need this be wondered at if it be borne in mind that the cruisers derive all the benefit to health which is naturally to be expected from a ten days' sea voyage and a respite—involving a complete change of scene and mode of living—from city labours, and to this may be added the extremely gratifying knowledge of being for the time the ship's crew of a *real man-of-war*.

In conclusion, it remains for us to state that many persons, both of authority and prominence, have urged that the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteer Force might usefully be converted into a "torpedo corps;" whilst, however, admitting the advantage of supplementing the present duties of the corps, as above described, by that of protecting the chain of torpedoes laid down for coast defence, it can hardly be considered that the way is clear to adopt such a suggestion, as there are several serious objections which it would

be difficult to overcome. In the first place, the Admiralty, it seems, has no control whatever over this part of the country's defensive measures, it being entirely vested in the hands of the Royal Engineers, who only took the "torpedo defence" in hand on the understanding that the Admiralty would not interfere with them in any way further than to supply boats and coal. This reason alone, therefore, would render the proposition referred to impracticable. Secondly, the course of instruction on this subject would have to be so stringently laid down before volunteers could be allowed to handle such dangerous weapons that very few, probably, would be found willing to bind themselves down to go through the course. Furthermore, the appliances on water anywhere near London are so deficient that it would hardly be possible to find a place sufficiently near the metropolis for the purposes of practical experiments. For the rest we cannot do better than quote the opinion of Commander Nepean upon the subject. He says: "It has been proved that boats attacking chains of torpedoes for coast defence can cut the wires and render torpedoes utterly useless at night time if not properly defended by gun-boats and steam-launches, but these very vessels manned by volunteers are what is required. The naval volunteers are therefore invaluable for the defence of the coasts, and to protect those torpedoes which would girt the shores of the United Kingdom." We quite agree with Commander Nepean in believing that, under existing circumstances, it is not possible for the naval volunteers to engage further than this in torpedo operations. There is, however, little use in entertaining such an idea, for we understand that Colonel Crossman, R.E., who has

the torpedo defence under his charge, is organising a volunteer corps, but their training will occupy two consecutive months in the year, during which time their whole attention and services will require to be given to the practical working of the subject, and they will be paid while thus called out similarly to the militia, whom, in most respects, they will resemble.

The great feature of the Naval Volunteer movement, as explained at the outset, namely, coast defence—or, accurately speaking, the defence of the rivers and estuaries of the United Kingdom—therefore still remains; and in this respect the usefulness and desirability of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers can hardly be questioned. As already stated, we know very well that there are some who are sceptical on the point, but we think their doubts must be overcome by three very important facts which may just be mentioned. 1. The Act giving the necessary authority to raise this force of Naval Volunteers was passed in 1873 at the

instance of the Admiralty itself. 2. Many noted naval authorities have given their opinion and recommendation in favour of a movement of this kind. And 3, the naval members of the late Administration have unanimously concurred in the steps taken to promote the undertaking. We have not space to dilate upon these facts; nor, indeed, is it necessary to say more than that they appear to us to afford irrefutable evidence of the necessity of the force Mr. Brassey has so successfully instituted. Let us add, moreover, that whatever trial may be thrust upon them, or whatever real test they may have to undergo, the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers will, without doubt, ever be found ready, willing, and capable to discharge the duties they have undertaken. They will assuredly evince not less patriotism and love of Queen and country than do those brave tars who are so justly and deservedly the pride and boast of old England.

A. G. BOWIE.

MARY CARPENTER.*

to the student of hereditary tendencies there are few families more interesting than that of the Carpenters. They have been distinguished now for three generations by philanthropy, by sincere religiousness, by deep and earnest moral purpose. The life of Mary Carpenter that has just been written by her nephew, Mr. Estlin Carpenter, is a book that will interest for more reasons than one, and Mr. Carpenter is too modest when he introduces it as "a book chiefly written as a record of work for workers. Its main object is to tell the story of a life of singular activity and far-reaching usefulness, in the hope that some who are engaged in the same or in like duties may be helped by beholding the persistence of a woman's devotion." It does far more. It reveals to us many of the secret springs that were at work to bring about results of which we now proudly boast as achievements of our time and country. It forms, so to speak, an inner history of the philanthropic movements of our time. It relates the gradual but sure triumph over sectarian intolerance. The trials of those that labour in great causes are necessarily of many kinds. But Miss Carpenter had a peculiar obstacle to overcome. She was a Unitarian, a member of that small and most ill-understood body, from whom not only the Established Church,

but other Nonconformist communities, in past days coldly and mistrustfully stood aloof, thus tending to confine the friendship of the Unitarians, and restrain their efforts. To Miss Carpenter's endeavours may be ascribed a not inconsiderable share of breaking down these limitations, by showing to the world at large that beneath many varieties of form the deepest things are always essentially the same.

In reading the record of Miss Carpenter's early years, we meet with the same earnest moral atmosphere that pervaded Miss Martineau's home, as shown by her autobiography. This atmosphere seems the peculiar characteristic of Nonconformist homes, especially those of its ministers. We do not by saying this mean to reflect upon the many excellent men and women who have issued from the households of clergymen of the State religion. But it is indubitable that the children of divines of the Established Church are, by their social position, drawn into a more worldly circle than those of the Nonconformists, especially more than fifty years ago, when Dissenters were more or less placed under a slight social cloud. Hence their concentration of earnestness, unrelieved by any lighter feature.

Mary Carpenter was born at Exeter, April 3rd, 1807, the eldest child of Dr. Lant Carpenter, the

* "The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter." By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

learned Unitarian clergyman, and writer on mental and moral philosophy, whose peculiarly earnest spirit of devotion descended in fullest measure to his daughter. But the earnestness of the home, presided over by this noble spirit, was not oppressive, only healthful and bracing, and left abundant room for the free play of every activity. Mary's soon showed itself in a love of order and a desire to be useful. It is told of her that when quite a little lass, her father took her and her sister one day for a walk into a field of new-mown hay. To roll in the sunshine like the little Anna was not enough for Mary, who saw the haymakers busily at work. "I want to be ooseful, I want to be ooseful," she cried, and would not be satisfied till her father cut a stick from the hedge, with which she might rake together what her sister scattered. So early did she sound the keynote of the after time. Her mother relates how, at four years old, Mary's mind was constantly occupied by some magnificent scheme or other—conversion of the heathen, or turning her dolls' frocks into pelisses. She soon sympathised with all her father's activities and far-reaching plans; and as she grew older she clearly recognised that his burden of work, domestic, educational, pastoral, and literary, was too heavy for him to bear continuously, and planned that as soon as possible the labour of his school, at least, should be transferred to herself and her sister. Bearing this end in view, she began silently, steadily, preparing herself for the task, which it became hers to undertake in 1829, Dr. Carpenter's health having given way. The work was hard, but successful. It did not, however, by any means satisfy Mary's desire for utility, which was strengthened in 1832, at the period of the Re-

form struggle. She began to ponder on the causes of the Bristol riots which she had witnessed, and the resolve was formed within her to devote herself to the service of the degraded around her. "A purpose once formed by Mary Carpenter," says her nephew, "was not lightly laid aside or speedily forgotten. She did not speak of it, but kept it in reserve, as her manner was; willing to wait for years, if necessary, but never relaxing her hold." But the present was only the seedtime of purpose. On Mary and her sisters fell the duty of cherishing their parents, the care of the school, the education of the younger brothers, and amid claims so tender and engrossing there seemed no room for fresh responsibilities. Still, when in 1835 a society was formed for visiting the homes of the poor, Miss Carpenter joined it, and threw herself with enthusiasm into the work. For more than twenty years she was the secretary of the society, and when the districts were first apportioned, she unhesitatingly chose the poorest and the worst; and there it was that she first gained her insight into the condition of what she afterwards described as "the perishing and dangerous classes." The years which were the beginning of what was afterwards to be Mary Carpenter's life-work, were fraught with many personal sorrows, but none of deeper and more lasting import than her father's death. Dr. Lant Carpenter was accidentally drowned in 1840, by falling overboard on a passage from Naples to Leghorn, while travelling for the recovery of his health. Miss Carpenter now strove as far as she could to take his place in the home circle, and to do his work among the poor. American friends roused her interest for the cause of abolition, and in their behalf too she

laboured earnestly and ardently, working herself and rousing the interest of friends to work in aid of the funds needed for carrying on what was regarded as a sacred crusade. But this did not withdraw her interest from home affairs. It was in 1843 that Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury, drew the attention of the House of Commons to the deplorable moral and educational condition of vast numbers of children throughout the country, especially in the manufacturing districts. The proposed bill, however, fell through, owing to sectarian influences. Miss Carpenter recognised that the failure of legislation only made private efforts the more needful, and the tentative institution of ragged schools in various towns aroused her interest. She became determined to establish such a school near the Unitarian Chapel, as the readiest means to reach the outcast and destitute, whose wants she had borne in her heart for more than twelve years. The effort had to be made with slender resources, and without the fellowship of those who were already devoted to the cause, their sectarian bias being stronger than their philanthropy. Undaunted, however, Mary Carpenter established her school, which soon became so successful, owing to her wonderful personal influence over the children and her power of discipline, that after some months larger premises were required. Her school became remarkable, and attracted the attention and admiration of outsiders. It was doing a good work, and doing it well.

Thus was founded the first of a series of institutions in which Miss Carpenter was to develop her plans for destitute and degraded children. Of course it was by no means easy or plain sailing, at once to introduce order among these urchins, who came out of the worst slums

of Bristol; and an amusing story is told how at first it was needful to obtain aid from the police: "But the officer who came to protect soon remained for another purpose: the control acquired by the master gradually rendered his vigilance needless, and it was not long before he was one day reported to the magistrates for neglect of duty, having been two hours in the ragged school setting copies to the boys."

The success of the ragged school led Miss Carpenter to secure the premises on which it was carried on. In 1850 she purchased the court in which it was situated, she then lost no time in improving the dwellings it contained for occupation by selected tenants, with whom she lodged many a homeless boy. She also followed with earnest attention the careers of many of the scholars, some of whom, when they first came to the ragged school, were already notorious as young thieves. Repeated convictions and imprisonments failed to effect any reformation, and though she was able to withdraw some few from their life of crime, and to prevent some from adopting it, she soon became aware of the inadequacy of ragged schools to cope with the need of the vagrant and lawless classes. The lasting injury produced by the ordinary gaol system forced itself upon her, and she wrote a little work, in which she drew attention to the urgent necessity of supplementing the efforts of ragged schools by schools of an altogether different character, in which the young criminal could be kept under detention, and trained by a mingled discipline of firmness and love to better ways. To see a great evil, and to look for no remedy against it, was not the fashion of Mary Carpenter's nature. Thus the plan of another and larger work took shape in her

mind, and she wrote a book advocating reformatory schools, in which she brought forward a formidable array of facts to show the increase of juvenile delinquency and the ignorance of the offenders. After presenting a compact body of carefully reasoned truths, she pointed out the lines of action to be founded on them. But she did not rest here. She began personally to seek out acknowledged advocates of reformatory principles, first in London, then in the North; and as she went from Member of Parliament to magistrate, and from magistrate to gaol chaplain, she saw her way open more clearly before her. At last she succeeded in bringing together a public conference at which she did not herself speak, but in which her views were ventilated. To have lifted up her voice in an assembly of gentlemen would have been to Miss Carpenter's feelings at that time tantamount to unsexing herself. This was in 1851. *Tempora mutantur!* Before the conference separated, a committee was appointed to carry out the principles which it had affirmed. The matter was brought before Parliament, attention was promised, but weeks passed by, and no advance was made. Under inaction, Miss Carpenter was always restive; she felt the time was ripe for the work, and she resolved to do what she could. To do what she could was the fixed rule of Mary Carpenter's life, and her "could" had already acquired a considerable scope. She started a Reformatory on her own account by the generous aid of Mr Russell Scott and Lady Byron, at Kingswood, a village four miles from Bristol. The work was very hard, the progress not at first visible, but not for one moment was this brave spirit depressed, discouraged. Against all obstacles she toiled on, dividing her time between the

ragged school and the new reformatory, walking the distance that separated the two many a bitter winter's day in order to save money for the children's benefit. Not an indulgence did she allow herself—barely the necessaries of life. She met with her reward in the love brought to her by these little outcasts, the good she worked among them. At last she saw not only her own efforts crowned, but the establishment of reformatory schools by voluntary managers became law; and, though the bill still contained the obnoxious proviso that every child must pass fourteen days in prison before he could be transferred to a reformatory, it was welcomed by her as the beginning of a new order of things.

After a time, as she found that the mingling of the sexes in these schools was prejudicial to order, that girls were, as a rule, more unmanageable than boys, by the generous aid of Lady Byron, Mary Carpenter established a separate school for girls at Red Lodge. This school was under her sole management, and over it she maintained to the last day of her life undivided responsibility and control. Soon after this her energy, so long concentrated, gave way, and she lay for some months prostrate with serious illness. She had not long recovered, before in 1855, she had the grief to lose her mother. The home was now broken up, and Miss Carpenter had to live alone, a sore trial to her affectionate nature. She threw herself with yet greater energy into her philanthropic schemes, to follow all of which into detail we have not space, and must content ourselves with briefly indicating them. Convicts next engaged her close interest and sympathy, and the reform of prison discipline. She also advocated Government aid for

industrial schools for vagrant children. She started one herself to show upon what plan she wished it carried out, and, as ever, was successful in her efforts. Unwearied, she continued her crusade by pen, and word, and deed on behalf of the children whose claims were still unrecognised. Meanwhile the ragged and evening schools still required her as of old; correspondence had increased. Parliamentary proceedings were watched with jealous vigilance; members were kept on the alert, and inspired with principles, and convinced by facts; counsel was exchanged with the managers of institutions kindred to her own at home and abroad, friends and fellow-workers in the United States were not forgotten, and the ever-growing band of young men and women in various parts of the world, who owed to her their new careers, received constant testimonials of her active remembrance. Yet withal she found not only time for the claims of private friends and relatives, but for new interests, new duties. India had for many long years attracted Miss Carpenter's attention, and especially the degraded state of the female population as regards education. She felt assured that in India was a vast field of enterprise awaiting anyone who should go there without prejudice or preconceived ideas. In 1866, in her sixtieth year, Miss Carpenter formed the resolution of going thither, and seeing for herself the land and people in whom she felt so strong an interest. To

her surprise, not only was she well received by the natives, but the Government solicited her advice in the matters of prisons and reformatories. Four times did Miss Carpenter perform this journey, and each time with greater success, though success in such a country as India was necessarily slow; but some of her hopes were realised, and some of her proposed reforms were made law. In 1876 she once more settled at Bristol in a home that was brightened with the young faces of some adopted Hindu boys. Though she was now seventy, there seemed little diminution in her physical and mental energy, and she was still actively engaged in every educational work. In 1877 she suddenly passed away without any indication of previous illness.

Such the woman, who united in her person qualities very rarely found in harmonious combination. She had the soul of a mystic, and the insight into affairs and the grasp of details of a born administrator. Truly, for once the epitaph that records her virtues was no lying tablet; and Dr. Martineau was right when he said that, "No human ill escaped her pity, or cast down her trust; with true self-sacrifice she followed in the train of Christ, to seek and to save that which was lost, and bring it home to the Father in Heaven."

It is the history of a good, noble, disinterested life, full of lofty purposes, that is recorded in Mr. Estlin Carpenter's pages.

GLASS-PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

GLASS-PAINTING is an art which has attained a decided prominence in this country. There are now comparatively few English churches which are not adorned more or less with specimens of it, and stained-glass windows are making their way into our town-halls and other public buildings to an ever-increasing extent.

A short account of the process of manufacturing a window, together with a sketch of the art of glass-painting, may be found interesting by some of our readers.

It must be carefully borne in mind at the outset that there are two kinds of coloured glass, (1) that in which the colour is on the surface only, and (2) that which is coloured throughout its entire substance. The former is known by the name of *enamel* glass, the latter by the name of *pot-metal* glass. An enamel window is painted by means of colouring matter mixed with pulverised glass which is called a *flux*, and which, melting sooner than the colour, enables the colour to adhere firmly to the surface of the window. Pot-metal glass is so called from being coloured with oxides of metals fused with it in the furnace.

Now the enamel method did not come into vogue till the second half of the sixteenth century, while the mosaic method flourished throughout the Middle Ages, and is the established mode in England at the present day; to the latter we shall direct our chief attention.

Separate pieces of pot-metal glass

are used for each colour required, with the following exceptions.

(1) A coated glass is almost always used for red or ruby, since otherwise it would appear opaque. (N.B. By coated glass we mean white glass covered on one side by a layer of pot-metal.)

(2) Outlines and shadows with the black and brown parts are painted with *enamel brown*.

(3) The *yellow stain* which is done by means of pure silver constitutes the third exception.

Silver ground with ochre or clay is applied to the back of white glass; when this glass is at a dull red heat, it will be found to be stained a pale yellow colour, while the silver does not adhere to it.

(4) Part of a piece of blue glass is sometimes changed into green by the addition of the yellow stain.

We will now endeavour to describe the process of manufacturing a mosaic (or pot-metal) window. A design is first prepared, and, when any needful alterations have been made in it, a full-length drawing of the window is executed, showing the exact dimensions of the various parts. From this work a second drawing, technically called the *cutting* - drawing, is traced; this is meant to show the size and shape of the pieces of glass to be used. Upon this drawing the artist goes down the precise colours and tints of the glass to be chosen. The glass-cutter then takes a diamond and cuts from the sheets of pot-metal glass kept in stock all the pieces

pointed out to him. The pieces thus cut off are now temporarily placed on a glass easel, the outlines and shading are painted with enamel colours, and silver is added for the yellow stain, if needful. Next comes the first firing process.

The glass is taken to the kilns, and laid on shelves of earthenware or cast iron, which have been carefully rubbed over with Spanish chalk mixed with water to prevent the glass from adhering to the said shelves. The box containing the shelves is called a *muffle*, and is placed in the upper compartment of a furnace of coke or charcoal. The colours being thus burnt in, the glass goes again to the easel, as many parts require further painting, and next follows a second firing process. The glass is now laid in proper order upon the cutting-drawing, and the pieces are fastened together by means of leaden bands, which are bent and soldered together after the form previously indicated in the drawing. The glass will now be ready to be fixed in the stonework of the window with the help of saddle-bars. These saddle-bars ought always to be placed in the inside of the church. If they be external to the window, they cast a deep shadow upon it, and there is always a danger lest a heavy wind should tear away the pieces of glass which adhere to them; if the bars be in the interior, it will merely press the glass against them. Many people have objected to the use of both leaden bands and saddle-bars, but the windows we have been discussing cannot be constructed without them. Great care should be taken so to introduce the lead that it may not appear too prominent, and may increase the effect of the glass by forming bold outlines.

Having thus described the process of manufacturing a mosaic

window, we will proceed briefly to examine the various styles of stained glass which prevailed in England up to the middle of the sixteenth century. We will then say a few words regarding the enamel windows which subsequently came into fashion. We will next touch upon the revival of the ancient method during the present century, concluding with a few practical deductions.

Pointed Architecture in England is divided, as is well known, into three principal styles—the *Early English*, the *Decorated*, and the *Perpendicular*; or, as they are often called, First, Second, and Third Pointed. Each of these styles has its counterpart in stained glass.

The *Early English* style of glass-painting in this country may be said to have flourished from about the time of King John's accession to the throne down to the year 1280; the *Decorated* from 1280 to 1380; the *Perpendicular* from 1380 to 1530; the *Cinque Cento* from 1500 to 1550, thus existing for many years side by side with the *Perpendicular*. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the *enamel* method of glass-painting superseded the mosaic, and flourished until the revival of the ancient mode during the present century. We will now briefly notice a few characteristics of the several styles.

In the *Early English* period, white pattern windows were the ones usually made. These rarely have any subject introduced unless it be a shield of arms. The "five sisters" in York Minster, and some specimens in Salisbury Cathedral, may be cited as instances.

Other *Early English* examples have the *medallion* arrangement, which consists of panels containing coloured pictures embedded in a mosaic ornamental ground, while in some instances a large figure

under a canopy occupies the whole light.

The drawing during this period was uncommonly bad, arising from a total ignorance of the anatomical proportions of the human figure. The foliage is never natural, but resembles the architectural ornaments of Norman and early English stonework.

The oldest known specimen of this period still remaining in England is part of a Jesse in the second window from the west on the north-side of the nave clerestory at York Minster; it was executed about the year 1200.

The *Decorated* windows display a far better knowledge of the drawing of the human figure than those of the preceding period. Natural forms of foliage were substituted for the conventional scrolls which were formerly used. The *yellow stain*, which we have already described, was first used in the beginning of the fourteenth century.

In the *Perpendicular* period a return is made to conventional foliage. White and yellow glass predominate after the beginning of the fifteenth century. The canopies of this style, though at first flat, like those of the two previous ones, were gradually made to represent the hollowness of the niche.

In *Cinque Cento*, or sixteenth-century windows, Italian forms are often used, either instead of Gothic ones, or in conjunction with them.

The Lady Chapel of Lichfield Cathedral contains seven specimens of this style, which were removed from Herckenrode Abbey in the Netherlands. But the most magnificent examples now remaining in England are those in King's College Chapel at Cambridge, executed in 1533 and subsequent years. Now these windows are splendidly coloured, while the anatomical proportions of the figures are

highly commendable. But, as Mr. Warrington observes, "their fault as glass is that they are regular pictures, extending over the whole surface, without regard to the interruptions of the mullions; the multiplicity of figures invites the eye to make out the subject rather than to view the effect as a whole."

Large pictures which expand in one subject over the whole surface of a window are plainly uncongenial to the architectural purposes which they ought to serve. And here we see the main error of the glass-painters in this style. They aimed at producing independent pictures with various embellishments, utterly regardless of the material they had to operate upon, and of the architectural properties with which their windows ought to have harmonised. In a word, glass-painting ought to be strictly subservient to church architecture, and be accommodated to it, while the *Cinque Cento* painters executed their windows without the smallest regard to the architectural surroundings.

The *enamel* method of painting on glass, which originated in the middle of the sixteenth century, and rapidly superseded the mosaic, took its rise from the ever-growing ambition of painters to imitate the effects of pictures done on canvas. The discovery of many enamel colours during this century gave increased facilities to the artists for applying colour to glass with the brush.

By the new and superficial method, windows were painted with enamels very much as canvas is painted with oil. In the words of Mr. Winston, the glass-painters strove "to produce in a *transparent* material the atmospheric and picturesque effects so successfully exhibited by the *reflective surfaces* of oil and fresco paintings."

Now, although these enamelled

or coated windows may have greater variety of tints and less hardness of outline than those of the older styles, yet they are lamentably deficient in depth and brilliancy of colour, which defect is plainly inevitable since the colours are not ingrained, but lie only on the surface. /

Enamelled windows acquire in the course of years a very dingy appearance. As a striking instance of this, we may refer our readers to the west window of New College Chapel, Oxford, which was executed by Jervis from Sir Joshua Reynolds's cartoons in the year 1777; the figures have justly merited their title of "Sir Joshua's *washy virtues*." The manifest decadence of the art during the eighteenth century may be clearly perceived in New College Chapel by contrasting the windows on the north side, done by Peckett of York in 1765 and subsequent years, with those on the south side (the figures of which are mostly of Flemish manufacture), which were adapted to the lights by W. Price the younger in 1740.

There are comparatively few seventeenth-century windows now remaining in England. The best of them were painted by Bernard Van Linge and other foreign artists; we have not space to discuss them here.

Francis Eginton, of Birmingham, may claim the credit of having made a vigorous effort to revive the decaying art. He commenced his work in 1784, and died in 1805. All the windows in the ante-chapel of Magdalen College, Oxford, and those in the Lady Chapel of Salisbury Cathedral, with numerous minor works, were executed by him. His works have a peculiar appearance. They display a white base, painted over with brown shade and yellow stain, while the designs stretch

over the whole of each light without borderings. They are all enamels, and brown is a colour which is made unpleasantly prominent.

This defect is strikingly shown in the east window of St. Paul's, Birmingham, which was painted in his studio: it is thought that, were all the other windows of the same pattern, the congregation would have to grope their way to the pews in broad daylight. Still, he deserves credit for having produced many great and imposing works under formidable difficulties, although he did them in direct opposition to the canons of ancient art and of genuine glass-painting. We will now relate the circumstances which proved the primary cause of the revival of the mosaic method of glass-painting during the present century.

A quantity of ancient continental glass was bought up by Mr. Stevenson, a bookseller of Norwich, in conjunction with Mr. Hamp, a German merchant, and was long exhibited in Pall Mall. The windows were easily releaded, but it was thought impossible to restore the numerous missing pieces of glass in vitrified colours, so they were renewed with ground glass, and then a heraldic painter was engaged to paint them in oil colours. The Earl of Bridgewater was one of the chief purchasers; he bought enough of the Cinque Cento glass to fill all the windows of his private chapel at Ashridge. He engaged Mr. Joseph Hale Miller, who was then an engraver by trade, to attempt a proper restoration of those parts which had been repaired in oil colours. Mr. Miller succeeded in restoring the windows in question, and hence may be dated the commencement of the present revival. He continued to practise glass-painting till his death in 1842. His

chief original work was the east window for the old church of St. George at Doncaster. From the date of the execution of this important design, the ancient mode of colouring and treatment was at once in a great measure perceived. Unluckily he cherished the fatal error which had prevailed throughout the enamel period, that ancient models could be improved by pictorial treatment. While Miller was still practising, Charles Muss, china painter and enameller, took to glass-painting. He totally despised mediæval works, his aim being to produce high pictorial art upon glass. Yet he was obliged to adopt the ancient method of connecting the pieces together by leading. His chief work was "The Battle of Neville's Cross," executed for Brancepeth Castle. He died in 1824, and King George IV. is said to have bought his whole collection of coloured glass from his widow.

Other artists were practising at the same time, but they were all content to follow in the wake of the two glass painters to whom we last referred.

During the first quarter of this century the art was much impeded by the heavy duty upon glass, and by the comparatively small demand for it in churches. Many artists were content merely to produce borders, groups of flowers, &c., since most of their orders were for taverns and conservatories. However, the increased amount of patronage given by the clergy, and the repeal of the duty, gave fresh impetus to the art of glass-painting.

In the year 1837, Mr. A. W. Pugin, who had for some time past been in the habit of designing windows for Mr. Wailes and other glass painters, became acquainted with Mr. John Hardman, of Birmingham, (then a worker in metals), whom he in-

duced to add glass painting to the other branches of art which he was practising. Mr. Pugin was thus enabled to have his valuable designs executed under his immediate supervision, while he himself for many years furnished the cartoons and working drawings without any assistance. By his well-known thoroughness and artistic ability, he largely aided the development of glass-painting, as well as church-architecture.

The profession is largely indebted to Mr. Charles Winston, a barrister of the Inner Temple, who published in 1847 his "Hints on Glass Painting." He rendered still more valuable assistance to real artists by buying a quantity of English thirteenth - century glass, and having it thoroughly analysed. Guided by this analysis, Messrs. Ward and Hughes executed the admirable windows which adorn the Temple Church, the glass being manufactured for them by Powell and Co., of Whitefriars.

We have not space to criticise the Munich school of glass painting, nor to examine the principal windows which have been executed in England of late years. We will conclude this article with a few practical hints, which we will endeavour to make as clear and concise as possible.

In ordering a window, the position it is to occupy should be carefully considered. More light requires to be transmitted from windows on the west and south sides of a church than from those on the east and north. Clerestory windows ought usually to be left plain, or be merely filled with light-coloured patterns. Several of those in the choir of Lincoln Cathedral have been filled with stained glass, but they had the effect of darkening the building to such an extent that the process had to be stopped.

However good a window may be in itself, it must result in a comparative failure, unless it harmonizes with the windows around it, and also with the architectural properties of the building. It is a total disregard of this principle which has caused so many of our cathedrals and churches to be spoilt by their ornamental windows. The cathedrals of Chester, Chichester, and Ely, with St. George's Church, Doncaster, may be cited as instances. It is highly desirable that some architect of note should be consulted as to the design for any window. Individuals and committees are commonly unable to judge of a design from its appearance on paper, and are specially liable to be deceived by highly coloured drawings. Then the glass painter has probably never seen the place where his window is to stand, and is apt, if uncontrolled, to execute the window without taking any heed to its surroundings.

It is usually best to employ one firm for all the windows which require to be filled with stained glass; or, if more firms than one be called in, great care should be taken that their designs and modes of execution do not differ widely

from each other. We would wish to call special attention to the choir of St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, all the windows of which have been entrusted to a single firm, an uniform scheme representing various parables of our Lord and events of His life systematically carried out, and the whole executed under architectural supervision. The series is nearly complete, and the effect is highly satisfactory. If churches are treated *not* as "museums for the works of the best modern glass painters," and very often of indifferent ones besides, but as depositories for windows which harmonise both with each other and with their surroundings, being carefully superintended by one master mind, the most gratifying results may be anticipated, since really good glass may now be obtained, and costs no more than the bad. Of all the arts subsidiary to church architecture, glass painting presents the most hopeful aspect, and the more the principles which ought to govern it be recognised and acted upon, the greater will be the gain both to the church and to every lover of high art.

N. D. LEVETT.

THE SOLVITUR AMBULANDO SYSTEM OF MORALS.

THE present writer has not been moved to discourse on Moral Philosophy since he was a candidate, some twenty years ago, for a fellowship at Oxford. The subject then set for the English essay was this:

In matters of Morality first thoughts are best, in matters of Prudence second thoughts are best; and he well remembers with what laborious dull fidelity he proved and illustrated the doctrine contained in his text, and with what mingled mortification and conviction he heard afterwards of its successful treatment by a younger rival.

"This is one of those specious aphorisms which readily pass into circulation owing to their convenient form, and contain enough good metal to escape recall and suppression, but whose intrinsic value is small indeed. Such coin is a poor *viaticum* for the longer and more perilous journeys of life; it is as unfit to encounter the crucible of logic as the furnace of temptation."

Here at the very latest my rival must have dropped the simile; nor is it that which we need suppose the examiners to have admired. But undoubtedly he was right to scrutinise, weigh, and depreciate the glittering thing that was tendered for his acceptance.

Now there is no very close parallel between the rule of conduct propounded to us young essayists, and the central prin-

ciples of right and wrong warred over by Mr. Mallock and Miss Bevington in recent numbers of the *Nineteenth Century*. Yet it will not be amiss to test their vaunted dogmas in the same practical, and perhaps playful, spirit. "In matters of morality," sometimes first thoughts are best, sometimes second thoughts; or a case may arise when first thoughts and second thoughts, perhaps even our impulses and our thoughts, first or second, cannot be truly distinguished from one another. So, on the whole, we had better ignore that rule of conduct altogether.

Mr. Mallock predicts "a catastrophe that might not be unfitly spoken of as the second fall of man," if we cease to believe what he believes. The Evolutionist has an equal dread of the infidels—again, we fear, the vast majority of mankind—who say in their hearts, "Why should I do anything for posterity? What has posterity done for me?" The Solvitur Ambulando system of morals would belie its very name and nature if it attached such anathemas to its creed. In fact, it denies the existence of infidels. As the most truculent Positivist in England is the "dear parishioner" of some Church of England clergyman, so every human being who thinks about right and wrong is "helplessly" a disciple of the one catholic moral philosophy.

Miss Bevington's readers will at

once fasten upon this adoption by an Ambulationist of her evolutionary catchword—"man is *helplessly* social"—and incline to consider the Solvitur Ambulando system of morals a mere synonyme for Positivism. And if the lessons of prudence distilled from Episcopalian pulpits in the eighteenth century can properly bear the same title as the dogmatic denunciations that are foaming and roaring about us to-day; if Blair, no less than Stanton and Spurgeon, was a preacher of Christianity, the point may be yielded. We are perhaps the latitudinarian party in the Positive denomination, carrying our credulity so far as to be chargeable with at least the Epicurean mode of theism, *deos aut non esse aut res humanas non curare*.

But, on the whole, we object to be named, defined, and classified by rival philosophers. The task may appear to require nothing more than the honest application of very simple logical rules. But we must be cautious when we see it so very ill-performed by two such able men—will the former pardon the conjunction?—as Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Archibald Forbes.

As to Mr. Spencer, see *Contemporary Review* for January, p. 73, where Mr. Matthew Browne has these just observations: "The further Mr. Spencer advances in the criticism of rival theories, the weaker his own position appears. His classification of these theories in itself betrays want of searching analysis, and consequent deficiency in critical treatment. He says, 'Ethical systems are roughly distinguishable according as they take for their cardinal ideas: (1) the character of the agents; (2) the nature of his motive; (3) the quality of his deeds; (4) the results.' This is a classification of ethical theories completely unten-

able. It is quite impossible to vindicate it by any enumeration of moral philosophers or of ethical schemes."

Certainly Mr. Spencer's *escri-toire* has no pigeon hole for our system, since its cardinal idea is to dispense with a cardinal idea. That it remains a system when thus deprived of a backbone will be shown hereafter. This same logical Fallacy of Division is repeated by Mr. Forbes in his recent essay (*Nineteenth Century* for January) on War Correspondents and the Authorities. He also volunteers to catalogue the arguments of the other side, and demolishes one by one those that appear on his list; failing only in this, that the objection which occurs first to his opponents did not occur to him at all.

"It is not easy to conceive that war correspondents can do any harm, except: (1) At home by unpleasant and inopportune truth-telling or wanton lying; (2) in the army by hostile criticisms on its leader; (3) by giving information to the enemy."

What delightful unconsciousness is here of human fallibility! The war correspondent *lies*, but never *blunders*.

If, then, we may state our own case in our own way, we will, like our betters, pull down the nearest rival edifices at the same time as we begin to build up our own. There is, no doubt, a certain incompleteness in our first foundations; and the inspection of these had better be performed in the midst of a good deal of noise and dust.

The two moral systems that most nearly approach our own are the theistic assailed by Miss Bevington, and the evolutionary assailed by Mr. Mallock; and in both cases the attack so far excels the defence that the work of demolition needs

no other helping hand. To read what is written against each system in turn is to listen, as it were, to the crash of their common fall. The Positivist proves that faith in virtue is quite independent of faith in a Personal Deity, or a life beyond the grave; since there is so much truth in the affirmation that we have no choice but to create our God in our own image, and furnish heaven with our own delights; and since the belief in immortality has no joy unless accompanied by the thoroughly unreasonable assumption that not only we, but all whom we love, *virtuous or not*, shall enter into that joy.

Mr. Mallock, not as a Theist, however, but as a sound critic, makes fatal fun of the *religion* of humanity, and

That sweet thundering of the huge Not-Self.

Yet when he sees "in the emotion of humanitarians a survival of the religion they deny, not the first fruits of the irreligion they profess," he may pause to reflect how he will answer the question, Do you who brand the future we are working for as the Second Fall of Man believe in the First Fall of Man? Does not your creed owe its present shape not to the authority that you reverence, but to the scepticism which you revile?

But with these high matters the Ambulationist, as such, does not intermeddle. His sole contention is that, as said Confucius, man is naturally good; enjoying goodness by the very constitution of his being as he enjoys sweet sights and sounds; and compelled to be good by the circumstances of human life, which drive him to invent and bow down to morality as they drive him to invent and bow down to medicine. We do not deny that he is under an equal necessity of perpetually investi-

gating the existence of a Deity, and the immortality of the soul; or that the most rational view is that there does exist a Person with an intelligence, as Professor Tyndall said, superior to that of any man of science, and a character superior to that of any man of virtue: the Creator of the Universe: the silent lover of all that it contains of good.

When, however, we are asked on what we rely for the permanence of morality in an atmosphere very highly charged with Atheism or Epicureanism, we first deprecate any accusation of flippancy or frivolity, and then remind our interrogators that the mere convenience of parents and teachers is sufficient guarantee for a deep impression on the youthful mind of very important principles, and of their *unquestionable obligation*. The compulsion of authority is succeeded by the pressure of society. The requirements of health, the dictates of reason, do their share in the work. The inward satisfaction of making efforts, however painful, for the benefit of other men is (ask not how or why) greater than any other pleasure that life affords. This discovery, made independently by many ancient sages, will never be lost to mankind; or, if it should be lost, genius or accident will discover it over again—though the book in which it will be published will not greatly resemble our Bible. *Sympathy will out*. And we know well enough what does benefit men; what kind of life gives the most pleasant and healthy exercise to the greatest possible number of our bodily and mental faculties, in due subordination.

In fact, there is no more fear that the best form of virtue hitherto discovered will go out of fashion than that men will cease to admire and perform Beethoven's music, or give up living in

houses and wearing clothes. To return to parents. They will always, as a rule, love their children, and train them to seek happiness by what they know to be the best means, Virtue—just as they will train them, however imprudent they may be themselves, in the habits and on the diet they think most conducive to health.

Wild and wicked experiments in conduct and customs may be tried, especially in the reaction from a training which has pampered Repentance and starved Resolution, and from a system of morals which has forced the conscience to shudder equally (no less and no more) at the idea of doubting the figures in Genesis, and the idea of falsifying the figures in a balance-sheet. But these experiments will speedily and signally fail. And we cannot possibly over-estimate the good effects of abolishing the doctrine of the divine Forgiveness of Sins. There will be no more relying for the success of life's drama on the transformation scene at the end. Men will exert themselves as they always do when they understand that they will reap, if they live to reap it, what they sow. They *die* in any good cause just as readily whether they believe or disbelieve in a future existence; and the spirit of martyrdom will at least outlast the spirit of persecution.

Sensuality is manifest folly: self-indulgence, however ingenious and refined, is haunted by *ennui*.

Our strongest appetite is for self approval and legitimate praise, our most dreaded punishments remorse and contempt, which rewards and penalties, in their highest degree, are *now* irrevocably attached to the doing or leaving undone of our duty towards our neighbour.

Solvitur ambulando is the right motto. It was strange enough

that a student should have argued himself literally to a standstill, and conjured up, by dint of abstract reasoning, such a disbelief in what we call freedom of the will, that he had to settle the question whether he could initiate his own movements by getting up and walking across the room. But it is no less strange when we think and write about moral criteria and moral sanctions till we forget that we go through life a step at a time.

Moreover, any ordinary person who has checked himself to consider what his next step shall be, knows better, as a reasoning creature, than to try and reason out the matter from vast and remote first principles, such as the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or the will of a Holy God. He perfectly understands that his conduct must be guided by certain familiar and universally acknowledged rules (deducible ultimately, he rightly suspects, from either first principle) to which rules he must not invent exceptions for his own private pleasure or advantage. And the rules that apply to the present case are seldom far to seek and never quite out of reach.

The Ambulationist is no opponent of theological dogmas or scientific hypotheses. He is, or may be, eager to discuss them, ready to accept them. He merely asserts that morality is safe, because man is constrained by force of circumstances to devise and maintain right rules of conduct, and individual men cannot help feeling bound to obey those rules.

Your path has brought you to the river side, and you must cross the stream. The theologian and the philosopher stretch hands of warning, and each insists upon your choosing himself as your guide. The one will teach you the right pronunciation of the magic Shibboleth, and lo! the waters

shall stand up as a wall upon your right hand and upon your left. The other has tabulated for you the volume and velocity of every river in the world, and can instruct you to make all requisite hypothetical calculations to an inch. Meanwhile you are quietly girding up your loins. One good look on your

own account has discovered beneath the surface a stepping-stone within reach of the bank. It is the first of a line. Blessing, or forgetting to bless, your pioneer, you make an effort. You have gained it, and the next, and the next, and the next.

AMBULANDO SOLVITUR.

AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

This tattered Virgil's one among the few
Last relics left me of my school-boy time ;
The date beneath the name—Jan., 42
Proves me, I doubt, a little past my prime ;
The old book wakes to sudden life again
Long dormant memories in my dreaming brain.

A shady room, thin slips of sunlight stealing
In from the fields, through latticed windows fall
On oaken wainscot, dusky boarded ceiling,
Dark rows of benches, map-hung ink-stained wall :
Summer the time—a still warm afternoon—
A murmuring voice in drowsy monotone.

Old Petrie *primus* construes, threading slowly
A dim and darkling way with happy scorn
Of concord, case, and mood, till, baffled wholly,
He pauses dead—his stock of words outworn—
The master sighs relief, takes up the text,
Prompts Petrie through, and Warner construes next.

Where are the scholars, and the master, where ?
Who strove with patience tried so oft and sore
In soil so tardy to repay his care,
To plant a scanty growth of classic lore ;
While we with some small zest through Homer plodded,
And on warm afternoons o'er Livy nodded.

Of more than half, the reckoning I've lost—
Scattered by land and sea from pole to pole—
Those two old chums I loved and cherished most,
Between us weary wastes of ocean roll :
In a far land soft Southern breezes wave
The grass that decks the master's quiet grave.

ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

Edinburgh.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Feb. 23, 1880.

THE *University Calendar*, which appeared about a fortnight since, bears witness to the steady progress of the University. Six years ago Oxford numbered but 2100 undergraduates, she can now boast of no less than 2814, while the number of members on the books amounts to very nearly 10,000. If we go on at this rate, we shall, in a short time, rival the Oxford of the fourteenth century, in which we are told by Anthony à Wood there were from twenty to thirty thousand students resident at one time. Turning to the different colleges, we find that Christ Church still keeps its proud position, and heads the list with 217 undergraduates, but Balliol presses her very close, and is only three behind. Then come Exeter and New College with 171 and 168 respectively. Keble ranks fifth with 162 undergraduates, and Hertford, which only obtained recognition as a college some five years ago, can show 91 students. Brasenose has declined very much of late years, and has only 120 men at present; nor can Lincoln and Wadham be considered in a very flourishing condition with their 58 and 55 undergraduates. Surely they can scarcely object if they are selected as the *corpora vilia* on which the commissioners will be allowed to try experiments.

But perhaps the most striking fact which the new calendar indicates is that the unattached students are numerically stronger than any college, and can muster no less than 302 undergraduates. The question one hears frequently asked is, where are they? One scarcely ever comes across one, and but for the fact that they have a boat on the river, their existence would be regarded as a myth. However, there they are in black and white, and the University has to recognise this important fact. There is no doubt that the original intention of the founders of this scheme has been greatly departed from, and that a large number of persons enter as unattached students who have no *raison d'être* whatever in Oxford. They are mostly passmen, and must in very many cases leave Oxford without having got any of the real benefits of a University education.

This being the case, it certainly does seem a great mistake to still further develope this system by affiliating local colleges to Oxford, and curtailing the period of residence by one year. This means practically that a man may take an Oxford degree without having resided more than six terms of six weeks each, or a total of thirty-six weeks. The statute establishing this has passed Congregation by narrow majorities, but it has to pass through the ordeal of Convocation before becoming law. It will come before Convocation on Tuesday, March 2, at two o'clock, and it is expected that a large number of non-resident Masters of

Arts will come up to record their votes. A question of this kind, involving as it does a radical change in the constitution of the University, is of such importance, it is pretty generally felt that it would be most unadvisable that it should become law solely on the authority of Congregation.

Various other proposals have been discussed this term ; indeed, we are in a fever of legislation. There seems to be a general restlessness which even the moist unpleasant weather we are enduring fails to allay. A proposition to increase the number of the Proctors' servants (*vulgo* "Bulldogs") and the pay of the Pro-proctors was defeated by a large majority. As a matter of fact, never was there a time when the Proctors had less to do, or when the discipline of the University was in a better state than at present. It is true the City has increased amazingly of late years, and that there are a very large number of men not immediately under College supervision, but rows are far less frequent and offences far less flagrant than they were ten or twenty years ago.

Another proposition which came before Congregation this Term, was that the University should establish Lectures and Examinations in the Theory of Education, and grant certificates to those who satisfied the Examiners that they were competent to undertake the instruction of youth. The idea emanated from the Head Masters' Conference, and no doubt a great deal of time is wasted and a large amount of energy misapplied at present in most of our Public Schools by the want of skilled teachers. But is it the business of the University to supply this want? Has she not got sufficient work to do in Oxford, without undertaking the primary and secondary education of the country? Opinions were pretty evenly divided on the question, for the schoolmaster element is very strong in Oxford, and very energetic, but eventually the motion was lost by a majority of one.

The University did a graceful act in restoring to Westminster Abbey two marble pillars, which originally formed part of Edward VI.'s tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel. At the time of the ascendancy of the Puritans, this tomb was destroyed, the iconoclasts being probably ignorant of the fact that they were destroying the monument of the only Puritan sovereign England ever had, and its *disiecta membra* scattered over the country. These pillars found their way into the Ashmolean collection, where Dean Stanley recently spied them out and requested them back. This was agreed to unanimously, but the principle of restitution must not be pushed too far, or Oxford will lose its chief treasures. The Queen might lay claim to King Alfred's Jewel, and the Sword which the Pope sent to Henry VIII., with the title of Defender of the Faith, while the representatives of the late Mr. Fawkes might demand the famous lantern which now forms one of the most interesting features in the Bodleian collection.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Feb. 19, 1880.

AN uneventful term. Is it equally true of Universities as of nations, that blessed are they who have no histories? For my own part, I doubt the beatitude, and have even gone so far as to question the proverb, that no news is good news. Mill tells us that the two things needed for the enjoyment of life are tranquillity and excitement, which,

like most contraries, when judiciously made to temper each other, form a highly palatable combination. At present the University is in a state of enviable tranquillity. Shall I say that the only event is *Kottabos*? It is hardly an event; and, somehow, such is the even tenour of the time, that it seemed actually less of an event now than heretofore. Yet it is in one way an exceptionally good number. The Latin and Greek pieces constitute an unusually large portion of the text—and this is a point which I, for one, have long been urging upon the editor. Mr. Crossley's Ovidian epistle (*Antigone Haemoni*) is a first-rate piece of imitation, and the translations are all excellent of their kind. The number winds up with an anonymous poem in hendecasyllabics after Martial, suggested by the pantomime topical song, *I shall never be happy again*. I give you some of the verses:

Vivam non iterum dies beatos
Creta non mihi lux notanda surget
* * * * *
Saturnalia gymnicosque ludos
Quintilis nisi viderit renatos
Ni remis Tamesis tropæa faustis
Albus rettulerit nigerque pannus
Cessarint nisi voce et igne pubes
Interrumpere Congregationes
* * * * *
Musarum nisi cultor his trecentis
Annis in Socios erit relatus
* * * * *
Ni, queis cura data est, Novæ crearint
Hingston Praepositum Universitatis
* * * * *
Quæ si videro cuncta, tum beatos
Vivam denique candidosque soles!

The satirist, you see, aspires after the restoration of the *College Races*; he wants our Boat Club (black and white) to win at Henley; he desires order among the Jibs at Commencements; he hopes for a Classical Fellow some time or other; and, finally, he would fain see our respected and popular Head Steward, Mr. Hingston, in high office under the "Cairns' University Bill."

The mention of the Cairns' University somehow suggests the Intermediate Board. There is clearly some fatality about these Assistant Commissionerships. No sooner was Mr. Curtis definitely appointed than we were startled by the sudden death of Major O'Reilly. The Conservative Government is certainly lucky in getting windfalls of patronage. It is to be hoped the same game may not be played in the matter of the O'Reilly vacancy as in the case of that to which Mr. Curtis succeeded. Mr. Curtis, you must know, was the Queen's College Professor to whom I have so often referred in former letters. When my last reached you, the Assistant Commissionership was still vacant; after playing fast and loose with all the different candidates I told you of, the Irish Government finally decided the question in favour of the Professor. The appointment was at least as good as any other that could have been made, and perhaps it was absolutely the best. But the dispensers of patronage might have made up their minds many months before they did. And now it is said that we are to have two Members of Parliament, and heaven knows whom besides, in the field for Major O'Reilly's place. I wish it could be given away on the principle on which

Themistocles got the chief command of the Greeks in the Persian war. Let every candidate be asked who, *next to himself*, would be the fittest man for the place, and I imagine there would be a very strong consensus in favour of Professor Brady. If scholarship were the test there could be but little doubt of his success.

Talking of Intermediate Education reminds me of two stories of the examination in June, which only came to my ears very lately. One question on the Senior Greek paper referred to the modern theories of the Homeric poems, and this was one of the answers: "The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were formerly supposed to have been written by Homer, but it has been ascertained that they were really written about the middle of the seventeenth century by *Herodotus*, tyrant of Athens!" On one of the Latin papers was this question: "Give some account of the Constitution of *Servius Tullius*." Answer: "Servius Tullius inherited from his parents a very good constitution, but, being of debauched habits, he came to an early grave!" I fancy you will hardly see the connection between these anecdotes and the *Spirit of the University*; and perhaps you will think I am becoming still more irrelevant in recording the burning of our Theatre Royal as an event in college history. Yet so it is. For not only was the old T. R. D. a favourite haunt of the undergraduate—the house itself actually belonged to Trinity College. We do not yet know whether its destruction will be a loss to the College revenues, for there is a rumour that its lessee had parted with his interest to a manufacturing firm, and that the building would be turned into a warehouse. As it was, the theatre can have hardly paid its way: for several years past it had been closed for months together, only opening now and then for a star actor like Irving, for the Opera Company when they could be tempted to Dublin, or for the inevitable Christmas pantomime. It was in making preparations for a grand afternoon performance of the pantomime in aid of the Relief Funds that the fire first broke out, but this you have of course learned from what M.P.s call the ordinary channels of intelligence.

ST. ANDREWS,

Feb. 1880.

SEVERAL changes of some interest have taken place in this University since any notice of it appeared in the pages of the *University Magazine*, and yet in spite of these changes the ancient order of things is scarcely altered appreciably. Although a new society is formed, it is formed of old members; although new papers are read, the same hoary jokes turn up and receive wonted honour, and somehow it frequently happens that topics of debate don't seem half so old as the reasons brought forward *pro* or *con*. If there is anything new under the sun, it consists in new combinations of old things. There have been several combinations of this kind in our University lately which are deserving of notice.

Before the beginning of the present session, Professor Chrystal was translated to the chair of Mathematics in Edinburgh University, where he now is. That this was a loss to our University is, in one respect, profoundly true; but this one respect is exactly *the* one which students do not appreciate. However ready they may be to admit that the efficiency of the University depends on and consists in the proficiency of its individual

members—every student will grant this, theoretically, to its fullest extent—yet the process of being rendered proficient is not always an agreeable one, and they cannot be brought to see why all this improvement should not take place after they themselves have left college. Professor Chrystal's theory, therefore, so far, clashed unpleasantly with that of the students; but, in spite of all this, in spite of this glaring fact, no sooner had he been elected to his new chair than quite a feeling obtained in his favour, the most remarkable since professors of mathematics are not usually "deeply regretted." As a student, I feel bound to give a reason for my views on this head, which, no doubt, coincide with those of most of the other students here. Professor Chrystal was known to most of us individually and *ex officio*. We had opportunities of becoming personally acquainted with him, and of catching occasionally a glimpse of the student behind the professor; and the intercourse thus effected was mutually beneficial, giving us a deeper personal interest in his lectures, and him a clearer insight into difficulties likely to occur. He owes, in short, the excellence of his teaching to the fact that he viewed his subject from a student's standpoint, and selected his own accordingly. This may, in part, explain why the departure of a Mathematician could be regretted.

To the chair thus left vacant Professor Scot Lang has been elected. His inaugural address was delivered at the beginning of this year, on our return after the Christmas recess. The subject was the famous one of "The Utility of Mathematics," including, besides an account of the advantages that the study of Mathematics is calculated to confer on its votaries, a sagacious allusion to the then recent Tay Bridge disaster. The address concluded with a quotation from the Shorter Catechism. The reason of this anti-climax seemed to be that Professor Lang thought it necessary to explain that man's chief end was *not*, as might have been expected, the study of Mathematics—a mistake which he supposed his hearers would readily fall into—but something else altogether.

Professor Swan, who has held the chair of Natural Philosophy since 1859, a period of more than twenty years, has, in those latter days, been compelled to resign the office owing to failing health. The resignation is quite as much regretted as the cause which rendered it necessary. And this is saying a good deal, for his genial kindness has rendered him extremely popular; amongst his regular class-students not more than those who casually came in contact with him as Dean of Faculty. Dr. Macfarlane, of Edinburgh, is at present assisting Professor Swan in carrying on the work of the Natural Philosophy class.

In the domain of letters St. Andrew's University still occupies her usual prominent position. Principal Shairp has contributed the volume on "Burns" to the series of "English Men of Letters," a work which he followed up by a somewhat more appreciative article on the same subject in the *Atlantic Monthly*. An article in this month's *Fraser* on Canon Mozley, is also by Principal Shairp. Professor Knight has published a volume of "Studies in Philosophy and Literature," being chiefly a reprint of several articles previously contributed to various periodicals. He is also to edit the series of "Philosophical Classics for English Readers" shortly to be issued, and contributes the volume "Hume." A volume on "Palæontology," by Professor Nicholson, has just been favourably reviewed by *Nature*. The three articles in *Fraser* on "What Shakspeare learned at School," by Professor Baynes, are said to

contain some of the most valuable Shakspearian criticism recently promulgated.

Our University is rich in societies and clubs. Besides the Literary, Classical, Musical, Theological, Missionary, Liberal, Conservative, and other societies, there has lately been added to the list a "Shakspearian and Dramatic Club." An institution of this kind is quite new to this University, having come into existence at the beginning of this session. It has been so far a success, but the most important and critical period of its existence has yet to come; its climacteric is not yet past. What I refer to is the public performance of Sheridan's "Rivals" in the City Hall. The parts have been assigned and preliminaries arranged. It is of course doubtful whether the highest success will crown its first efforts, but it can be said at least that it deserves all encouragement; and this, indeed, it receives at the hands of the Principal of the United College, and the various Professors, certain of whom have taken part in some of the readings given by the society. The constitution of the club is a somewhat complex one. It consists in the first place, of two classes of members, Senior and Junior; to the juniors are assigned certain privileges apart from any active participation in the duties of management, while with the senior members rests the duty of giving fortnightly public readings from plays of Shakspeare, and a select number of them perform a play at the end of each session. The fortnightly readers are selected, I understand, by ballot, but those who are to perform the annual play are selected by a committee composed of senior members. The performance of the play this year takes place about the beginning of next month, and is looked forward to with considerable interest by us all.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

English Men of Letters : Southey.
By EDWARD DOWDEN. London,
1880 : Macmillan and Co.

It was undoubtedly most fitting that the man who was above all others a man of letters, the man of whom Byron said, "He is the only existing entire man of letters," should find an early place in this series. Perhaps, of all those previously brought before the public, no one so entirely justifies this appellation. In placing the volume in the hands of Professor Dowden, the editor has also been fortunate. Not that Mr. Dowden has fulfilled his task entirely satisfactorily; he has too much lost sight of proportion, he has allowed himself to deal too much with the man Southey, to the exclusion of the author. Still Mr. Dowden's little monograph is so charmingly written, is conceived in so gentle and sympathetic a spirit, that it is impossible to quarrel therewith. Its perusal is a true enjoyment, and we laid it down with regret that limits of space prevented it from being longer. It is to these limits of space, doubtless, that we must largely assign the fact that Mr. Dowden tells us so little of Southey's writings, and omits to sum up a critical estimate of the same. He probably thought, and not unjustly, that Southey's value as an author has gone by; that the commonplace books he made for his own reference are now more read than his histories; that a generation fed upon Browning and Tennyson will not read "Thalaba" or "The Curse of Kehama." Nevertheless, on that very account, an analysis and account of Southey's writings would

have been doubly welcome, seeing that they are monuments in literary history, and at the time of their appearance had a great success. Moreover, Mr. Dowden is such a charming critic that we miss regretfully an opportunity of extending our intellectual vision by means of his often subtle and suggestive remarks. This stated, however, we have put forward all we have to say in the book's dispraise, and only hearty commendation remains. Our author is a master of his subject, he handles it with freshness and taste. The man Southey is admirably presented in his unsullied private character, his industry, prudence, generosity, warm-heartedness. His limitations are not ignored, but the ethical standard is held so high above these, that we honour and respect Robert Southey far beyond his more gifted but less conscientious contemporaries. His mental transformation from a revolutionary to a Tory is also well depicted, and we come fully to understand how the youthful fanatic came in later life to support the old order of things. He grew to see how a millenium cannot be forcibly produced. He did not forget his ideal republic, but it receded into the dimness of unborn time. Still Southey maintained to the end that a republic is the best form of government in itself, as a sundial is simpler and surer than a timepiece; but he knew, too, as he got older, that the sun of reason does not always shine, and therefore complicated systems of government, containing checks and counter-checks, are needful in old countries for the present.

Better systems are no doubt conceivable—for better men. Thus Mr. Dowden clears Southey of the ugly charge of being a renegade—a charge as foolish as it is short-sighted, for there are forms of consistency that are merely despicable when larger and maturer vision reveals the natural errors of youth. The picture of Southey's life at Keswick, as given in this volume, is very charming; so, too, is the Portuguese episode. We have to thank Mr. Dowden for a readable and concentrated account of a masculine and worthy talent.

Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from 1860 to 1863. By the late NASSAU W. SENIOR. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Simpson. In two volumes. Hurst and Blackett. 1880.

Each series of this valuable work may be regarded as part of one whole, though each distinct and complete in itself. As a whole, our notice of the former volumes will have prepared our readers for the scope and bearing of these, which are in one sense their sequel. While the four form one continuous record, these now before us are perhaps more varied in subjects, as well as in interlocutors, than the two which preceded them. They who are the *dramatis personæ* of the present conversation, if not quite such exalted personages as M. Thiers and M. Guizot, the chief speakers of the other books, are, everyone, very remarkable characters—men who have left their stamp upon their times, and have all, more or less, either helped to make history, or at least have been placed in a position to observe it closely, as it was made before them; men, too, endowed with a penetration which secured them from wrong impressions, and a power of observation which makes their con-

versations on what was passing a record of the highest importance. The charm, too, of this kind of talk, besides its trustworthiness, is the perfect confidence and freedom, the *abandon*, with which it was poured forth; in some cases, indeed, we think we may discern a preparation, and a guiding to an end, which assuredly, by imposing a kind of restraint, subtracts somewhat from the pleasure with which the conversations of such and such a celebrity will be received; nor is this altogether unavoidable with M. Senior's conscientious care to apprise his more important speakers that he wrote down their words, and that he might use and publish them, under certain restrictions as to names, and also as to the time for doing so. On the other hand, this, if it impairs the freedom, adds to it force and weight. With some, indeed, Mr. Senior went so far as to submit his notes to their own correction; the nature of the subject justified that precaution, and of course the value as materials for history is enhanced by such a guarantee of accuracy.

The necessity of suppressing the names of some of the distinguished men who took part in these conversations is not yet indeed altogether at an end. Initials continue in part; but just as the H. and Z. of M. Senior's journals are now replaced by Thiers and Guizot, so will the present initials be exchanged for names which meanwhile may be pretty readily supplied in reading.

As before, so now, Napoleon III. is perhaps the central figure; though still the *celui-ci* and the *ce Monsieur* of some contemptuous remarks, there is more fairness, and almost kindness towards him even in the remarks of M. Thiers and M. Guizot. Madame Corun tells of his private life, and gives anecdotes of him, with his boy,

that will be read with interest. Perhaps, however, the appearance of Jerome Napoleon, both as himself in conversation with M. Senior, and as the subject of conversations with others, will be just at this time of even more interest. Montalembert, Drouhyn de Lhuys, Cousin, Pietri, Duc de Broglie, General Changarnier, Rémusat, and many others, offer a piquant *aperçu* of French political history. Nor are politics the only theme. M. Rénan gives his view of inspiration, and discourses in glowing periods on the beauty of Palestine, the charm of Nazareth, and the cheerfulness of the teaching of Christ; the book of Job giving a theme to another conversation between him and M. Mohl, full of poetic thoughts as well as criticism.

With these closing volumes is also a slight mention of Mr. Senior's own residence abroad, with his remarks on various places he visited, and what he noted; e.g., the penitentiary system at Lausanne, with which is fitly coupled a conversation with Sir William Erle, so lately removed from among us. We heartily commend every part of each volume.

The Imitation of Christ: Being the Autograph Manuscript of THOMAS A KEMPIS. Reproduced in *fac simile* from the original, preserved in the Royal Library, Brussels. With an introduction by CHARLES RUELENS, Keeper of Department of Manuscripts, Royal Library, Brussels. London: Elliot Stock. 1879.

In many ways this is a literary curiosity; not, perhaps, so much a curiosity as being a *fac simile*, perfect as it is, since to *fac similes* of the same sort we are becoming almost accustomed—though this is a *chef d'œuvre* of the kind—but curious for the persever-

ing care with which the special difficulties in the way of reproduction have been here overcome. The original MS. is preserved in the Royal Library of Brussels. Permission to photograph it was obtained; but the days for photographing suitable to the quadrangle of the library, and adapted for the dim manuscript, were few and interrupted. Then twenty-five of the electric blocks were destroyed by fire at the printer's. It is printed on Dutch paper, specially hand-made, of the same texture and colour as the original. Too much wetting destroyed one supply of *that*; while the heat of last summer, short as was last summer heat, spoilt another supply by spoiling the size used in making it. Negatives were broken in their transit; others had to be submitted to a special process, owing to the discoloured state in parts of the original MS. All this, and much else, only shows the extreme difficulty in the way of *fac simile* reproduction, and is here quite compensated by the exactness with which it is now perfected. As a literary curiosity, too, the small price at which it has been published must be borne in mind. But the best claim to be a curiosity in literature, is the conscientious care, the loving fidelity, with which the publication has been carried out. This has extended even to the binding, which is copied from a contemporary Dutch Horæ, and is exact to pattern. Altogether this reproduced autograph, far exceeds any previous *fac simile* editions with which we are acquainted, and is certainly an achievement in the history of a publisher's enterprise.

The "Introduction" by M. Ruelens, giving a little account of the MS. itself, is exactly the preface,—or forewords as our Teutonic purists nowadays prefer

to call it—with which such a *fac simile*, of such a manuscript should be sent forth. It gives the history of the manuscript during the last four hundred years, and its preservation midst dangers to which it was subjected during the wars of the Netherlands. Of the Imitation itself nothing need here be said. By the consensus of Christendom, it is an almost divine work. The authorship, by a consensus almost as complete, belongs to Thomas à Kempis. We may mention here a paper by Mr. Edmund Waterton in the recent number of "The Antiquary"—that excellent monthly also published by Mr. Elliot Stock—which should be in the hands of everyone to whom the Imitation is dear. Mr. Waterton, it is well known, has all the passion of a devotee, a love passing the love of bibliographers, for Thomas à Kempis' Imitation, and whatever belongs to it; his rich collection of early copies, his stores of the literature of the subject, gathered together in the library at Waterton Deeping, the affluence of his own knowledge as to everything relating to the book, and to both Thomas à Kempis, and the half mythical Gerson or Gersen, give great weight to his opinion. He has brought to a bearing, in the paper to which we refer our readers, grounds for warranting the result at which he arrives. We trust it will allay recent doubts which have lately impugned the accepted opinion as to the true authorship. One thing brought out in support is this—that it was mentally composed in Flemish, and written, or translated as it were, by the author into Latin; the proof of which may be found in the fact that it retranslates idiomatically into Flemish.

We have said that this reproduction is a literary curiosity. It has, however, one incidental value, even

higher than the satisfaction it may give to bibliographers. By the enforced study of the MS. has been brought to light, for the first time, a system of arbitrary signs, and as arbitrary a punctuation, which indicates that the work itself was written in rhythmic form. This discovery—for it is no less, is not only very curious in itself, and materially serving to settle, and that decisively, the question of authorship, but it is of even wider application than to the Imitation. We cannot here further indicate its larger bearing, leaving those whom it may interest to follow it out.

We have commended the remarkable care with which this book has been "got up"; there is just one drawback—the letter press of the "Introduction" is printed in much too small a type. It is intended to be read, not looked at, as will be partly the fate of the *fac simile*; it is a narrative of permanent interest, a dissertation of value; it is therefore a mistake not to have printed it in ordinary clear good-sized characters. Few will decipher the MS., and if they make out five words together the sixth may foil them; the reading that through, is out of the question; all the more should M. Ruelens' preface have been in contrast easy to the eye, especially as it will well reward repeated reading.

The Fables of Æsop, and other eminent Mythologists. London: John Gray and Co., 5, Goldsmith's Row, Gough Square, E.C.

This interesting volume is a most minute reprint, point for point, word for word, of the well-known edition of 1669, by Sir Robert L'Estrange, Bart., of which only two copies now remain in existence; one being in the Bodleian library, and one in a private collection. Even the British Museum cannot

boast a copy of the old work. Messrs. John Gray and Co. have been at exceeding pains to obtain an exact *fac simile* of the early edition, and have succeeded in producing a remarkable specimen of typographical skill. The leather binding, richly gilt, the bold, clear, old-fashioned type, the irregularities of the title-page and headlines—even the paleness of the ink in some parts of the old edition, are all faithfully reproduced. It is a volume greatly to please the curious book-collector, and many will be glad to possess the version of *L'Estrange*, which has not been surpassed by modern translators. We are not surprised to hear that the bringing out of the work has cost the publishers some 1200*l*.

Nell; On and Off the Stage. By B. H. Buxton. Tinsley Brothers, London. 1880.

This pretty and graceful story leaves one in the tantalising position of wishing very much to know something more of *Nell*. We accompany her through her very early experience upon the stage, and are compelled to part with her just when she has fully won our affection and roused our interest. She is a charming little creature, brave and earnest; and her troubles between a foolish mother and a shallow lover are very pathetic. In the first part of the book there is some detailed account of life "behind the scenes," which is interesting from its evident truthfulness. A real insight into life of any sort has always a charm, and, in this case, the descriptions are so accurate, and so full of realistic power, that the reader must find pleasure in all the crisp and clearly defined detail. The appearance of things behind the scenes on a "first night" is very well given, and, to many who have only seen the stage "from

the front," whence it all "looks so easy," it will be a revelation to read of how serious, and almost desperate, an affair it is to every person behind the curtain. From the stage manager, with his anxieties, down to the carpenters, all are absorbed in their engrossing employment of getting safely through—for rare is the first night without misadventures.

Little *Nell*, who has bravely disentangled herself from various uncomfortable love affairs, is left just on the verge of another, which seems to be of a very different colour, and the reader who has travelled thus far with her can but wish her all good luck.

Parnassus. Edited by R. W. Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Company. 1880.

This volume contains poetical selections made by Mr. Emerson during a series of years, and therefore presumably represents his deliberate convictions in the matter of poetry. In these five hundred pages a very large number of English authors are quoted, including over a dozen living writers, but either Mr. Emerson's culture or his taste does not extend to either of the Rossettis or to Swinburne; while, as regards America, we meet with a great many known and unknown names, and miss two which are not unknown, those of Edgar Poe and Walt Whitman. We can scarcely suppose that Emerson has not heard of the man who once described him as "a respectful imitation of Carlyle." As for Whitman, it is five-and-twenty years since Emerson termed the *Leaves of Grass* "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed;" and we are beginning to believe that poor Whitman is being forgotten by all but his paralysis. Or, perhaps his time is not yet.

While thinking upon short memories, we unexpectedly came across the following in the *New York Daily Tribune* of Jan. 25, which will show that, if Whitman's poetry or even his name is out of fashion, the memory of the man himself is green as spring:

To the Editor of the *Tribune*.

Sir,—While walking in the neighbourhood of New Rochelle, Westchester County, a few days ago, I observed a man at work in a field adjoining the road, and I opened a conversation with him. He had served in the Union Army during the rebellion, and I had no trouble in inducing him to "fight some of his battles over again." He gave me a graphic description of how he was badly wounded in the leg; how the doctors resolved to cut his leg off; his resistance to the proposed amputation, and his utter despair when he found he must lose his leg (as they said) to save his life. As a last resource he determined to appeal to a man who visited the hospital about every alternate day. This man was a representative of the Sanitary Commission, and he described him as a tall, well-built man, with the face of an angel. He carried over his broad shoulders a well-filled haversack, containing about everything that would give a sick soldier comfort. In it were pens, ink and paper, thread, needles, buttons, cakes, candies, fruit and tobacco. This last article was in general demand. When he asked a poor fellow if he used tobacco and the answer was "No," he would express some kind words of commendation, but when the answer was "Yes" he would produce a piece of plug and smilingly say, "Take it, my brave boy, and enjoy it." He wrote letters for those who were not able to write, and to those who could he would furnish the materials, and never forget the postage stamp. His good-natured and sympathetic inquiry about their health, and what changes had taken place since he last saw them, impressed every patient with the feeling that this man was his personal friend. To this man Rafferty (that was my informant's name) made his last appeal, to save his shattered leg. He was listened to with attention, and after a few moments' thought, the man replied, with tears in his large blue eyes, and patting him on the head, "May your mind

rest easy, my boy; they shan't take it off." Rafferty began to describe his feelings when he received this assurance; and though so many years have passed since then, his emotions mastered him, his voice trembled and thickened, his eyes filled with tears, he stopped for a moment, and then blurted out, slapping his leg with his hand, "This is the leg that man saved for me."

I asked the name of the good Samaritan. He said he thought it was Whitcomb, or something like it. I suggested it was just like Walt Whitman. The name seemed to rouse the old soldier within him; he did not wait for another word from me, but seized my hand in both his, and cried, "That's the man, that's the name; did you know him?" And we both blessed Walt Whitman for one of his many good acts to poor soldiers during the war.

GEORGE S. MCWATKES.

New York, Jan. 16, 1880.

To classify poetry is, in our humble opinion, a mistake, and often a misleading one. In *Parnassus* we have the following categories: Nature; Human Life; Intellectual; Contemplative, Moral, Religious; Heroic; Portraits, Personal, Pictures; Narrative Poems and Ballads; Songs; Dirges and Pathetic Poems; Comic and Humorous; Poetry of Terror; Oracles and Counsels. We look into "Intellectual" expecting metaphysical poems and philosophy not quite fused into poetry; and one of the first poems that meets the eye is that grand fragment of colour and music *Khubla Khan*.

Taken as a whole the collection is one of variety and value, a special qualification being found in the inclusion of several fine poems by little-known American writers.

The date 1880 is attached to the volume, and no indication is given that this is a new edition. But the work appears to have been originally registered by the compiler in 1874.

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1880.

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

No. III.

BREAKFAST was nearly over. Reginald was watching me with great eyes; he had evidently something on his mind. "What are you pondering?" I asked. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Oh! Uncle Frank," said the boy, "could you take me to the Zoological Gardens?"

"Can you give me any good reasons for doing so?" I asked him.

"Oh! yes; there is a new monkey—a red orang—and I do so want to see him."

"That is one reason," said I; "any more?"

"Say that your uncle would be sorry to miss seeing him himself," said the boy's father.

"Oh! yes, Uncle Frank! and these new great monkeys never live long," urged the boy; "he may be dead next time you are here."

"Reason number two," said I; "any more?"

"Tell your uncle that it will please me so much if he takes you," suggested the boy's mother.

"That is conclusive," said I, "How shall we go?"

"Will you have the carriage?" asked my brother-in-law.

"No, no," cried the boy; "a cab, a hansom cab! Do take a hansom cab, uncle, and let us go like real visitors."

"Reginald always thinks the carriage has to do with the nursery," said his mother. "He thinks he is getting too old to be sent out under the care of James."

"We will walk as far as the Swiss Cottage," said I, "and then take a hansom cab, and we can take another home."

Reginald executed a war dance round the table, and departed to prepare for the excursion. In less than half an hour we were in the gardens, on our way to the home of the new monkey. We found him in a room of his own, under the care of a special attendant—a sort of nurse—for already he had begun to give signs of the ill effect of London air in his lungs. The piteous half-human look of the creature, and the strong likeness that he bore to a certain eminent financier of my acquaintance, quite touched me. I was glad that my nephew recognised two friends of his own age, and I was not sorry to let them pursue the investigation of the great monkey house together, while I

took a stroll in front of that building.

As I stepped out I met an old friend whom I had not seen for some years. I hardly knew him at first. Had I changed in the interval, I asked myself, as much as he had? His figure was bent; his alert, brisk air was changed into a subdued and listless aspect. He wore spectacles and a large grey beard. "Yes—it is!" I cried, "How long is it since we met, Pearce?"

"You here, Vernon!" said he, "what can possibly bring you here?"

"I might give you a Quaker's answer," said I. "I came to bring my nephew. I am very glad I did; and how are you?"

"But a sad invalid," said Dr. Pearce; "I have to take the utmost care of myself—to keep a strict regimen, and carefully to avoid any excitement."

The fact was that my old friend had come into a considerable fortune; and the effect, as far as could be judged at first sight, was not such as to make me over envious of his prosperity.

"Your nephew?" he said.

"Yes," said I, "he is deeply interested in the monkey house, and I greatly prefer the open air."

"It is terribly oppressive within," said Dr. Pearce; "the thermometer stands at nearly eighty degrees, and there is a total absence of ozone."

"The looks of the creatures themselves oppress me as much as the atmosphere," said I. "No doubt it is very wrong, but I always feel as if monkeys and negroes were diabolical caricatures of ourselves."

"Rather living photographs of our progenitors," replied the doctor.

"Then you have kept up your reading on some of our old topics of discussion," said I. "You seem to speak much more decisively than you used to do."

"The general reception of Darwin's views," replied my friend, "is now beyond doubt. His fame is European. His books have been translated into every language. And Professor Haeckel has shown that the same kind of confidence is to be placed in his demonstration of biological laws that was formerly given to the comparatively vague teaching of Euclid."

"That seems rather strong," said I.

Dr. Pearce gave a sort of weary shrug. His old energy for combat seemed gone; but his desire to dominate remained. His air seemed to imply that he thought me very ignorant, but that it would fatigue him to instruct me.

"Is there not a link missing?" I asked.

"That slang phrase," said the Doctor, a little warming as he spoke, "was invented as a sort of personal sarcasm. But it has borne good fruit. It has led to profound investigation. No link is now wanting, not only between man, or, I should say, the bimanous and quadrumanous anthropoids, but back and down to inorganic matter."

"If you can give me a little notion of the outcome of discovery," said I, "I shall be very glad. Other occupations have so filled up my time, that I have hardly read any natural history since we used to discuss it in our long rambles over the downs."

"I am not able to give you a sketch," said the Doctor; "I must not speak for many minutes at a time. You should read Darwin and Haeckel. You will find that there are twenty-two stages, through which it is positively demonstrated that the race has passed; and there are signs that a twenty-third stage is in process of definition."

"What was the last stage—that

before the present?" I inquired; "and where did it terminate?"

"Probably about the diluvial period," replied my friend. "About that time Hæckel has shown that genuine men, though of course of a very elementary and savage type, were generated by a decaying race of speechless, ape-like men."

I fortunately recollected that my old friend abhorred a joke—unless it was a very mild one of his own manipulation—and was especially prone to take offence at anything like a smile that seemed to be turned against himself. "How much I have fallen behind you in my reading," said I; "I had no idea that anything approaching that degree of precision had been arrived at."

Dr. Pearce rather warmed with his subject. Few of us are insensible to the charms of an eager listener. "That is but a trifle," he said—"a trifle. I must try to give you an idea of where we now are. The ape-like, speechless men were the offspring of the man-like ape of the Miocene period. These were the offspring of the katarhine, or narrow-nosed, tailed, apes of the tertiary period. These were the descendants of the semi-apes; and the semi-apes were generated by the marsupials.

"So that these six steps take us back to a zoological condition of the world something like that which existed in New Holland when it was discovered?" I asked.

"Very much so," replied the doctor, "except that there had been even then an immigration of a low order of what we must call men."

"And the platyrrhine monkeys," said I, "and the twisted nostrils—the lemurs you know—when did they come in?"

"They split off, at the natural intervals, from the main line of development," said the doctor. "The lemurs probably were directly

generated by the marsupials, and the platyrrhine monkeys by the semi-apes. You may understand the process of animal development by the analogy of a pine tree. One main shoot grows straight up, but it throws off a circle of branches every year, and the apex of the tree is continually growing further apart from the points of the branches."

"Apart in position," said I; "but could you tell me whether a tuft of spines was taken from the leading shoot, or from the lowest branch?"

"Perhaps not with certainty," replied the Doctor. "But you see there is a certain sameness in the tree, whereas the law of development is continuous departure from sameness."

"How far do the progenitors of the marsupials go back?" I inquired.

"I think I can remember," said the Doctor, counting on his fingers. "Let me see! marsupials six. Then were the primary mammals—the ancestors of marsupials, monotremata, and ordinary mammals; now extinct, and, indeed, unrepresented—seven. The primeval amniota—eight. The caudate amphibians, now represented in this country by the eft—nine. The gilled amphibians, familiar enough in the very degraded type of the frog—ten. The mud fish—eleven. The primæval fish—twelve. The single-nostrilled animals—thirteen. The skulless animals—fourteen. These are, fortunately for science, still represented by that very interesting animal, the amphioxus, or lancelet, which an ignorant person would call a worm, but which is actually the archetype of all vertebrated animals. These come from the sack-worms—fifteen; they come from the soft-worms—sixteen. Before these were the gliding-worms—seventeen. Then came

gastræadæ, ciliated larvæ, synamœbæ, amœbæ—seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. There only remain the protamœbæ—mere forms of living jelly; and the self-generated combination of inorganic matter.”

“And all these great steps,” said I, “I understand you, are preserved in the stony records of geology?”

“Why, not all,” said the doctor. “No one could expect to find all. We have some very distinct—such as the amphibians, and the tunicata—the sackworms, as the Germans call them. Again, look at the amphioxus. There is nothing in the structure of that creature to fossilise. So, if it were not for the fact that it still exists, we should have lost the actual form of that important link—as indeed, we have lost the actual forms of all the soft boneless animals.”

“From fifteen to twenty, inclusive?” I asked.

“Pretty much so, except the amœbæ—the single-celled organisms,” said the Doctor. “These exist, as infusorial animalculæ.

“Now again, as to the fish,” said I. “The old geologists used to talk of the reign of fishes. Were those extraordinary forms which are found in the old red sandstone primæval fish or mud-fish?”

“Not directly either,” said the Doctor. “Perhaps they might be most correctly described as a development partly parallel to that of the mud-fish.”

“And what is the type of the mud-fish?”

“The type,” replied the Doctor—“the actual type, that is to say—has not yet been recovered. But we think it is pretty clear what it must have been, as interposed between the archetypal fish and the gilled amphibian.”

“Did that form of the gilled amphibian, now represented by the

frog, ever attain so much representative dignity?” I asked.

“Necessarily,” said Dr. Pearce. “We have firm data here. We have several teeth of the diprotodon—a gigantic batrachian; many traces of his footsteps, and a process of a femoral bone of one specimen.”

“So that these two or three relics, and our present frogs, represent that stage?”

The Doctor sniffed, and looked weary.

“We have no specimen of a primary mammal?” I asked.

“No,” said the Doctor.

“And the whole great group of mammals, terrestrial and aquatic, where do they come in in the scheme?”

“In parallel stages to the marsupials, and to the succeeding groups,” said the Doctor. “Of course I have only been taking the leading shoot of the tree.”

“But these marsupials—those that *were* in the direct line—was the great kangaroo one of them?”

“Oh dear no,” said the Doctor. “The typical marsupial, the progenitor of the didelphidæ—and also, no doubt, of the ornithorhynchus and of the echidna—must of course have been very different from any existing kangaroo or opossum.”

“But I don’t see,” said I, “in all this long descent, more than a single gravestone, so to speak, to verify the pedigree. There are the relics of the diprotodon, and then we go to the amphioxus, who exists; all the other stages are—I don’t like to use the word imaginary, but what can I call them?”

“Call them necessary,” said the Doctor. “Haeckel declares the assumption of many of these stages to be necessary, for most important general reasons. In fact, they must have existed. But it is impossible that fossil remains should exist of

many of them, owing to the soft nature of their bodies. And as to many others, their remains will probably be hereafter discovered. When we reflect how many fossils are now actually well known to science, such as the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the archæopteryx, and others, quite out of the line of regular development, it can only be a question of time and opportunity when we shall find the remains of what I may call the central hereditary archetypes."

"Meantime we must assume them?" I asked.

"Most of them, no doubt," said Dr. Pearce. "And you must remember this: in assuming these twenty or twenty-two stages, we are only giving, as it were, artificial milestones in a journey of prodigious length. When we speak of the development of the tailed amphibians from the gilled amphibians, we may be referring to an imperceptibly slow process occupying hundreds of thousands of years. Any points that we select in such a series must be arbitrary. Therefore no one can ask for the verification of any individual step. We know the first term, and what is at present the last term, of the series. Thus we know, approximately, the law of the entire series."

"Not a very clear approximation, it seems to me," said I.

"Because you have not studied the subject," said my friend. "I recommend you to do so. I must wish you good day. I don't know what Doctor Crawley will say to me for having talked so long. I fear I shall suffer for my imprudence."

I had a shrewd idea of what it was that ailed Dr. Pearce. It was, I thought, one of the most painful of afflictions—one from which once or twice, and only once or twice, I had myself suffered—namely, idleness, attended by intolerable

ennui; so I was the less alarmed at the idea of fatiguing him.

"Don't say so," I replied. "You look already ever so much better than you did when I met you. Besides, you have too much of the *esprit* of the physician in you, though you have given up practice, to let anyone ask you for advice in vain. I am anxious to make up the gaps in my reading; and you are so fully at home in the matter!"

"Oh, if you really want to know anything that I can tell you," said the Doctor, "it is another thing. but I can't stand chaff."

"I should be the last person to chaff you," said I. "Indeed, the matter is too serious for a joke. You attach, do you not, great importance to this theory of development?"

"The utmost importance," replied the Doctor. "The progress of science in the matter has entirely exploded those old Calvinistic views from which I suffered so much as a boy—and, indeed, as a young man. Now that we understand the law of development from a monad, we see how unnecessary—indeed, how grotesque—is the old notion of a Creator."

"Ah!" said I, and I drew a long breath, "you are far in advance of me there, at all events."

"Read Darwin and read Haeckel," said my friend, "and you will advance too. It is no discovery of mine; I only light my lamp at their torches."

"But," said I, "you demand an enormous period of time."

"Don't say I demand it," replied the Doctor. "Nature has required it, and left us the proofs."

"Hundreds of thousands of years?"

"Millions," replied the Doctor. "Probably tens of millions. There is some doubt entertained, by the physicists rather than the physio-

logists, as to hundreds of millions."

"So that to develop you and me, for instance, from the lancelet, or amphioxus, as you call it, may have taken more than a million of years."

"Much more, I should say," asserted the Doctor.

"Then here is my difficulty," said I. "Supposing Haeckel's view to be true—"

"Which it is," interrupted he.

"Well, for the sake of argument, assuming it, how is it that there are lancelets alive now?"

"What is the difficulty?" asked he.

"This—to me at least. For an incalculable time the progeny of one of these snail-like fishes has been self-improving, till it could crawl and walk, and finally talk and reason. And during this immense period of activity the progeny of another lancelet—the common progeny of the same individual, maybe—has remained in its embryonic state. How is it possible to reconcile the two statements?"

"A child may often put a question," replied my instructor, "which a philosopher cannot answer. I can only say that so it is. Here we are, and here is the amphioxus."

"Yes, but excuse me. I don't see the proof of the filiation," said I; "and if such a filiation exist, how is it conceivable that, while one line of lancelets has developed so prodigiously, a parallel line has not developed at all?"

"But the existing lancelets may not be coeval with our progenitors," said the Doctor. "They may have been developed from monads, while the previously existing amphioxi passed through the successive stages of vertebrate development."

"But if that be so, how can we tell that the first vertebrate stage

of our ancestral line then had any resemblance to the present lancelets?" I inquired.

"You beat about the bush," said Dr. Pearce. "Didn't I tell you that we had first the law of the series—then the types in accordance with the law, some of them fossil, some living, some as yet unrecovered, but certainly to be denoted in virtue of the serial law?"

"So that when a sufficient time had elapsed from the commencement of the organisation of a monad for its descendants to have reached the stage where vertebration should commence," said I, "the type of the lancelet would be necessarily assumed."

"Exactly so," said the Doctor. "You may look at the whole process of generative development as akin to that of the growth of the individual. As the tadpole now grows into the frog, so did the tailless amphibian, in course of time, succeed the tailed amphibian."

"And so with the other stages?"

"So with the other stages. This is how we are certain that the pithecoïd man was the descendant of the anthropoid ape."

"So that a regular, inflexible order has existed from an early time—so exact and so certain, that each time that the process commences, it must necessarily go on by the same steps?"

"Yes," said the Doctor; "put it so. You see that is a complete answer to your difficulty as to there being lancelets now, just like the lancelet from which we have descended, and that lived three millions of years ago."

"But if that be so," said I, "don't it impale you on the other horn of the dilemma?"

"Oh, confound your logic!" said the Doctor, rather warmly; "I am talking of scientific truths, not of

school-boy sophisms ; what horn do you mean ? ”

“ If there be such an order,” said I, “ as you indicate—flexible or inflexible—what must have been the wisdom and the foresight that provided for it at such a remote date ? what the power that confines all the forms of life within the verge of a definite plan ? It seems to me that, if your series could be established, it would tend to give a more sublime idea of the providence of the Creator than any idea of things being made independently, as it were, as the condition of the planet became suitable for such forms of life.”

My nephew had stolen up to me during our chat and put his hand in mine. “ That is your nephew ? ” said Dr. Pearce. “ What did you think of the monkeys, my lad ? ”

“ Oh ! ” said the boy, “ the great one—the new one—shook hands with me. But his little hand was cold—and—and—it didn’t seem to have any meaning in it. It was not like baby’s hand—though the monkey can walk and baby cannot.”

“ Have you seen enough of the monkeys ? ” I asked.

“ Yes, uncle—quite. They all seem so sad, as if they wanted something—they didn’t know what.”

“ They want their native woods—their liberty,” said the Doctor. “ You should see them as I have done in India. They are as free in their gambols as birds.”

“ But when they are brought into direct intercourse with man,” said I, “ are not a few years enough to do the work of many generations in stimulating their intellectual powers, and thus improving their position in the battle of life ? If the monkey, alone, has developed into the pithecoïd man, how much faster will the monkey develop when he has man before him for an example ? ”

“ Some men seem to me to be examples of taking a teapot by the spout instead of by the handle,” said the Doctor. “ Good bye ; really good-bye now. Let me recommend you to study Darwin and Haeckel.”

“ Do you think the monkeys are unhappy for want of something to do, Uncle Frank ? ” asked the boy.

“ Not in their own woods,” said I. “ Or if they are, they are more like some of us than we should be disposed to admit. Even mischief is a relief from idleness. Now let us look out for a cab with a good horse.”

A CONTEMPORARY OF JESUS.

Two assertions—very singular when taken together—may be made with regard to Philo. One is, that his peculiar blend of Pharisaism with Platonic elements of thought brings him into such close sympathy with certain mystical and little understood passages in the Gospels, that he affords the best existing key to their meaning. The other assertion is, that, notwithstanding the very large amount of reading accomplished by theological students and inquiring men, Philo is very little read indeed. That Philo is a terribly long-winded Pharisee and a Plato made excessively tedious, is one reason of this neglect. That even where his insight is true, his mysticism is too refined and subtle for the average mind, and especially for the non-Rabbinical one, is probably another reason. A third, the influence of which makes itself felt for the most part unconsciously, may perhaps be found in the strange fact that Philo is a contemporary and compatriot of Jesus, and yet does not once specifically allude to him.

That this is a strange fact, it will be easy to show. Philo is a man of the broadest sympathies, of a religious and earnest spirit, and very ready to interest himself in the most advanced and unsectarian ideas, as may be seen in his account of the Essenes and others who aimed after unworldly life. He is also a man of extended culture and commanding position, so that no important event, material or spiritual, that might affect his

countrymen, would be likely to escape him. He is, moreover, of humble mind, and shows his veneration for a course of conduct which to our minds would seem to have been pre-eminently exemplified in the life of Jesus of Nazareth; and though he dwelt in Alexandria and wrote in Greek, yet he visited Jerusalem and northern Palestine, and most probably was about as well acquainted with the Hebrew vernacular as Jesus with the Greek. In our endeavour to account for his ignorance of the personal career of Jesus, we shall be helped by remembering how very brief in point of time that career was, and how it was mainly connected with persons who had no means of giving publicity to any events however impressive to themselves.

Philo's ignorance of the spiritual legacy of the great teacher is even more difficult to account for. But the *memorabilia* of the master, not yet expanded into complete narratives, were in all likelihood in few hands, making their way like the grain of sown seed, very slowly and obscurely at first. Two matters we shall have to examine: whether any words of Philo's can be taken to convey his views of the career now familiar to us, but of which he might have but dimly heard; and whether the similarity between certain passages in Philo's writings and certain utterances recorded in the Gospels can be accounted for on the hypothesis alone that both draw from the stream of a common tradition of things divine.

If the works of Philo have so peculiar a relation to the Christian traditions, it becomes important to know exactly when those works were written, and when Philo lived. Jesus is considered to have been born about four or five years before the commencement of the era which takes its name from him, and to have departed about the year thirty of that era. Philo, we know, was born before Jesus, and passed away after him, but that is all that is certainly known. The basis for the calculation of his age must be left to tell its own tale. He cites with approbation in his book "On the Creation of the World," § 36, the saying of Hippocrates: "In the nature of man there are seven seasons, which men call ages. . . . He is an infant . . . a child . . . a boy . . . a youth till the completion of the growth of his whole body, which coincides with the fourth seven years' period. Then he is a man till he reaches his forty-ninth year, or seven times seven periods. He is a middle-aged man (elder) till he is fifty-six, or eight times seven years old, and after that he is an old man." This reckoning we may reasonably apply to Philo's allusion to his own age, to be found in his account of an embassy of the Jews to the Roman Emperor Caius Caligula, of which he was the head: "I who was accounted to be possessed of superior prudence, both on account of my age, and my general education also, was less sanguine in respect of the matters over which the others were delighted." And in the exordium to the same treatise he affords a further evidence by the phrase, "We, who are aged men . . . grey-headed," using the identical word which, in the previously quoted passage he had adopted to denote the period of life beginning with the age of fifty-six. We

may presume then that Philo had reached at least that age at the date of the embassy (A.D. 39-40), and probably more; he would thus be born at least as far back as seventeen years before our era, or twelve or thirteen years before the birth of Jesus. It is much more probable, since a man would scarcely refer pointedly to his age and grey hairs until he had fairly overstepped the limit marking the commencement of the period of old age, that he was born at least five years before that time, or twenty-two years before our era. We have evidence, therefore, that he lived through the life of Jesus, near twenty years before, and at least ten years after.

Philo has been called the "elder brother of Jesus": the epithet is not strictly a fit one, for few probably would argue that any direct influences proceeded from him towards Jesus. In spite of extreme improbability, it is not absolutely impossible, however, that Jesus should ever have opened a roll of Philo's writings. In any case Philo was in a greater degree an adapter than an originator, and his voluminous works are a sufficient evidence that there was a school of mystical thought existing before the birth of Jesus among the cultured Jews.

More specific evidence on this point is to be found in references of Philo's own, such as the following, which is *à propos* of a story in the Hebrew scriptures, respecting Abraham, his wife, and the king of Egypt: "I have heard physiologers giving an allegorical interpretation, and not away from the mark, to the matter of this passage, as containing a symbolical sense." (De Abr. xx.) He also speaks of a legend of the ancients, upon the appreciation of the divine work of creation, "an old and celebrated saying, originally in-

vented by sages, and handed down by memory, as is wont, in succession to those that come after, which did not escape our ears, always hankering after instruction." (De Plant. Noe xxx.)

Again, speaking of a particular passage concerning the king of Egypt and Joseph, Philo says, "I have heard people investigating the matter of this passage after a different underlying idea, and more figuratively." (De Joseph. xxvi.) The following also refers to these teachers of Philo's, and resembles his description of the Essenes, with which, however, it is unconnected. He is speaking of an exposition which he has heard. This was brought forward by "god-illuminated men, who look upon the generality of what is contained in the law as plain symbols of obscure meanings, and forms of expression of the undivulged." (De Spec. Leg. xxxii.)

Eusebius thus refers to Philo, his family and his teachers: "I will produce a man who is a Hebrew, as an interpreter for you of the disposition that exists in the scripture, one who learned from his father the investigation of what pertained to his country's rites, and had been taught the doctrine by Rabbis. Such a man was Philo." (Præp. Ev. vii., 13.)

The centre of this exegetical culture might or might not have been in Palestine; but if it were not, the colleges of the home-country could not be entirely ignorant of the studies pursued abroad. Between the Jewish race dwelling in their own land, and their brethren in Egypt and Babylon, there could not but have been an interchange always in process alike of merchandise and of thought. The students of old, as well as the merchants, were wanderers. Now the merchandise travels without the merchant, and a printed book by its

numerical extension conveys ideas from one mind to another with greater rapidity, though perhaps with less impressiveness, than the vagrant seeker for truth of old could command.

Philo in all likelihood visited Palestine on more occasions than the one which he records. Being a man of wealth and position, devotedly attached to his fatherland, it is exceedingly improbable that he would neglect to visit it when he conveniently could, the more especially as the pilgrimage to the temple was deemed one of the duties of a devout Jew. He speaks little about himself in his writings, but when he does mention a journey to Jerusalem, his narrative contains nothing that should lead us to conclude he was referring to that journey as his only one. "There is a city of Syria on the seaboard, Askalon by name. I happened to be therein, at a time when I was on my way to the temple of my people to pray and sacrifice." (Fragm. ex Euseb.)

Philo's quotations from the Hebrew scriptures are made in Greek, and evidently from a copy of the Septuagint version very little different from the text handed down to us. This version, originally made for the Alexandrian Jews, is held in great favour by him, as so valuable a support to his cherished idea of spreading the knowledge of the Mosaic lore (read, as Philo believed it ought to be, in symbolic sense) among those whose Greek culture empowered them to appreciate it. But Philo, by his frequent etymological interpretations of Hebrew names—however erroneous some may be—shows that he is acquainted to some extent with the language "used by the Chaldeans," and even with the ancient Hebrew.

There is a curious bit of evidence

tending to prove that Philo never even heard the name of Jesus. He says: "Moses changes the name of Hosea into that of Jesus, distinguishing by the change the quality of his character. For Hosea is interpreted, Who is this? but Jesus, The Lord's salvation, a name of the most excellent character." (De Mut. Nom. xxi.) This could scarcely have been written so unconsciously, had Philo heard even a vague rumour of a Jesus such as is presented to us by the gospels. It would have been quite in his style to add a word that the name of the ancient leader of the people was being nobly borne by a new prophet, one whose works manifested the most excellent character which his name was interpreted to mean.

Philo's silence as to the facts recorded in the gospels has a bearing, though of slighter moment than first thought would lead us to expect, upon what are termed the legendary stories attaching to the narrative of the life of Jesus. We may be almost sure that Philo, as a leading Jewish diplomatist, would have heard of such a strange event as Herod's edict for the slaughter of children under two years of age, for fear of a rival foretold to have been born. Such action on the part of a king, on such a motive, would have had a political significance, especially as all Jerusalem was reported to have been simultaneously moved. And the governor who was to spring from Bethlehem would have been watched for afterwards, and perhaps identified with a man who is said to have perplexed Herod's son* to such an extent that he sought to kill him. At all events Philo, whose son married the daughter of

king Agrippa†, nephew of Herod Antipas, and grandson of Herod the Great, could scarcely be supposed to have been ignorant of such events.

The question naturally arises in the mind, At what period of his career did Philo compose his voluminous works? There is internal evidence that they were not all written while he was young. The account of his embassy to Caligula was apparently written in the reign of Claudius, who succeeded Caligula A.D. 41, and reigned nearly fourteen years. The following passage is very touching and suggestive in itself, and will help us to appreciate Philo's character, and at the same time afford in itself an evidence that he wrote comparatively late in life.

"There was once a time, when devoting my leisure to philosophy and to contemplation of the universe and the things therein, I reaped the fruit of excellent, desirable, and truly blessed perceptive faculty, being always stimulated by divine oracles and doctrines, whereon I found delight in feeding covetously and insatiately, entertaining no low or grovelling thoughts, nor ever worming my way in pursuit of glory or riches, or the luxuries of the body, but as one raised up on high, I appeared to be ever borne along in accordance with some inspiration of the soul, and to follow every whither the sun, the moon, and the whole Heaven and universe.

"At that time, then, stooping from above and looking down from the air, and stretching as it were out of a watch-tower the eye of my mind, I surveyed the unutterable contemplations of all things upon

* Herod Antipas ("Herod the Tetrarch," Matt. xiv. 1.) successor as regards Galilee to Herod the Great ("Herod the King," Matt. ii. 1.)

† Herod Agrippa I. ("Herod the King," Acts. xii.) father of Herod Agrippa II. ("King Agrippa," Acts. xxv. 13.)

the earth, and congratulated myself, on account of forcible escape from the evil fates that are in mortal life.

"Nevertheless, the most grievous of evils was lying in wait for me; envy that hates the beautiful, which suddenly falling upon me ceased not from dragging me by force, until it had flung me down into the vast sea of the cares that attach to public business, tossing in which sea I am not able so much as to keep floating.

"But though I groan, I still hold out and resist, retaining in my soul that yearning for instruction which was implanted in it from my earliest coming to manhood, and this constantly takes pity and compassion on me, and rouses and encourages me till my spirits are lighter again.

"Through this yearning for instruction it comes to pass that there are times when I lift up my head, and with the eyes of my soul, which are indeed but dim—for their sharp-sightedness has been overshadowed by the mist of inconsistent kinds of business—survey, perforce at least, the things that circle round, with eager desire for a long draught of life pure and unalloyed by evils.

"If there but befall me from the unforeseen a brief spell of fair weather, and a calm amid the troubles that belong to public business,* I am on wings and float upon the wave, all but soaring in the air, and blown forward by the breezes of knowledge, which often seduces me to take flight, and pass all my days with her, escaping as from pitiless masters, and these not only men, but also affairs

which pour upon me from one side and another like a torrent.

"But even in these circumstances I ought to give thanks to God that, though I am overwhelmed, I am not swallowed up in the depths. But I open the eyes of the soul, which from despair of any good hope have been deemed to have become already disabled, and I feel the shine of the light of wisdom, since I am not given up unto darkness for the whole of my life." (De Spec. Leg. i.) This is the writing of a man no longer young, finding his strength

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind

Deductions from Philo's silence upon events that we may regard as important must not be pressed too far. Philo was writing for Alexandrians, and though to many of his compatriots resident in Egypt events and persons connected with Jerusalem must have been familiar, yet he seems to have preferred to occupy a platform upon which Greek could stand as well as Jew. Therefore he proffers his teachings upon their own merits and reasonableness, rather than as claiming veneration through association with the most reverend names of his own people.

With regard to events connected with Herod, even such as might have political significance, we are bound to bear in mind that Herod's murders, even of his own relatives, were many, and Philo has recounted none, so that the absence of record of a single slaughter is by no means conspicuous or strange. Philo's works contain a brief reference to Herod the Great, and to Pilate,

* There is sympathy here between Philo and Wordsworth :

In a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

the lieutenant of Tiberius, but as he has no word concerning Hillel or Schammai, Gamaliel or Caia-phas, we ought not to be surprised that he does not even mention by name John the Baptist.

There is thus no external evidence at all whether Philo ever saw or heard Jesus, or read a word of the earliest collection of his sayings, now embedded in the first gospel. We have to turn to internal evidence for traces of sympathy between the contemporaries.

There is a double connection clearly traceable between the writings of Philo and the collected memorials of Jesus. There is the closest sympathy between certain oft-repeated doctrines of Philo and certain of those portions of the work known as the gospel after John, which are found in that gospel alone, and exhibit a marked discordance from the other narratives. Furthermore, in the spiritual and ethical, rather than the doctrinal or metaphysical, passages of Philo's writings, there are to be found again and again more than chance coincidences of thought with sayings that seem to belong to the genuine utterances of Jesus. Though Jesus, therefore, may never have known Philo, he must have had some knowledge of the influences that co-operated to form his philosophy; and taking Philo as a fair embodiment of the Judæo-Hellenic school, it will be interesting to make a somewhat minute comparison between his words and those of Jesus in the gospels.

The further influences possibly due to Philo may also be touched upon in passing; as for instance, that he may have somewhat affected the editors of one or more of the gospels, as he has certainly influenced parts of that varied series of writings known as Pauline; while he has to some extent contributed to the growth

of what we may style Christian dogma, as distinguished from the teachings of Jesus.

Before proceeding to trace out the threads that connect Philo with the utterances of Jesus and the doctrines of the compilers of the gospels, it may be interesting to look into the inner life of the man himself, as we learn of it from his own revelations. First, as to the position in which he was placed. He was a devout Jew, with a great love for the scriptures of his race. Being a Jew he was bound by the common allegiance to those scriptures, as if by an oath, not to alter, add, or remove one jot from the letter of them. A portion of those scriptures consisted of symbolic writing, to which class of composition the oriental mind was prone, and in the elucidation of which his fine spiritual faculties led him to take delight. It was no heterodoxy to uncover such symbols in places where they lay hid, or even to discover such where they had not been designed. Philo was not the first in the field with such interpretations, which among the appreciative minds of the race had doubtless been orally handed down from generation to generation. So far, the work of the Talmudic expositor was pleasant and stimulating. But to Philo, and to many other Pharisees, bound to reverence every letter of their law, there was a large part that must have been a stumbling block. They had before them a most heterogenous object of worship, for in addition to the noble prophetic utterances, and splendid spiritual fragments that composed their sacred books, there were numbers of ancient stories and petty narratives, some of which never perhaps contained, or were designed to contain any metaphoric truth at all, while others in the process of compilation from still more ancient sources

had sadly lost their recognisable form and meaning. Philo might not pick and choose amongst the sacred books, he must take them all as one inspired whole. And, impregnated with Greek philosophic thought, whilst loving his Hebrew scriptures, and appreciating the sterling and unsurpassed excellence of large portions of them, he wished to be able to offer to those around him, less Hebrew and more Greek than himself, a system which they could not reject forthwith on the ground of its narrowness. To men possessed of certain attributes of culture, more than had appertained to those to whom the most ancient of his national scriptures had appealed, he strove to present a consistent mass of sacred literature suggestive and attractive throughout.

This course was the more easy for Philo as a resident in Egypt, the head-quarters of the culture of the time, when he could point to Moses, the great lawgiver of his own race, as having originally derived his knowledge from the colleges of Egypt, Moses of whom he speaks as one "who had quickly reached philosophy's very height, and had had interpreted to him from the oracles the main and most comprehensive of the principles of nature." (*De Mund. Opif. ii.*)

Philo accordingly turned the bible of his people into symbol in a wholesale way, evolving by a subtle imagination the deepest significances from the smallest indications. As his imagination sometimes outruns his spiritual insight, and not infrequently leaves his common sense far in the rear, some of his unfoldments of latent meanings are such as had never been dreamed of before. Though such results as these were the delight of the Talmudists, and constituted their only way of emancipation from the shackles of the

verbal infallibility and all-sufficiency of the law, yet to the freer western mind they must seem little more than curiosities. And it is doubtless in great part owing to Philo's pursuance of this course, which resulted in desperate strainings after occult significations, and absurd exaltations of trivial narratives, that a great part of the present neglect of him is owing. The student cannot accept him as a whole, and so throws him to one side, disgusted with what he cannot but consider pages of mere inanity and drivel. Cultured readers may not be brought to believe very decidedly that Sarah the wife of Abraham conceived a child when she was ninety, but they will be drawn further away rather than nearer to respect for the story by Philo's laboured argument that ninety from its inner significance is necessarily a fertile number. Nor does it seem an interesting fact to learn, that the names Shem, Ham, and Japhet, signify respectively "what is good, what is bad, and what is indifferent," or that there are seven distinct reasons why "the days of man shall be a hundred and twenty years," such as because the number a hundred and twenty is a triangular number, and is the fifteenth number consisting of triangles, or because it consists of a combination of odd and even numbers, being contained by the power of the faculty of the concurring numbers, sixty-four and fifty-six, &c., &c."

But it would not be fair to judge Philo by such wearisome instances as these. The task he undertook is an impossible one; however grandly parabolic and significant may be large portions of the Hebrew scriptures, it were one of the labours of Hercules to prove that every single passage, confusedly transferred as it may have been from memory to memory amongst

priests who had missed its meaning, had remained a pure symbolic form at the last.

It is a question that we are not called upon here to decide, whether a large portion of the Hebrew scripture narrative was composed as symbolic fable, or gathered up solely as vestiges of historical fact. It will be safest to take a middle course in the matter: a narrative that was originally history might well be modified in course of time, and adapted to metaphorical needs; moreover the collection of the Hebrew books by Ezra was made at a time when the Jews had been subject to those Babylonian influences which so transformed their ancient narrow religion; and it is not known how much or how little had been retained or destroyed of the ancient record, or how much or how little is due to the diligent redaction of his scribes. It is because this matter of symbolism is so important as a mode of expression and is so imperfectly appreciated, that it is worth while to endeavour to show that Philo's method is not wholly due to his having been carried away by mere imagination into a shadow-realm of his own fancy's creation. That he carried his allegoric speculations too far may rightly be granted; that he had no basis at all for such a plan of elucidation it would be rash to assert. His position was peculiar; like many a philosophic writer before him, he had to deal with national monuments too revered for him to hope or wish to displace them, and so honoured by the law of the land that anyone would incur serious danger who should attempt to abrogate a letter of their record. The unenlightened and indiscriminate reverence of our own day for these same records (which is really no reverence at all, in the true sense of the term), will

enable us to sympathise with such a position as that of Philo. He dared not disturb the letter of the law on any pretext; the only part of it which was open to question was its meaning. The contemplation of his position may lead us to realise how in ages before him there might have been men similarly placed; they had writings before them whose power over the people lay in their being composed of familiar words and household tales; without disturbing their external form, it was a relief to the spiritual mind to impregnate these stories with deeper meanings than what they bore on the surface, meanings that would be recognised by other minds of the same order, whilst lying hid to such lower intelligences as could not take in high truths. Many such stories, too, dealing apparently with well-known occurrences, might even in their original form as narrative have been destined for symbol, and so have waited through the ages for those that could read them.

Philo then may be imagined to have been in this position; he wanted to enlarge the study, amongst alien as well as Jewish races, of his national scriptures, which, read as mere histories, were many of them trifling and insignificant, but which, read as he had been taught and was apt to read them, bore meanings deep enough, he thought, to make them of abiding interest; and even attractive to that Greek philosophic mind with which he was in as close sympathy as with the simpler faith that held the scriptures in awe.

Philo was not the first to read the "Sacred Laws" as allegories, and his only blame is that he allegorised inordinately, finding a symbol in everything, however trivial, and however strained and obscure the connection. We may be thankful that the laws of our

country do not compel us to do homage to the letter of any lore however reverend in its spirit, and that the absence from our system of such a penalty as stoning for such an offence as criticism gives us liberty to be rational. The true parable is that which is conceived in its inner spirit and projected outwards into appropriate symbolic detail; the false parable is that which has to have a meaning found for it by its interpreter, a meaning which must be arbitrary, if not verifiable by one able to appreciate a real parable. A reason why Philo's secret influence has been so great, while his personal influence and modern repute are so small, doubtless lies in the fact that he is valuable mainly by reason of the luminous fragments which dot his writings, and which the philosophic student can detect, whilst his works as a whole repel the general reader who finds himself led into a maze of obscurity.

Before Philo's time, many among the Pharisees, as the Talmud evidences, were prone to make and interpret allegories, but chief of the Jews who saw in the body of the law only a covering of the deep meanings residing within it, and appreciable by the spiritually-minded, were the Essenes, to whom Philo devotes a special chapter. There are other references to allegorism which may be cited here.

In the second book of the Maccabees (i. 10) we are told of a man named Aristobulus, of the stock of the "Christ-priests," and a teacher of King Ptolemy Philometor. This great Rabbini is reputed to be one of the authors of the Septuagint version, and is cited by Origen in his commentaries on the Pentateuch as affording an example of the allegoric method (*adv. Celsum* IV., pp. 198, 204). This would take such interpretation back to fully 150 years

before the time of Philo. This man, some of whose fragments are preserved by Eusebius and Clement of Alexandria, was, like Philo, interested in proving that Greek wisdom was more akin to the teachings of the Hebrew scriptures than the generality supposed.

In that strange and unequal book, known in the edition of the Apocrypha that accompanies the English Bible as the "Second Book of Esdras," there is to be found (cap. vi. 9) an example of allegoric rendering of the scripture narrative. The passage in question is the account of the birth of Esau and Jacob (Gen. xxv. 26), and the interpretation is given as follows:—"For Esau represents the end of the world, and Jacob is the beginning of it that followeth;" or, as it is translated from an Arabic version (it is not extant in Greek, but is preserved in Latin), "And the end of this world is in Esau, and Jacob is the beginning of the world to come." The older prophets had got half way to this kind of allegorising in using names in a typical way—as, for instance, Obadiah, who says, "The House of Jacob shall be a fire, and the House of Joseph a flame, and the House of Esau for stubble, and they shall kindle against them and devour them And Saviours shall come up on Mount Zion to judge the mountains of Esau, and the kingdom shall be Jehovah's." The passage from Esdras quoted above is quite in sympathy with Philo's style, although, to the passage in question, the latter gives a different meaning, saying (*Quæst. in Gen. IV. 162*), "The brothers represent virtue and wickedness, so far as they are the offspring of one mind, and are enemies, in that they are opposed to each other and at war."

Philo is a link in the chain of

oriental parabolising, the elder extreme of which is to be found in the remains of India and Egypt, of the Buddhists and Pythagoreans, while its later developments faintly show themselves in Origen, Clement of Alexandria, the Gnostics, and the Kabbalists. The appearance, moreover, of this kind of symbolism from time to time in the higher flights of poetry, and the communications of ecstasies and oracular subjects, goes to prove that parabolic utterances are not mere whims of a period, or fancies of a school, but realities resting upon some correspondence of our world with a higher sphere of communicative thought.

We have spoken of the use by Philo of proper names as representative of general ideas. He treats "Sodom," for instance, as "being in real fact the soul made barren of all good things, and blinded as to its reason," "Egypt" as "the whole of the district connected with the body"—the "corporeal and external," and the "King of Egypt" as "a figurative representation of the mind devoted to the body." (De Abr. xxi.)

Similarly, in a canonical book (Rev. xi. 8), we find reference made to the same proper names as containing a sense of something base, though the exact symbolic meaning is obscure;—"the open street of the great city—namely, that which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt." The author of the "Epistle to the Galatians" employs the same kind of symbol, when, after referring to the story of the children of Sarah and Hagar, he says, parenthetically (iv. 24), "which things have a second meaning," and makes Hagar answer to "the Jerusalem of the day," and Sarah to an ideal free Jerusalem of above.

That Philo should have a real ground for his symbolic interpreta-

tions of what appears to be mere narrative in the Hebrew Scriptures, seems in some instances well-nigh incredible, however plausible may be his rendering. But before giving an example of one such translation of his, it may be well to say that the true interest of his versions resides, not in the fact whether or not they truly lie concealed in an occult original, but in the light which is thrown by them upon the symbol-making and symbol-reading of his day, and in the resulting fact that such inner thoughts of his, through being often akin to the concealed signification of other parables of his century, afford great aid in appreciating the drift and unlocking the meaning of these other parabolic creations.

In Exodus is a story of the Hebrew clan breaking away in the absence of Moses from his rule, and perpetrating an orgy around the golden effigy of a calf: the story may or may not be based upon some historic fact, or, on the other hand, may or may not be a general symbolisation of some state of the people's mind during a doubtful period. The story ends in the return of Moses, who gathers around himself the sons of Levi, whereupon there is given through him the oracular utterance (Exodus xxxii. 27):—"Thus saith Jehovah the God of Israel, Put ye every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour." Let us hear Philo's reading of this truculent command (De Ebr. § 15, § 16):—"Many are cheated by the mere appearances that are close to their hand, whilst their minds do not penetrate to the powers that lie unseen and shadowed over. What! those that have applied themselves to prayers and sacri-

fices and the whole ceremonial service of the Temple, are—what is most paradoxical—homicides, fratricides, slayers with their own hands of the nearest and dearest bodies. . . . It is not the case, as is deemed by some, that the priests slay men, rational animals constituted of soul and body, but as many things as are near and dear to the flesh, these they cut off from their characters.

. . . . We are to slay a 'brother,' not a man, but the body that is brother to the soul; that is, we shall disjoin from that which is virtue-loving and divine the passion-led and the mortal. Again, we shall slay the 'neighbour,' not a man, but a company and band. For this is alike familiar to the soul and its grievous enemy, laying baits and snares for it, in order that through inundation by the objects of sense that overflow it, it may never erect itself toward heaven for to embrace the natures that are noble and godlike. We shall slay also what is 'nearest.' But what is nearest to the mind is thought in the uttering, inserting false doctrines amongst what are reasonable and likely and persuasive, to the destruction of that bravest possession, truth."

This usage of symbolic form to denote facts in the nature, constitution, and character of man, events transacted not upon the worldly stage, but upon the universal platform of the mind, as on a plane or field, is to be found not only among the seers anterior to Philo, the Buddhists, the Pythagoreans and others, but has a large development among the parables of Jesus recorded in the gospels. Of these, in fact, more are symbolisms representing the working of the constituents of the nature of man, in its growth, its trial, or its great change, than are

expressions of any other thought or moral whatsoever.

To turn again for a moment to the puzzling question of whether Philo is right in attributing a second meaning so deep, and really more important than the first, to passages of the Hebrew scriptures, the fact is noticeable that while he symbolises to a very large extent the narrative which seems so unsymbolic, with a result often capricious and unsatisfactory, leading us to regard him as a mere special pleader, he yet now and again brings out a strange force and vitality in his interior unfoldments. If now a parallel instance can be found, a scripture in which the narrative is for the most part apparently mere narrative, or even plainly fabulous, and not possibly trivial, whilst ever and anon is to be met with a brief sentence full of deep ethical meaning, it may throw some light upon the plan of the Hebrew writings, and the method that Philo has followed, or rather that he ought to have followed, had he not overshot its limits.

We all know the old-fashioned "stories with a moral," and how the moral was pleasanter with the story than it would be without it. This ethical part was generally deduced from the story, which was its illustration and amplification, for the whole was meant to appeal to one class of mind. But amongst ancient writings there are many that seem made to suit two classes of minds; one portion appears to be simple fable, meant for any one to listen to, whilst a smaller portion, hidden in the fable, or added to it, seems to be designed to catch the attention of a reader possessed of thoughtful faculties. Before particularising any writing of this class, it may be interesting to notice a variety of ancient Welsh composition, which is some-

thing akin: for instance, in the following stanzas, the third line always consists of the truth intended to be conveyed, whilst the preceding ones are but simple descriptive verse, bearing a slight sequence, stanza with stanza, the whole probably designed for committal to memory:

In the oak's high-towering grove
Dwells the liberty I love—
Babblers from thy trust remove.

Liberty I seek and have,
Where green birchen branches wave—
Keep a secret from a knave.

Snow a robe on hamlets flings,
In the wood the raven sings—
Too much sleep no profit brings.

See the forest white with snows,
Hark, the storm of winter blows—
Nature beyond learning goes.

Where the mountain snow is spread,
Stags love sunny vales to tread—
Vain is sorrow for the dead.

This seems constructed mainly to keep up the interest and aid the memory, and is probably founded on the manner of the Druids in teaching the young students for the priesthood.

In "Buddhaghosa's Parables" as translated from the Burmese, which is a collection of stories evidently written for the vulgar, there are to be found here and there sentences from an earlier work of high ethical value, the "Dhammapada," which is extant in the Pali, or sacred language of the Hindoo Buddhists. Either these interlarding fragments are meant to catch the chance mind among the ignorant common herd that might be stretching towards higher thought, or they are destined to keep alive the interest of students of superior class, who might otherwise deem the work beneath their notice. Among the Hebrew writers, similarly, there may have been a method of legend writing so as to include ever and anon in the course of the stories a piece of pure parable

or symbol, meant only for those that could so read it, and to all but them standing as mere narrative. It would be too much to say that all the stories of the Hebrew patriarchs and others are constructed upon this fashion, and it is reasonable to suppose that some of them are historic chronicle. But the origin of the older books is so obscure, and they seem to have been gathered from sources so various, that it is impossible to pronounce upon their method and meaning, for these may be as different in character as the fountain-heads from which the books spring. But in such a story as the one which Philo has interpreted for us, there is some plausibility in the suggestion that while the greater part of it is mere matter-of-fact, or mere fable, a portion draws a moral into a region quite apart from the story, a field only appreciable by minds accustomed to symbol, and able to receive those deep truths which it is the function of symbol to preserve and convey.

If Philo's attack upon the credibility, if understood literally, of a precept of murder having been given to the Levites, should be insufficient to convince us that what seems most matter-of-fact may be most mystical in design, we may at least find some interest in the very high and poetical degree of ingenuity which marks some of his symbolical unfoldments. We are well aware, for instance, that we live in a world of trouble and anxiety—"a world of moan" as a dejected poet has called it, and that whether through lapse or imperfection we are by no means in paradise. From what Philo says, it would seem that educated sceptical men in Alexandria were wont to ridicule the accounts of ancient seers who strove to explain the origin and circumstances of existence as it is, treating these primitive legends with a superciliousness such as is exhibited by

no small number of very similar persons in London to-day. Philo takes a deeper view. As if in answer to a question, What do we know of angels and fiery swords keeping a gate that leads from our world to a paradise? he frames his argument. The passage in the Septuagint reads as follows: "The Lord God sent him forth out of the paradise of delight, to till the ground out of which he was taken. And he cast out the Adam, and fixed his dwelling over against the garden of delight; and stationed the cherubim; and the fiery sword that turns itself about, to guard the way of the tree of life." Philo, after citing this, quotes a passage a little different, as follows: "The flaming sword and the cherubim maintain their abode opposite the paradise," which is probably the paraphrase of some rabbinical commentator. He then proceeds with his exposition (*De Cherub. vii.*): "What it is that is told like an enigma by means of the cherubim and the flaming sword that turns itself, let us now examine. May we not say then that he (Moses) here introduced by covert allusion the circumvolution of the entire heaven?" Philo then points to the extreme outermost sweep of the heaven, wherein "the fixed stars celebrate their divine and orderly dance," to the hemispheres which incline towards the earth, their centre, as the sculptured cherubim face to face incline towards the Mercy-seat, to the interior circle of the planets, with their apparent contrary motions. Of the sword he first understands that, consisting of flame and turning itself, it may be surmised to denote these starry movements and "the eternal orbital course of the whole heaven." But in the end

he takes the flaming sword to be the symbol of the sun, and in another book (*Quæst. in Gen. I, 57*) he explains the force of the symbol, on the ground that "by its turning and circumvolution it marks out the season of the year, as being the custodian of life, and of everything which serves to the life of all."

There is some dignity in this conception of the guardians and limits of the external world into which man has passed out of his spiritual home. And if one oriental philosopher discovered such a sense latent in the words of an ancient scripture, there is no very great improbability in the supposition that another equally thoughtful Oriental might have had some such conception in his mind when the parable of Creation was put together.

If we are prone to assume that the thought of the ancient Hebrew was too narrow to attract the mind fed on the broad pasture of later centuries, Philo is here in a position to reprove us. His Eden is the spiritual world; his region outside Eden is the world we are in, guarded by the shining powers of the firmament, which no mortal man may pass. Is this a small or insignificant thought? There is no question of Gentile or Jew; there is man and the universe. The Adam is no single individual; he is humanity—ourselves. Perhaps some will be inclined to say that this is as much romantic commentary upon Philo as Philo's surprising developments from the Hebrew Scripture are romance upon it. Let us examine another passage of Philo's. If Adam is ourselves, what have we to do with nakedness, and coats of skin? God made coats of skin for Adam and for Life, and clothed them.*

* "Adam called the name of his wife Life (*Zoë*), because she was the mother of all living. And the Lord God made for Adam and for his wife garments of skin, and

"If we look to the inner signification," says Philo, "the coat of skin is a symbolical expression for the natural skin, that is to say, our body. For God, when first of all he made the intellect, called it Adam; thereafter, the outward sense, to which he gave the name of Life. In the third place, he of necessity makes a body also, calling that by a symbolic expression, a coat of skin; for it was fitting that intellect and outward sense should be clothed in a body as in a coat of skin." (Quæst. and Sol. in Gen. I. 53.)

It will be interesting here to show that Philo was not alone in taking this view of the meaning of the parable of Genesis; he is quite at one with the Rabbis of Jerusalem. In a Talmudic commentary redacted in the third century of our era (Bereschith R. xx., 29) we find, "'God made for them coats of skin and clothed them.' In Rabbi Meir's book of the law it was found written, 'Garments of light, these were the garments of the first Adam.'" The conception of the Rabbis, drawn from their national scriptures, is of a celestial man, made in the likeness of God, and a terrestrial man ("in whom we all die," as a Christian Rabbi mystically puts it), who has become subject to a fall from his archetype, and is no more than a material adumbration of the angelic Adam, who is of the nature of the Elohim.

Philo's understanding of the incarnate Adam is given more at large in the following:—"Being in a manner God's likeness in respect of the sovereign mind within the soul; albeit it was his duty to preserve that divine image free from spot or stain . . . he chose eagerly what was false and base

and evil, and contemned what was good and noble and true, for which he was very fairly made to exchange an immortal for a mortal existence . . . and altered his condition to that of a laborious and ill-starred life." (De Nobil. 3.)

If man had remained wholly spiritual, say the Rabbis, he might have been of the Elohim. He may regain his state; he may relapse still further. "Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish." (Ps. xlix. 20.)

The Elohim are spiritual beings of creative and administrative power, as being at one with the Logos, the Word, or Power of the Thought Divine. We find in the Psalms (lxxxii.):

God standeth in the congregation of El;
He judgeth among the gods,—

How long will ye judge wrongly,
And accept the persons of the wicked? . . .

I have said, ye are gods;
And all of you sons of the Most High.
But ye shall die like men,
And fall like one of the princes.

It is on the ground of capacity to receive the Logos, and do his works, and so to be of the Elohim, that Jesus defends himself from an ignorant charge of blasphemy:

"Is it not written in your law, *I said, ye are gods?* If he called them gods, unto whom the Word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be made void; say ye of him whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said, I am God's son? If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not." (John x. 34.)

It is as the type of humanity restored to unity with its divine origin, that Jesus is set in apposition to Adam. Through the spirit

clothed them." (Gen. iii. 21. Sept.) Here it is not garments of skins, but of skin, and the word used in the Hebrew is applicable to human skin, and is so employed in the reference to the shining skin of Moses (Ex. xxiv. 30, 35).

of the works which proved his consecration, or chrism, he became the recipient of the Logos, and so restored the position of the celestial Adam, showing as it were the journey homeward to Eden from the region without into which the terrestrial Adam had strayed. "As in the Adam all die, so in the Christ will all be brought to life." (1 Cor. xv. 22.) Passages like these will always be misunderstood so long as to die is regarded as signifying the passage away from terrestrial life, rather than the entrance into a state of subjection to birth and death—a condition in which death is possible.

"While the soul of the wise man comes down from on high from the ether into mortal life, and enters into and is sown in the field of the body, verily it is sojourning in a land not its own." (Quæst. in Gen. III., § 10.) "It is not possible for one who makes a body and the mortal stock his dwelling-place, to hold communion with God, but for one whom God redeems to himself from the prison-house." (Leg. Allegor. II., § 14.) Such is Philo's picture of the downward journey. He even describes corporeal life as the soul's tomb: "The human mind, entangled in so great a crowd of external senses, most competent to lead it astray and cheat it by false opinions, nay entombed in the mortal body which may rightly be termed a grave mound." (De Creat. Princ. 8.) The picture of the soul's upward journey we may draw from a more familiar source: "It is sown in corruption, it riseth in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it riseth in glory; it is sown in weakness, it riseth in power. It is sown a soulic (psychic) body, it riseth a spiritual body. There is a soulic body, and there is a spiritual body. So also it is written, the first man Adam became

an animated soul, the last Adam a spirit making alive. Howbeit the spiritual is not first, but the soulic, afterwards the spiritual. The first man is of earth, earthy; the second man is of heaven." (1 Cor. xv. 42-47.) To understand this passage, and its connection with Philo's philosophy, we must bear in mind that the soulic body means the animal-soulic part of man's constitution; the physical vitality, not the spark of spirit. Philo speaks of "the inferior sort of the soul, its irrational part, of which even beasts partake." (De Spec. Leg. § 17.)

Another case may be instanced where Philo's interpretation of Hebrew Scripture possesses a reasonable ground of probability, and at the same time shows a resemblance between Mosaic and Platonic conceptions:—

"What is the object of saying, 'And God made every green herb of the field before it was upon the earth, and every grass before it had sprung up?' He here enigmatically signifies the incorporeal species, since the expression *before it was* intimates the consummation of every bush and herb, seedlings and trees. But as to what he says, *before it had sprung up upon the earth*, God had made green herb, and grass, and other things, it is plain that the incorporeal species had been created for types, as it were, and in accordance with intellectual nature; and it is these which the things which are upon the earth perceptible to the external senses were to imitate." (Quæst. in Gen. I. 2.)

The conception here is of an existence in an ideal or spiritual state prior to a correspondential or approximate existence upon the lower plane of matter. This is Plato's doctrine, while it does not seem to strain the sense of the text to attach the same signification to

the words of "Genesis." Such a pre-existence of plants is quite congruous with the notion of the pre-existence of the celestial Adam, and Philo is evidently thinking of the same hidden archetype of life when he speaks as follows of animals:—"The created animal is imperfect as to quantity, proof of which is the growth pertaining to each period of existence; but it is perfect as to quality, for the same quality abides as was stamped upon it by the abiding and never-changing divine Word." (De Prof. § 2.)

Upon the following passage, perhaps, it would be hazardous to speak with assurance, but, if Philo's very philosophic interpretation be not the true one, we can only be grateful to him for so suggestive and valuable an invention:—"Moses prays to learn from God himself what God is. . . . 'Thou shalt see my back parts,'* saith God, 'but my face thou mayest nowise behold.' It is sufficient, indeed, for the wise man to discern the consequences and the things which are after God; but he who wishes to gaze on the sovereign essence will be blinded by the exceeding shine of the rays before beholding it." (De Prof. § 29.) This is a fine thought, that we may study Deity's consummated acts, and learn the lessons of experience, but that to pry into his essence is beyond the power of mortal man.

A similar instance of Philo's most engaging interpretations is the following:—"On one occasion Moses was urged forward by the desire of learning to investigate the causes by which the most necessitarian of the processes in the world are brought to consummation; for beholding how many things in creation perish and are produced afresh, are destroyed and

yet abide, he marvelled and was amazed, and cried out saying, 'The bush is burned, and is not consumed.' " (De Prof. § 29.)

It was the tendency of the ancient priests to be secretive, and to envelope in obscure signs the registers of what knowledge they possessed, physiological or spiritual. Nevertheless, it is difficult to follow Philo in his argument that the diluvian Ark, which was unstable, and tossed about by the flood, is meant as a similitude of created nature, the human body. The Ark of the Covenant, on the other hand, a vessel all gold, and sacredly preserved in the Holy of Holies, he regards as a symbol of the incorporeal world, the stable divine nature. The comparison of the proportions of the ark of wood with those of the human body is not very comprehensive; the principal points being that the relations of length, breadth, and height of the ark—three hundred, fifty, and thirty cubits respectively—correspond with height, chest-width, and rib-depth and width together. The compartments of the ark are food-receptacles and digestive regions; the doors are orifices, the windows senses, and the people in the ark faculties. The roof is that earthly desire which binds down the soul which otherwise would aspire. The whole comparison, of which we have quoted only the most plausible particulars, is a curious instance of Rabbinical subtlety.

The influence of Philo, or of his school, in their more spiritual illustrations may be traced through a double channel in the gospels. Many apparently genuine utterances therein are pervaded by the same cast of thought as Philo's, while the later doctrinal developments of the compilers have evidently originated in the metaphysical hypo-

* Exodus xxxiii. 23.

theses of Philo and his school; this is most markedly the case in the fourth gospel. A few instances of parallelism or sympathy of thought between Philo's words and those recorded as having fallen from Jesus may here be noted by way of example. There are, however, certain broad features of likeness between the spiritual philosophy of Philo and the gospel enounced by Jesus, which cannot be fully shown by comparison of isolated passages. Such a likeness is the more remarkable from the fact of the utter dissimilarity of the word and work of each teacher taken as a whole. Philo is a man who sees the imperfection of earthly life, and finds a refuge and consolation in philosophy; Jesus is a spirit all aglow with the world beyond, who presses forward with his good tidings for the irradiation of this. Where Philo surmises, Jesus sees; where Philo is involved and obscure, Jesus is luminous and crystalline. The similarities in question are but the more remarkable on this account.

Philo represents the soul of the wise man as "coming down from above and approaching the mortal and entering and being sown in the field of the body, where it sojourns as being in a land not its own." (Quæst. in Gen. III. § 10.) He tells us that the Deity looks upon the wicked as "dead to any true life, bearing about themselves their body like a sepulchre, and burying their wretched soul in it." (Quæst. in Gen. I. § 70.) "The death of the good is the beginning of another life. For life is two-fold: one in the body, corruptible; the other without body, incorruptible. Therefore a wicked man dies the death, who even while yet breathing among the living has already been buried, by reason of retaining in himself no inner spark of true life,

which is perfect virtue." (Quæst. in Gen. I. § 16.)

With these passages may be compared the parable of the Buried Talent, and such an expression of the master's as "Leave the dead to bury their own dead:" (Matt. viii. 22.) The understanding of the last-named injunction is often deflected by a misreading of what precedes it. The request, "Permit me first to go away and bury my father," does not imply that the father was lying dead, but betokens a wish to return to the life previously led, until the death of the head of the house should leave the son free to follow the strange master, which he fancied might then perhaps be his inclination. A piece of temporising, which the master meets by the epigram to the effect that the dead, or world-buried folk, may be left to see to the affairs of one another.

It will be interesting to trace the course of the beautiful thought of the presence of God with man, from its early and somewhat materialistic form in the Pentateuch, through the refinement of the later oral teachings, whose spirit is represented in Philo's writings and in the Hagada of the Talmud, and so along to its familiar form in the simple setting of the gospels.

The following passage, it will be observed, is quoted both by Philo and the author of the Epistles to the Corinthians:

"I will set my Tabernacle among you, and my soul shall not abhor you. And I will walk-about-within among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people:" (Lev. xxvi. 12.)

This Tabernacle was the Shekinah, or symbol of the inhabitation with men of the glory of God.

The following are from Philo:

"In the minds of those that are

in a high degree purified, there doth assuredly inwardly walk, without noise, alone and invisibly, the God and governor of the universe; for truly there is a divine oracle extant, vouchsafed to the wise man, wherein it is said, *I will walk about among you, and I will be your God.* But in the minds of those who are still in process of cleansing, while they are not yet wholly washed clean of the life that defiles, and is soiled by the weight of the body, walk the angels, the divine words. . . . Do thou therefore, O my soul, make haste to become the house of God, and his holy temple:" (De Somn. I. § 23.)

"In the soul of the wise man God is said to inwardly walk. . . . And into the happy soul which holds out as the most sacred cup its own faculty of reason, who can pour the sacred vessels of the joy that accompanies truth, except the cup-bearer of God and banquet-master—the Word? . . . We look not for the city of the eternal in the regions of the earth, for it is not constructed of wood or of stone, but seek it in the soul which is free from war. . . . Where could be found a more venerable and holy abode for God, amid all existing things, than the mind fond of contemplation, which presses forward to behold all things, and not even in a dream feels a longing for sedition or disturbance." (De Somn. II., 38, 39.)

"Inasmuch as God makes his way invisibly into the region of the soul, let us set in order that region to the best of our ability, as deemed worthy of the office of the future dwelling-place of God. If we do otherwise, God will move and go off unknown to another house. The mind of the wise man is the house of God." (Fragm. ex Ant. Ser. lxxxii.)

In the gospels a kindred sym-

bolism is very distinctly formulated:—

"This man said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it within three days." (Matt. xxvi. 61.) "Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. . . . He spake of the temple of his body." (John ii. 20, 21.)

"Jesus yielded up his spirit, and the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." (Matt. xxvii. 51.)

"The veil, that is to say, his flesh." (Heb. x. 20.)

The expressions "the kingdom of God," "the kingdom of Heaven," most often used to signify a state which is to be brought near by man and made his own, when it was found that they conveyed to some minds the impression of the visible foundation of a millennial kingdom on earth, were turned still further inwards, until they become almost synonymous with "the temple of God," the spirit's house which Divinity can enter and make divine. "The kingdom of God cometh not by observation . . . the kingdom of God is within you." (Luke xvii. 20, 21.)

In the following the same symbol is used:—

"Your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit in you, which ye have from God, and ye are not your own. . . . Therefore glorify God in your body." (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.)

"Ye are the temple of the living God; even as God said, I will indwell within them, and will walk about within, and will be their God, and they shall be to me a people." (2 Cor. vi. 16.)

"Know ye not that ye are God's temple, and that the spirit of God dwells in you? If anyone destroys the temple of God, him will God

destroy ; for the temple of God is holy, of which quality ye are." (1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.)

We may roughly classify the different uses of the symbol, as in the

Pentateuch tending to the materialistic, in Philo to the intellectual. in the Pauline Epistles to the ascetic ; while in the Gospels the expression is purely mystical.

(To be continued.)

TOO RED A DAWN.

BY MABEL COLLINS, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," "In this World," "Our Bohemia," &c.

(Continued from page 322.)

CHAPTER XIV.

MERRY had until now been always happy. And was she not still happy? Yes; happy in a sense which many less perfectly constituted persons would find it difficult to understand.

Experience must be long and bitter before it will take the elasticity from out a buoyant human soul. As yet Merry's experience had only led her to the margin of the deep waters of strong feeling; she had still her child-like enjoyment of pleasures, so simple that, when they have died out of the lives of the old and weary, no effort of imagination can recall them. The first opening of her eyes in the morning brought the thrill of conscious though accustomed pleasure. Her room, dressed in white and rose colour, was full of quaint little effects of her own devising. The wide window held her favourite birds and plants, and she loved to see the different beautiful appearances of the leaves and flowers on a sunny or a shadowy morning. And, as sleep slowly deserted her and the coming vigour of the day stirred and roused her, she would pause, and linger in the warm nook where was still the sense of pure slumber. She did not realise what made her hesitate and feel a pleasure even in that mere hesitation. It was the

natural delight of absolute physical health and well-being; this it was which made her fancy every circumstance that surrounded her awaking to be so charming. She would stretch out her bare arms to the air with pleasure, and then bursting the last link which held her in the atmosphere of her sweet sleep, would spring out of her bed and dance to the window that she might catch the light upon her face. The touch of the cold water, the combing out of her dark hair, all were separate pleasures; and as she dressed she would often burst out into a song as gay as her mood. When these blithe melodies, spontaneous as those of the birds, penetrated to her mother's ear, she would smile and say to herself, "My child is happy."

Happy—yes. Not as a successful worker is happy, but as a child who has never faced the realities of life is happy. She came singing into the breakfast-room as gaily as though the world were created afresh every morning and all its old stains were washed away in the gleefulness of new life. There was something of the irrelevance which is characteristic of the happiness of all quite young creatures, in Merry; she wandered from the delight of feeling the sunshine on her face to the pleasure of greeting her mother, and then away to her birds or flowers, as

though there were no tasks in the world but those of being beautiful and loving beauty; and indeed she knew of few others. She had a garden of delights given her; and within that garden she was as free, as untamed, as any wild creature upon the prairies. Arthur's thoughtlessly cool manner to her over night was perhaps the very first indication she had ever perceived that her free course of happiness might receive a check. She did not realise it in that definite fashion, of course; she only shed a few passionate tears over it, and her wild little heart throbbed rebelliously at the unaccustomed chill which it received; but the sensation was half lost in the fresh shock of realising that Richard was after all merely pretending peace, that underneath there burned the same fire which had prompted his hot words to her before.

But she was too young and too accustomed to be happy to yet have her sleep or her morning mirthfulness disturbed by these troubles. She was still in the period of faith when we believe that we have only to grow a little older and then we shall be perfect—only to let a little time pass and all troubles will be straightened. Quite young and inexperienced souls are the only believers in the golden age; and they are always looking eagerly forward, ignorant that they are at the very time enjoying all they will ever know of it.

She had forgotten everything but the bright sunshine when she came into the breakfast-room this morning, but her eyes fell upon Richard as she entered, and the unconscious song died upon her lips. It all rushed back upon her—the memory of the icy wound which Arthur had carelessly made in her heart, and the unwelcome fire with which Richard had desired to heal it.

But Richard rose to bid her

good morning with just the same grave, gentle sweetness which he had worn through all her years of familiarity with him. Bewildered—for she did not yet know the meaning of self-control—she sat down silently at her mother's side.

"Shall we drive to Kew and look at the orchids this morning?" said Mrs. Hamerton. "It is too fine to stay at home. I daresay Arthur will come in early and go with us."

Merry was just going to exclaim, "How nice that will be," when her eyes again fell upon Richard, who was apparently absorbed in the morning paper, and the words remained unsaid. She had not been accustomed to consider him: he went with them if they wanted him. If Arthur were not there, or if Clotilda was likely to have no companion, or Mr. Hamerton could not go, then Richard always happened to be disengaged, and it was delightful to have him. But he was one of those men who seem to know by instinct when they will not be wanted; and in some mysterious way he was always already gone out or engaged when their party was satisfactorily made up without him. All this had passed quite unnoticed by Merry, to whom everything appeared to happen for the best, naturally and without effort. The ideas of sacrifice or suppression had simply never occurred to her; the words were words only. But now, some faint instinct of the truth entered her mind—was that hot fire really burning in Richard's heart all this time that he seemed so quiet? Did he really want to be at her side when he so simply gave place to Arthur? The thought that such suppression was possible—that Richard might secretly be unhappy—struck her with a sudden chill. She was silent.

Thus there was a little pause, for it was generally Merry who re-

sponded to such proposals. Observing the silence, Mr. Hamerton looked up and said, "Certainly, Bertha; I will order the carriage."

The carriage came to the door. The sunshine called them out, but Arthur did not come, and when Mrs. Hamerton began to collect her party she found Richard had disappeared. And so they started, Merry and Clotilda, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton. Merry was satisfied with this, for she felt a little afraid of her next meeting with Arthur: she feared she had not pleased him. It was very pleasant to sit quietly by Clotilda's side, only speaking now and then, and letting the joyousness of the fresh air enter her soul, and drive out the new doubts and despondencies which seemed so strange to her.

Arthur saw them drive past. The carriage was open, and from behind the white curtain he could see them clearly. Merry was silent—not even smiling.

"She is a pretty little thing," he said to himself; "but, confound it, what a nuisance it will be if she gets so quiet! I can't stand a woman who is not amusing."

He was just going out, and as soon as the carriage had disappeared he left the house. He had an appointment with Frank Vernon in the city.

CHAPTER XV.

ARTHUR had really no idea that he was not as often with Merry as he used to be. Selfish persons only see their own view of a question, and Arthur's only sense of the difference was that the creation of the "Early News," and the society of the journalists who were interested in that paper, supplied him with an amusement which he needed. Consequently he was not so often driven to the Hamertons for society. For some little time he was a great deal

with the Vernons, and the various arrangements connected with starting the new journal were all submitted to him, for he had allowed Frank Vernon to call him the proprietor. "A mere matter of form, you know. Somebody must own the thing, and it won't do for the editor to be proprietor also. We'll make your fortune, Wansy, after we've paid ourselves handsomely."

Arthur never reposed much confidence in Frank Vernon's business abilities or trustworthiness, but he relied, as was his habit, on his own shrewdness to carry him through. He had talked to a number of people about the enterprise, and he saw that there was a genuine probability of making it pay. He considered the principal risk to himself to lie with Vernon, whom he thought it would be necessary to look after very sharply, as soon as there was money coming in. But he saw that just such a man was absolutely essential to the paper. Frank Vernon's experience as a journalist, and his natural wit, made him the very man to edit, and indeed create, a "society journal." It is a thing which can only be done by a certain sort of mind, which is rarer than might be supposed.

"Another paper started, I see!" said Mr. Wansy, one evening, about a month after Arthur first assisted at the discussion concerning the "Early News," over the Vernon's dinner table. "Would you like to see it, Arthur? I bought a copy of the first number, just to look at. It is clever, certainly. I wonder how long it will live? There is always such a rascally set of people in connection with these new journals, that it's next to impossible to make a commercial success of them."

"You think this is clever?" said Arthur, inquiringly, as he languidly opened the sheet, the con-

tents of which he already knew by heart.

"Yes, it has some good writing in it, and what is more, some bits of really 'early news.' A good business manager would make a success of it."

Arthur mentally resolved to look after the business management as shrewdly as might be.

Frank Vernon was absolutely in his element now. He was established in an office which he had for some time coveted, in Caroline-street, Covent Garden. He was so accustomed to newspaper offices that he was really rather more at home in one than anywhere else; and his presence was enough to bring a cheerful, busy, successful air about the whole place. He gloried in starting a paper, in giving it its character—putting himself into it, in fact. It was to his mind a position as grand as an emperor's. He loved the sense of power which it gave him. He particularly enjoyed the idea of having no domineering proprietor to keep him down. He had always started papers before under the auspices of some rich jeweller or butter merchant; it was quite a new thing to have the reins in his own hands, and only be subject to the inquiries of a young fellow like Arthur, whom he calculated upon hoodwinking just as he chose. Arthur was already a great deal further interested in the affair than he had intended to be. He had got together a good deal of money for it in one way or another. His one condition with regard to the use of his name was, that the matter was to be kept altogether from his father's knowledge; for he well knew that Mr. Wansy regarded journalists and all persons connected with the press as more or less disreputable. Nevertheless, he had obtained some money from his father for the paper, on the idea of

buying a horse. To obtain any luxury for Arthur—especially one which made an "appearance," Mr. Wansy was very liberal. He was just a little puzzled that the horse was not bought immediately, but Arthur said he had not been able to satisfy himself, and Mr. Wansy asked no more about it, secretly approving this seeming carefulness in spending.

Arthur was greatly encouraged by his father's opinion that the new journal ought to be made to pay, though he well knew Mr. Wansy had no experience in such things. He was so accustomed to value his father's opinion upon business matters that, from mere habit, he accepted it now, as at all events a good augury of success.

He had a sudden alarm as to the possibility of his father's hearing of his connection with the paper, very early in its career. When he opened the second number in the office, he saw some verses signed "Paul Stretton." He immediately went upstairs to the editorial room and interviewed Frank very seriously as to the necessity of keeping his name a secret, except when it was absolutely requisite to use it in business. "Trust me," said Frank; "I am not a blab. Moreover, I haven't seen Stretton lately. These verses were bought from him for the "Monthly," but that respectable magazine came to grief before I had an opportunity to use it. I kept a few of the manuscripts which seemed likely to be of any use, and now some bits of verse will come in conveniently to fill up a corner."

"Well, be careful, that's all," said Arthur, somewhat appeased. He glanced over the verse and then asked, "How long ago was this written?"

"A couple of years, perhaps," said Frank. "He tried to discover who had it and to buy it back some

time ago. But the publishers of that magazine no longer existed and it was a long time before I heard of his attempts, else I am sure he might have had it for money down."

"By Jove," said Arthur with a laugh; "it's addressed to a by-gone flame; he's engaged since then to a lady I know. I wonder, will she like this?"

"Oh, poets are always supposed to address themselves to imaginary beauties," said Frank, indifferently.

"Let us hope she will think so," said Arthur; "else there will be a row, for that young lady has a temper of her own. And this is so very plainly addressed to Miss Eldon, the actress, whom I have heard, now I think of it, he was greatly devoted to at one time. What fools writers are to rush into print with all their private affairs."

"It strikes me," said Frank, "that I may have got Mr. Stretton into rather a fix. Is he a ferocious person?"

"He looks so, but I don't think he is. I will go to the Hamertons' 'at home' to-night, and see if I can hear anything about it. He is generally there."

"This number is selling well," remarked Frank.

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure," said Arthur, "for I shall soon be confoundedly hard up if there is not some money coming in."

About eleven o'clock that evening he passed through the curtained archway into the Hamertons' drawing-room, and found there a rather quiet, but very pictorial assemblage.

Everybody who is in the habit of noticing effects must have observed how different is the general appearance of different gatherings. Sometimes, in a modern drawing-room, it will appear as if every lady had modelled her costume upon a study of Burne-Jones, or had en-

deavoured to make of herself a vague and indefinite "arrangement" after Whistler. On another occasion it seems as though a decorous wind had been blowing over the metropolis, awakening in the bosoms of the women a desire to look like their grandmothers, and half your acquaintance appear in black silk, with their hair in an unusually tidy condition.

This evening, when Arthur entered the Hamertons' large drawing-room he was struck, though his mind was full of other matters, with the special prettiness of the scene. There were not many people present, and they had gathered together into an immense bow window which formed one end of the drawing-room, and which was draped entirely with soft silk curtains of that peculiar grey-blue tint which appears to have been invented for the especial purpose of making pleasant backgrounds for artistic groups. There were a number of ladies in wonderful æsthetic dresses, of all imaginable subdued and dead-leaf colours; their very complexions seemed paled and dimmed to complete the general effect. It is an extraordinary thing how women contrive to suit themselves to the fashion of the time!

Clotilda Raymond, who was reciting at the moment, and so had become the centre of this group, looked indeed, with a peculiar fit of abstracted inspiration upon her, as if she had just stepped out of one of those pictures which are yearly to be seen in certain summer exhibitions, and which are the amazement and bewilderment of the sturdy British public. It is compelled to bow to the names of the artists, and to keep silence before the authoritative applause of the art critics; but John Bull, when he surveys these much-admired canvases, upon which he beholds reed-

like maidens, with skins of snow and faces of deep and exquisite despondency, bending and drooping in mystic reveries, must needs be perplexed. He thinks of his wife, a stout and rosy matron, fed on beef and ale; he considers his robust daughters, following fast in their mother's footsteps. "These are not women," he says, indignantly. "Flesh is pink, women are made of flesh. Besides, they never would be so thin or look so desperately unhappy unless they were starved. Do these artists keep a collection of under-fed young ladies to be their models?" But, no, he concludes, in a civilised country no girl would stand such treatment even to be immortalised on a master's canvas; these figures must be imaginary. And so, despite the art critics, he mentally votes the great artist a fool. Why not paint men and women as they are?

But imagination must not take all the credit. The tide of artistic feeling, or the step in artistic development, which produces these rare artists, produces also the rare models who inspire them. The sturdiest lover of rosy womanhood would have had to allow that this school of painters cannot be accused of being untrue to human nature in the dimmest and most ethereal of its maiden figures, had he seen Clotilda Raymond to-night. She was dressed most simply in a clinging white dress, but she needed nothing in her costume, except simple negativeness, to bring out the artistic effect of her face and figure. Her skin was always as white as white satin; no one had ever seen a blush rise in those absolutely pallid cheeks. But her great dark eyes illuminated the strange pale face with a weird, far-away sort of light, as though she looked into another world and caught its brilliance; and so

indeed she did, for she really lived in her art, and when, as now, she was the centre of an admiring group to whom she was reciting her own verses, she retired into the idea which she had expressed, and almost entirely forgot her audience. Rollo McClintock was near her, listening absorbedly; he stood between her and Merry, who sat on a low chair in front of the group, and his attention was greatly divided between the two girls, both of whom he so much admired. Paul Stretton, eye-glass in eye, sat composedly where he could see Clotilda well, and surveyed her with the air of a satisfied critic. The other gentlemen looked on and listened with various expressions of admiration upon their faces, and forming by their black coats queer spots in the general mass of pale colour. Mrs. McClintock sat in the foreground, very near Merry, to whom she had been talking just before Clotilda was asked to recite. She made a startling and bizarre patch of colour, for she had dressed herself in a wonderful crimson dress in which she was sitting to an eminent portrait painter, who was to exhibit her portrait in the coming Academy. Crimson satin was a speciality of his, and he knew he would paint it well, and that the art critics would make a point of praising it; he cared nothing for Mrs. McClintock's appearance. But Mrs. McClintock reposed absolute faith in all persons of eminence; she knew about as much about appropriateness of dress as an owl; and so she insisted upon going out in this amazing costume, much to Rollo's horror and disgust.

Arthur came quietly into the group, shook hands with Mrs. Hamerton, and then paused by Merry's side. She was dressed in cream-colour, with a bunch of

cream-coloured roses in her dark hair; she was looking down, and her hands were loosely folded in her lap. She was pale to-night, yet beside Clotilda she scarcely looked so, for Clotilda's satin-like skin seemed to conceal the blood, while Merry's, thin and transparent, showed its coming and going; even when pale, this kind of complexion has a fruit-like effect. Arthur came from behind her so that she could not see him, but directly he approached her she felt his presence, and the blood rushed to her face and crimsoned it suddenly. She quickly unfurled her white fan and attempted to hide herself behind its flutterings. And Arthur smiled a little; he liked to feel his power so plainly. He had this girl's happiness and gaiety in his own hands, and he partly knew it. He could not realise the full extent of his power because he had no plumb-line with which to gauge the depth of her heart. It was to him as an unknown pool to an ignorant child; he sees the surface, and cannot even guess at the deeps which lie below.

When Clotilda's voice ceased, and was followed by the general buzz of applause, Arthur drew up a chair and sat down beside Merry. She was all aglow at once. She saw that he had no memory of any coldness, and no sense that he had been much away from her. He had come back just as though he had been at her side through all these days so long and chill to her. She recognised this at once, and with instinctive pride was quick to adopt the same position. Besides, she did but desire love, and when it came she forgot its recent absence. Arthur began to talk to her in low tones, but while he spoke his attention was arrested by something Rollo McClintock was saying. He had suddenly introduced the very subject which

Arthur was curious about. Rollo had been complimenting Clotilda on her poetry, but she, sitting with head so low drooped that only those familiar with her did not have a half fear that she was fainting, seemed scarcely to hear him. So he turned to Paul Stretton, and spoke to him across the group:

"I see, Stretton, you have a poem this week in that new paper which has just started."

"I!" said Mr. Stretton. "No, you are mistaken."

"It is signed with your name, at all events," said McClintock, "and written in your style," he was about to add, but hesitated, reflecting that there might be some queer mistake, and Stretton was rather touchy about his "style."

"What paper do you mean?" asked Mr. Stretton, in considerable perplexity.

"This week's 'Early News,'" replied Rollo. "I saw it to-day, at the club."

"I never heard of the paper," exclaimed Mr. Stretton. "Nor I—nor I," said a number of the others who had gathered round, whereby Arthur learned that his newspaper had not yet set the entire Thames on fire.

"I have seen it," remarked Richard Hamerton, "and what is more, I have a copy. So I will fetch it, and you shall see for yourself, Mr. Stretton."

The buzz of talk went on undisturbed while Richard departed for the paper; but in its midst sat two silent and absorbed figures. Clotilda had not yet quite come out of her dreamland, and sat still like a drooping statue. She looked as though it really would be difficult to arouse her to an interest in the small things of life. She seemed possessed of large thoughts, and all these gossiping and flirting people about might be to her as so many shadows.

Mr. Stretton also sat silent; but he scarcely looked statuesque. He had stuck his eye-glass with added ferocity into his eye, and was gazing intently at his faultless boots, while he twisted the ends of his long black moustache. He was vainly endeavouring to conjecture what this poem might be.

Richard returned, the sheet open in his hand, and went up to Mr. Stretton. "Signed by you, certainly," he said. "You have forgotten it. Do read it for us."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Hamerton; and half-a-dozen other voices echoed the wish. Mr. Stretton stared at the page and kept silence.

"I would rather not," he said at last.

"Oh—do," repeated the chorus, until he saw he must do it. It was too absurd to refuse, as he was in the habit of reading his verses aloud. So he read it, sitting there in the midst of the politely admiring little crowd. He had not read the first line before he recovered all his self-possession. His own verse was the one thing which filled Mr. Stretton with a burning enthusiasm. These lines were an impassioned address to Ella Eldon, a charming young actress; they praised her beauty and her charms, and declared his devotion to her in phrases of studied fire. He read on, giving each word its utmost value, until he came to a certain line, which seemed to arouse his enthusiasm to its utmost pitch—

Ensphered in a splendid shrine, with a
passion-flower at her heart.

He paused an instant. "Ah! a fine line that," he said aloud, drawing a deep breath as of absorbed admiration before he read on to the end.

"Splendid!" "How beautiful!" said his admirers, who had come near to listen.

"Yes," he answered, with languid

dignity; "I believe it is one of my best things."

Then, as the crowd separated, his eyes fell upon Clotilda's figure where she sat, still drooping like a weary lily, but in a different position. She had raised her head, and her dark eyes met his. He had forgotten his embarrassment—it had been lost in the pleasure of admiring the verse. He remembered it now. He rose and went to her. "Come with me into the little drawing-room," he said, and she took his arm at once and went with him. He led her into the room whose walls were like gardens. It was empty. He put her into a corner among the green silk cushions; she fell instantly into an attitude which made her appear like a portion of the beautiful room. He noted this, as he sat down beside her, even while he was choosing his words to express something he found not too easy to say.

"Clotilda," he said, "that poem was written years ago. I have no idea how it has got into that paper; I should have destroyed it long since if I could have found it."

"But why?" she asked in genuine surprise, and speaking in the pretty, eager way which she could use sometimes; "it is charming—some most suggestive lines in it, and admirable in form."

"No, no, I don't mean that," cried Mr. Stretton, quite at a loss to understand her, and thinking that her coolness meant his disaster was even greater than he feared at first. "I could not avoid reading it aloud; it would have made it seem much worse had I refused—and indeed, Clotilda, I have not seen Miss Eldon, even on the stage, for at least a year——"

Clotilda drew back and looked at him with an astonishment which startled and silenced him.

"What!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes literally flashing and her

pale face transformed by an excitement quite unusual with her. "Do you suppose I am jealous? Are you not a poet? What claim have I to silence any music which rises within you? I hope to help you make beauty, not hinder you. And can you think me so little as to be jealous? Oh, no; write poems to every lovely woman in the world, and so the verse be worthy of you, I shall applaud you. We are poets, are we not?—something more than a mere man and woman. Indeed," she said, suddenly speaking quietly again, "the poem is a very fine one—I like it."

She drooped her head again, and let the long dark lashes lie on her white cheeks. The fire had gone from her face, and left it all cold and weary once more. This was partly a matter of habit, but it partly arose from the fact that Richard Hamerton had come into the room without at first observing them, and must have heard some, at least, of her hot words. He turned to go out again, but a group of people had come in just after him; they were walking through the rooms, looking at the different beauties which they contained. Mr. Stretton rose and mixed with them, while Clotilda sat silent and unnoticed in her corner.

When the room was quiet again, Richard Hamerton lingered. He had come in there, wanting to be a moment alone, and thought the others had all gone out together. But he caught sight, as he began to pace up and down, of Clotilda's still figure among the deep cushions. She was quite silent, and appeared not to know he was there. But he came and sat down near her, fixing his eyes upon her drooping face: she interested—she puzzled him. In his present mood—a mood in which the society of ordinary persons was insupportable—she was a fascinating enigma.

After a moment she raised her head and looked at him. She knew well enough that he had heard something of what she had said to Paul Stretton. In his eyes she could see a part, at least, of his thoughts. But there was a strangely eager, almost fierce look in them which she could not fathom. It made her curious.

"What are you thinking, Mr. Hamerton?" she said at last.

"I am wondering," he said, "whether, if you have never known jealousy, you can have known love. I," he said with an intensity which thrilled her, "I cannot separate them!"

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

FROM the time of that strange, brief conversation held between Richard Hamerton and Clotilda, she became his friend. Only a few words passed between them, they were almost immediately interrupted, but enough was said to show Clotilda something which she had before been unconscious of. Though she had always liked and appreciated Richard, she had never sufficiently observed him to guess at the state of emotion in which he now lived. But the little he said in the moment of sympathy when these two were drawn together, revealed to her something which appalled and yet delighted her. He never mentioned Merry's name; but the clue was enough for Clotilda, and she only wondered at her previous blindness. She saw him standing, a man of principle, solid and immovable, as a rock stands in the sea; and by intuitive sympathy she could conjecture something of the wild emotions and strong passions which constituted that sea. She could guess how its waves dashed some-

times so high that their foam hid the rock from view, but could not move it.

These emotions with which Richard was warring daily, were so unknown and unintelligible to her that to find them close at her side, within the breast of a man whom she had fancied herself acquainted with, was strange and wonderful. She regarded him with a new interest, and not only that, but with a sympathy which also was new in her experiences.

She was very often at the Hamertons, being still Merry's chosen friend, although she had not stayed in the house since the time she spent there at the commencement of Merry's engagement. Mrs. Hamerton liked to see the girls together, but her principal purpose in really throwing them together was gone. Now that Merry was actually engaged, the more she was with Arthur the better; so at least thought her father and mother. And they were unaffectedly puzzled at the comparatively small amount of time which Arthur now spent in the house.

But this phase passed over, and Arthur came much oftener again. The "Early News" had got well into its stride, and the office was not such an agreeable and amateur sort of resort as it had been at first. Frank Vernon was buried in the business for two days in the week, those before the publication of the paper, and then he had upon him all the airs of an editor. For the rest of the week he was not very easily to be found. Either with or without his handsome wife he was generally enjoying himself away from home. Arthur saw rather less of these people, and he very easily relapsed into his old habit of coming in to the Hamertons in search of amusement. It became more intolerable

to him every day to be in his own home, and therefore he was the more glad of an agreeable resort.

This brought the rose colour back into Merry's life and into her face. While Arthur was in the house she was satisfied—happy, unless, indeed, she did not succeed in pleasing him, which sometimes happened now. Her power to charm him was not as magically infallible as it had been; her deepening of character disturbed him. But still she was happy while he was with her, and it was a source of constant wonder to Clotilda, when she was there, to observe Richard. Merry's happiness pleased him; it seemed to Clotilda infinitely pathetic that he preferred to see his rival bring the colour into Merry's face than that she should remain pale and sad for lack of love. And yet, despite this feeling, which made him sometimes welcome Arthur's presence, Clotilda could see that the jealousy which raged within him was growing positively dangerous. It amazed her that the others were not more conscious of it. But in this house all went so delicately, wrapped in an atmosphere of courtesy and sweet feeling, that perhaps it was hardly an easy thing to suspect the existence of such a fever as that which burned in Richard's breast. Even Bertha Hamerton, who understood life to mean love, would have been amazed could she have guessed how passion and despair sat down daily at her table.

Richard, sometimes, when Clotilda was there, found her dark eyes resting on him with a strange, soft sympathy, and, by degrees, he learned to look for this. He often wondered how it was that a woman whom he felt sure knew nothing of love—for he always regarded her connection with Mr. Stretton as a mere intellectual imitation of a

love affair—and who professed a superiority to the gentle passion, should be able to understand his moods as she seemed to. But Clotilda's sympathy arose out of her artistic nature. The first great quality of the true artist is sympathy; he feels for other men, he interprets to them their own feelings, he makes them acquainted with themselves. The artist who has never worn a sword can yet sympathise with the battle passion, and depict the fury and enthusiasm of war. Thus, a girl like Clotilda, who had never touched those deep waters in which Richard was now so desperately battling, could yet, by her artistic nature, perceive his struggles and admire his quiet heroism.

From the time in the gracious bygone years when Bertha Hamerton was a young bride, and happy as a living woman can be, Richard had always been expected to stay with the Hamertons when he was in London. He was a little fellow at school when Gerald Hamerton was a big boy, and just going on to college. At school and at college Gerald was his protector.

Afterwards they became firm and permanent friends, though so different in character. Gerald remained always what he was as a boy, generous, impulsive, often hasty, but always warm-hearted. Richard carried with him into later life the extreme thoughtfulness and quietude which made him appear a timid boy, though he had an abundance of silent courage. The life-long friend of Gerald—the intimate friend of Bertha after her marriage—how little they could have guessed the part he was to play in the tragedy of their child's life.

He had an *étage* in Paris, in which city he had been accustomed to spend much of his time. This had been shuttered and empty all through that winter. He had, too, a tiny

place in the heart of the New Forest which he called a shooting-box. It was generally locked up except in the autumn, when he would go down there with a friend to spend a month

“in the glory of shooting-jackets.”

Richards' man had lived in the Hamerton's kitchen, and Richard's horses and dogs had lived at an adjoining mews, so long now that the latter, at least, were sick of London life. Even Gerald Hamerton sometimes wondered to himself that Richard, who early in his life had developed a permanent appetite for travel, should remain quiet so long together, and in London too, a capital which his frequent sojourns in more picturesque cities had taught him to dislike.

The softness of spring had come now, in its first faint reality, which makes the face of the earth grow glad and green with new life. Primroses and daffodils were to be seen in the florists' shops; they brought a different and more delightful message to the eyes of Londoners than the exotics which had been offered to them all the winter through. It made many people think of the country and of the sweet places where those primroses grow; among others, Richard. Yet he did not think of himself and the country, for he lived on now in a state of absolute infatuation—a madness, permitted to himself so long as Merry remained Merry Hamerton—in which everything was at once connected with *her*. He carried home to her a great bunch of daffodils, when he first saw them; and as he watched her put them in a china vase, and droop her head caressingly over them, and even lay her lips upon their petals (for flowers were like sisters to Merry), he thought how absolutely natural the girl was,

how she herself and her pure presence was springtime to him.

But Clotilda said something at last which stung him and roused him to a sense of his madness in thus dwelling upon that one thing he might not have.

The coming of the spring flowers meant something very definite to Clotilda. It meant the fixing of her wedding-day; she was to be married on the first of May—only a short month off.

She came very often to the Hamertons now, for Mrs. Hamerton and Merry were her only really intimate women-friends, among a host of acquaintances; utterly unlike her in most characteristics, yet she clung to them because they possessed the potent and perfect charm of genuineness. Her time was all her own, for she had no anxieties about her *paraphernalia*. Mr. Raymond had always literally spoilt her in such matters; he had insisted that she should have the best milliners, a good maid, and then think no more about it. This enabled her to look like a pre-Raphaelite princess, and yet to give her whole mind to other things. So now all she had to do was to order as many dresses as those experienced beings, the milliners, thought necessary; and then to return to occupations which pleased her better.

One day that she had come over to lunch Richard again found himself alone with her in the garden-room, as they were learning to call the little drawing-room. It was Clotilda's favourite place in that beautiful house. It was so simple in its artistic feeling, so rich in natural and domestic beauty, so unlike, in fact, the different phases of her own life, that here she could sometimes sit and—not think.

Arthur and Merry were talking in the Egyptian room; Mr. and

Mrs. Hamerton went into the library after lunch. Clotilda was at home in this house: she did as she liked. Mrs. Hamerton just understood how to make her feel almost as if she were a daughter instead of a visitor. Now, instead of attaching herself to either party, she wandered alone into the garden-room and nestled into a corner among the cushions. Merry smiled up at her as she passed, but did not offer to detain her. Arthur and Clotilda quietly avoided each other from very simple motives of dislike. Merry observed the fact without understanding the reason, and with innate tact made no effort to alter it.

From where Clotilda sat, she could just see, through the curtained archway, the light upon Merry's soft hair. She was sitting near a stained-glass window, and with her quaint dress and rich bright face looked not unlike the lady in the picture called "Harmony," now in the Kensington Museum. Arthur now and then leaned forward, and by his presence made the likeness to the picture yet greater, for he was undoubtedly a very handsome fellow.

Presently Richard, who had not been at lunch, appeared in the Egyptian room. With one quick glance at the lovers, who appeared so young and happy, he passed straight through, and looked round the little drawing-room as though he expected to find something.

When he saw Clotilda's reed-like figure among the cushions, he came at once and sat down near her.

"How do you do, Miss Raymond?" he said, and then added, "I thought, perhaps, you would be in here."

"And were you looking for me?" she asked, in some surprise.

"Well—yes," he said, pausing a little absently, and then, recollecting himself, as it were, he went

on to express some rather vague congratulations on her imminent marriage.

Clotilda interrupted him. "Do you think I am to be congratulated?" she asked, in her quick, direct way. "Do you not rather think I am like one going out in a ship to sea? You do not congratulate till you see if the vessel goes safely over the strange waters! Oh! Mr. Hamerton, you had best wait and see our boat come into the bay again before you cry victory."

Her eyes glittered as she spoke. Richard had been looking through the archway at the fair head he loved so well. He could see the shine of the hair and the curve of the peach-like cheek; but, struck by a certain sound in Clotilda's voice, he turned and caught that glistening light.

Were they tears that stood in those dark eyes, so wide, and bright, and clear—so unaccustomed to tears? He could hardly tell.

"You need not fear," he said, "for you go upon the sea with your eyes open. You know the way is strange, and that there may be shipwreck awaiting you; but there are others—others—who know nothing of the dangers by sea or land! who have been reared amid roses, and learned all their lessons from the words of love. Tell me, how are they to face the perils of strange waters?"

"By the power of love, and the guidance of instinct, a woman can find her way through dark places," said Clotilda, solemnly. "You men are too apt to suppose that because women are weak they are not also strong!"

"Oh, but I fear for her, I fear for her!" said Richard; "I dare not think of it—I cannot bear the thought of the disillusionment which the future years hold in store for her. How will she live through it—a child of joy—how

can she survive the desolation that will come to her?"

"You may be quite mistaken in your prophecy, Mr. Hamerton; remember that," said Clotilda, very coolly. "But I can see something which I feel sure I may assert without much risk of being wrong."

"And what is that?" said Richard, turning to her with an eager, haggard look which now sometimes replaced his quiet expression. He hoped to hear something of Merry—what, he knew not—but he was no longer sufficiently reasonable to always remember that there was no hope for him.

"Simply this, that you have been in London much too long."

"I know it," said Richard, in a broken voice. He raised his eyes and fixed them again upon that fair head in the outer room.

"But how can I go?" he said, after a pause. "How can I surrender the little sunshine I have? How can I leave him the whole of its glory to himself?"

"Has he not some right to it?" asked Clotilda, quickly, "and had you not best learn to live without it? Oh, Mr. Hamerton, don't suppose I am unfeeling when I speak like this—don't turn so reproachful a gaze upon me!—but indeed you will go mad if you stay here. Is it wise to let yourself be torn momentarily by love and jealousy?"

"I shall be torn none the less when I am away," answered Richard, gloomily, "but I daresay I shall have a greater chance of keeping my senses. You are right. I will go. I will go and give the orders now. I will not stay here another day. Good bye; perhaps I shall not see you again until after you are married. You have my blessing for this; may it follow you and help you. Good bye."

He was out of the room almost

before she had time to realise that this was an actual result of her words. Yes, he had really made up his mind to go. Clotilda sat still and thankful. Perhaps she had saved the mind of a good man. It gave her a sense new to her—a love of life, of individuals—a grateful feeling of real power to touch another life. She had dealt so long with abstractions and dwelt so much in thoughts that this feeling thrilled her.

She was not long alone. Very soon Mrs. Hamerton came in. "Richard has been down in the library saying good bye. He is going into the country to-morrow morning. I wish we were all going," she said; "and indeed we will, when it is a little warmer. Next month, I think, when you are gone, we really will take flight too."

And so Richard departed quietly; his departure and his absence less observed than usual.

Perhaps Merry observed it most, though she scarcely understood what it was that made it seem as if she and Arthur had the world to themselves. With all her innocence and unconsciousness she was burdened by Richard's love, and dimly aware even of his jealousy. It is impossible but that a woman must feel such things as this more or less distinctly.

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD'S shooting-box was a cottage, which some people would suppose it quite impossible to more than picnic in—and others would be content to live in it the year round.

It had originally been a peasant's cottage, but had been altered and painted and gradually changed in character, until, although it did but consist of four rooms, it looked like a solitary artist's hermitage. It stood in a lonely (and in the

winter almost impassable) lane, but a stretch of grass separated it, even from that slight publicity. The grass was inclosed only by a common fence, but it was neatly trimmed, and some rose bushes were here and there in luxuriant clustering growth, trained over and hiding the trunks of some of the trees which had been cut down long ago. On this grass plot Richard's dogs rolled and revelled, and found life worth living; when, on their arrival, they were let loose again in their familiar playground, they rushed straightway upon the grass in an ecstasy of delight. Richard watched them, wondering. How could they do so, when Merry was not here? Then he recollected himself, and smiled grimly at his own absurdity; but still it really appeared to him very strange that the buds were coming out on the trees in his garden, that the birds were singing everywhere as if bent on producing a deafening hymn of spring, and yet Merry had not been in the country this year!

His rooms here were those he liked best of all. He had little shelves full of old books, which were friends. But now he looked at them without interest. He had been accustomed to regard the solitary evenings of his month or two in the forest as part of the pleasure which the country always gave him. Nowhere else was he absolutely free and undisturbed, yet surrounded by old authors, old studies, old memories.

But this evening he drew to the fire; and hesitated what to do with himself. Of late he had lost that right balance which is literally that of regarding oneself as the centre of the universe. The man who is so wrapped up in any person or occupation as to be unable to make the most of himself, is sure to suffer in his character, and to be less regarded by others. The

ill-luck which had taken from Richard his life-long love had produced this effect upon him. It was not unlike the sudden descent of a gloomy mist upon a brisk and buoyant atmosphere.

He went wearily to his bookshelves. He looked down them from one familiar back to another, and rejected them all. They had all been dear friends to him, but now he was indifferent to them; not one was in tune with his mood; not one seemed worth the trouble of raising his hand to lift the volume from the shelf.

The savour had gone out of his life. He felt no interest in those things which he had been used to care for most. Indifference is the most subtle and hopeless of diseases.

He sat down again, and lit a pipe. Presently his dogs were let in, and by that potent dog-memory which never forgets old privileges, they knew that here they might come confidently to the fire. They established themselves with much satisfaction on each side of their master—nosing him first, but finding they received no attention, devoting themselves to the rapture of getting as hot as possible without being actually burned. They loved the cottage, its freedom, its comfort. They had lost no hearts, nor forgotten the meaning of happiness.

For hours Richard sat there, smoking one pipe after another. He was not habitually a great smoker, but to-night it seemed as though the fragrant weed was the only comforter he could have. He had a favourite pipe, the stem of which was made from the wing-bone of an albatross. He had shot the albatross many years ago on a yachting excursion. He had happened to have Coleridge in his cabin; and after the bird was shot he read the "Ancient Mariner" many times

through and pondered on its meaning. But, as soon as he reached London, he had prosaically converted the albatross wings into pipe-stems, and soon forgot the strange fancies which a quiet sea and that magical poem had brought into his mind.

To night these thoughts returned upon him, perhaps out of a dim sense of fellowship with that old wanderer who stands becalmed amid the hurry of life and finds his expiation in eternally telling the old story of his old sin.

He rose and took his volume of Coleridge from the shelf to glance again at the wonderful weird poem.

There is a deep mystical element in it which must seize upon the mind of any reader who really studies it. The ancient mariner sins against nature ignorantly; his companions, in common with the general bulk of the world, judge of his deed according to its apparent and immediate results. When the fair wind comes, it was well to kill the bird who brought the fog and mist; while the foul mist hangs 'twas a sin to kill the bird who made the breeze to blow. Ill luck to him who listens to the opinion of the world. Coleridge knew little enough of the world of men, yet he satirised society in his description of this boat's crew.

But, should it chance that a man's mind is opened, his inner sight awakened, his consciousness of the rights and laws of nature aroused, and you have the "Ancient Mariner" before you; a man from that time forth singled out from his foolish and ignorant comrades; a man who can never again silence his heart's questionings.

Richard had for many years been a quiet thinker upon the mysteries of life, and had endeavoured to obey nature's laws. He tried in vain to discover how he had sinned

against them, to bring this heart-pain upon himself; for it was his theory that suffering follows sin. He had never yet learned to look upon pain as a gentle and generous teacher.

But the conviction that in loving Merry he was but granting life to a true affection brought him a sudden sense of exhilaration. He had regained something of his right balance already in this silence and solitude. Instead of being utterly lost in the one wish to hear and see Merry, and be in her presence, now that he was removed from her he was compelled to think, and to think rationally, of himself. And looking quietly thus into his condition, he was relieved from the gloomy sense of guilt which in the last few months had been growing upon him, and which made him feel more like a criminal than the sane and solid man he was.

He had hurt no one else, he had not offended his own soul as yet by the possession of a pure and perfect passion. Did he strangle that rich love which his highest nature recognised as being worthy to live in his heart, might he not then, indeed, be something like that mariner who killed the sweet bird which came to bring joy to the solitary ship?

This love of his was natural, and of as righteous an origin as the buds of spring. He had a right to respect the growth of his own being. Because Merry had given her heart away before he had time to ask for it, the love in his own soul was not converted into a crime.

In the immediate presence of Merry and her engaged lover, Richard had felt like a guilty creature. But now that he was away from them—alone with his own thoughts—he knew that he had done no wrong.

His old vigour and activity, stirred again within him. Perhaps, if he had not sinned, he might not be doomed to suffer!

It was inevitable but that the return of courage and conscious right should bring with it hope.

He rose, went to the window, which opened straight upon his lawn, and stepped into the garden. The dogs, roused and delighted, rushed out before him.

The moon was high and clear; it silvered all the budding tree-tops which he could see across as he walked on to the grass; for on one side of the cottage the ground sank rapidly, and he gloried in a view of some acres of sky-aspiring branches. It was grand—a clear, cool, happy night, with a sky sparkling with stars. Alone, at such a time as this, in the midst of a forest, one's soul appears to have room to breathe, and to find courage to fling itself into nature's still embrace, and from the fragrant whisperings of that majestic mother, learn something of truth.

Richard, standing out in the keen sweet air of a spring night, shook off the morbid mood which had of late made life so hard.

He had done Merry no wrong by loving her. Could he do her wrong by love? He thought not, for, indeed, he first desired her happiness and her good. His love was fierce, indeed, in its strength, but it was tender too.

Then came a new mood of hope. "Why need I despair?" he cried aloud. "She is not married yet—she is not married yet!"

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT spring morning in Park-street. The sunshine, which makes Richard, who has been out in the forest for hours, wonder if the world is being made over anew, creeps languidly through the half-

closed blinds of the Vernons' pretty house. London sunshine is mostly languid. It was seldom admitted into the Vernons' rooms, and it seemed more than usually timid, as if it were not at its ease. Mrs. Vernon's physical health was wholly independent of sunshine or fresh air. She was essentially an indoor plant, to whom what people are pleased to call artificialities were perfectly natural. Indeed, she was an excellent illustration of Mill's theory that the words artificial and natural are merely arbitrary terms to distinguish different forms of existence, both of which have an equal right to be called natural.

On this bright morning, which was a summons to all people whose tastes were "natural" to get out into the air, Mrs. Vernon came into the breakfast-room at about half-past eleven, dressed in a very pretty but very loose, and not very clean, morning wrapper. Her hair lay on her shoulders in the long plaits which it had been made into the day before; but no uncombedness or unwashedness could make Mrs. Vernon look anything but handsome. Her charms were too full and thorough to be dependent on dress or mood. She was well aware of this. Her beauty was so entirely physical, so unconnected with expression or her own feelings, that she had learned a happy indifference, which well suited her idle nature. She came down on this fresh morning innocent of any contact with cold water, in fact, altogether without having made any attempt at a toilette; but her skin was soft as velvet, and scented with the cosmetics which she constantly used to preserve its creamy surface. Cosmetics were far more refreshing to her than spring water, and Rimmel's scents more agreeable than woodland fragrance. This was not habit, it was inborn—*natural*.

She found Frank sitting over the fire, smoking a cigar. He had taken some strong coffee, a fragment of dry toast, and a morsel of broiled kidney. This fine fellow with the martial bearing had long outlived any desire for breakfast, regarded as a meal. Not so Mrs. Vernon. Nothing ever spoiled her appetite. She did not eat much—plump and perfectly healthy women seldom do—but she had never in her life been so ill as not to be interested in her food. The fact was, she had no nerves, or, if she had them, they were of an unshakeable sort; and she was quite devoid of anything in the shape of imagination, so that there was no chance that trouble or anxiety should disturb her sleep or her appetite. She took everything for just what it was worth, and no more. This disposition has accomplished many extraordinary deeds in the world; but, as in Mrs. Vernon it was combined with an incurable laziness, her career would never be more than that of "a pretty woman."

Frank, who began to enjoy life about twelve or one o'clock at night, and seldom slept soundly when he did go to bed, always came down in the morning in the lowest of low spirits. Mrs. Vernon was quite used to this, and never took any notice of his early dolefulness. She rang for her breakfast, and sat down to it with the quiet concentration which some people keep for these pleasures. With her, meal-times were the appointed hours of genuine events. She frankly confessed that eating and drinking stirred her blood and roused her animal spirits as very few other excitements could do. Under these circumstances we must all allow she was wise to make the most of her enjoyments.

After she had about got through with the pleasure in hand, she was at liberty to bestow some attention

on her husband, and became aware that that gentleman's gloom was deeper than even the earliness of the hour would account for.

"What's the matter, Frank?" she asked; "you look awfully cross."

He had just finished his cigar. He paused to give a final puff, then threw it away.

"I'm a cursed unlucky dog. I declare I will get my horoscope drawn; I must have been born under Saturn. It would be just as well to know it, because, if proved, it would save such a lot of trouble. I should kick no longer, but go quietly to grief, and then take a hansom to the workhouse with my last shilling."

"And pray what would become of me?" asked Mrs. Vernon, her sleepy eyes a little wider open than usual. "I object to the workhouse."

Frank looked at her and laughed—a laugh which it would have half-killed many a woman to hear from the one man in the world whose respect she is supposed to value.

"You could take care of yourself, my pretty bird," he said in a tone which made the words an insult. Mrs. Vernon rose and came round to the fireside where he sat.

"Don't be ridiculous, Frank, but just tell me what is the matter?"

You might as well try to pinch a statue as wound Mrs. Vernon's feelings in this kind of way. She had none. Frank was annoyed that he could not make her angry; he felt so savage himself that he desired to provoke some one else. But after a look at her he gave up the desire. She was much too well satisfied with herself this morning to be easily soured. Besides, she really was very pretty to look at. Splendid physical beauty has a soothing effect which very few persons can resist. Frank could not. He hated his wife sometimes when

he thought of her, but he was always in love with her when he looked at her.

"You want to know what's the matter, do you?" he said in a rather less disagreeable tone. "Not much more than usual. We are used to it, as the eels are used to skinning; but still it's enough to make a fellow curse Providence. If I had a thousand a year I could be as good as my neighbours—if not better."

"Make haste and tell me what's up," said Mrs. Vernon, who did not care for discussing impossibilities.

"Oh, the old story. I vow I will start no more papers when the 'Early News' has come to grief, as it must soon. I will 'swee off,' like poor old Rip. I can't make out what craze is in my blood for starting newspapers. There isn't a printer or a paper-maker in London but hates the sight of me. Both our fellows are at me this morning; say that not another copy shall come out if I don't pay them up; and no one else will give me credit."

"But they have been dunning you before—that is no news," remarked Mrs. Vernon.

"Craytorn told me last night that he was starving, and that wit won't come on an empty stomach. Merton informed me that he was going to be married (the fool!), and that he could no longer afford to write except for full pay. And worse than all, that infernal Mrs. Leweson is beginning to worry."

"She will always worry you," said Mrs. Vernon, "because she wants nothing but money, and that's just what you can't give her. Ask Craytorn to dinner to-day or to-morrow, and leave him to me. I will guarantee he shall work a little longer."

"All right," said Frank, "we really can't lose him yet. He is awfully clever and so fearfully poor."

Only men that are starving will write for nothing. They are too timid to insist upon pay, and besides, they don't know the value of their work. But I am sorry to lose Merton; he gets capital tips."

Mrs. Vernon shook her head. "I can't do much with him, especially"—smiling—"if he is going to be married. You ought to have paid him better."

Frank moved in his chair uneasily. "I hadn't the money, you see," he said.

"You spent it yourself, you mean," she answered, smiling a broader smile than usual, and showing her white teeth.

"Spent it myself," cried Frank with sudden fury. "Pray what paid for those trips to Brighton and Paris, and those new dresses of yours——?"

"Now, be quiet," said she, interrupting him, but speaking with her most fascinating manner, and putting her cool soft hand on his, which was too hot, and, unfortunately, rather inclined to tremble. "You know I don't understand about the money; that is your affair. But it seems to me rather short-sighted not to pay, at all events as much as possible, to your best contributors."

"Oh, you shrewd, practical little wretch," cried Frank, making a wry face. "You want to go to Paris, you want new dresses, you look your prettiest when you say so—and then, when you've got all, you tell me I was a fool to try and please you."

She smiled again, this time not from amusement, but the pretty, automatic smile with which she repaid compliments. This kind of thing flattered her. She was not one of those women who, like Clotilda Raymond, wish to be regarded as reasonable beings. All she wanted was to be quite comfortable,

and to have her power acknowledged.

"When is this paper of yours going to pay its own expenses?" she asked after a moment's thought.

"Mercy on us!" cried Frank; "I don't know. I really thought it would have begun to do so before now. There's nothing else so clever running."

"Because, if it's not going to pay, you had better drop it at once, unless you have got somebody else to put money in. Have you?"

"No," said Frank, ruefully.

"Then, in fact we have had all the money we can get out of it in that way, so far as you can see?"

"Yes," he answered; "I can't catch anybody else. I've done it too often before. One doesn't often pick up a fellow like young Wansy who is out of the tracks, and knows nothing about it."

"And can't you squeeze him any more?"

"Not without a regular row, I'm afraid."

"The paper has a certain amount of success, hasn't it?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"Oh, yes; if there was capital to go on with, it would be considered a very good success. But poor devils like we are must make a thing run up directly or else drop it."

Mrs. Vernon considered a little. There was no other undertaking in the wind just now, and it seemed to savour of a prospective workhouse to give up this enterprise.

"I believe," she remarked presently, "that you are too moral; your paper is too good. I love scandal, if it is amusing; I find other people are just the same. Why not give them what they want?"

"I don't object, I'm sure," said Frank, "I only want to make money out of the world, and if it likes scandal I am quite ready to supply

it. But scandal has to be paid for, you know, if it is to be good; and then there is always the risk of a libel case."

"That won't hurt you," said Mrs. Vernon. "Arthur is the proprietor; old Wansy would have to pay the damages, and very likely the case would make the reputation of the paper."

"I wish you'd be my sub-editor, Madeleine," remarked Frank admiringly.

"No, thank you," laughed Mrs. Vernon, "honourable labour has no charms for me. I am quite satisfied as your wife; but I prefer to have something to live on. So take my advice; turn scandal monger, and make the 'Early News' pay."

"There may be something in your idea," said Frank, "because hitherto when scandal has come in, wit has gone out. The combination ought to succeed, undoubtedly. But to do that I *must* get some money and keep Merton!"

Just then there was a knock at the door; the servant came in and said Mr. Wansy was there.

"O! show him to the drawing-room," exclaimed Mrs. Vernon, "I can't see him like this, can I, Frank?" she said, with a look at her dressing gown.

"I'm sure I don't care," said Frank indifferently. He had discovered that Arthur's brain was not to be so turned by feminine charms as to make him much easier to deal with.

"No, I don't think it would do with him," decided Mrs. Vernon. "Show him upstairs," she said to the servant, who had been waiting patiently.

"I believe," she said, when the door was shut, "that Arthur Wansy simply hates respectability and decorum, and yet it has burnt so deeply into him that it is easier than one thinks to disgust him.

And we can't do that yet, because it has just struck me that, if you play your cards well, you can make him borrow some money."

Frank reflected over this for a few moments, while Mrs. Vernon poured herself out another cup of coffee, and, sitting down by the fire with a French novel, prepared to pass the rest of the morning in her usual fashion, with her pretty feet on the fender.

Frank went upstairs. There was a long and stormy interview. Frank exerted all his abilities of persuasion and argument, and when he chose these were great. He knew the art of mixing truth and untruth in the most deceptive manner. Nothing is more perplexing than, when you believe a man is taking you in, to find him telling you the truth.

It ended in Arthur's agreeing to go with Frank to a certain great creature who carries on that splendid business of money-lending, upon which the great Venetian grandees were not ashamed to build their magnificent fortunes, for the purpose of borrowing money upon his expectations.

Frank sent a message to his wife to say Arthur would stay to lunch. She rose with a yawn of disgust, and went to "fix her hair," as the Americans say, and put on a dress. She came into the room again, all smiles and sweetness, for she knew very well that something agreeable had been arranged, or Arthur would not have been asked to stay, for Frank was not very strongly attached to him.

Frank was a different being now. The day was old enough for him to like it; he had a fresh prospect in the future, and a brandy-and-soda in the present. He was happy, and, as a natural consequence with him, brilliant. The lunch was a gay repast, discussed with a sauce of bright sayings and laughter. No one would have supposed that of

these three handsome, cheerful people two were adventurers, living from hand to mouth, and that the third had just promised to do the most foolish thing which it lies in the power of a young man of fortune to do.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR went home to dinner that evening in a not very charming frame of mind. He began to be very doubtful—once away from Frank's sanguine atmosphere—whether it was well for him to be so far identified with the fortunes of this newspaper. He had heard the "scandal" proposition with a curious mingling of approval and misgiving.

He liked the fun of the thing. The more audacious the paper became, the more his connection with it amused him. And he thought, by the light of Frank's arguments, that it opened a much greater chance of making his money back. But if that money was not made back—if the paper persisted in going to the bad—he would have no chance now of help from his father. A thing must either be eminently respectable, or else of considerable commercial value, for that gentleman to recognise it. It would take a courageous person to make an appeal to him on behalf of an undertaking which could boast neither of these advantages. Arthur was, to put it mildly, not remarkable for courage; and he had so intense a horror of "rows," "scenes," or disturbances of any sort, that it was a subject of consideration to him what he should do if there were a disastrous result to this newspaper affair, and it came to his father's knowledge. He could picture, dimly, the fearful state of things there would be in that house; how Mr. Wansy would indulge in one of his intolerable passions;

how Mrs. Wansy would be too terrified, perhaps, to speak, but would reveal her feelings by an awful countenance. And then, when Mr. Wansy had got well over it, she would take it up and carry on the tide of complaint and anger in her own querulous fashion. Arthur himself would be looked upon as a kind of doomed, excommunicated sinner, sent to Coventry straight. He knew what it was like from the memory of the way in which certain errors of his early youth were visited. Moreover, he knew both father and mother so thoroughly well. They were so shallow, so inexperienced in any but their own little world, that it was perfectly easy to calculate their unreasonableness beforehand.

"I couldn't stand it," said Arthur to himself, when he thought about this, as he did sometimes. "I should cut and run; it would be impossible to stay out a row like that."

This, indeed, was a resolution which he had come to when quite a small boy, in the event of his getting into any great disgrace at home. He had never been able to face his father's temper. He only recurred to an old idea when he recollected, with a sense of relief, that this possibility was open.

A home like Arthur's puts a sadness too early into some young lives. In Arthur's nature it had simply implanted a great disbelief in human beings, and a conviction that oneself is the only person to trust to, and emphatically the right person to take care of.

It is like casting a naked infant upon the rugged ground, there to live, when fathers and mothers bring young souls into the world and give them no love to feed upon, no friendship to find help in. The cold and bitterness of such an experience is sometimes enough to kill all the sweetness out of a

child's disposition. Arthur had not suffered as he must have done if he had possessed the sensitive artistic nature; but the atmosphere had developed certain qualities in him which might not otherwise have been so prominent. He had inherited his mother's disposition; he was inclined rather to grumble than to be passionate. Mr. Wansy's quick irascibility had developed a tendency to suppression and deceit in his wife. He really scared her, and she had not the moral courage to face him. She preferred deceiving or evading him, and then, when his temper was over, having her turn by worrying and grumbling. Arthur, from being born in wealth, and accustomed to a different and easier sort of life from hers, had acquired a taste for amusement, which changed his disposition from the morosely selfish one he had inherited from her into one equally selfish, but more agreeable. Both were indifferent to any one's comfort or convenience but their own; but while Arthur detested to see sullen faces about him, she was not rebellious against this form of misery, for she had been accustomed to it more or less all her life.

People who live in a society which understands agreeable intercourse, and the thousand charming refinements which sweeten life, can simply form no idea of the gloom, ill-humour, and dulness in which some provincial middle-class families are contented to live.

It is only just to remember that Mrs. Wansy had never heard of the idea that life should be made pleasant. She supposed she did every conceivable thing for her boy. The dinners were good, the house was perfectly ordered. What more could be wanted?

She had been brought up on a strict, coarse principle herself; held in subjection on the theory

that all children are always naughty. Her only doubt about Arthur was that he had too much liberty. But she dared not interfere; if he had been a girl he would have been condemned to drawing-room imprisonment, and interminable crewel work.

No emotion or passion, with the sole exception of anger, was recognised in the Wansys' house. Mrs. Wansy had, several times since the engagement, made very severe remarks about the liberties allowed to Merry. She had no idea that the presence of love made all the difference; that liberty cannot degenerate into license where there is love.

It is not difficult to imagine that Arthur would not be likely to carry any distress of debt or disgrace into the bosom of his family.

He had gone through the world as yet quite friendless; now he had a friend, and more than a friend in Merry. But confidence in her, or reliance upon her in any way, would never have occurred to him, simply because to him a woman was of no account. A woman should be agreeable, pretty, amusing. He was seriously vexed because he did not find Merry quite so gay, when alone with him, as she had been before their engagement.

Merry was being discussed this evening at dinner. That is to say, Mrs. Wansy was talking about her, and not very pleasantly. But Arthur scarcely listened; partly because he was in the habit of not listening when his mother talked, and partly because his mind was more intent upon what he had been doing in the day than with Merry. But something struck his attention at last.

"The girl is not looking well," said his mother, "she is paler than she was; and," she added coarsely, "she won't be half so pretty when she's pale. Take my word for it.

Arthur, she's one of the sort that will fade when she's married."

The remark struck Arthur forcibly, for it so well agreed with what he had been vaguely thinking of late. A girl as intense as Merry, if she lost her rosy cheeks and bright ways, would develop into a woman who would positively bore him. He could never stand living with one of that type.

"I suppose you know," went on Mrs. Wansy, pleased because she saw she had suggested an unpleasant possibility to Arthur, "that Mr. Stretton has been writing verses to Merrill, and that they are published in some magazine? I saw the book lying open in the drawing-room when I was calling there. Oh! they didn't tell you? I dare say not. People don't generally talk of such goings on to just the people they concern. I don't call it proper, I can tell you. Mr. Stretton is a poet, as they call it, and poets don't seem to have any notion of what's proper; but Merrill ought to be better looked after."

"I don't suppose there's any harm in it, mother," said Arthur indifferently; he found he was expected to say something.

"O, of course not! especially as Mr. Stretton is going to be married. My ideas are old-fashioned, I daresay, but I should have preferred him to keep his attentions for his own young lady. *She* don't care, of course; they call her a poet, too. It seems to me a very strange thing for a young lady to be."

"It's to be hoped they'll have a dozen children," remarked Mr. Wansy, "and then they will have something better to do than writing poetry and such nonsense."

"I rather fancy," remarked Arthur, with some amusement, "that Mr. Stretton makes money out of his poetry, and that the dozen children wouldn't fare very

well if the poetry were given up."

"He'll have to turn to some decent business, I expect, when he's a married man. I suppose Miss Raymond has her own money, else her father would never let her marry a verse-monger."

"O," said Arthur, "Mr. Stretton is thought a great deal of."

"Well," said Mrs. Wansy, with the curious sort of spite which such women feel against people of a different order, "I would rather such a man should be going to marry my daughter than have him write verses to her when he is engaged to some one else. Men they call poets are always improper; I wouldn't have such a man in my house."

"And it's pretty certain he wouldn't come, mother," remarked Arthur, which will serve as a specimen of the dinner-table conversation at this house.

Arthur went into the Hamertons' in the evening and saw the verses. They were a few slight stanzas addressed to "Merry, our lady of mirth," and written in the old ballad style, which has become a sort of fashion. They could not possibly be taken exception to, because there was nothing in them, beyond a pretty, vague sentiment, yet Merry blushed vividly as she gave him the magazine.

What did this mean? Arthur wondered much. Surely Stretton had not been making love to her, under Clotilda's very eyes and almost on the eve of their wedding-day. One passion very strongly developed in Arthur's nature was jealousy. It is a curious and interesting fact that persons who don't understand love are yet so exclusive in their ideas of possession (that is to say, when the possessive concerns themselves).

Vanity is an element in the keen jealousy harboured by some people

which is very often overlooked. It is not always devotion to the object of their jealousy, which makes husbands or wives jealous, the passion more frequently finds its real root in mortified vanity. It sheds an extraordinary light upon the doings of the world when we recollect that most people consider themselves eminently fascinating, and that their actions, consciously or unconsciously, are generally prompted by some selfish instinct.

Arthur believed himself to have such hold upon Merry's little heart that he might safely, if he chose, play at ball with it. It rather disgusted him to find that another man could make her blush.

Merry's blush had arisen from a cause which it would have puzzled people cleverer than Arthur, to discover. She blushed for Mr. Stretton, not for herself.

"Have you been flirting with this man?" asked Arthur, with genuine severity.

"I!—", exclaimed Merry in deep amazement, "flirting with him!"

Arthur quite misunderstood her. He read her manner as if it were that of a common coquette.

"You cannot deny it! you are just like the rest of them," he said. "Business takes me away from you for a day or two, and you must have some one to supply my place."

Merry looked at him with fear and alarm. Mrs. Vernon would have regarded this ready jealousy as a compliment to her charms. Merry's principal feeling was one which Arthur had given her before—a sensation as of an ice-cold touch laid upon her warm, vibrating heart, and almost checking its pulsation. The pure transparency of her love was met by the cool incredulousness of a heartless man of the world. But though she trembled under the sting of his words and still more of his manner,

her new womanliness arose within her and lent her a dignity which had already startled Richard and now surprised Arthur.

"I have flirted with no one," she said very quietly; "I knew nothing of those verses till I saw them in the magazine. I think it would have been better taste if Mr. Stretton had asked permission before using my name."

If Mr. Stretton had not been just about to marry Clotilda, she might perhaps have hinted that his admiration of herself had sometimes been a trifle too marked to be pleasant; but on this point she held her own counsel, under the existing circumstances, so that her brilliant blush remained unexplained. Only Arthur was convinced by her quiet self-possession that there was nothing for him to do but apologise for having been disagreeable, which he did, with the graceful manner that he always could command; and he soon banished the stately woman who sometimes now appeared in Merry, and called back the glowing light-hearted girl—the girl he liked.

She had so absolutely given her love to him that he could command her mood, and by a few gentle words make her forget even his own harsh speech. She was only too glad to be once more under that smile which made the joy of her life. She could endure more from him than anyone else, although it wounded her far more deeply, simply because he had the magic power of healing over the wound by a touch.

CHAPTER V.

MARCH died away that year in dreamlike days of delicious softness; it seemed rather as if May had come before its time. There were crowds of spring flowers ready for Clotilda's wedding-day. Regent-street was

positively made a place of sweetness by the sudden invasion of flower-girls carrying their fragrant loads of violets, daffodils, and white hyacinths.

Clotilda had submitted herself to the milliners' in most things; but as to her wedding dress she was inexorable. If on this one day she might not dress as pleased her, what was the good of being an æsthetic? Everybody who knew her knew that she possessed diamonds and pearls; that she could dress in rich white silk whenever she chose. On her wedding day she meant to please her own taste, and, she hoped, Paul's also.

Her dress was made out of a piece of Indian muslin, a fabric fine enough to satisfy the mind; fine enough to make those innumerable delicate folds which are fit for the sculptor. Her veil was held by clusters of white flowers—white lilac, orange blossom, lilies of the valley, blossoms of white hyacinth, were her only ornaments. Merry fastened them on when Clotilda was dressed, using all her instinctive and acquired sense of beauty in the charming work. Her face flushed with pleasure when at last she surveyed her friend, who seemed like a pale dream lady, bringing with her the intense fragrance of a land of flowers. Clotilda had fallen into real reverie, while she stood patiently to be adorned; her head had fallen with its peculiar droop a little to one side, her hands were clasped in front of her. She looked a Madonna rather than a bride.

Indeed, it was more to her as a dream—a poem of life—this wonderful warm spring day, and its wealth of flowers, than any practical experience. It was all beautiful from the time she had wakened to see the sun streaming through her window until she entered the church, and was enraptured by the

glory of flowers which covered the altar.

"Now I understand," she whispered to Merry, "how beautiful the world can be."

It was her first peep into perfect happiness. And it was doomed to be a very brief one.

"You are lovely!" said Mr. Stretton, enthusiastically, as he led her away from the altar, "you are fit for a poet's dream. But why did you wear no jewels?"

"Jewels?" said Clotilda, "would you have liked it?"

She was so genuine in her poetic sense, that she was unable to imagine that he might really prefer the glitter of diamonds to the still radiance of living flowers.

In the after years she learned the lesson that to charm some persons glitter is necessary; she had to bring out the jewels of her mind as well as those of her dress, while the tender flowers were thrown aside to die.

But to-day she was too entirely lost in her own deep dream of fragrant beauty to be easily disturbed. This one bright morning of which she was the pale heroine, was all her own; she often looked back to it as a strangely glad and golden hour. How was it her eyes were closed? What made her so blindly suppose that all was well, and that life's blossoms were ready to spring out at her feet as she stepped on? The blindness which falls upon us at certain periods of our lives is mysterious, terrible.

The wedding was exquisite throughout, the breakfast perfect, the guests brilliant. Mr. Stretton was entirely satisfied. The whole affair was so delicate a success that it fully pleased his humour. When he put Clotilda into the carriage in her travelling dress, he thought he had never seen her so pale and so perfect. To him that unchanging pallor was only part of a dainty

pictorial effect. He never thought of it as a sign of a delicacy which is becoming curiously general among the refined women of the present day.

Merry standing at the window, watched the carriage drive away. After it had gone she did not move, but stood looking blankly at the street from which it had vanished. Mr. Hamerton came behind her. "What is my little girl thinking of?" he asked, looking down at the little head crowned with its dark rippling hair.

"I don't know," she answered first; and then, looking up in his face, said, "Yes, I do! O, papa, how I do wish things wouldn't change. Its very silly, I daresay, but I should like to have been a little girl a great deal longer!"

"Why you are only a little girl still," said her father, intending to tease her. But she answered quite gravely—

"I know I am—to you. But I feel older, papa, now Clotilda is gone. It seems to have finished an act in my life, as it were."

"I daresay it has," said her father, gravely now, "for you have been girls together, and she is only a little before you in taking up the life of a woman. But there is nothing sad, child, in one act being played out! Sometimes the second act is the best in the piece, and whatever it may be, we can make it better by the way we act our parts. All of which moralising only means that though this small Merry is a baby no longer, she may yet be a very jolly little woman."

"And you'll not change, papa, or go away, that's one comfort," said Merry, nestling her small warm hand into his.

"But you will, you little witch!" exclaimed Mr. Hamerton. He could not quite forgive her for loving Arthur Wansy, though he tried his

best to be truly amiable on the subject.

"O, papa—not yet, not yet for a long time!" cried Merry.

"Humph," was all Mr. Hamerton said; he had no great belief in the real indisposition of young women to run away from their fathers, however fond they might be of them. But he would not say this to Merry as he might have done to some girls; he knew that with all her brightness she was capable of being very easily wounded by such a suggestion. Love was with her a religion as well as a rapture, and any fickleness to an old love was a sin, the mere idea of which gave her a sense of desolation. And yet old loves have to be deserted—or rather left, when well lived out. But there is one solace amid many sadnesses that the love between father and daughter is one which rather gains in strength with the passage of life. It need never die, if it is a kinship of soul as well as of body; and with some, as with Merry and her father, the relationship is too deep and tender to exhaust itself in our brief span of years. It has a beauty and strength which raises it out of the simple circle of domestic affections, and ranks it among the loves which are eternal.

Colonel Raymond gave a grand party that evening; but the Hamertons did not stay for it, because Merry had said she would rather not. She cared nothing now for a party if Arthur was not there; she was much too deeply in love not to think the room empty without him. And she did not feel as if it were the time to smile and dance and be amused, when her girl-friend had just gone away into the world. "Don't give a party when I am married, mama!" she said as they drove home. "It doesn't seem to be appropriate. I'm sure Colonel Raymond would!

like to shut himself up in his study and smoke—and perhaps cry a little, for I believe he is capable of it, in private—instead of talking to all these people to-night. I should like to have no cake, or breakfast, or strange people, but just be quiet and jolly all by ourselves.”

“Oh, would you!” said Mrs. Hamerton, laughing at Merry’s picture of an ideal wedding. “No; we can’t have our one child married in that fashion.”

She said no more, but secretly wondered that Arthur had let that great question of the “day” lie dormant so long. There was nothing to delay it, save Merry’s youth; and Mrs. Hamerton was rather surprised that Arthur said nothing about it. But she was very grateful for the reprieve. She dreaded that subject, as she might look forward with horror to an expected sentence of cruel punishment, and pray for delay. It was enough to tear her heart when the time came for her to lose her one child—she knew that, in any case. Oh, how empty the house would seem, for years after she had gone! The picture was always an unbearable one to Mrs. Hamerton. She had never faced any real trouble yet, in her fair smooth life. This was the first actual pang of pain which had ever visited her. And how much worse it was made by the fact that it was Arthur Wansy who was to carry her child away from her, she alone could tell. It was, to her, like surrendering a frail infant into cold, ungentle hands. She had no confidence in Arthur’s kindness, no reliance upon his seeming candour. It was of no use, she could not alter herself with regard to him, or persuade herself to have faith in him. And this made the future seem very hard, because she knew that every

effort which Merry would make to adapt herself to her husband would inevitably separate her from her parents. His very character would necessarily make a barrier, he was of so different a type. Thus, she expected when she lost Merry to lose her indeed. For she knew the girl’s steadfastness so well, that she anticipated no weakness, or rushing back to motherly arms; having chosen to unite her life with Arthur’s she would do it as thoroughly as her nature would let her.

All this Mrs. Hamerton had thought over, without being able to see any very silver lining to this gloomy cloud which threatened her, and it gave her sharp twinges of mental pain when Merry talked lightly like this of her coming marriage.

To Merry it was simply a thing not realised—not seriously thought of yet, that actual marriage! But she was very glad to see Arthur standing on the steps when they drove to the door. He came and lifted her out of the carriage, with a low word of admiration; and, indeed, she looked delicious, for she wore her bridesmaid’s dress, which was a milliner’s triumph, and the sudden sight of him called a transforming glow into her face. She was in a witch-like mood, too, with more gaiety and brightness than she had worn of late. Arthur himself would have been the last person to guess that this arose—though almost unconsciously—from the fact that she was now more likely to have his society, when he chose to give it to her, all to herself, free and undisturbed. Thus, partly because they sometimes interrupted certain happy moments, when Arthur was agreeable, and by choosing to make love to her made absolute bliss for Merry—but principally because she was dimly aware that they disliked and

despised him — she was actually glad to lose sight of two of her dearest friends, Richard and Clotilda.

Upon this evening opened a phase of Merry's history, which had a character all of its own. In after years it seemed like a sharp piece cut out into relief in her life. It was a period of wonderful happiness to her; it seemed even at the time (and happiness must be intense indeed for us to realise it at the time) to be like the glory of a summer day.

And yet this phase had an inner history—a history of which Merry was at the time ignorant—which was so extraordinary that afterwards it made her sick and dizzy to look back upon it.

No precipice is so appalling as that revelation which suddenly enables us to gaze into the deep and awful abyss of a selfish human heart.

It is as though hell opened at our feet. The soul turns faint at the sight.

But, as yet, Merry's soul was strong with the essential strength of youth. This strength comes from belief in every one, joy in everything. No dark place of the earth had yet been shown to her. She still saw a world all glorified with the magically rose-coloured sky of her happy girlhood.

Strange splendour of youth! Like the dew-diamonds of the morning it sparkles and dies in a moment of sunshine.

CHAPTER VI.

TO MERRY nothing could be more charming than her life just now; alone once more with her father and mother, yet with Arthur constantly in the house. They made what was to her an absolutely perfect little party, to dine, or to go out together, or to pass pleasant

evenings over the fire. Richard's presence had been, unconsciously, a strain upon her nerves, and it had a little chilled her joyousness. Now there was nothing to chill or check it—for she congratulated herself every day upon how well Arthur got on with her father and mother, and how they really appeared to like him better than ever. In her innocence of youth she quite forgot that Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton were too absolutely well-bred and considerate not to do all they might to make these children happy and at ease. If the inevitable had to be faced, it should be faced with cheerfulness and grace. This was only a part of their principle of covering life with rose-colour; thus they had smoothed every trifling trouble in Merry's childhood, and now they smoothed away the first real difficulty in the home-life, and made it seem, by their perfect breeding, positively not to exist.

"I sometimes wonder, Bertha," said Mr. Hamerton, one day after about a week of this quiet happiness had passed by, "whether we are quite wise in making everything so easy for the child. She will be doubly startled when she goes out into the world to find that hard and bitter experiences are possible. Ought we to appear as if Arthur never jarred upon us? She must find it out after she is married."

"I hope not, so far as I am concerned. I only treat him as I should treat any gentleman if circumstances had brought him into our circle. And I shall do my best to be at least polite to him, even after he is married; but oh, Gerald!" she said, suddenly changing her quiet tone to one of passion, "I still pray every night that something may prevent his taking our girl!"

"Bertha! Bertha! that is not

right," said Mr. Hamerton, roused into sudden feeling by her intensity; "remember, Arthur has her love; if your prayer is answered, it might break her heart."

"You are right, Gerald, as you always are. I will try to give up my desire; but oh, it is hard, and my foolish prayers have arisen out of the difficulty I have in believing that she really loves him!"

"I am compelled to think," said Mr. Hamerton, "that her passion, which is evidently real and deep, arises from the generosity of her own nature, not from his loveableness. If we had been more courageous—had sent her to school—had let her be hardened and made like other girls, this might never have happened!"

"We did best, I believe," said Bertha. "We wanted our child to be pure and sweet, untouched by, and unaware of, the folly and vice of the world!"

"And now she is plucked by the first rough hand that comes by, simply because she cannot imagine its roughness. She thinks the world, and the men in it, as innocent and gentle as herself. Have we done well to let her be so happy?"

"I think so," said Bertha, with some spirit. "Her character has grown beautifully, and though suffering might cut her down—kill her, indeed, she is so tender—I feel sure it cannot now deform her. For myself I would choose a perfect statue made of material too frail to last, rather than a coarse and inferior shape cut in adamant!"

"Poor little girl," said Mr. Hamerton. "I would not change her, either; but I dread the ordeal of ordinary married life which lies in her future. Well, there they are, back from their walk; and an uncommonly handsome and cheerful couple they look. Arthur is

very attentive to the child, I must confess."

"Who could help it?" exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton, a little indignantly. "She is such a charming, bright companion that it is enough to make a man happy only to be with her. And the only hope I have for her future lies in the strength of her charm. I cannot imagine even Arthur can weary of her."

"You don't know him," began Mr. Hamerton; and he then changed the subject abruptly. He did not want his wife's forebodings made more melancholy; but he himself had no confidence in Arthur's constancy. He thought, from his experience and knowledge of character, that he was just the man to marry a girl and neglect her when she was no longer a novelty to him.

Merry was so happy just now that she was gay enough to delight even Arthur. She had discovered, with the quick subtlety of a thoroughly feminine nature, that gaiety pleased him best; and, as she felt, just now, perfectly happy, she let the exuberance of her spirits well up unchecked. The very deepening of her character, and the added seriousness which her new experience of love had given her, enabled her to do this; for having once discovered that her intenser moments rather annoyed Arthur than gratified him, the passionate desire to please him with which her vivid love inspired her, gave her the instinct of keeping these moments out of sight. While she was the charming, bird-like child who had always been so gay and easy a companion, she could keep him at her side. In reality he far preferred being with her than with most of his other acquaintances; she made the atmosphere light by her own lightness; she never ex-

pected brilliance from him. Like a true woman she instinctively considered herself as the one to give. No call was made upon him, in her society, and yet his spirits were raised as if the air were filled with some intoxicating ether. What wonder, then, that he fancied himself never so fond of her as he was just now, when amusement had become a more absolute necessity to him than it had been in all his life before; and he had always needed amusement. He had simply regarded it as a necessity of his being—as positive a requirement as a good dinner. And he had found Merry a more perfect and constant creator of that gay atmosphere which knows not the name of boredom than anyone else he had met. Only—if she grew serious he was bored on the instant, and left her without hesitation, just as he would go out of a theatre if he found a brisk play relapse into dulness, or throw down a novel which showed signs of moralising. Trust a woman, be she ever so young, to note signs of this sort; Merry learned without difficulty what pleased him. And fortunately for her she was still so far from the disillusionment which falls upon all at some time or other—still so radiant and joyous—that it was no effort to her to give him that side of herself, and that alone. And by this she secured a period of unshadowed bliss; for no day passed now without his presence in the house.

But when he was gone the tide of feeling would sometimes grow too powerful for her, and a strange dew of joy would suddenly tremble upon her dark eyelashes, and quick sobs of emotion, almost unintelligible to herself, would shake her frame. Then she would fly to her room, for she was learning, with wonderful readiness, a lesson which

it takes some people a whole lifetime to discover, that the deep emotions of the spirit must be experienced in solitude. When a real tide of feeling sweeps over the soul, a man may be standing amid a crowd of friends, but not one can share his sensations. In moments of real life—that life of the soul which is detached from the details of everyday experiences, and which we call emotion—we are raised up into a solitude which none can touch or disturb. It is wiser to keep these moments out of sight and unspoken of, for it is impossible to make them fully understood even by the most sympathetic. The more sensitive and vivid the nature the more rapidly is this truth apprehended; and now that the woman was developing within her, Merry instinctively flew to solitude as her best retreat. Not even to her mother could she go, until the intensity of her emotion had died away, and she had shut up the splendour of her happiness in her secret soul. She would have exhibited something of it to Arthur, but he had once repelled her, and had closed that door for ever. Her keen apprehension quickly showed her that she must depend upon her own strength—must, indeed, live alone.

But she was so happy that this was very little hardship!

Fortunately her mother's sympathy was of far quicker sight than she let Merry suspect. She could at least guess something of her child's experiences at this time; and when, after an evening of light laughter with Arthur, she would creep to her mother's side and sit silent for long periods, Bertha let the silence and the almost sadness go by unremarked.

She was not so rash as to touch the rich rose when it was just opening its petals and discovering its own deep heart!

She would not murder by words emotions which are too fine and delicate, as well as too strong, to be put into language.

Merry, her child, was in love; she knew it, and stood aside. She was only her mother now!—but she showed the power of her motherly love, when she could sit silently by, and let Merry come to her for that deep comfort and companionship which is beyond speech.

Arthur at this time was also enjoying life with a sudden keenness and a fresh excitement.

He had always been eminently *Scotch* in his habits hitherto; living luxuriously, taking his ease, but never being sufficiently extravagant to exceed his allowance or bring any trouble upon himself. Having enough to gratify any ordinary desire, he had regarded debt simply as a nuisance to be avoided.

But now that he had found his way to that fascinating creature, the money-lender, it appeared so easy that it was readily taken again. Having once tasted of his “expectations,” that liberty of riches which has such a delightful vagueness about it, he found it too great a temptation not to taste again.

He had lived in town for some years as a rich young man; he thought it would be agreeable to live in town for a while as if he were a prince.

The thing was easily done. Mr. Wansy’s solid wealth was well known and valued in the city. And it seemed to Arthur that he might have his fling for a year and yet not fetter himself to any appreciable degree in the future.

He was influenced in taking this course by considerations which were oddly characteristic. First, he had that contempt for old age which is peculiar to materialists. He regarded the hey-day of youth in which he now revelled

as a thing to be respected and made the very most of while it was still in his possession. Now that he was young, handsome, and was as yet free from any of the ills which flesh is heir to, why should he not be a prince among the women who courted him and the “best of fellows” among his friends? According to his creed, he was right to make hay while the sun shone, and enjoy every moment of enjoyable time.

And, then, he had so much confidence in his own abilities that, even if he did overstep the mark and hamper his future by extravagance, he considered he was quite capable of retrieving his fortunes. This entire self-confidence took away all fear or timidity; but he had not the slightest intention of going so far as this. He meant to both eat his cake and have it; and people who keep such a very clear outlook for the well-being of number one, as did Arthur Wansy, generally succeed in this kind of arrangement to perfection.

He entered upon a variety of fresh amusements, which are open to everyone who has plenty of money, and are made the more delightful to the owner of the money if he also have good looks and good spirits.

It was only the surplus of his time that he spent with Merry; he went to her when he needed the peculiar atmosphere which she lived in. He went into her society as the man who has grown fevered with champagne over night will drink with delight in the morning a draught of spring water.

But there was a peculiar feature now very prominently coming to the front in Arthur’s disposition, and which tinged the colour of his whole history. He regarded his own future with some care, but he never gave an instant’s thought to that of any other person. The idea

would have been one he could not have entertained had it been suggested to him. He would have changed the subject from simple indifference and disregard. He lived for the immediate pleasure of the moment, and all he cared about with regard to other people was that they should be sufficiently happy to be amusing, and nice to look at, while in his society. Their future or their past had no concern or interest for him; only while they crossed his path had they any relation to him; the moment he had said good-bye to his most intimate friend, he thought of him no more. If that friend had left him to go to prison, he would have put the recollection out of mind, as being disagreeable, and therefore best laid aside; and very soon it would have entirely vanished. If this suppositious friend calculated on the apparently amiable Arthur's help, he would find himself very strangely mistaken.

Though he had pledged himself to a life-long bond with Merry, he never thought of her except as a most agreeable companion for a disengaged hour, and one whom he had secured to himself by an admirable arrangement. She would be a nice girl to marry, if she kept her spirits and colour, and if, as he supposed, marry he must, eventually. But he scarcely took this future time into consideration at all; what he thought about Merry simply was, that being engaged to him she made it her business to be charming whenever he wanted her to be; and that this most delightful house of the Hamertons was his rightful lounge when at home. Having plunged into a new career of perpetual novelty and amusement, he was hardly ever in his own home; he dined out incessantly, and any odd hours after breakfast, or at any time that he found himself un-

occupied, he bestowed upon Merry. And the delightful part of this was that she always welcomed him with a vivid blush, and a smile, the pure sweetness of which he partly perceived; and that her father and mother always appeared glad to see him.

Altogether these lovers were wonderfully content just now; but in what a different fashion!

Arthur had bought his horse now; and that animal was the pride of Mr. Wansy's heart. He had no taste for horses himself; personally he was a little afraid of them. He had not even a sufficiently developed eye for beauty to admire the lovely form and graceful action of this really fine creature. But Wilson, the coachman, who was an absolute authority with his master, had expressed unqualified admiration of the horse, and this had satisfied Mr. Wansy as to its value. He knew it had cost a great deal, and he knew it was a very effective thing to have the fine, restless, fiery-eyed animal walking up and down in front of the gate when Arthur was going out. It was a pleasure now to see Arthur start; Mr. Wansy liked to come to the window and watch him mount his horse and ride away, looking so handsome and well-grown a young man. It was all very charming to the father, who preferred safety on his own two legs to the borrowed assistance of any four, however excellent, to see Arthur so easily, and indeed elegantly, do what he could not. It was very typical of their relations to one another. Mr. Wansy gave his boy the means to go where he listed; and he made no inquiry as to where or how far he rode.

One fine afternoon, when spring almost tasted of summer, Mr. Wansy was driving home in a hansom, and in Piccadilly the crowd of carriages was so great

that the street was blocked. Mr. Wansy's cab had to wait patiently, and take its time in emerging from the crush. The situation was not particularly disagreeable, as our friend was not going *to* business, but only *from* it, and he was pleasantly bathed in sunshine, which is appreciable even by the dulled sensibilities of a man whose acquaintance with fresh air is principally obtained in the city streets. The carriages, too, were amusing to look at; there were pretty faces here and there, and wonderful costumes. But the people soon ceased to interest him; he had never learned to regard human beings as of any importance apart from money. Human faces—human characters—these things had no meaning to him. His mind soon relapsed into its natural channel. There are some men to whom the city seems as *natural* as were cosmetics and Rimmel's scents to Mrs. Vernon. Account-days make their dates, fluctuations fill their minds, they know of no romance more exciting than the changes in the price of stocks.

Mr. Wansy was buried in a reverie of this sort when his attention was caught by an object close beneath his eyes. That object was really interesting to him, and he roused quite suddenly to look upon it. It was the figure of his boy Arthur.

Arthur looked extremely handsome. He was so healthy and robust that sunshine and the open air became him, as it only becomes persons of perfect physique. At the present moment his surroundings set him off to admiration; and even his father, who was sufficiently familiar with his appearance, was struck by his grace and dexterity. This latter was an important quality just now, for in the midst of this crush of carriages he had to keep four spirited horses in order. He

was driving a very pretty four-in-hand, yet, notwithstanding this rather troublesome position, he was talking with unusual gaiety to a handsome woman who sat by his side. Truth to tell, novelty and excitement formed the atmosphere which brought Arthur out and exhibited him to the very best advantage. With a stir around him, a crowd of pretty faces, a flood of bright sunshine, and the restlessness of the four fine horses rousing his nervous strength, he was, for the moment, in his element. The drag was full of a laughing, chattering, showily-dressed set of people. Mrs. Vernon, who sat beside Arthur, was the most ladylike of the women; she, indeed, looked splendid, for it was one of the few matters in which she had a conscience—that she should do credit to the men who admired her when they chose to appear with her in public. Out of her own home she always wore her grand duchess air with great success; and Mr. Wansy was vastly impressed by her stately appearance. She looked like the wife of a Rothschild at the least. Arthur caught sight of his father just as the crush eased and the four-in-hand was starting off again. This was a piece of good luck for him, as it gave him time to think the matter over, and decide to say that the drag belonged to somebody else. There was an admiring expression on his father's face, which he just caught, and the incident struck him as one which he might use rather to his own advantage than otherwise.

The four-in-hand went away in splendid style along Piccadilly, which wore its prettiest dress of pale spring green, through Knightsbridge and Kensington. They passed the broad road in which stood the Hamertons' and the Wansys' houses, a stately, secluded road. They passed the little

house in Kensington Gore, which was now being fitted up by the most poetic of upholsterers, to be ready for the Strettons on their return. Straight on they went, along the broad, bright road, made gay with sunshine and fresh foliage here and there, away to Richmond, there to taste pure air.

Life was worth living, to Arthur Wansy, just now. He was petted and courted, as the man who owns the drag and gives the dinner must be. And the women really liked and admired him; Mrs. Vernon especially. Indeed, she and Arthur agreed admirably, through all changes of fortune and circumstances. They understood each other so thoroughly. Totally different in physical tastes—for she was always lazy; he always restless—yet their motives of action were the same. They regarded each other as eminently sensible persons, going through life on an intelligible plan. Arthur really preferred her society to Merry's, although it was a greater tax upon his own wit, simply because she never puzzled him; but her society was not at his disposal as was Merry's. To begin with, she had numerous other admirers, and then Frank was so fiercely jealous. Just now, he tolerated Arthur with great amiability, Arthur being of great importance to him—more importance than that young gentleman quite guessed.

Frank was playing a dangerous game with his newspaper, and he knew it well. He had started a weekly column of gossip and scandal, spicy enough to please everybody, and true enough to be very risky work. Frank understood what good scandal was, as well as he understood wine or horses; he knew that all such luxuries must be well paid for. But the venture soon paid, and the circulation rose with a ra-

pidity which surprised Frank himself. He was in clover. For the first time in his life he began to realise what it was like, not only to deserve success, which he always devoutly believed himself to do, but positively to obtain it. It was grand indeed. Of all the people in that drag, Frank was perhaps the most supremely content, for he was of such a buoyant nature that his spirits rose like a liberated balloon when once the shackles of incessant disaster were removed. And his comfort was vastly added to by the contemplation of Arthur's broad shoulders. A certain signature of Arthur's which made him proprietor of that now most successful paper, the "Early News," was the one thing which gave Frank courage to carry out a very audacious programme.

So that altogether the Richmond-bound party were an exceedingly cheerful and well contented one. And Mr. Wansy went home not ill pleased to have seen some of Arthur's apparently numerous, and, to him, unknown friends. He was unusually amiable during dinner, which circumstance gave Mrs. Wansy sufficient courage to commence querulously grumbling at Wilson, the coachman, and his total indifference to her convenience or comfort. Her husband put up with the stream of small sorrows which she poured forth for some time, but at last put an end to it by a brief, but pithy speech.

"Now look here, Mrs. Wansy," he remarked, roughly; "that man suits *me*, so suppose you don't waste any more breath about it."

The tone in which this was said settled the lady; she flushed, and said no more. The remainder of the evening was passed in silence, Mr. Wansy relapsing from a social mood into a studious one, and taking refuge in the city news in the evening paper, while Mrs.

Wansy took up a dignified position with her fancy-work.

These two expected to obtain nothing further out of life than stately rooms and good dinners. These wants are easily gratified if you have money ; if not, you have to slave all through the early years of your career to amass it. Mr. Wansy had done the latter, and

with extraordinary success. He had reached the top of his ladder. He lived in unnaturally gorgeous rooms ; he dined well—too well—every day. He was eminently respectable, his wife was eminently respectable, his son appeared also to be eminently respectable.

What more could the heart of man desire ?

(To be continued.)

SOME OF THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

By M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A., F.R.S.E.

At the present time the introduction of Natural Science into the ordinary school curriculum is being eagerly advocated by some, and as eagerly opposed by others.

On one side we have those who hold that the refinement, delicacy of tone, and general culture, which they say are an outcome of the older or classical system of education, cannot be acquired by any other method than that which has so long reigned supreme in the majority of the schools and places of higher education. On the other hand we have many eminent students of science boldly asserting that, in addition to the immediate usefulness of a training in natural science, such a training is fitted to develop the higher faculties of man's intellectual nature to at least as great a degree as any of the older methods of education; and insisting that, for this reason, science should find a place among those subjects which form the foundation of all systems of mental training.

In the present paper I shall not attempt to estimate the relative values of what may be called the scientific, the classical, and the mathematical systems of education; nor shall I endeavour to sketch any general scheme of education comprising as its essential feature a large regard to the claims of natural science. I hope, however, to succeed in showing that

the study of natural science is well calculated to foster in the minds of those who pursue it many qualities which are of fundamental importance in the formation of a really educated man.

From among the almost innumerable advantages which I believe are to be gained by the scientific study of nature, I shall select five, and endeavour to illustrate each in succession.

The proper study of natural science teaches the student—

1. To distinguish facts from falsehoods, or even from mere opinions, and it enables him to reason on a basis of facts.

2. To use hypotheses without abusing them, and hence to distinguish dogmatism from truth, and doubt from mere weakness.

3. To reserve his judgment, and even, if need be, to revise and correct judgments previously formed.

4. To remain humble in presence of the complexity and vastness of nature.

5. To appreciate small differences between phenomena, and at the same time to trace resemblances between apparently widely-separated facts.

Science is based on a study of the facts of nature; the first essential point in any branch of science is therefore accumulation of facts by means of the processes of observation and experiment. In apply-

ing the study of a science as an educational instrument, the first thing which the learner gains is a practical acquaintance with nature as a vast storehouse of facts; he is taught that beyond himself, whether he wishes it or not, there exists a magazine of facts, and that his first business as a being capable of education is to repair to that magazine and find for himself what it contains.

Now this, it seems to me, is all-important.

Are not the greater part of the mistakes of opinion and of conduct made in the world traceable to a dislike of facts, which speedily develops into an inability to distinguish, first, fact from opinion, and then, fact from falsehood?

"Great, truly, is the actual"—says Carlyle—"is the thing that has rescued itself from bottomless deeps of theory and possibility, and stands there as a definite, indisputable fact, whereby men do work and live, or once did so."

But the next step in learning science is to attempt an explanation of the observed or experimentally-acquired facts. The learner proceeds to reason on his facts; he proceeds to inquire whether any generalisation can be made, which shall include in its expression the facts he has amassed. And in this process of reasoning he is continually referred back to nature's facts as supporting or opposing his conclusions.

This is surely a great gain in the process of education; that when generalisations are made, when theories are broached, the guesser may have a court of appeal to whose decision he may bring his opinions.

If one is not accustomed to have one's opinions checked by any completely trustworthy authority, one is but too ready to treat those opinions as final, and from them,

as from actual facts, to advance to others probably more erroneous than the first. Now do we not wish in education to check this building up of vast edifices of opinion founded only on opinion? Is it not most desirable that these card houses should never be built, both for the sake of the builder and for the sake of those who may be injured by their fall? It is hard to decide whether the mind of him who builds is more seriously injured by the chance stability of his edifice—whereby he is probably rendered narrow-minded, obstinate, and foolish—or by the complete collapse of the building, whereby he becomes either reckless and overbearing, or moody and filled with despair.

The necessity of basing philosophy on facts is well insisted on by Francis Bacon: "Men have sought to make a world from their own conception, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world."

The student of nature, in reasoning on the facts which he has gained, must needs make use of hypotheses, and it is in framing hypotheses that—as I have attempted to show in another place—scope is given for imagination.

In pursuing science we soon learn that probable truth is alone attainable—that even in the simple phenomena of nature partial explanation can alone be hoped for.

And this, it seems to me, is a most important educational advantage. Moreover, not only are we obliged in science to be content with probable truth, but we are able in many cases to measure the

degree of probability of a given result. Although, therefore, the conclusion arrived at is necessarily a partial conclusion, the scientific student finds it possible to assign to it a certain relative value; he may then start again on the basis of this conclusion, and by observation and experiment arrive at a fresh and more nearly correct theory. If he work carefully he should not fall into the error of mistaking his first conclusion for a final result, nor of failing to see the weak parts of his earlier theories.

Now, I think that two very common failings of well-educated people are, a readiness to adopt conclusions based on fair evidence as final, and therefore a tendency to dogmatism; and, on the other hand, a want of mental equilibrium, whereby they continually vacillate between this opinion and that, from inability properly to gauge the value of either.

The history of science furnishes many examples of the abuse of hypotheses leading to the error of dogmatism.

The facts amassed by the ancient astronomers were woven into the ingenious, although to us extraordinary cosmical theory known as the Ptolemaic; had this theory been used in a truly scientific spirit it would doubtless have quickly developed into the better, because far truer, theory of Copernicus. But most unfortunately it was adopted by the Roman Church, and one might say, as a necessary consequence, was transferred from a mistaken scientific theory into an article of dogmatic belief. What science could flourish in the atmosphere of that terrible Papal court? The theory was obliged to fall before the assaults of Copernicus and Galileo, because these men fought with the facts of nature at their back. But it had its revenge. In its fall how much

suffering and indignity did it inflict on the noble Galileo, and how has it covered with ignominy the men who dared to degrade its teachings by converting it from an hypothesis into a dogma.

The earlier work of the student of nature when he is entering on his higher education, that is, when he begins to investigate nature for himself, and to make excursions into the realm of the unknown, is generally more or less marked by the error which is the contrary to that which I have endeavoured to describe. In all new studies one is ready to rush to a conclusion, and finding, as one so quickly finds in the study of nature, that this conclusion is at least most incomplete, one is too apt to plunge to the opposite extreme, hurriedly adopt another conclusion, and finding this also unsatisfactory, give up the work in disgust.

This unhappy result can only be obviated by the patient study of nature. Once taste the sweets of investigating nature, and finding your hypotheses even partially fulfilled by facts, and you are never likely to relinquish the toil, or rather I should say the delight, of the pursuit.

There is another point connected with the use of hypotheses as taught by science, which I should like to mention shortly. And it is this—we are sometimes forced to frame what, to the mind of a man unaccustomed to deal with nature, may appear a monstrous hypothesis. Now the study of natural science teaches the student to theorise freely, wildly if you will. it teaches him not to be afraid of any hypothesis which may arise in his mind, for it assures him that even his wildest dreams are surpassed by nature's every-day facts.

There are more things in heaven and earth.

Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Other systems of education also present the student with wild and startling theories; but do they all give him a method of test equally sure as that which is put into his hand by natural science? Strange hypotheses are only to be framed when the facts warrant the process, and are only to be adopted, *as theories*, when the facts deduced from them are found to be really facts of nature. To be taught that the unexpected may continually occur, and to be given a touchstone at which to try its value when it does occur, is surely a most important gain to the mental powers of any man.

As a necessary consequence of the progressive state of science, at any time, the student of science is continually taught to reserve his judgment, and is ever and anon obliged to bring out his accepted theories, and revise them in the light of newly-acquired knowledge.

And this, I think, is almost the most important of the many educational advantages of the study of natural science.

Power of reserving the judgment is developed in the study of science by becoming more and more familiar with the proper use of hypotheses, and by constant communion with the vast and complex phenomena of nature. There is almost nothing so characteristic of the half-educated man as the readiness and confidence with which he expresses his opinions on all subjects; and not content with this, he insists that other men should be like him. Especially do I think that this is the case with the majority of people when dealing with questions of science. Just as every woman believes herself born a theologian, so many men believe themselves capable of deciding even such an exceedingly complex subject as the "origin of species" offhand by what they are pleased to call their

"common sense," a phrase too often synonymous with uncommon nonsense.

But many people go even farther than this; they regard the scientific man as a kind of useful walking recipe book, stored with ready answers to such questions as, "How can I get these ink spots out of linen?" "Is this water good to drink?" or, "Don't you think it has rained itself out and we must have fine weather now?"

But the true science teaches that it is more philosophic to doubt than to be positive.

Faraday's work furnishes a conspicuous example of this power of reserving the judgment combined with the boldest use of imagination and the widest licence of theorising. Again and again his experiments appeared to conduct him to the end which he had hoped to attain, but he pauses before deciding, often to find that his pause has saved him from a false conclusion. "It may be," he himself says, "very distasteful to suspend a conclusion, but, as we are not infallible, so we ought to be cautious; we shall eventually find our advantage, for the man who rests in his position is not so far from right as he who, proceeding in a wrong direction, is ever increasing his distance."

"As we are not infallible," said Faraday; but this is just what people won't believe—in matters which may be decided by "common sense" (and what may not?), they are infallible in their own belief. There is scarce anything more amusing than the infallibility of the average Philistine in scientific matters, except it be his infallibility in politics and in theology.

It is evident that the necessity imposed on the student of science of from time to time taking stock, so to speak, of his knowledge, must

exercise a salutary influence in preventing the creation in his mind of idols at whose shrines he might otherwise be inclined to do fetish worship.

This setting up of unauthenticated opinions as certainly true is very easy when one has no court of appeal to which these opinions are ever summoned to appear.

"When men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions," says Hobbes, "and registered them as authenticated records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly on a paper already scribbled over."

But while I hold that the study of science checks the setting up of false gods, I claim for it that it also substitutes true knowledge in the place of the false—we can scarcely do without our eidolon; only it must be carefully put together. "Does not the black African," asks Carlyle, "take of sticks and old clothes (say, exported Monmouth-street cast clothes) what will suffice, and of these, cunningly combining them, fabricate for himself an eidolon (Idol or *Thing Seen*), and name it *Mumbo-Jumbo*, which he can thenceforth pray to, with upturned awestruck eye, not without hope? The white European mocks, but ought rather to consider, and see whether he, at home, could not do the like a little more wisely."

The study of science teaches us to reserve our judgment because of the complexity of the questions presented by nature; but it also teaches humility in presence of the vast and complex pictorial mechanism.

To describe at any length the true reverence of knowledge as opposed to the mock reverence of ignorance, would occupy too large a space; and, as I have elsewhere dealt with this subject in some

detail, I shall proceed to consider the last point in which I have affirmed that a study of science exerts an improving educational influence, viz. in that it teaches the student to appreciate small differences between phenomena, and at the same time to trace resemblances between apparently widely-separated facts.

The history of the development of any branch of science might almost be described as the history of the successive recognitions of small differences and unlooked-for resemblances between the particular class of facts with which the science deals.

In chemistry it has been pre-eminently thus. Chemical and physical phenomena were not always differentiated; it is only in quite recent times that the chemical lecturer has ceased to prelude his chemistry course by an account of the laws of heat, light, and electricity. We cannot yet exactly define "chemical compounds," as distinguished from "mechanical mixtures." Substances now known to be altogether different, e.g. lime and magnesia, were long regarded as identical. The history of such a term as alkali is the history of a word which was once applied promiscuously to about as many different bodies as it contained letters, but which has gradually become more definite, and has consequently been applied to fewer and fewer substances.

But science also furnishes us with innumerable examples of the detection of resemblances which were long overlooked. In one direction science has tended to narrow the meaning of her terms, because she has detected differences between apparently identical phenomena; but she has never carried this demarcation of phenomena to the point at which each is defined, to use Wordsworth's expression,

"into absolute independent singleness."

When we become too anxious to detect differences, Nature checks us by suddenly revealing resemblances where we had supposed that none existed.

I have said that in chemistry we have learned to distinguish chemical from mechanical action, we have ceased to confuse compound with mixture, we have differentiated atom from molecule; but we have done this, we are doing this, by recognising that mechanical and chemical, that compound and mixture, that atom and molecule, are but the terminal points of a series of phenomena, or substances, which are connected each with each by almost insensible gradations.

In science we have, I think, given up the system of classification in which certain substances, phenomena, or living things are arranged in linear series, each member of each series dependent only on the preceding and the succeeding member; and we have adopted what is sometimes called the classification by families and tribes, each individual dependent on all the others of the family, but more dependent on certain members than on certain others, the family dependent, and also helpful to, the tribe, particular families being more closely connected than others, and the tribes all working harmoniously as a nation.

I must quote Wordsworth again, he being a poet has expressed in a sentence what many scientists might take books to render vague. "In nature everything is distinct,

yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness."

These advantages which I have claimed for the study of natural science, if gained at all, can only be gained by the study of *science*; it all depends on whether the science is the true thing, or an imitation. To repeat facts, to learn systems of classification, even to amass facts oneself, that is not science. These must be done, but the true work lies beyond and above all these.

The highest educational advantages of science, it appears to me, can only be reaped by the man who, duly trained in the knowledge of nature gained by others, embarks on the sea of the unknown for himself.

In original research alone do we begin to be true scientific naturalists.

In the University to which I have the honour to belong, natural science is beginning to be recognised as an instrument of education; but does the University as a body recognise the value of original research in science?

She has had many brilliant sons; none so brilliant and none so pre-eminently an educated man as he whom every student of nature is proud to recognise as *The Master*, and whose greatest glory it is that, not content with the domain of knowledge laid before him by his teachers, he spent his life, as he is represented to us by the chisel of the artist,

with his prism, and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging, through strange seas of thought
alone.

Cambridge, March, 1880.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

NEW SERIES.—No. 28.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

THERE is much suggestiveness in the metaphorical and cynical motto with which Victor Hugo adorned the wall of the home he had made a few years ago in Guernsey. "Cross of Gold," ran the carven words, "Bishop of Wood; Cross of Wood, Bishop of Gold." The "high and dry" days of the prince-bishops, with cross and mitre of gold, are passed away; no more does the haughtiest prelate deem of outvying in worldly pomp, power, and magnificence the state of the richest prince or political potentate. As a worldly power the English Church has lost ground. Noting this fact, and that more deplorable fact also, that it is lagging behind in the keen strife of thought opened out by modern culture, some have begun to speculate and wonder whether the mission of the Church were not imperceptibly passing away from it.

In the very breach made in the influence of the Church by doubts such as these, the Bishop of Manchester has stood. He did not seek the position; but, once placed in it, he has shown that he could hold it.

The secret of his success we take to reside in the following particulars: By showing his little care for worldly advantages, and, indeed, rather a decided preference for simplicity of life, he has disarmed the suspicions of the inhabitants of a county noted for its matter-of-fact radicalism, its rude scorn of compromise, and its inability to appreciate the *convenances* of aristocratic feudalism—humility before superiors, and blind respect for rank.

In a community where party and sectarian feeling run high, and flow with bitterness, he has kept himself free from the moil of partisan conflict, by devoting his attention to his part in the larger battle with ignorance and vice. He has not shown himself eager after the measure of the mint, anise, and cummin of the Church's prerogative, but, with no slackening of respect for the institution, he has flung himself into work about which no possible question could arise to a reasonable mind. He has been munificent of labour, thinking broadly of good

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results, and in no respect giving way to punctiliousness as to what might come between the wind and his nobility.

In a word, he has found his pattern in the fashions of a primitive rather than a decadent church, and so has escaped inclining either to High Church parties or Low, and has offended neither a Nonconformity dating from a degraded period, nor a progressive party by no means ecclesiastical in its tendencies, and judging by facts rather than from *prestige*.

The Bishop of Manchester has been called a "wild bishop;" and, if plain apostolical perseverance be wildness, certainly he deserves the name. Anyway, an unbiassed bystander is more likely to credit such wildness with heart of gold, than that particular kind of tameness which the French poet must have had in his view when he made his epigram upon the golden-cross-ornamented "bishop of wood."

James Fraser was born on the 18th of August, 1818, in Prestbury, near Cheltenham, a village nestled under the range of the Cotswold hills. He was the eldest son of "James Fraser, a Forfarshireman, the youngest son of a large family, a cadet branch of the Frasers of Darris;" to follow his own words, in reply to a recent inquiry. "My father," the Bishop states, "went out very young to India, and pursued a successful career there. My mother was the daughter of John Willins, Esq., solicitor, of Bilston, Staffordshire, descended from an old Herefordshire family, who in the seventeenth century were settled, almost in the proportions of a clan (as I discovered by looking over the register books), in the parish of Llanwarne in that county.

"My parents moved, in the year 1824, to Heavitree, near Exeter, partly for the education of their boys, and partly to be near some old Indian friends of my father's.

"My first school was at Mount Radford, near Exeter, where I remained till I was fourteen. The Rev. C. R. Roper was my master, and an excellent one he was. In 1832 I was sent to Bridgenorth School, then under Dr. Rowley; and in 1834, my mother, wishing to give me every advantage possible, placed me at Shrewsbury, where I spent two years under Drs. Butler and Kennedy. In 1836 I went to Oxford, having gained an open scholarship at Lincoln College, where I enjoyed the advantage of the tuition of the Rev. Richard Michell, late principal of Hertford College. In 1840 I was elected a fellow of Oriel College.

"I lost one brother, an engineer officer of much promise, favourably mentioned by Sir John Kaye in his history of the Sepoy mutiny, in that disastrous outbreak in 1857. He was then in command of the Bengal Sappers and Pioneers, and was one of the first officers who fell—at Meerut, on the 16th of May. My only surviving brother—out of five—is Major-General Alexander Fraser, C.B., who is now at the head of the Department of Public Works in India, and who has, in various capacities,

particularly in the erection of lighthouses on the coast of the Bay of Bengal, rendered good service to the country.

“ My admirable mother still survives, in the 88th year of her age.”

The Bishop's father was a man of active mind, and invested his means in iron and stone-mining in the Forest of Dean district, but most of what he had was lost, and he died comparatively young, leaving a family of seven. This was at the time when James Fraser left his first school. His mother, as he told an audience not long ago, “ was a woman of sound sense, and one who would do anything for her children. She said, ‘ I cannot give these lads of mine a large fortune, but by denying myself a bit and living quietly I can give them all a good education.’ She did so, and I cannot understand how she managed it. By God's providence that mother is still spared to me. She is now paralysed, speechless, and helpless, but every day when I go into her room and look on her sweet face I think gratefully of all I owe to her, of what I was, and of what I have been enabled to do.”

In the very brief sketch given above the Bishop omits to name that he took the Ireland Scholarship in 1838, a first-class in classics, and his B.A. degree in 1839. He was tutor of Oriel, as well as fellow, and retained the post until 1847, when he was presented by the college to the Rectory of Chaldrington, Wilts. This was a small parish, consisting of only thirty-five houses, and a population of 175, or thereabouts. If the experience to be gained here was small it was thorough, and the knowledge the rector acquired of the habits and feelings of the rural poor was turned to good account afterwards. In 1854-6, and again in 1862, Mr. Fraser was Select Preacher to the University. He was chaplain to the late Bishop of Sarum, and also acted as diocesan inspector of schools in the Oxford district. In 1858 he was appointed Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral, and in 1860 he became Rector of Ufton Nervet, Berkshire, a village of something under 400 inhabitants. In this year, too, he received a prebendal stall in Salisbury Cathedral. During the years 1858-60 he was taking a busy part as assistant-commissioner under the Commission appointed to inquire into the state of popular education. His rural experience stood him in good stead, and the value of his reports amply justified his appointment; the result of the work being that a lamentable amount of ignorance was brought to light, and the public conscience was awakened to a sense of the deplorable condition of the poorer part of the population as regards opportunities of education.

In connection with the Schools Inquiry Commission, 1865, he visited Canada and the United States, and made some valuable observations on the American school system. His report fills a large volume, and was reprinted at Sydney in 1868, by order of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales. In 1867 he was once more pressed into the service of the Government in connection with the Parliamentary

Commission appointed to inquire into the possibility of so enlarging the scope of the Factory Act as to make its benefits extend to the numerous young persons and children engaged in agricultural labour. The inquiry extended also to the agricultural employment of women, and in his report he made some suggestions for meeting the difficulty of giving day-school instruction to children employed in the fields from a very early age. The places mapped out for his investigation were the counties of Norfolk, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucester. Of course the whole ground could not be covered by such an investigation, but sample districts were selected, and the inquiry as to these was thorough and searching. Boards of guardians, corporate bodies, officials, and private individuals were visited, and many public meetings convened, at which the various points of the questions involved were freely discussed. With the exception of one or two trifling holidays, Mr. Fraser expended nearly half-a-year in prosecuting these close investigations. It will be observed that the pathway to high and important positions does not always lie in court or family interest; in this instance the way led through a career of hard work.

Upon the life of this plain and comparatively unknown man burst in 1870 something of a surprise. One Monday morning he took up the letters on his breakfast table, "having no idea what would be the contents of one of them." But, as he told an audience a short time afterwards with much simplicity, "I saw in the corner of one of them the Premier's name, and that the letter was to be forwarded; and I opened it with trembling, because something within me—a sort of presentiment—told me what it might contain. It contained an offer of the bishopric of Manchester." From this time forth, if he had been busy before, he was to be busier; and his mode of life was now to be altogether changed. He was not then familiar with public platforms or large audiences; he has since been practically compelled to take platform work to an extent that he could not possibly have anticipated, for it is without precedent. And the fact of this almost compulsion is a proof that he is regarded as in his element in the work. But at first there was a certain shrinking from the prospect. "I had always lived," he said, "and lived contentedly, in a quiet little village, and nothing was further from my thoughts and hopes, and, I might most honestly say, from my desires, than to be made a bishop of the Church of England in these troublous times. I did not feel that I had the gifts; I shrank from the terrible responsibilities and the possibilities of a failure; but the whole course of my life has been a succession of providences. Whatever I have been, and whatever place I have filled, has come to me, and I have never once gone in search of it." A few weeks after his acceptance of the post, he made, on the occasion of the consecration of a little village church, his apology, so to speak, for becoming a bishop:

"It might well have seemed strange to every Lancashire Churchman that a person whose name was unfamiliar should be a fit person to be appointed a bishop over such a large and important diocese. When Mr. Gladstone wrote to me and made me the offer, he stated that the diocese, though not the centre, was the heart of England, and that the streams of modern thought which were running rapidly everywhere ran twofold here. When I reflected on my own position and training as the rector of a small and quiet country parish, I could not help the feeling that my hands were not the best to take the reins of government of so important a diocese as this. If it had been left to myself, I would have declined the offer, but no man has a right to determine for himself the course of life he shall pursue. As my friends left no alternative, here I have come in fear, with the simple hope that by their assistance and kind co-operation, and their sympathy and their readiness to look over whatever failures I may make, perhaps I may be able to do my duty in this diocese with some satisfaction and with such success as God sees fit to bless my work with."

James Fraser was nominated as Bishop of Manchester on the 18th of January, 1870, elected on the last day of that month, and the royal assent was given to the election on the 12th of February following. The bishop-designate was confirmed on the 23rd of March at St. James's Church, Piccadilly; and on the 25th of the same month the conclusion of the rite was reached by his consecration at the Manchester Cathedral by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Chester and Ripon. On his appointment he received the degree of D.D. by diploma from the University of Oxford to which he belongs. Dr. Fraser is the second Bishop of Manchester, succeeding Dr. James Prince Lee, an eminent and scholarly man, but unpossessed of that childlike element of Christian character which has so endeared his successor to the people at large amongst whom he labours. The diocese is second in population to that of London, and if we cannot accord it the intellectual pre-eminence, or quite agree with Mr. Gladstone that it is the heart of England, where the streams of thought run double, we must at least allow that it is a centre of immense activity of life.

The appointment which was so much of a surprise to its recipient was no less so to his fellows, and the Bishop may be said to have begun his career beneath a glare of critical eyes. His simple honesty of conduct has disarmed suspicion, and none now attack him but such as carp for carping's sake.

The *Guardian*, soon after his appointment, declared that a finer and more engaging representative of Young England in the English Church could not be found than the Bishop of Manchester, confessing however that there were persons offended by his liberalism. "But when called on suddenly by the chairman [of a Church Congress] to speak on the

subject of the Church's relation to the moral state of society in this country, Bishop Fraser fairly carried the whole meeting with him while with a frankness and simplicity and courage, and warm-hearted loving kindness towards the poor, he inveighed against the vulgar vices of the rich. None who heard his happy eloquence and saw his ingenuous heart on fire could doubt that he was pure from the selfishness and sin he so boldly rebuked. Like Napoleon's regimental officers who under the pressure of the Revolution and the enthusiasm of the Empire came to the front, and manipulated armies and ruled provinces by instinct, the Bishop of Manchester has sprung with one bound into the rank of heaven-born orators; and such a man, with an eloquent tongue and a generous soul, must find it easy to win the hearts of the rugged men of Lancashire. With such bishops on the bench (for in the Established Church it is puerile to suppose that all legitimate parties must not be represented), Mr. Ryle may continue to say that there is life in the old Church yet." A lesson may be learned from this—how great and inspiring an effect have true earnestness and vitality, whether the doctrine with which they are allied be too broad for straitened souls or not.

Dr. Fraser was married on the 16th of January last to Miss Agnes Ellen Frances Duncan, only child of the late Dr. John Shute Duncan, of Bath, and niece of the late Dr. Philip Bury Duncan, both of whom were distinguished members of the University of Oxford, the latter being curator of the Ashmolean Museum, while the former was a Fellow of New College, and the author of valuable works in moral and natural science; and both were regarded as foremost in the promotion of science, art, literature, and philanthropy in Bath. Mrs. Fraser's grandfather, Mr. George Welsh, resided in Lancashire, so that she has a family connection with her husband's diocese. The lady herself appears, from accounts that have come from Bath, to be an amiable and practical philanthropist, eminently fitted for a clergyman's wife. Mrs. Duncan, after a protracted illness, died at the close of 1878, at the age of eighty-seven, and it is said that filial duties were the reason why the marriage of her daughter did not take place before, the engagement having lasted several years.

The wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, S.W., Dean Stanley officiating, and affords an instance of the difficulty experienced by a popular public man of obtaining privacy for his personal affairs. The intimate friends only of the Bishop were acquainted with the time and place of his marriage, but the ubiquitous representative of the press surmounted the difficulties designedly placed in his way, and was present with his note-book. As one of them phrased it, by way of excuse for his class, "they would all, I am sure, have been glad to respect Dr. Fraser's wishes, but they are simply the servants of the public, and their masters would not have liked to be deprived of the

pleasure of reading accounts of an event in which they take so much interest." This is ingenuous indeed.

The humorous account of the ceremony given in the columns of *Punch* is worth reproducing :

"A BISHOP FORGETTING HIMSELF.—To Mr. Punch. Sir,—I have long felt that Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, was a highly dangerous person. He is always forgetting his position, and doing or saying something of a levelling and eccentric, if not an indecorous and even dangerous kind. One is constantly reading in the papers of his attending meetings at theatres, and club-rooms, and Mechanics' Institutes, and other haunts of the lower orders of an equally unconsecrated character, and making himself hail-fellow-well-met with the working men and other low persons whom he encounters at such places. Of course one understands at once that a Bishop of Manchester is in a difficult position. He must associate with manufacturers and mill-owners, and even tradesmen, and can hardly be expected in such company to keep up a proper sense of what belongs to his position. Still, I did not think that this degradation would have reached Dr. Fraser's domestic and family arrangements. I supposed that the man must behave like a bishop at home, however he might comport himself in public. I grieve to find that I have been mistaken. Anything more indecent, for a bishop, than his marriage as described in the papers I never heard of. In the first place, instead of Westminster Abbey, or St. Martin's, or St. George's, Hanover-square, at least—or some other of what may be called the *comme-il-faut* marriage churches—his marriage came off at a commonplace little district church in Onslow-gardens, that nobody ever heard of. The ceremony seems to have been sneaked through, as if everybody was ashamed of what was going on, or rather, coming off. 'The church at which the ceremony was to take place was unknown to all but the Bishop's most intimate friends until a few hours before the time for which it was fixed, and the friends of the bride and bridegroom who were present numbered not more than a dozen.' Did you ever hear of such doings? It is true there was a dean to read the marriage service, but then it was Dean Stanley—so Broad and Low Church that it might almost as well have been Mr. Spurgeon or Dr. Jabez Inwards. The clergy who assisted him were worthy of such a principal. They were actually a couple of curates! I must say I call such behaviour in a bishop absolutely indecent! And the rest was of a piece. There was no musical service. The bride was in plain silver-grey satin—just like a Quakeress—and seems to have had only one bridesmaid, if any. After the 'ceremony'—ceremony, indeed!—the Dean 'substituted for the exhortation a private address to the Bishop and his bride' of the most latitudinarian character. 'He felicitated

them on their position as parties to a happy Christian marriage, spoke of the day as a long-expected one which had come at last, and congratulated them on the fact that from many hearts of absent friends prayers were being offered for their future happiness.' Did you ever read anything so loose and broad? And from a dean to a bishop! It more than makes one blush. It is enough to make one shudder. And this precious wedding-party seem to have ended the ceremony as they began it—going back to a plain breakfast at the house of some nobody or other, and starting for Torquay by the afternoon train. I shouldn't wonder if they took a cab from where they breakfasted to the railway. In fact, there does not seem to have been a person of family or position mixed up in the affair from first to last. Of course we can't so much wonder at that, considering the sad way the Bishop has mixed himself up with the lower orders. But still he is a bishop, and one must grieve when a person of his class and calling, though only in a manufacturing district, can so lamentably forget himself.

“I remain, sir, your humble servant,

“ONE WHO NEVER FORGETS HERSELF.”

Those outside the Church of England, as well as those within it, may reasonably feel a special interest in the views of a representative of “Young England in the Church,” as being, to some extent, a guide to the future. The Bishop is a man after the pattern of a primitive bishop—that is to say, a practical worker rather than a man of doctrinal views. But, soon after his entrance into the episcopate, he declared and defined his position and opinions. A speech, delivered in April, 1870, at the annual meeting of the Diocesan Church Building Society, contains some of the Bishop's own ideas of his duties and of the duties and office of his Church. After referring to the bishop whom he succeeded, he said :

“It seems to me that my work in this diocese ought to be to carry on, as far as God gives me the ability and the power, and to foster whatever good work has been carried on, or is being carried on now. It will be my earnest desire not rashly to alter or change the position of a single oundation stone that has been solidly and wisely laid. . . . The Church of England, I think, cannot stand the constant shifting of its foundations. The work must be done by building upon the old foundations. . . . No one, I think, who marks the signs of the times, can be blind to the fact that at this moment the Church of England is on her trial in a way, perhaps, in which she has not been tried in the memory of any living man. I believe the strength of the Church of England will be found to be—as, indeed, the strength of every institution established for the public weal must always be found to be—in the extent to which she is really to be found ministering to the spiritual wants of the nation, working not only for the people, but with the people—realising their

wants, and endeavouring to satisfy them, not setting herself in the persons of her ministers against the mighty currents of public opinion, but trying to guide those mighty whirling currents into safe channels, and to show that in the wide, tolerant bosom of the Church of England every legitimate form of Protestant evangelistic Christianity may find a place."

As proceeding from a man professedly broad, we imagine a happier phrase to express the Church's pass-word might have been found than "every legitimate form of Protestant evangelistic Christianity." A Theistic well-wisher to the nationalisation of the Church might urge the difficulty of finding in the primitive gospel such a system as that of "Protestant evangelistic Christianity." The definition of the Church's welcome to the nation, given in the following passage, would be much more attractive to earnest outsiders. After denying an accusation that in building churches and founding schools the Church was actuated by a miserable sectarianism, the Bishop said :—

"The clergy are secured and privileged by the law of the land in a way that ministers of no other religious denomination are secured. But why are ~~we~~ we privileged and secured? It is that we may do a great national work. That is the aspect in which I wish to regard my work, and I hope all the clergy of this diocese are regarding their work—viz., that we are not the ministers of a sect in any narrow sense, but ministers of a Church which by her constitution and in discharge of her duty ought to be as wide as the country to which we all belong, and which ought to welcome within her fold everyone who will offer to co-operate with her and to appertain to her."

It is a healthy sign that a bishop should honestly believe in his Church and her mission, whatever be the formula he writes over the wicket-gate that leads into her precincts. And we do not wonder that Manchester's bishop was startled when he took up his work to find that, after these centuries of endowment, after the accumulations of munificence which have enriched the Church, there was a seat to be found in the buildings provided for congregational use for only eighteen persons out of the hundred in his diocese. The man whom Manchester likens to "our ideal English yeoman" girt up his loins and stood well up to a double foe, indifference and dissension. "The work we have to do," he urged, "is too precious, too sacred, to be imperilled by controversies about secondary points of ceremonial, or unsettled and disputable points of doctrine." He deprecated partisanship, he appealed to common sense. Very soon all the organisations within his diocese were working with increased activity and efficiency, owing to his personal stimulus.

In January last the following appeared in the "*Manchester Examiner and Times*" :—

"The Bishop is a regular attendant at the meetings of all diocesan

societies, is visitor, patron, &c., of many private middle-class schools, and gives his time and labour to the support of some dozens of charitable and other organisations. He is an ecclesiastical commissioner by virtue of his office, a member of the Board of Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, president of the Diocesan Church Building Society, of the Board of Education, of the Board of Finance of the Diocese, of the Manchester and Salford Church of England Evening Visiting Society, of the Missionary Studentship Association, and of the Mersey Mission to Seamen; he is vice-president of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of the Church of England Temperance Society, of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation; he is patron of the Institution for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen, of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society; he is governor of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy and member of the Council of the Colonial Bishpries Fund. This list, however, by no means exhausts the number of his appointments, and, indeed, only represents his connection with purely Church of England organisations. He holds office in many associations which do not belong to that Church, and he sympathises with every Christian effort by whomsoever promoted. No one regrets more than the Bishop the barriers which have been created between sects and parties. Some time ago, speaking at a festival and bazaar at Bolton in connection with the Children's Home, he said that we had drawn up barriers where it seemed to him Christ had placed none, and we had even forbidden that people should look at one another with a friendly smile, or shake hands across the barriers; and at this meeting the Rev. Dr. Pope, one of the ex-Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference, in thanking the Bishop for attending, said that what he had done that day in support of the institution would 'thrill Methodism to the heart.'

"It is impossible to enumerate the whole of the services which the Bishop has rendered during his ten years' episcopacy. Much that has been done has been lost sight of; the fruits of much of it cannot yet be seen; but the influence of his active career, his outspoken condemnation of abuses, his large-hearted sympathy and benevolence, have assuredly made themselves felt for good over a wide area. The Bishop has often been twitted with talking too much. He has, we have the best authority for saying, a desire to appear less often in public; but he finds himself unable to resist the appeals made to him. No deserving cause appeals to him in vain either for money or personal support. He has spoken at temperance gatherings, addressed artisans in their workshops, boatmen, railway porters, scavengers, letter carriers, meetings of women, and meetings of young men; from the stage of a theatre he has addressed actors, actresses, and other employés of theatres; whilst in addition to all his other engagements scarcely a Sunday passes in which he does not preach two sermons, often in churches far apart

from each other. Although it is not possible to record everything that Dr. Fraser has done during the last ten years, yet there are a few things which may be recalled in addition to those mentioned in connection with the earlier part of his episcopacy. He has re-arranged the diocese, dividing it into three archdeaconries, whereas formerly there were only two; he has instituted a diocesan conference, in which the laity as well as the clergy are largely represented; he has advocated with much success the free and unappropriated seat system in churches; he has cheapened and simplified the process of obtaining a faculty, and he has performed a large amount of purely ministerial labour of which we are able to give some statistics. From the time of his consecration on the 25th of March, 1870, to November 19th last year, the Bishop had consecrated 76 new churches, providing 42,938 sittings, 34,611 of which are free. The cost of erection, exclusive of endowments and cost of sites, was 511,129*l.* Besides these, he consecrated 14 edifices erected in lieu of former churches, at a cost of 168,000*l.* Seventy-seven new district parishes and ecclesiastical districts have been formed. How many confirmations the Bishop has held during the ten years we cannot say, but we have the statistics for 1879. During that year alone he held 74 confirmations, the number of persons confirmed being 13,856. During 1870 he confirmed 9751; 1871, 10,899; 1872, 8548; 1873, 11,789; 1874, 8425; 1875, 12,918; 1876, 8894; 1877, 14,297; 1878, 9939; making, including the number for last year, a total of 109,316. His lordship has also held about 30 ordinations since taking office, and in this connection it may be stated that candidates for ordination are the Bishop's guests at Higher Broughton from the Wednesday preceding to the Monday following the day of ordination."

This is indeed to work at high pressure, and we do not wonder that the Bishop at one time stated that he thought he would be physically unable to carry on the work of his diocese with the thoroughness and activity which seemed to him to be imperatively demanded, for a longer period than twelve years.

The spirit of Lancashire, if rude as compared with the gentler and more luxurious southern counties, is much more ready to recognise sturdy merit. The Bishop's labours have met with an honest and outspoken approval from those around him. The following will give an idea of the quality of the appreciation he receives:—

"There is not a man in Manchester, lay or cleric, who works more laboriously or more persistently than the Bishop. In season and out of season, his help is never sought in vain by the promoters of any new movement for the public good. He is the life and soul of our town's meetings, and on the rare occasions when he is compelled to send a letter of apology instead of coming to help in person, a shadow of disappointment invariably falls over the audience to whom such an announcement

is read. No one has ever charged Dr. Fraser with neglecting his own special work, and, indeed, such a charge would be idle in the presence of the monuments of episcopal diligence which have sprung up throughout the length and breadth of the diocese of Manchester within the last ten years. And yet the Bishop has found time, even since he has been in Manchester, to rival, if not to outstrip, the foremost of our local philanthropists in devotion to the public welfare. Dr. Fraser is not by any means a great preacher in the usual acceptation of the term, and his claim to the reputation of a great theologian has yet to be established. He is rather a preacher of sanctified and homely common sense, and it appears to be his mission to reveal the application of the precepts of the Gospel to social and political life, and to claim for the poorest classes of the community their rightful share in all the opportunities of culture that lie at the heart of an opulent civilisation like the present. Absolutely indifferent to the antiquated pomps of his office, the genial and manly Bishop of Manchester speaks anywhere and everywhere on the current topics of ordinary life with a simplicity, straightforwardness, freedom, and independence which carry his utterances far and wide, and make them more or less of a power in the life of the nation itself. No one can doubt that beyond all else Dr. Fraser wishes to be useful to his fellow-men, and that the services he can render to humanity are in his eyes of infinitely greater importance than any special work that he can render within the limits of a Church he loves and serves so well. The Bishop manifestly inclines to the latitudinarian idea of the Church, but that, however, does not prevent him from denouncing in emphatic terms the wild excesses of Ritualism. He declares that its 'practices, intolerable even in days of feebleness of light, are now a pure and simple anachronism;' and that they 'seem to me most unhappy, most disloyal, most disastrous.'

"The source of Dr. Fraser's power lies in the vigour of his moral manhood, and in the catholicity of his sympathies with every influence within or without the Church which makes for practical righteousness. He is abreast of his times, and the broad, honest, earnest manliness of his tone of thinking and speaking chimes in with the advancing thought of the day. The Church which can multiply such men will be the Church of the future, and the cloud which threatens Disestablishment will still remain for many a day no bigger than a man's hand if the clergy will lay to heart the obvious lessons of Bishop Fraser's busy and unselfish career."

The Bishop of Manchester was once told by a candid layman, "You bishops are up in a balloon; you don't know what is going on on this lower earth." The layman must have been looking so long into the sky where the episcopal balloon was suspended, that he missed seeing that one bishop at least was standing on solid ground by his side. At the

first public meeting to which Mrs. Fraser accompanied her husband, a few weeks ago, he spoke a few words which argue a kind of vision much keener than that from a balloon can be :—

“ If we do our duty, I am confident God will not forsake England yet, for I believe there is a future for her such as she has never yet enjoyed, a wider scope for usefulness, a larger empire, not in the modern sense of imperialism for which I have no love at all, but in the sense of English energy, determination, patience, and perseverance. I hope that the name of English honesty in manufacture will spread over the face of the world, that by their exertions Englishmen will make the wilderness into a garden, so that it might be said in all countries, ‘ We owe this to England ;’ and further, I trust, that it might be said that we were a race of active, enterprising Christian people, whose word was as good as their bond, whose trade marks could be trusted to be what they professed to be, whose cloth was not too heavily sized, whose articles weighed the proper weight and filled the proper measure, and who could be trusted in all their relations when they had given their word to stand to it.”

It would be a kindness to the public if the Bishop, who scatters broadcast, here a speech full of inspiring common sense, there an analysis of usury ; at one place a practical plan for Church organisation, at another an appeal for concord ; at a Lancashire church an eloquent “ Address to Mothers and Daughters,” in a London one a sermon on luxury ; would place some of his scattered leaves in an editor’s hands to collect and bind together. Newspaper reports are difficult to preserve, and many persons would be glad to have in a convenient form the notions of so practical a man, so as to be able to take them in at leisure, and in a quiet mood which is not always possible at a crowded public meeting.

In concluding this brief and inadequate sketch, we may draw a moral from one little saying made by its subject.

“ I have the courage sometimes of my own opinions,” he said, “ but more frequently I have the courage of my impulses.” Opinion is a noble gift, but impulse is a rosier mission angel, and comes direct from the warmth of the heart. We may grow weary of the multiplicity of frigid opinions, even to despondency ; but to be within sight or hearing of a worker who has the courage of impulses that are hearty and sincere and true, is to be where we can gain a new strength and hopefulness.

THE YOUTH OF CHARLES LEVER.

BY A KINSMAN.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER was born in Dublin on the 31st August, 1806, in a small brick-fronted house still unchanged, and situated at the north side of Amiens-street, nearly opposite to the terminus of the Drogheda Railway. At the suggestive of Dr. W. J. FitzPatrick, his biographer, a few friends have combined to insert a tablet in the front wall of the house to mark the spot, with the dates of the birth and death of the author.

James Lever, the father of Charles, was a native of Manchester; he married, in 1795, Julia Candler, a lady of a good Kilkenny family, the issue being two sons, the elder John, a clergyman of the Church of England, born in 1796, and Charles, born ten years later, as named above.

James Lever was in trade, an architect and builder of good repute in his profession, in the exercise of which he realised a moderate fortune.

"My sons," he was heard to say, "cannot live the lives of idle gentlemen; they shall have a fair start in life, but nothing to deprive them of the pleasure of making their own fortunes." James Lever's profession brought him into confidential relations with a great variety of persons; in contracts for building or altering churches, town and country mansions, colleges, barracks, theatres, &c., including even the Irish Parliament and Custom-houses: and amongst these persons

his genial manner and kindly disposition made him many friends, and not a few intimates. In truth he liked society, and society liked him. Round his hospitable board might be seen, and not seldom, a company that at first sight might be pronounced incongruous. But it was not so, for James Lever possessed the happy art of welding this unpromising material together, and making his guests pleased with themselves, with one another, and with their host. There were songs, and there were stories, and long ones too, for such was the fashion of the day. Lever's own were gems of their kind; his son gave them to the world long afterwards, handsomely reset, polished by a cunning hand. There was fun and frolic, and sometimes practical jokes; but there was no licence, for over anything approaching to it Lever kept a tight hand. Occasionally the boisterous was approached somewhat closely. Mrs. Lever would be asked for a glass of liqueur, for the manufacture of which she was famous. This would be produced in a moderate-sized bottle, accompanied by curiously small glasses. While going round the table a dead silence was commonly preserved, each sufferer unwilling that his neighbour should escape. But then came a roar of consternation, for they had swallowed the hottest compound in the world, and the calls for cooling liquids were loud

and long. There is but a single instance on record of a second supply of this precious liquid being demanded. "May bad luck," the applicant began, "follow him that blew the stunted glass." Another gentleman addressed the hostess, "Mrs. Lever," he said, "for God's sake keep the donor of your liquid at staff's end; a whole district of hell must have been boiled down to make that bottleful. The bottle containing the liquor was labelled with an Indian inscription translated "Tongue-tickler," it was known in the family circle as the "Red-hot poker."

But there were other guests, not unfrequently to be met with round Lever's table, to whom a warm welcome was always accorded. These were of the numerous class whose prospects in life had been injured or blighted by the union with England, alongside whom Lever himself had manfully struggled in the evil days that followed. The conversation of these men was of the brilliant past, of the statesmen and orators whom they had seen and heard, and of the thrilling scenes enacted in the great drama, where the curtain fell on what was regarded as the extinction of the nation.

To these men Charles was an attentive listener, and then doubtless was sown the seed that long after bore fruit in his graphic description of the Irish gentleman of the period. The Union had indeed dealt a stunning blow to Ireland; to Dublin it was fatal in all outward seeming, for Dublin had neither commerce nor literature to break its force. Four hundred families of the highest rank and greatest wealth in the kingdom had been residents of the city for many months in the year. Certainly four hundred more were attached to it as the centre of overnment and fashion. These all

went their way; but the decline did not end there, for most families of position in the land followed suit, and Dublin attorneys became, as land agents, the representatives of the country gentry. The Union with Scotland, one hundred years before, affords no parallel case.

The Scotch proprietors loved the soil from which they had sprung and they loved their clansmen that followed them in peace or war.

In Ireland no such affection existed; they who tilled the soil did not love those who received the fruits of it, and there was no love lost between them. During these bad times the business in which Lever was engaged suffered more severely than any other. To say house property fell 100 per cent. was telling but a part of the misfortune, for tenants were not to be had at any price. Nothing but an honourable economy, added to the skill and energy which Lever possessed in an eminent degree, secured his safety, while so many old and trusted houses fell beside him.

Many a weary year passed before impoverished Dublin showed signs of revival from this utter prostration.

Fortunately, it came to be regarded as the handle by which England held Ireland; a large garrison was maintained, and whatever government still remained to the country still lingered at the Castle.

To the old rule, that men get politics from their father and religion from their mother, Lever's two sons were no exception, and some of the old gentleman's ideas on such subjects may not be out of place. He was a Protestant, and a Tory, and steadily voted with his party at civic and parliamentary elections. On the great subject of the Union he was supposed to be lukewarm; but, in truth, he

was not of the material of which political partisans are made, and he saw that this great question was many-sided. It had no doubt ruined any prospects he might have had of rising to the great heights of his profession; and it had brought on Dublin evils that a lifetime could not remove; but he still regarded it as a political necessity. "England," he was wont to say, "is content to move in the grooves of her old constitution; Ireland, with noble impulses and hasty temper, moves on her own wild way under slack-rein; double harness and strong shafts, were for her," he contended, "a grave necessity." He was in the habit of replying to lamentations over the loss of independence by the familiar illustration, "that if two persons would ride on a horse, one of them must ride behind." His observations on the Union generally took the form of regrets that the measure had not been disposed of one hundred and fifty years before, when an assembly representing the three kingdoms sat at Westminster. This Parliament had abolished all restrictions on commerce, and had given to Ireland and Scotland a freedom from anarchy, and a prosperity that contrasted strongly with the evil times that preceded and followed it. From Oliver Cromwell to William Pitt, there was scarcely an English statesman who did not regard Ireland as a puzzle, a difficulty, or a nuisance, and not infrequently as all three together. "For the sorrows and troubles of Ireland there is but one remedy," said an old admiral to King George the Third. "Scuttle and sink the island, please your Majesty, for four-and-twenty hours. When it comes over water again, something may be done."

A few words on another subject will serve to show the estimation in

which James Lever was held by his fellow-citizens of Dublin.

In the year 1800 no wise man would venture on a lawsuit if unprovided, according to the proverb, with a good case, an honest attorney, a bag of money, and a bag of patience. Sixty or eighty years ago, litigants, fortified by even such appliances of legal warfare, found the end doubtful, lawsuits bearing a strong resemblance to the game of "Beggar-my-neighbour," where the knave with the last dollar sweeps the board. A consequence of this state of things was, that the great majority of commercial disputes were settled by arbitration, and James Lever, with a clear head and a ready tongue, was one of the most popular arbitrators in Dublin. He was, however, a busy man, who could only place his evenings at the disposal of his clients. The trysting place was usually appointed at the tavern, and one in Capel-street, long since dead and gone, was commonly selected. It was famous for beef-steaks, Malahide oysters, and moderate charges. Verdicts were always proclaimed after supper, for which the rule was that the victor should pay.

"It was a consolation prize," Lever would say; "for the beaten man could eat and drink himself into contentment at the expense of his adversary." Lever's services on these occasions were entirely gratuitous, and the tavern charges represented the entire bill of costs of the suit.

Before parting with this most worthy and companionable old gentleman, a fact should be mentioned which throws a strong light on the energy that possessed him. His son Charles was at all times a sad lagger at lessons, whether for school or college. To spur him on, as may be supposed, as well as to assist him, the old man went over

with him all the books necessary for, at least, two of the University examinations. With an education the reverse of liberal, over sixty years of age, in delicate health, and after forty years devotion to brick-laying and ashler-work, to turn to the Greek and Latin grammars, and the College course, it will be admitted, was no light matter. We know of but one parallel case; it was when Dr. Johnson, at an advanced age, learned the Dutch language, in order to satisfy himself that the illness which shook his frame had left his mind untouched.

It has been mentioned that the mother of Charles Lever was connected by family ties with the county Kilkenny, and her eldest son John had frequently visited his relatives there, previous to the year 1817, when Charles paid his first visit to his cousins, at Inistioge, in that county.

To approach Inistioge, except on foot or on horseback, at the period of which we write, was no easy matter. The roads were rough, they were winding, they were carried over the tops of the neighbouring hills, and they seemed always to take the direction in which they should not go. The village itself appeared to be placed in the hollow of a bowl, so closely did it nestle under the extensive woods by which it was overtopped; so that to say a visitor entered the town was scarcely so descriptive as to say he was dropped into it. There was, however, then, as well as now, a broad avenue of approach to the little town, leading for some five miles through the noble demesne of Woodstock. It was a dead level, the hills rising on either side, covered with plantations to their very tops. High rocks seemed to impede the way, but they only served to turn the approach into fresh scenes of picturesque beauty.

This broad avenue was of nature's making, and was the tidal stream of the Nore, admittedly unsurpassed as river scenery in the kingdom.

The impression made on the mind of Lever by the scenery of this locality seems never to have been effaced; it was probably deepened by repeated visits later on.

Even in his last-published work, written nearly threescore years after his first visit to Kilkenny, he eulogized the scenery of the Nore, classing it with that of the Black-water as the finest in Ireland.

Charles Lever was eleven years old at the date of this visit to Inistioge, but in manner, dress, and appearance he was at least three years in advance of this period of life. He was a remarkable handsome lad, somewhat vain, ready of speech, with a laughing manner, and wonderfully self-possessed for a youth of his standing.

By his cousins, some of whom were his elders, he was at once admitted to the position of a senior, or rather of general director, at work or play; and seldom has a quiet household been turned so completely up end down.

If there be such a thing as the "theatrical fiend," young Lever was undoubtedly possessed by him. He had been for the previous half year at O'Callaghan's school in Abbey-street, and the term was wound up by a theatrical performance. In the play Lever had distinguished himself remarkably. He was immensely proud of his success and the applause he excited; and a country audience was now to be invited to confirm the Dublin verdict in his favour.

A correspondent of Dr. Fitz-Patrick writes (*Life of Lever*, vol. I., p. 11): "At Inistioge, in 1817, we young people from eight to twelve went nearly mad on being bitten by his Thespian taste. A

loft was fitted up as a theatre, and Lever did everything. He was scene-painter, prompter, played the fiddle, sang all the songs, acted all the chief parts, and dressed the performers. The favourite pieces were 'Bombastes Furioso,' and the 'Warwickshire Wag,' but tragedies were not neglected, for I have a lively recollection of the sore bones I got dying on the hard boards."

Lever's fame rose high in the village; in those days a wonderful "Infant Roscius" was brought out once or twice a year in the metropolitan theatres, and the good people of Inistioge persuaded themselves that they had secured one of the family.

Just at this time, too, Lever contrived to find favour in the eyes of the great oracle of the village, Benjamin Whitley by name. He was the busiest man in the parish, he had nothing on earth to do, and every other man's business was his. Whitley's career was a curious one. He was a man of excellent education and good family, and a native of the Queen's County, where he had some property. Early in the century he held a commission in the city of Dublin militia. When quartered in a small town in the county Meath, he had the misfortune to kill a brother officer in a broil. He was tried by court-martial and acquitted, but somehow his colleagues at the mess did not indorse the verdict, and he was obliged to leave the regiment. Society also looked coldly upon him; he was advised to leave the county until the matter was forgotten. He took up his quarters in Inistioge, intending to stay a few months; he stayed on and died there thirty years after. He was not, however, destined to close his life until he had passed through another scene of blood. It was his ill luck that his was the last life

determining a lease on Lord Maryborough's property, which some of the tenants thought had lasted quite long enough. When he was staying at the house of a friend, four miles from the county town, the house was entered by four men with blackened faces. The leader, who seemed a stranger, questioned Whitley as to his identity, comparing his answers with a memorandum he held. During this conversation, one of the gang had moved close to where Whitley stood, and, at a signal, he raised a blunderbuss and discharged it into Whitley's face, at the distance of a yard.

Whitley dropped to the ground, dead to all appearance, when the party quietly left, apologising for the noise and disturbance. But Whitley was not dead, the mass of the charge, which was of slugs, entered his mouth, and knocking out his teeth, passed out by the neck. The lower jaw-bone was shattered, slugs sank deep into the neck and face, and one eye was deprived of sight.

Face, neck, and shoulders were penetrated by unignited grains of powder, presenting a mass of discoloured flesh, apparently beyond the reach of medical skill.

A visitor, writing a month after this, said: "When I closed my eyes, my old friend was there, I heard his familiar voice, queer jokes, and quaint sayings. When I looked, there was a sight before me, but little resembling a human countenance. I never saw the like before; I pray God I may never see the like again."

The perpetrators of this outrage were never brought to justice. They were well known, but satisfactory evidence was not forthcoming. This event took place some years after Lever's first acquaintance with Whitley, and we must retrace our steps. Whitley, with all his faults, and they were

neither few nor small, was a useful man in a rural parish. If the dread of being found out be the great preventive of offences, Whitley was the local embodiment of dread, for from him there were no parish secrets.

He was indeed a busybody, with a finger in every man's dish, often taking the wrong side in casual disputes, but always taking the weak one, and his purse, though indifferently filled, was never closed to the fingers of his clients. It may be said in his favour, that his criticisms extended impartially upwards, as well as down. He did not spare the parson, or the priest, or the schoolmaster, or his enemies, or indeed his friends, his remarks usually taking the form of jokes, which may be described as having a point at one end and a sting at the other.

Even the Yeomanry corps, the pride and glory of the village, did not escape this inexorable censor. High holiday was observed on the days of their quarterly inspection, and the women assembled in great numbers, to admire their husbands, brothers, and lovers arrayed in bright scarlet, and to get a little frightened at the indifference with which they handled the deadly weapons entrusted to them for the occasion. During the evolutions a murmur of wonder could be heard from the crowd, as to how Waterloo could have been won without the assistance of these brave fellows; and at the close, the inspecting officer would tell them how safely the honour of the country could be placed in their hands. But Whitley would growl out a reminder of the rout of their comrades at Castlebar, where the Kilkennies, pursued only by their fears, ran so fast and so far in one day, that it

took them three days to get back again.*

With the incumbent of the parish Whitley kept up perpetual warfare, and he soon contrived to enlist Lever on his side in the contest. The parson was of a species that has long ceased to exist. He was a short, fat man, with hanging jaws, enormous paunch, and short thin legs, invisible to the holy man for some years, from the great bulk of the protuberance that overhung them. He wore a sheepskin wig; his coat, of clerical cut, reached nearly to his heels; an ample waistcoat covered him in front, furnished with flapped pockets, in which his hands usually reposed; breeches with buckles at the knees, pepper-and-salt stockings, shoes with immense square toes, from which he derived one of the many names by which he was known, may give some idea of his outer man.

His clerical duties did not press heavily upon him—the sermon once a week, of that class known a century ago as general servants, occupied twenty minutes. These sermons were supposed to be sufficiently impressive for ordinary occasions, and could, with a change of text and a slight alteration of clothes, be made to suit days of thanksgiving or humiliation. He was the possessor of a full dozen of these treasures, calculated to last a quarter of a year, when their time for duty would come round again.

The hardest half-hour of the week was immediately after service on Sundays, when the Protestant youth of the parish, of both sexes, received such an amount of instruction in the principles and practice of the Protestant religion as was considered good for them. On these occasions every young

* Sir Jonah Barrington reminds us that the rout is remembered as the "Races of Castlebar."

Protestant had the opportunity of answering two or three questions about the Church Catechism and the Ten Commandments, and it must be admitted that the parson was no hard task-master, for if a delinquent failed to answer a question it passed quietly to another. Here Lever, with his cousins, was obliged to attend, greatly, it must be confessed, against his grain, for he never answered a question. But worse happened on one occasion, when he broke into open rebellion, and declared himself to be a Methodist. Now, Lever's knowledge of Methodism amounted to this, that the parson held it in especial horror, and that its very name was a sad trial to his temper. To the Catholic faith he had a proper professional dislike. It was a noxious plant, no doubt; but then it appeared in some way natural to the soil. It had grown there a long time, and he was used to it; but Methodism was an exotic of recent introduction, resembling more the tares planted in the field, of which it was said, "an enemy hath done this," and concerning which a sensible servant gave as his opinion that binding them in bundles to burn was the proper course to pursue.

The parson's rage with Lever was excessive. The lad was ignominiously dismissed from the class, and was told that his father should be made acquainted with his misdeeds.

The good nature or laziness of the Churchman prevented the execution of this threat, and the shame or scandal of the event was finally set down to the discredit of Whitley.

It may be said we have dwelt at too great length on the character and concerns of Whitley. But Lever's intimacy with him, which commenced in 1817, was con-

tinued during his subsequent visits to Inistioge, and there is no doubt that Whitley was of those of whom Lever said long after, that any knowledge he possessed was not derived from volumes in sheepskin bindings, but from books with flesh and blood coverings.

Whitley, blind Nixon, Ottiwell, and the author of "*Wild Sports of the West*," were all remarkable men, and it takes no great sharpness of observation to detect in Lever's works some of their peculiarities and turns of thought. Lever's statement, that he brought little learning with him into school or college, and took little out, cannot be received literally. It was little, no doubt, compared to that he might have acquired, but was ample for the learned profession which he had adopted.

At every school at which he was placed a ready means was soon discovered by which he could be shaken out of his idleness. It was only to insinuate, that wonder had been expressed that such heavy lads as Brown, Jones, or Robinson should stand above him in his class. Lever would probably reply by a joke, but, apparently without effort, Brown would be displaced, and Lever would stand where he had stood. Lever's indolence was neither the result of laziness nor stupidity; half the ingenuity or study he gave to schemes of amusement, if otherwise directed, would have placed him high amongst his fellows. With his teachers and masters, Lever led a sort of cat-and-dog life. He illustrated the matter in his own way. "Man," he said, "was naturally a wild animal; he, like the horse, required whip and spur, as well as bit and curb, to secure subjection to the knowledge and usages of civilised life. The spirited horse would pitch his trainer over his shoulders if he

could ; the spirited lad would act in the same fashion. Later on, second nature, in the shape of habit, usually forced the hunter to love his rider, and the educated gentleman to love his former master." When Lever visited Inistioge, in 1817, he was found to be behind-hand in two important points of his education, and it was arranged that he should attend with his cousins for daily instruction in writing and figures. The instructor was James Cotterall, schoolmaster and land surveyor, between whom and Lever a warfare to the knife speedily broke out.

In the early part of the century, there were three classes of schoolmasters in the small towns and villages of the south of Ireland, and all three were represented at Inistioge. The first and most important of these were the Roman Catholic parish schoolmasters, for the families of small farmers and labourers had in fact no other instructors. These were generally known as "Hedge Schoolmasters." School accommodation was always scant, and adjournment to a neighbouring field, and under the shelter of a hedge, was a common practice—hence the name. The scholars were for the most part full-grown men and women, an idea being prevalent that learning, when applied too early, had a stunting effect on the population, exception being made in favour of such vigorous growth as had ability to sustain the depressing effect of the alphabet and the "reading made easy." These masters were mostly poor scholars, so called from having given service, and not seldom menial service, in return for the instruction imparted to them.

Another class were the Protestant teachers. They were usually the parish clerks, their qualification being ability to read the re-

sponses of the Church service in an audible manner, and with professional pronunciation. The third class was usually supplied from the sons of wealthy farmers, and they received an excellent education at colleges of which the Catholics bishops had usually at least one in every diocese. The masters of these schools had in most cases the advantage of excellent training in one or other of the colleges of France or Flanders. Of this last class was James Cotterall, to whose care Lever was now handed over for instruction. Cotterall was a well-qualified tutor, with an exalted idea of his own importance, he was self-opinionated, excessively vain, and looked upon schoolmasters as the salt of the earth. One of his theories was that the youth of the country could only be controlled by a liberal use of corporal punishment, but he never carried his theory into practice, a ceremony of "begging off" being always inserted between sentence and execution.

Previous to the introduction of Lever to the household where he was a visitor, a more docile set of pupils than Cotterall had rule over could not be imagined. In a week all was changed ; there was negligence, there was disturbance, there was rebellion, and the imposing ceremony of "begging off" was laughed at as a silly farce.

Lever had imported a thousand annoyances for the master, never heard of before in the country, and Cotterall fairly admitted himself to be at his wits' end. He was not above, however, taking his revenge on Lever. During the performance of Lever's tragedy of the "Death of Nelson," when amidst shots and groans the hero falls mortally wounded into the arms of Captain Hardy, in the fishing cot that did duty for

H.M.S. Victory, he indulged in an explosion of laughter which completely shattered the effect which Lever had been toiling to produce.

The subjoined lines were written during one of Lever's subsequent visits to the country, when he and Cotterall had changed their feud into a friendship. They are inserted here, as the fishing incident they refer to occurred about this time :

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Our study-room windows looked out on
the Nore,
Where lay our good cot, called the "Molly
Asthore,"
With tackle on board for the afternoon
fishing,
For the advent of which we were anxiously
wishing.
When rounding the corner there came into
sight
A vision that filled all our hearts with
affright,
Though it was not a ghost, for no bode of
disaster
Could have shocked us so much, for, Oh
Lord, 'twas the master.

With his nose in the sky, with an air of
command,
Jemmy Cotterall appears, with his cane
in his hand,
Switching backwards and forwards, as
seeming to say,
If all is not right, there's the devil to pay.
And all had gone wrong, for our tasks
were undone,
Our pothooks and hangers but barely
begun,
Sums voted a nuisance, "Rule of Three"
a vexation,
And so was the table of Multiplication.
Then the master waxed wroth, as indeed
well he might,
For from lessons to copy-books nothing was
right ;
So he threatened our knuckles, he
threatened our shoulders,
He threatened parts commonly veiled from
beholders.
But his rage soon abated, the man was soft-
hearted,
And forgave all our sins before he and we
parted,
He picked up his belongings, and went on
his way,
Taking vows from all round of good conduct
next day.
We went our way too on the "Molly
Asthore,"
To fish the bright stream of the swift river
Nore.

(To be continued.)

ELECTIONEERING IN 1880.

IN presence of such "manifestoes" as the accompanying, which have been conceived not in the vein of burlesque, but as fairly embodying the spirit of recent electioneering addresses, the average British elector—at no time credited with more than a moderate share of political sagacity—finds it a hard matter to make choice between the rival candidates for his "vote and interest."

CONSERVATIVE ADDRESS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH
OF BUNGTOWN.

Gentlemen,—I have the honour to solicit at your hands a renewal of that trust which you confided to my keeping several years ago. It is not for me to say how that trust has been kept; my acts have spoken for me. Upon the political views which I hold it is unnecessary for me to descant; they are known to you all, and I believe them to be those which are professed by every person who has at heart the best interests of this Great Empire. You have heard much of late as to the momentous nature of the crisis through which the country is said to be passing; but for my part I do not believe that there is cause for the slightest alarm. I think, and you, gentlemen, think with me, that, the affairs of England could not be entrusted to wiser, firmer, more able men than Lord Beaconsfield and those who compose the ministry of which he is the gifted chief. I am of opinion that the English people firmly believe that Lord Beaconsfield is the only man who can govern this kingdom. I ask your attention to the manner in which, under his direction, the supremacy of England has been

LIBERAL ADDRESS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH
OF PUMPANDLE.

Gentlemen,—The dissolution of Parliament, shortly to take place, makes me once more a suppliant for your votes. I opine that the time has now come for an unequivocal expression of public opinion respecting the government of Lord Beaconsfield and his subordinates in office. There are few persons capable of forming an intelligent judgment on matters political who are not convinced that the continuance in office of the present rulers is likely to be attended with consequences the most disastrous that can be imagined. I believe that the nation are heartily sick of the new-fangled and un-English system of government to which they have been subjected during the past few years. The political horizon is black; the air is filled with warning. The situation is the most dangerous this century has witnessed. You are offered the spectacle of wars abroad and seditions at home, calamities both of which are directly traceable to the helpless and extravagant rule of the present Prime Minister. Lord Beaconsfield boasts of his foreign policy. It has been a gaudy, a

Conservative Address—*continued*.

maintained in the councils of Europe. Gentlemen, we are at once the fear and the admiration of foreign countries. It is possible that in the pursuit of a foreign policy, famous no less for its moderation than for its brilliance, domestic affairs have not received that large amount of attention which it may safely be hoped will be bestowed upon them in the future. They have, however, not been neglected; and, were it not superfluous, I might call to your notice more than one measure of value passed during the present most successful administration. The Water Bill, when slightly amended, will prove a most admirable measure. The distress which has unhappily prevailed in Ireland, would have been greatly aggravated but for the promptness of the steps the Government took for its relief. I am, as you are aware, a steadfast Churchman, and the warm friend of all who believe that the greatness of England is mainly traceable to her eminently Protestant institutions. I am not one of the blind opponents of the liquor traffic of this country, recognising, as I do, that there are private rights to be protected in this matter, and that what is needed is the regulation and not the suppression of a great and honourable industry. The commercial outlook is, I rejoice to say, satisfactory in the extreme.

I should account it presumption in me to set before you *in extenso* the issues now at stake. You are aware of the attitude adopted towards Her Majesty's Government by the heterogeneous mass of units who style themselves Liberals, in the vain hope of deceiving the country with the semblance of their unity. Lord Hartington and his followers will talk to you of Peace, but do you

Liberal Address—*continued*.

wicked, and a ruinous policy from first to last. We have made war where war was not needed, and which, not being needed, was, by consequence, unjust and bad. In foreign political circles the Beaconsfield Cabinet is an object either of derision or of contempt. Where we are not laughed at, we are despised, and where we are not despised we are laughed at. Ireland was recently brought to the verge of famine, and her sufferings were increased by the delay of the Government in sending the needed supplies.

I should have been glad to comment on Lord Beaconsfield's management of domestic affairs, but the opportunity is not afforded me; for in the department of home legislation his Government is remarkable less for what it has than for what it has not achieved. I may, however, point to the pitifully ludicrous Water Bill as an almost unique specimen of bungling in local administration. The Conservatives, with their intense respect for "private rights" and "vested interests," have always been the firm friends of publicans, and their support of Local Option was therefore not to be calculated upon. But I may tell you, gentlemen, that should you again return me to Parliament as your representative, I shall be prepared to assist in the carrying of all wise measures which have for their object the suppression of the degrading liquor traffic. While Lord Beaconsfield continues in power we cannot hope to see commerce established on a healthy and natural basis.

Many persons have been deceived by the apparent oneness of the Conservative party into a belief in the excellence of the Conservative policy. And the same persons have found cause for dissatisfaction with Liberalism in

Conservative Address—continued.

value peace which can be secured only by a selfish policy of non-intervention, and the extinction of England's voice abroad? They will talk to you of Retrenchment but the country has ere this learned by bitter experience that the retrenchment of a Liberal Government is synonymous with a policy of starvation, and an economy which was long ago branded as "cheese paring." They will talk to you of Reform, but you answer them that you do not care for the "reform" which is only another name for destructive interference. It is well, gentlemen, to keep an anxious watch over the concerns of our people at home, but you do not need to be told that there are times when the interests of the farm-yard and the hen-roost become insignificant when compared with those which attach to our Mighty Empire across the ocean. The Liberal party lay down a policy which might serve for a people who had no Colonial Possessions and no Indian Empire. But what has the English nation in common with such a policy as that? Is the Empire of Britain bounded by the seas which wash this narrow isle? Have we not possessions in every clime? And shall we suffer those possessions to decline?

I believe that you will say that at all hazard they must be preserved; and their preservation depends upon the stay in office of a Conservative ministry.

I point to the broken and scattered files of our opponents, who have scarce a motive in common, as betraying the utter absence amongst them of any guiding law; I point to the great and undivided strength of our own party as an evidence of the integrity of the principles which hold us together. I beg of you to remain true to those principles—the bright and

Liberal Address—continued.

the apparent division of counsels amongst the Liberals in the House of Commons. But the unity of the Conservatives is that of a pack of sheep with a dog behind them, and the disparity between the utterances of their chief and his followers in office has been one of the distinguishing marks of the Beaconsfield autocracy. The views of the Liberals upon all questions of national import are identical; and to accuse them of differing on minor points is to say of them that they are men of independent thought and action,—in a word, that they are Liberals.

But the great and final charge which Liberals lay at the door of the Conservatives is that of having pursued a showy and aggressive foreign policy, to the ruinous neglect of all home interests. That England has possessions abroad has been made an excuse for ignoring the interests she has in the welfare of her people at home. The cries for reform at home have been drowned by the hollow trumpet-sounds of "spirited foreign policy," "scientific frontier," "peace with honour," "Imperium et Libertas," and the hundred other war-whoops conceived and sedulously propagated by that consummate master of meaningless phrases, the chief of the Tory Cabinet.

I hope shortly to have an opportunity of addressing you at greater length from the hustings, and will take my leave for the present, secure in the belief that you will place the reins of government once more in the hands of that great Liberal party, whose watchwords are Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, and under whose calm and enlightened control a position was once attained for this country, of which the party stigmatised as Jingoës have done their utmost to dethrone her.

I have said enough to show the

Conservative Address—continued.

enduring principles of Conservatism.

Gentlemen, it is for you to choose the men whom you desire to govern the country for the years to come.

I believe that you will return to power those who have maintained unsullied the honour of the empire abroad, and at home have knit together the people of the three countries into one compact and loyal body. Confident in this belief,—I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

I. STYKPHAST.

Liberal Address—continued.

necessity for overthrowing the present Government at all cost. There is now one man only in the country who is capable of managing its affairs. Need I say that his name is William Gladstone?—I have the honour, Gentlemen, to remain your most obedient servant,

U. P. ROOTEM.

What was it that Hamlet said about “ Words, words, words ? ”

SUICIDE AND OTHER PROBLEMS.

BY AN AMBULATIONIST.

It is not often that a paragraph in the "Times" newspaper dims our eyes with tears. And the scene of the tragedy could not well have been more remote, or the victims more obscure. But who, taken unprepared, could withhold the dearest tribute of sympathy to a tale like this:—

Two young Englishmen were going ashore in a boat from a merchant vessel in a Chinese port. One of the two had levelled his revolver, for amusement, at some object on the beach, when, just as he pulled the trigger, the other leant across and received the whole charge in his head. As soon as the poor fellow saw that he had killed his friend, he put the pistol to his own brow and fell dead by his side.

Was he right, or splendidly wrong?

This happened A.D. 1880, and about the year 550 B.C. Adrastus, the son of Gorgias, the son of Midas, having first killed his own brother by accident at home, and then, with a javelin aimed at a wild boar, the favourite son of his kind patron Cræsus, who, warned by a dream, had placed his darling under his special charge, waited till there was silence and solitude after that most lamentable funeral, and "knowing within himself that of all men he ever heard of he was the most burdened with calamities, slew himself upon the tomb."

By what law shall we judge men who take their own lives thus?

And by what law again such conduct as Pliny (the younger) continually records?

"Cornelius Rufus is dead, and by his own hand too, which intensifies my grief. . . . He was driven to this resolve by the force of reason, which, to philosophers, stands in the place of necessity, though he had many incentives to life, the best of consciences, the best of reputations, the highest influence, not to speak of a daughter, a wife, a grandson, sisters, and, in addition to so many near and dear ones (*pignora*), a number of true friends. But he had been tormented by such a protracted malady, that all these great enhancements of life were outweighed by the considerations that made for death. . . . I called upon him in the days of Domitian, when he was lying at his house near town. His slaves retired . . . and even his wife. . . . After casting a glance around, 'Why,' said he 'do you suppose that I bear these dreadful pains so long? In order that I may survive that *brigand* (the emperor), if only for one day.' . . . Feeling that he could now die at peace and a free man, he severed the many but slighter ties that bound him to life. . . . Two, three, four days had already passed. All the time he refused food. . . . Indeed, to the physician tendering him food he had said *Képrika* ('I have made my decision'), a word which left in my mind as much regret as admi-

ration." (Epp. I. 12, Lewis's translation.)

The object of this essay is to show that the system of morals to which I have ventured to give a name, the *Solvitur Ambulando* system, has its word to say on three great problems very difficult of solution, but not to be evaded by any student of Philosophy.

For Ambulationists are open to the charge, and must honestly consider whether they do not deserve it—the phrase is from Mr. Mallock's forge—of *simpering* through life. We say that, at this date in the world's history, an educated man in a civilised country never has far to seek for right moral precepts, of various or doubtful origin perhaps, but of manifest value and recognised authority. We say that he is sure to find stepping-stones in every stream that crosses his path, and that he may, and happily will, use them without ascertaining whether they came there by revelation or by evolution. Yet this very simile might seem to convict our theory of an incompleteness so extensive as to be incompatible with truth. Every correct theory will bear the test of "extreme instances." Let us apply it here.

A man may perceive the right and the wrong in all the emergencies that arise as he pursues his daily course of life. Suppose, however, that daily course is closed to him, closed he sees or fancies for ever, by the ruin of his fortune, his happiness, or his health. What can the Ambulationist say about *Suicide*, comparable to the Theist's simple faith, that "the Everlasting has fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter?"

Or how shall men be roused to the duty—for it is a duty—of 'losing their own lives,' and going forth from their comfortable homes to seek and to save their miserable

or degraded fellow-men? Who will be our *missionaries* when we have cast off our unquestioning allegiance to the command, "Go, and preach the Gospel to every creature," without being as yet converted to belief in the perfectibility of man?

Thirdly, the Ambulationist may seem to mutilate the ideal of humanity. It was well to "bring down philosophy from heaven to earth," but it will be an evil day when virtue no longer

Spernit humum fugiente penna ;

when we shall repeat with only too much meaning the first two lines of Keble's beautiful verse,

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;

and while we continue, confidently enough,

Room to deny ourselves,

shall have no heart left for the best and last,

a road

To bring us daily nearer God.

Ambulationism and Holiness. The words seem ill able to bear juxtaposition. May the two ideas co-exist?

Candour required that this question should be keenly put. But it is beside the mark. He who consoles himself, amid the din of theological and philosophical controversy, with the conviction "*Solvitur Ambulando*," is so far not an infidel, but a believer. He has but added one more article to his creed. He may have too little faith in the writer of the book of Genesis to accept the *first* Fall of Man, but he has too much faith in the goodness of the Creator to dread a second. In a word, he has not lower aspirations, he has fewer fears. Some of us are Agnostics I admit, and some of us Epicureans. But the doctrine of stepping-stones ever at hand was the doctrine of that great

lover and doer of holiness, who wrote,

I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

Returning now to the first of my three proposed topics, I will attempt to enunciate the canons which the rationalistic morality of the future will ordain with regard to suicide. I assume, as I maintained in a previous essay, that no sound precept or good habit which a revelation has established will be abandoned by men of light and leading, when the revealer, who will ever be venerated, is no longer worshipped (worship here, as always *pace* Dr. Abbott, implies divinity). None but arbitrary rules perish with inspiration. On this subject, however, special reasoning is required ; for while the New Testament is strangely silent about a practice so common at that period, it is nevertheless quite plain that the spirit of Christianity, its humility alike under the mighty hand of God and under the insolence and cruelty of man, its acceptance of sorrow and disgrace as chastisements of a Heavenly Father, has been the main agent in branding suicide with its present stigma, and in making us all feel as if we could support Hamlet's assertion with many a text. But the hierarchs of intellect and virtue, whose dicta, like those of the hierarchs of science, will form the creed of civilised humanity, consider the Christian doctrine of submissive or even thankful endurance much overstrained. And a verse of very different import is likely to become prominent in the discussion, "May I not do what I please with mine own?" The cases in which a man's life does not all belong to his relations, friends, countrymen, or fellows, will be confined within the narrowest possible limits. And wider knowledge will constantly diminish the number of

those who, like Adrastus, slay themselves because they are of all men the most miserable. But no sense of *duty*, nothing but the natural clinging to life, will prevent some few persons from getting rid of a property which is only an intolerable burden.

On the whole I do not think that the suicide problem is a very practical one. Cornelius Rufus, and hundreds who adopted this escape from painful disease, would have been saved from such a desperate measure if their physicians had been as clever as ours. And there may be—I hope there will be—one practical result of the relief from theological despotism. Doctors will not tempt to suicide by prolonging life so cruelly.

Our remaining topic is Missions ; and my contention is that Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, have indelibly imprinted on the human conscience the obligation to propagate throughout the world what we believe to be the gospel. And hundreds would come forward, I firmly believe, where tens come forward now, if they could only be missionaries without having to insult learned natives and puzzle the unlearned, and seriously injure them all, by requiring them to swallow Jewish fables and the monstrosities of mediæval creeds. Even in this England of ours how many kindhearted men in every parish are obliged to stay away from the deathbeds of their poorer neighbours, or to sit there coldly silent, because, if they talk at all, they must talk a religion which is to them not only incredible, but profane. The good effected by our missions, home or foreign, is always done indirectly. And though the agency is sometimes purely religious—conversion to the Christian faith producing a Christian life—it is usually that of human sympathy, personal ascendancy, justice, purity,

cleanliness, comfort, and the arts of civilisation. The operative element is distributed between the two agencies in very much the same proportion as between *laborat* and *orat*, between the positive advantages of wise exertion and the "reflex influence" of prayer. If what is now secondary in missions were made primary, and what is now primary were (dare I say it?) abolished, British navvies, city arabs, African negroes, and Fiji islanders would be gainers past all description.

From this last region comes just now a good story, and, as I cannot be vain enough to suppose that what I have said, though with deep earnestness, on these solemn subjects has impressed my readers so strongly as to make them feel indisposed to mirth, I will tell it, and hasten to conclude.

"When Mr. Gordon, the acting Resident, arrived (at Rotumah, or some such place) he inquired from the elder chiefs how it was that so many of the most valuable natives took to a wandering life, suggesting it would be much better if they stayed at home and tilled the soil. The answer, given without a moment's hesitation, was in all cases the same, "Our young men will not submit to the harsh rules of the missionaries." And harsh these rules too often are. At Tongatabu, entirely at the instance of the Wesleyans, most vexatious fines are inflicted, as on women for smoking cigarettes, and on men for *walking past the palace except in European costume.*"

It was pleasant to be assured in the next day's "Times" that only one missionary was responsible for these pranks of authority, and that he had been reprimanded and removed by his superiors long before the tale got into print. But what interests me is the origin of that gentleman's rule about walking

past the palace. We may be reminded of a famous passage in Macaulay: "On the head of Frederic is all the blood that was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of America." For our hero must have experienced with satisfaction, or heard with admiration, of a (recently abolished) fagging regulation at Westminster School. The small boys there were mulcted in something worse than a fine if they presumed to pass by the door of a big boy's room—even when the door was shut—without doffing their outer garment, if in fact they *walked past the palace in their ordinary costume.* On the head of the first inventor of that Westminster rule is all the misery that has resulted from the wanderings of those "valuable natives," who should have stayed at home and tilled the soil. Through him brown men, who knew not the name of Westminster, have been fined in the islands of the Pacific.

And seriously it can never surprise us that men, whose hard fate it is to compass sea and land in order to make men listen with devout respect, as to a literal gospel, to certain fanciful Oriental legends, should be altogether wanting in common sense.

The essay, now concluded, is a sequel to one which appeared in the March issue of this magazine. If I could think that what has been said about Ambulationism (a new name for a well-established doc-

trine) has obtained the attention of any reader, I would ask him, as a parting favour, to study this passage from Mr. Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, and not to forget that, in the twenty years which have gone by since it was written, the dangers alluded to have perceptibly diminished.

The new generation, with still greater birth-advantages, has grown up almost independent of the fading dogma of eternal damnation.

"Were it not that throughout the progress of the race, men's experiences of the effects of conduct have been slowly generalised into principles; were it not that these principles have been from generation to generation insisted on by parents, upheld by public opinion, sanctified by religion, and enforced

by threats of eternal damnation for disobedience; were it not that under these potent influences habits have been modified, and the feelings proper to them made innate; were it not in short that we have been rendered in a considerable degree *organically moral*; it is certain that disastrous results would ensue from the removal of those strong and *distinct motives* which the current belief supplies The substituted creed (in which science and religion unite) can become adequately operative only when it becomes, like the present one, an element in early education, and has the support of a strong social sanction."

Here is high authority for the pleasing conviction that now and henceforth, however Creeds may change, Morality is safe.

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.



A GREAT CHURCHMAN.

THE absence of great men is a remarkable characteristic of the present time. Different explanations have been offered of the fact. Various results have been supposed to be indicated by the phenomenon. But the fact itself is unquestionable. The only doubt entertained is, how low down in the scale of excellence does this variety extend.

During the last quarter of a century three figures have been most prominent upon the canvas of contemporary record. The names of those men have been most often upon the lips. Their influence on that rapid revolution which we call modern history has been the most marked. Yet the question may be fairly mooted whether it is likely that either of the three, half a century hence, will be accounted truly great.

That one of the three who was first removed from the scene may, indeed, well be called a great statesman. If to raise a small and secondary collection of provinces into what is, at least geographically, a great kingdom, be a claim on the gratitude of a race, that tribute is due to Camillo di Cavour. He was the founder of the kingdom of Italy. Some of us know something of the heroic patience of his toil; and he may be said to have sealed his testament to his countrymen with his blood. For it is as undoubted that it was the anxiety and vexation caused by the ever-recurring tergiversation of his French confederate that brought on the

slight fever that was his last, as it was that it was his resolve to be faithful to the traditions of the Casa di Cavour which led him to reject the good advice of Sir James Hudson, and to submit to those seventeen successive bleedings, by which the Sangrados whom he consulted dealt with the most valuable life in Italy "according to the rules of art." Yet, patriot and great statesman though he was, Cavour would never have been called by those who knew him, a great man.

The burly figure that still forms the centre in the camera that shadows forth the life of the Europe of to-day, has attained a height more dizzy than that to which the Italian statesman ever aspired. Cynically unscrupulous in the use of means, he has been far more favoured than Cavour by Fortune. He had not to create an army. No silent, capable, ever-ready genius like Von Moltke was present to act as a bulwark to Cavour. Between the sovereigns who played for the stakes for which the ministers dealt the cards, the choice might not be easy. Each was a brave soldier, honest up to his lights, faithful, and to some extent intelligent, in the discharge of the royal *métier* to which he was born. But it is more than questionable whether, by the time the nineteenth century closes, Von Bismark will not be remembered rather for the abuse, than for the use of those vast opportunities he had a prominent share in creating.

The title great will be associated with the name of the third of the trio in connection with the word disaster. He will be remembered as the hero of the greatest military catastrophe of the century, if not of all time. Ten times as cruel to the troops as the capitulation of Sedan, the retreat from Moscow had nothing of the humiliation of that entrapment of an entire army. The sword of France was broken by the sheer incapacity of him who tried to grasp it. And more irreparable, from a French point of view, than the unparalleled disasters of Sedan and of Metz—of the siege of Paris and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, was the creation, on the frontiers of France, of two great powers, where there had been a fringe of petty states. From the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne to the wars of the Republic the main policy of the rulers of France was opposed to either German or Italian unity. The one and the other were, at all events, advanced by more than a generation by the short-sighted cunning of Charles Louis Bonaparte, who bestowed upon himself the name of Napoleon III.

Cavour, Bismark, Bonaparte. History may well pause before she calls either of them great. There is, indeed, one contemporary name to which that title will hereafter attach. It is not that of a man. It may be a comfort to the owner, under the heavy burden of anxiety and of actual labour that now weighs on the occupant of a throne, that the one sharp and irreparable sorrow that clouded a long life of honour and of love has at least revealed to the world how worthily the title of Great has been won by Queen Victoria. To have lost the support and counsel of one of the foremost men of all time, and yet to

have held an unshaken sceptre through a period of European and Asiatic earthquake, has been to earn a more imperishable fame than even that of the favourite sovereign of English history—Queen Elizabeth.

If we have to admit that great men are so rare—if we have almost to ask, half in perplexity, half in self-ridicule, whether, as the reign of man succeeded that of palæozoic mammals, the reign of woman be about to succeed that of man—can we think it for a moment probable that our country will ever again welcome the presence of a great Churchman? Shall we ever have a man who will do for the Church of England what Cavour did for the sub-Alpine kingdom? a man whose life, devoted to the service of the Church, shall form a golden era in her history?

Such a man, if such there shall be, must be a very different character from the great Churchman of past times. The dissociation of the political and the ecclesiastical affinities has been so complete that the world is not likely to see another Richelieu or Ximenes, another Becket or Wolsey, another Leo the Tenth or Innocent the Third. If we ask what may be expected, we must pause to inquire, first, what is meant by a great man, and then, what field is now open for the presence and the labours of a great Churchman.

Greatness of character is of two kinds; or rather it may be said, a distinction should be drawn between greatness of genius and greatness of character. Those men who, surging up from the level of the crowd, have left behind them the halo of imperishable greatness, have for the most part been men of great genius. They have been distinguished from their fellows by the heroic or colossal development of certain faculties. Thus when

we hear the names of Phidias, Corregio, Newton, Watt, we think not of the men, but of the greatest of sculptors, the most fascinating of painters, the reader of the secret of the rainbow, and the father of the steam-engine. We know little, and care less, about the men as men — about their influence on those who surrounded them, their human virtues or failings. The world is a debtor for their works, and the debt will never be overpaid to their memory.

It is otherwise with those who, perhaps gifted with no over shining gifts, have influenced not only their own, but all succeeding times by their characters. It is in this respect, and in this respect alone, true, that the world knows little of its greatest men. Nor is it difficult to understand why such is the case. The very equality and balance of faculties that form a truly great character are not likely to present that dazzling display which is the birthright of genius. Let us suppose that the energy of human character may be roughly divided into three successive intensities. Let us assume, for the moment, the accuracy of that division of the powers and faculties of the mind which arranges them in fourteen sets of three, or forty-two in all. Supposing a man whose total force of energy is only of the second order, to have a single faculty, or group of consentaneous faculties, so developed as to absorb the greater part of that force, leaving but little for the service of the rest. That man will be a genius, but not a man of commanding character. Let us suppose the highest degree of force, and that it be chiefly developed in the faculties that make a soldier, an administrator, or a ruler of men. We may find the extreme illustration in the case of Napoleon Bonaparte — a man whose military genius was

of the highest order, and in whom all the faculties that waited on military genius—such as imagination, self-reliance, resolution, administrative ability—were heroically developed, yet in whom all the noble and all the gentler faculties of the mind were paralysed or stunted. Contrast the character of such a man with all that history has preserved of that of Moses, and the difference between greatness of genius and greatness of character will receive its most conspicuous illustration.

For a great genius we apprehend that there is no field, at the present time at all events, in the Church. For a great character a field is always and everywhere open. And there is this comfort to be taken by those who will lay the lesson by heart, that while no toil, no patience, no effort, can produce, or perhaps can materially strengthen a great genius; no toil, no patience, and no effort can be lost that is conscientiously directed towards the formation of a great, or at all events a well-balanced, character. That which is heroic in such a character is the genius of common sense, and that is a faculty eminently susceptible of cultivation.

If, then, we ask what is requisite for the character of a great Churchman, in the England of to-day, we should perhaps take the readiest course to determine it by first defining what such a character must not be.

The great Churchman must be one whose mind will preserve an impartial balance amid the varying and powerful motives by which it is urged. He will be careful not to yield to the unchecked influence of any one of those motives. His paramount aim will be the welfare of the Church. Thus he will not be the greatest among scholars—for in that case he would forget the problems of the present while

solving those of the past. He will not be the greatest of writers or of speakers; for then the charms of literature or of oratory would win his attention from the sterner realities that lay in his path. He should not be a great theologian, in the sense of a controversialist; for he would then be drawn by polemical ardour into contests destructive of his permanent influence. He should not be exclusively a great administrator; both because in that case details would absorb his study to the exclusion of higher duties, and because the greatest administrative excellence consists in the selection of the fittest men for the posts. In that part of administration he cannot, indeed, be too successful. He must not be too devoted as a parish priest, for in that case he will be sacrificing to the welfare of hundreds gifts that might be of incalculable value to the welfare of millions. He must not, above all thing, be a great dogmatist; for he must be enough of an historian to know how dogma has grown and become transmuted within the last three thousand years, and enough of a philosopher to know how all forms of doctrine *must* be transformed as mankind acquires more and more definite knowledge. He must not be a fatalist, for he must work as if the Church depended on his single arm. He must not be too self-reliant, but must pray as if he could himself do nothing but pray. But it will not be in the multiplicity or the concentration of his stated devotions, whether public or private, that the great Churchman will be chiefly prayerful. He will ever bear in mind the axiom, *qui laborat orat*. He will never forget the example of the Hebrew statesman who found time to pray to the God of Heaven between hearing the question of the great king and uttering his reply. It

will be rather in the serenity of his aspect, and the unconscious tone of his mind, than by any more palpable indications, that it will become evident that the life of the great Churchman is one continuous act of divine service.

It must be remembered, moreover, that, however worthy his aim, no man can spring at a bound into the position of a great Churchman. To divide his cloak with a beggar will not now make a man a saint. Slowly and patiently, from the indispensable standpoint of a University education, must a man rise to true eminence in the Church. And thus, step by step, will he have the opportunity of securing the best practical education of those various qualities, the full consent of which makes the great Churchman. Modest self-effacement becomes the diaconate and the earlier years of the curacy. The care of rude country districts, and the experience of the more terrible solitudes of great cities, prepare for that part of the pastoral office in which the clergyman may have to act as the physician of the body as well as of the soul, as the counsellor as well as the consoler. Thus will the man of future eminence learn how best to grasp the human heart. Step by step, as responsibilities thicken and honours are attained, the lesson proper to each grade is learned. But throughout, by the man who will be truly great must be remembered that wise counsel, couched in a cynical form by the Macchiavelli of the French Revolution—*Surtout, point de zèle*. The word has not quite the same meaning in the French tongue as in our own. Zealotry would be a fair translation. The idea underlying the counsel is, that haste should never replace good speed; that anxiety for the end should never exclude due consideration of the

propriety of the means; and that a fly on the object-glass should not be thought larger than an eagle in the distance.

It may, perhaps, not be needless to add that the man who wishes to do his utmost for the Church (for in this form, rather than in the more ambitious design to become eminent, will the burden of his future dignity be laid on such a man as we endeavour to sketch) should take pains to learn to read aloud. Nothing would offend many men more than the suggestion. Nothing, as the lay world well knows, is more necessary. Decent, not to say good, public reading is altogether exceptional. It is so for two reasons. First, reading, which is an art as well as a science, can rarely be well performed by any one who has not been taught the principles and the traditions of elocution. Thus, in a large church a young man will often raise his voice beyond its natural pitch, when what he ought to do is to speak more slowly than usual, and to form each word with perfect accuracy. Then each of us has a natural disposition to incline toward one or other of the chief faults that beset public reading. We may refer to the danger of degenerating into drawling, gabbling, hooting, singing, preaching, and whining. Perhaps the worst of all is the picturesque reader—the man who drops his head aside at the end of a passage, as if to say, “Didn’t I read that beautifully?” And the mischief is that the public reader in the church has not the safeguard of the actor. He is removed from criticism, public or private; thus he often reads worse, instead of better, as he gets older. The remedy is, well-directed study in the first instance, friendly criticism afterwards. The tests of excellence are two. Excellence in read-

ing the lessons is attested by the breathless attention of the audience, by a sort of real sigh at the close, by the comment, “I never knew how beautiful that chapter was before.” Excellence in reading the liturgy is attested by the body of consentaneous responses that fills the church. Those who can remember the crowded aisles of St. Mary’s Church at Cheltenham when the present Dean of Carlisle was young, will be aware for how much devout reading goes in the service of the Church.

While the young curate is learning in his parochial duties to look face to face at the great evils with which it is his duty to struggle, he must not take leave of his study. Nor must he confine his reading to patristic, theological, or illustrative works: he must keep up with the march of science. He must remove, at least from his own shoulder, the reproach that the opposition of science to faith is due rather to ignorance of the position of the opponent, than to a thorough mastery of our own view. Nor is a certain manly grace and dignity ever to be forgotten. The great Churchman must be at home with every class, and in every station of society; remembering, at the table of a duke, what is due to his sacred calling; remembering, in the cottage of the peasant, what is due to our common humanity; remembering, in the vestry meeting or on the platform, what is due to the citizenship of a free and ancient country.

Thus will the rising Churchman become year after year more ripe and full in his scholarship, more ready with his pen, more clear, rich, and powerful in his oratory, more accurate in his knowledge of the history of the Church, and therefore more catholic in his expression of truth; more in command of needful leisure, from his

increased power of arrangement, and his increased ability to command the services of those around him; more sought after in his parish, in his rural decanate, in his archdeaconry, or in his diocese, as the wise counsellor in distress or in perplexity; more of a light amid the darkness of his age, the more simply he bends his energies to the patient, hopeful, cheerful, trustful discharge of his daily duties.

It will be remembered that we have of late received the great gifts of the memoirs of two men, in each of whom were developed many of the qualities of the great Churchman. And each of them has done much to prepare the way for a man who might unite the excellencies and might avoid the errors of his predecessors. The Vicar of Leeds may be pointed to as in many respects the pattern for that stage in the development of a great Churchman which is attained by the great parish priest. The work done by Dr. Hook at Coventry and at Leeds is beyond all praise. But it is remarkable, and to some extent unaccountable, how it occurred that, intimate as he was with the very fountain of ecclesiastical preferment, Dr. Hook should never have had the opportunity of showing how he could control a diocese or adorn the episcopate.

Of the Bishop of Oxford it has to be lamented that his early death prevented the full development of a very noble character. He might have obtained, in later years, that which must be regarded as a desideratum in his character, more repose. It is a noble fault—that of working too hard; but in men in a certain station it is a fault. It leaves no proper time for study. It often commits a man to unpremeditated and thus unwise action. With longer life, and with more attention to what is true in the counsel before cited as to zealotry,

Dr. Wilberforce would have even more fully exemplified the character of a great Churchman than he actually did. But his life was perhaps defective in length rather than in any other respect.

But it is not so much in his relation to those who are within the Church that the great Churchman will serve his country and his age, as in his influence on those who are without. In the present state of society and of education in England, there are three distinct groups or bodies of men—or rather of men and women—who may be regarded as maintaining a position of indifference or of hostility to the Church of England, the gathering of whom, or of the better part of them, within her pale would be the noblest attestation of the claim of the Churchman of the future to the title of Great.

These groups are (1) the pauper population, (2) the various bodies of nonconformists, (3) the men of educated scepticism. It is evident that only the briefest hints can here be given of such new methods of approaching these distinct groups as might lead to the more perfect catholicity, efficiency, and ideal excellence of the Church—to the fullest identification of the nation with the national Church.

From the cradle of Christianity the poor were the special charge of the Church. To pity and to comfort the poor has been her special ministry. To aid in this, the gifts and bequests of the pious provided means, which in darker ages were but too often misused. But whatever might be the need, in the time of Henry the Eighth, of a reformation in the conduct of religious houses, there can be but one opinion of the disastrous effects of that unexampled spoliation, which robbed God's heritage, and which brought no wealth to the plunderers. The ruins of Fountains Abbey, Mel-

rose, Kirkstal, Netley, and many others, bear witness to the destruction of more than five thousand houses of God in our land, by axes and hammers. The malediction that overtook the tyrant and his accomplices is, by some persons, held yet to linger on the spoliated ground. One thing at least is certain—Henry the Eighth cast on England the burden of the poor law. If we take twenty-five years purchase of the sum annually spent in the support of paupers, we shall find that an outlay of two hundred millions sterling would not now replace the efficacy of the monasteries in the prevention or the alleviation of poverty.

It is, according to the doctrine of a certain school, just and meet that charity should cease. That school dares not, however, show the full courage of its opinions. To feed a pauper is a crime against political economy. To feed God's poor is a work of charity in the eyes of the Churchman. In what way these contending views may be reconciled, or how the conflict between them may be determined, it is not for us here to indicate. But we may be permitted to offer the opinion that, on the question of this terrible national danger, the voice of the great Churchman has yet to be heard.

With regard to the second group, it may be asked whether any Churchman has yet regarded with philosophic impartiality the cause of the existing relations, rather of hostility than of brotherhood, between the Church of England and the Nonconformists. Fierce denunciation of schism, such as we have heard years ago from the fiery energy of the Vicar of Coventry, is here more than useless. The usefulness of Bishop Wilberforce was to some extent impaired for a time by an unhappy reference, which was no doubt much mis-

understood, to the two causes of Dissent and beershops as operating against the work of the Church. The great Churchman should refer to history for his guidance. He should remember that one main cause of dissent was the deadness of the Church. He should remember that one great body of dissenters are the descendants of those Anglican clergy and their followers who left livings and lands rather than obey the injunctions of Charles the Second to read from their pulpits the Book of Sports. It is true that the essential reason of dissent—the absence of piety and devotion in the Church—has now altogether disappeared. Hence we may hope for a re-union if the proper steps be taken. So much the more mischievous the tone to which we have alluded.

The key of the actual controversy between the Churchman and the Dissenter—so far as that controversy has now any but a political character—is this: Can we conceive that ordinary men, wholly or in great part ignorant of the history and the literature of the last two hundred years, are capable of taking into their hands the books of the Old and of the New Testaments, and thereupon coming to a sound conclusion as to what early Christianity was, and what—like one of the constitutions drawn up by Sieyes—modern Christianity ought to be? Or must we regard the growth of the Christian Church as if it were that of some stately tree, bringing forth leaves, and flowers, and fruit in their season, not undisfigured, it may be, by parasitic growth—as the shining berries of the mistletoe replace the rich crimson of the apple in so many an orchard in the valley of the Severn—but existing as an organic unity, which may be damaged, but which can never be replaced.

If the former view be true, it would be hard for the Churchman to contend, on many points, with the Nonconformist. It would be very hard for the Congregationalist to establish his contention against the Baptist; or the Presbyterian. But the set of modern opinion may be traced in the gradual extinction of some of those religious bodies, the tenets of which, eminent as some of their leaders may have been for piety, have been mainly based on the ignoring, rather than on the ignorance, of Church history. Thus it is hardly to be denied that the Quakers, while bearing witness to one out of the many great doctrines of the Christian faith, appear to assume that the English language was spoken, and the English dress of two or three centuries ago was worn, in Judea at the time of Christ. To those who know anything of the Judea of the Apostles, the most salient peculiarities of the Quaker are simply inconceivably absurd. The same may be said with regard to the opposition to infant baptism, or to episcopacy—each point in the catholic order becoming defined later and later in the history of the Church, but always as a part of its organic growth. And any attempt to found a new Church—for such is the real contention of Nonconformity—leads with greater or less rapidity to the destruction of catholicity, if not of Christianity.

With the spread of education, and the improvement of taste, the general tendency towards the order of liturgical service, the desire for not only pious but also educated men as pastors, and the consequent wish of the pastor to attain the prestige and stability of the parson—above all, with the awakening of strong religious feeling under the two widely severed forms held in veneration by the right and the left of the Anglican Church

—there is every reason to expect that a great Churchman would pursue the way towards a comprehensive unity. Not a unity to be effected by the abandonment of his own position—but rather by an exercise of that kind of tact which converted, under the wise counsels of the Papacy, those orders that would otherwise have been the thorns in her side, into the very outworks of the Church of Rome. Such would even at this moment have been the position of the Wesleyans, had a great Churchman guided the counsels of the English Church in the time of Whitefield and of Wesley.

Lastly, with regard to the opposition—so-called—of faith and science, the position to be taken by the great Churchman is perfectly simple. May it be stated without offence? The remedy to be adopted is—to educate the clergy. Not the education of the theological college. It is not so very long ago that the writer of these lines had the advantage of hearing a sermon from one of the latest alumni of one of the most celebrated of these institutions. Very consistent, very self-possessed, very self-complacent, the sermon would have been admirable—for the ninth century. Any advance of the human mind since that date appeared to be unknown, and indeed inconceivable, to the preacher. Young men who are a little more advanced than this, and who are aware that there are certain heretics called geologists, who wickedly maintain—for they are not really certain—that the world was not made in six days, exactly 5886 years ago, lightly dispose of such blasphemers by a cursory reference to them as “scoffers.” Now, as a lecture on the rules of simple addition may be of use in an infant school, but would only raise a laugh in an university, so is

the teaching of men of that kind a sure drawback to the utility, and even to the respectability, of the Church. Those who would see her what she ought to be, the *minister et interpretes* of truth, will feel that between the different branches of truth there can be no dissonance. In one or in another direction every new advance may produce results inconsistent with our present views. But such results may be either rightly or wrongly understood. If the latter, the great Churchman must be sufficiently at home in the subject to be able to point out the error; as was recently done in so admirable a manner in a sermon on the theme, that unscience, not science, is opposed to piety. If, on the other hand, it be shown beyond doubt that what we have long regarded as true has been misunderstood, as was the case with regard to the belief inculcated as to the rising of the sun, it will be the effort of the great Churchman to introduce those modifications in teaching which are demanded by the progress of knowledge. Such a man will never refuse to look through the telescope, as did the Cardinal in the time of Galileo, lest he should be bewitched into the belief that he saw the phases of Venus, or the moons of Jupiter.

With regard, then, to the attitude of the Churchman towards science, it will be that of a ready but cautious learner. He will avoid that eager readiness to accept the new, or to take it for granted that it is the condemnation of the old, which overspreads modern science like a fungus. And in this endeavour it will not fail to become apparent that the great enigma of modern improvement—the division of labour—has yet to be introduced in the Church. In the Carlovingian times, if a clergyman knew anything at all, he was in advance of

his age. He might speak *ex cathedrâ*—expound, denounce, explain, with authority. Such is not now the case. How fatal is the mistake to require from a young man fresh from college the performance of the very distinct duties of the pastor and the preacher! The fitter he is, in his inexperience, for the one duty, the less fit will he probably be for the other. To impose on such a man the duty of writing his own sermons, is to afford him the most costly of educations; for it is attained at the expense of disgusting those whom the Church ought most anxiously to wish to attach to her service and to her support.

That those young clergymen who show promise of scientific excellence, or of great literary power, should be taken by the hand, that their special abilities should be cultivated to the full; and that these useful servants of the Church should be employed so as to make the best use of a high education—as diocesan or ruri-decanal preachers—sent at regular times to the aid of the parochial clergy; as the writers of sermons, rich with all the ripe learning of the time, historic and scientific, which should be sent, by episcopal sanction, to the less gifted parish priests, for their open and approved use in the pulpits; this would remove from many of the clergy the greatest hindrances to their usefulness, and would cull, for the service of the Church, the ripest fruit of the tree of knowledge.

To conclude. It is not every one who can hope to become a great Churchman. But every one who takes on him the hood of the Master of Arts or the stole of the deacon may, and should, strive to make the Church great, efficient, comprehensive. “Therefore doth Heaven divide the state of man in divers functions.” To each man is

the line of duty measured according to his several ability. But that "many things having full reference to one consent may work continuously," must not be understood to mean that they may work contradictorily. As the desire to promote the unity of the Church

will be the only central motive of the great Churchman, so will the subordination of each individual gift and energy to the furtherance of this great aim be the best service that can be rendered to the Church by each individual member.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER: AN ALLEGORY.

My proud wild horse, my young and dear ally,
 Through what bright meads did he not bear me well;
 Till the hour came 'twas in him to rebel!—
 Betwixt us twain the issue was to try.
 In his gay strength so easy to defy.
 As light a rein as ever horse befel!—
 Could a white child so swart a courser quell?
 'Tis over, servant he, and victor I.

Bystanders saw the quivering of my hand,
 And bid me curb him lest he rage again;—
 I smiled, and loosened on his neck the rein;
 With bounding pulse we range life's lovely land.
 Shall I for fear hold back, in gloom restrain;
 I that am king, am I afraid to reign?

K. C.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STIMULANTS, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO OPIUM AND HASHISH.

I.

THE opinions of mankind about the class of substances called "stimulants" and "narcotics" have undergone a series of changes not unlike those that have affected opinions held with regard to many other things of less and of greater importance. These substances, or at least those of them that have been known from the earliest times, such as alcohol in its various forms, were, we may suppose, discovered accidentally, and at first recognised as valuable for their medicinal virtues, and for their powers of soothing pain of mind and exciting joy. Then people arose who imagined that he who first showed men how to make such potent drinks must have been more than human, and they, therefore, paid divine honours to the supposed discoverer of wine, and created those Dionysiac myths about which so much has been written. The first worshippers of the god of the grape were the early representatives of all who try to transcend the limits imposed upon human life by necessity, or to extract from it greater pleasures than it is capable of yielding. Let us remark, in passing, that it is they who have had the merit of finding the need for, and consequently inventing a number of terms, of which the word "intoxication" may serve as an example, that have since been applied to the delights of poetry, and to religious enthusiasm. In

later periods certain moralists, seeing what evils these *chercheurs d'infini* sometimes bring on themselves, have made efforts to suppress altogether the agents that give rise to such terrible consequences. And, lastly, science has come to the investigation of intoxicants as of everything else. After claiming the right to make researches into the origin and worth of institutions and religions, the scientific man demands that the pretensions of wine to take its place among the things that minister to human happiness shall be decided by experiments performed in physiological laboratories; and that the enthusiasm of those who in former days made Bacchus a god, and the wrath of the indignant teetotal lecturer shall be equally set aside as irrelevant.

One phase of this particular movement of science is the discussion of the effects of alcohol on the human system which is constantly reappearing in the magazines; exotic stimulants, such as opium and hashish, and also those that have been discovered by chemists in modern times, being occasionally referred to in illustration of the doctrines put forth. And this discussion, carried on chiefly by scientific physicians, and following the various "temperance movements" that within the last half century have made their influence felt in England and America, is in several ways very significant. Be-

sides being an illustration of the law that the scientific investigator comes after the moralist, and of the tendency of science to claim for herself the right to say the last word on every question, it supplies not a few instances of a species of onesidedness sometimes found in men of physical science, which causes them to apply the scientific method incompletely, to look at things too much under the aspect that happens to be the first to draw their attention, and hence to allow their views to be determined by a consideration of only half the facts.

The controversy between the scientific advocates and opponents of teetotalism has been made to turn chiefly on the question whether alcohol is a food or not. The conclusion that has been arrived at by most of the authorities is briefly this : a small but definite quantity of alcohol can be made use of by the organism to keep up the animal heat ; if more than this quantity is taken, it merely serves to stimulate the nervous system, and goes out of the body unchanged. From this conclusion the practical rule has been deduced that a man ought never to take in the course of a day more than the number of glasses of wine corresponding to this amount of alcohol. Some indeed go a little further, and are willing to permit that rather more alcohol than the "saturating quantity" shall be taken, on the ground that good wines are agreeable to the cultivated palate. But the question at once occurs to the philosophical reader, why did mankind first begin to drink wine? Was it because they thought it an economical kind of food? Or because they found it pleasant to the taste? It is plain that it could not have been for either of these reasons. The specialists have told us that the greater part of the

wine most people drink does not serve for food at all, and they tell us also that man has on the whole been guided rightly in the choice of food by his instinct. And if it is contended that the human race has taken to alcoholic drinks because it found them pleasant to the sense of taste, what is the explanation of the fact that certain nations consume freely various preparations of alcohol, which, to the unsophisticated palate, are merely disgusting? And how, again, does it happen that nations that have not been able to procure wine, or that have been forbidden it by their religion, have adopted in its stead opium or some preparation of hemp? For there is no doubt that the taste of these latter substances is extremely offensive.

Nothing but preoccupation with an incomplete view of the subject, and afterwards absorption in the process of establishing the results of experiments suggested by this incomplete view, can have prevented anyone from seeing that the reason why men took to stimulants was that they might receive stimulation, and that, therefore, the real question between the advocates and opponents of the general use of wine is whether a certain amount of its stimulating action is on the whole desirable. Now by bringing into definite consciousness the subconscious reasoning that has led the higher races of mankind to persist in the use of alcohol, and to regard it as an essential part of the things that make life tolerable for a civilised being, the empirical practice of the majority of men may be justified; and here, as in other cases, there is a certain advantage in stating articulately to ourselves the ground of our practice; for when we have philosophised about our social customs, and found them to be good, a little additional dignity is imparted to

them. In this case there is also another and a more convincing argument in favour of taking the trouble to philosophise a little. By so doing we shall arrive at a point of view from which it will be possible to learn what we ought to think of certain exotic drugs, about which curiosity has often been excited. An impartial consideration of the various descriptions of the effects of these drugs will suggest some modifications in the common impression as to their nature.

II.

The whole philosophy of the use of stimulants is contained in a passage I am about to quote from an article by De Quincey on "National Temperance Movements." He is speaking of the impulse that occasionally causes persons who have made abuse of the powers of wine or opium, but who, after suffering the usual consequences of intemperance have been completely restored to health, to renew their acquaintance with their favourite drug. "If the reader will permit me for a moment what without such an apology might seem pedantic, I would call it the instinct of *focalising* which prompts such random desires. Feeling is diffused over the whole surface of the body; but light is focalised in the eye, sound in the ear. The organisation of a sense or a pleasure seems diluted and imperfect unless it is gathered by some machinery into one focus or local centre. And thus it is that a general state of pleasurable feeling sometimes seems too superficially diffused, and one has a craving to intensify or brighten it by some sufficient stimulant." The "craving" here described is, of course, quite a different thing from the physical craving which is felt by those who are accustomed to the use of any

drug. It is not a desire to get rid of a pain, but to experience again the special kind of happiness derived from that concentration of all separate pleasurable feelings which is here compared to the bringing of rays of light to a focus by the lenses of the eye. This sense of happiness sometimes arises spontaneously, but generally it implies as a condition some sort of stimulation; and the desire for it is, of course, not confined to those who have at some time or other gone to excess in intoxicants.

All that aspect of the fact of stimulation which has suggested the remarks I have quoted above, is ignored both by the scientific advocates of teetotalism, and by those who oppose them merely on the ground that alcohol is capable to a certain extent of serving as food. They confuse the sort of feeling De Quincey describes here with the physical craving produced by long-continued excess, pass it over as something abnormal, and then proceed to discuss the question entirely on physiological grounds. No one will deny that the physiological aspect of the subject is important; but the phenomena of consciousness have also their claims to recognition. The scientific doctors, through devoting their attention to digestion and circulation and secretion, and to the consideration of how much "work" (calculated in "foot-pounds") a normal healthy man does on an average in twenty-four hours, while he remains of the same weight, have at length come to regard the maintaining of his weight at the same level from day to day, and the transformation of the "energy stored up in food" into so much mechanical motion, as ends in themselves. But the whole aim of the individual life cannot be to complete the cycle of changes that constitute life on its

physical side, any more than the aim of social life can be to prolong itself under exactly the same forms as before. It may be said that in each of these cases "progress"—that is, increase in organisation—is the end; but this is an evasion. Some meaning must be found for organisation beyond itself; and to say that organisation exists either that it may continue to exist or that we may afterwards have more of it, is not to assign a meaning to it. Is it not clear that the real end of the things we call "life," "organisation," "progress," consists at least partly in the pleasant states of consciousness they render it possible to obtain?

This must not be taken to be an insinuation of Hedonism as a complete rule of life. The part of life with which moral judgments are concerned is at present out of the question. There is no need (and for this let us give thanks!) to discuss here "the higher moral life," and to decide whether it has its origin in egotistic or in altruistic feelings. We are concerned only with the mass of the actions that make up the daily life of most of us; and with regard to these actions the doctrine that has been suggested is the only one that is not a circuitous way of telling us that we must do the things we are in the habit of doing for the sake of being able to do the same things to-morrow.

Let it then be admitted that the feelings of happiness that come to most of us occasionally, are the true expression of the value of the activity of our organism; that the maintenance of the organism in a state of efficiency, or, to use less technical language, the keeping up of our bodily health, is a means and not an end. The question at once suggests itself, when do these feelings of happiness usually occur?

And to this the answer is—during our periods of leisure. The background of most lives must be some kind of work, that is, some kind of objective activity, and when this is intense, consciousness is obscured. But in the intervals of work, self-consciousness again appears. If in these intervals we had not some way of giving new forms to the memories of past experiences, and of contemplating them as coloured by our emotional moods, and if we did not sometimes find this process interesting, we should die of *ennui*. But the human organism, especially under the slightly abnormal conditions of civilised life, finds itself too much depressed by long-continued exertion to take full advantage of its periods of leisure; and even supposing these abnormal conditions removed, the nervous system cannot yield its highest effects in the way of rapid thought and vivid emotion, unless it has its activity exalted a little by some stimulant. This is why the desire spoken of by De Quincey makes itself felt. Does it not then seem more rational to consider this desire as the natural suggestion of a way of bringing about a sort of rhythm of the functions subservient to objective activity on the one hand, and those subservient to contemplation and enjoyment on the other, than to denounce it as "a morbid craving?" To make life an uninterrupted series of states of consciousness of the highest quality is impossible, but we may at least try to get out of it sometimes the best it can give us.

If this reasoning should seem satisfactory to the reader he will find that he has been led to a confirmation of the belief of common sense that the use men have made of wine has been, on the whole, a wise one; for, according to the view we have arrived at, they have used it in order to take the greatest

advantage of their intervals of leisure, to brighten social intercourse, to bring out their personality more clearly—in short, to intensify consciousness. The effect of wine on the powers of enjoying at once explains and justifies the taste for it. Some, through extraordinary sensibility to stimulants, and some from other causes, have indeed gone to excess in the use of it; but this does not affect the general argument. And we must not be too severe even on those few, who, from one age of the world's history to another, have been known occasionally to intoxicate themselves. As has been already pointed out, they have, by means of the experiences they have gone through, been enabled to enrich human language; and they have themselves suffered the consequences of their wrong-doing; for while a moderate increase in the flow of ideas and pleasurable feelings is good for us, because it gives a stimulus to our general powers and prevents us from becoming languid and dying of stagnation; on the other hand, excessive joy is exhausting, and like continual depression, but in another way, makes life worthless, and at length puts an end to it.

III.

SOME of the narcotic agents that are less familiar to Europeans have been known to certain Oriental nations as long as wine has been known to the whole civilised world. Among these the most celebrated are opium and hashish, the stimulating powers of which, since the Western and Eastern nations began to be acquainted with each other, have formed the basis of half-mythical accounts of gorgeous visions and delightful reveries. The curiosity of the more imaginative among Europeans has naturally been excited by such accounts, and these drugs have therefore be-

come the subjects of literary treatment as well as of the investigations of physiologists. In this circumstance they differ from more recently discovered drugs to which similar powers have been attributed, such as ether, nitrous oxide, chloral hydrate, &c., which have been described for the most part only in scientific memoirs, and have scarcely as yet become interesting except to chemists and physicians. It will therefore be best not to speak further of these last, but to confine our attention to opium and hashish.

For taking this course there is another reason besides the smaller amount of interest attaching to drugs discovered in modern times. It might seem at first that their having no vague associations derived from history and legend, and their having never been described with a view to literary effect, but having always "had the fierce light of scientific inquiry beating upon them," would make it easier to learn what is the exact nature of their action; yet the real state of things is quite otherwise. The facts that are given us by physiologists are useless, except for the purpose of interpreting the literature of the subject, as will be seen at once when the modes of treatment of the man of science and of the literary artist are contrasted.

Consider first the way in which a physiologist sets to work when he has decided to study the action of some drug. He administers to himself a measured dose of it; then he proceeds to feel his pulse at intervals of five minutes, and to note down his observations. After he has become incapable of doing this, he makes use of the portion of intelligence that remains to him to arrive at the conclusion that his ideas are confused. On the next day he describes the last effect he was conscious of as "inebriation

with phantasms," or something of that kind. It is well understood, of course, that he is all the time shut up alone in his own room. Now, this is evidently a very inadequate mode of treatment; we do not learn from statements of the kind referred to what are the real effects of the drug on consciousness. Contrast with this method that of the literary artist, and see how much more likely we are to get from him the kind of knowledge we want. Probably he is a seeker of "artificial paradises," who, having in some way or other found out the effect of the drug, has given himself up to the pleasures he derives from it, without analysing his consciousness or feeling his pulse. At length, however, it occurs to him that his experiences would make a good subject for a book, and he begins to analyse his memories of them, a procedure which, from a psychological point of view, is much more satisfactory than that of the man of science, who interferes with the development of the mental phenomena he is observing by trying to classify them as they arise. What will be the nature of a book written under such circumstances? Will not the writer, just because he has to work up his experiences into artistic form, and not to give the bare facts, find himself able to convey an accurate impression of the sort of "atmosphere" the drug creates around the person who has taken it, of the sort of modification it produces in his ways of thinking and feeling, as distinguished from the modifications of his particular feelings and thoughts, these last being, of course, redistributed according to the demands of the scheme he has set before himself? But this creation of a peculiar atmosphere, through which experiences are looked at, is really the one effect common to all intoxi-

cants, and the fundamental difference between any two intoxicants, is expressed by the difference between the atmospheres they create.

The data then for studying chloral, and other intoxicants of modern origin in a general way, do not yet exist, for these drugs have not yet become the subject of any contributions to literature. In the case of opium and hashish the data do exist, but, if we wish to form an impartial judgment about them, we must interpret them by means of the facts that scientific investigators have supplied, and also, if possible, by a little personal experience of the drugs themselves. These conditions being supposed to have been fulfilled, it may be permitted to me to give a description, which shall be brief and general, but accurate as far as it goes, of the effects of opium and hashish on the mind.

The intoxicating qualities of opium are well-known to English readers from De Quincey's "Confessions." Hashish is scarcely known in England, but has attracted a little attention from time to time in France. About the year 1845-6 some Parisian Bohemians formed a club for the purpose of learning what were its effects. Théophile Gautier, who was a member of this "Club des Hachichins," has made use of his own experiences as material for one of the best of his short articles. Baudelaire, also, has described some of the effects of Hashish in "Les Paradis artificiels." But, notwithstanding these contributions to the literature of the subject, the state of ignorance that exists as to the real effect of these narcotics is profound. Some people, for example, suppose they have no effect except to bring about unconsciousness. The writer of an article in the *Spectator*, not long since, after

some very rational criticism on the attempt to explain the origin of the taste for narcotics by a physical "crave"—an attempt which, let me remark parenthetically, bears a strong resemblance to the theories put forth by some of the philosophers of the last century as explanations of the origin of the religious sentiment, went on to express his wonder that the desire should ever become so strong as it is sometimes observed to be, for substances that are not nice to the taste and do not exhilarate, *but merely procure oblivion*. Then, I believe, he offered the suggestion that perhaps the primitive man first took narcotics in order to stupify himself before going to battle. Another erroneous impression, which is as widely prevalent as the impression that narcotics have no effect except that of stupifying, is that those who use opium as a luxury are accustomed to take doses of it in order to obtain the vivid dreams to which it gives rise. As a matter of fact, opium and hashish, with those who are susceptible to their influence (which all people are not), do not depress, but intensify consciousness; and, in the case of opium, the dreams are not usually produced at first, but only appear to confirmed opium-eaters, and then only as a secondary phenomenon.

Opium, in those who are capable of stimulation by it, gives rise to a pleasurable state of feeling something like that which is produced by wine in not excessive doses; but the excitement derived from it, instead of tending to some highest point, remains stationary for hours, and in place of the slight incoherence of thought always present in those who are exhilarated with wine, the most perfect harmony is established among all the conceptions. There is an extraordinary stimulation of the pure

intellect, and not merely of the powers of expression. The opium-eater seems to have had the eyes of his spirit opened, to have acquired a gift of insight into things that to mere mortals are inexplicable. The most remote parts of consciousness come into clear light; the finer shades of personality, those that had been unknown even to the opium-eater himself, are brought into view and become distinct; the smallest details of the things around take new significance, and are seen to be profoundly important; their analogies with all other phenomena of nature are revealed. It is the same with the moral as with the intellectual being; that also becomes indefinitely exalted. An absolute balance of the faculties seems to have been attained. The whole man is what in his ordinary state he only tends to be; he has realised the highest perfection of which he is capable; only his "best self" now remains; his lower self has been left behind without need of the purgatorial fire of contention with the environment to destroy it.

To the seeker of artificial paradises, hashish is on the whole less satisfactory than opium. It is indeed unsurpassable in its legendary associations. The hashish-eater can stimulate his imagination by thinking of the Sheikh called "The Old Man of the Mountain" or "Prince of the Assassins," who was accustomed to administer hashish to those of the faithful who had become his followers, and then introduce them into delightful gardens; on their awaking, they were persuaded that they had been admitted into the Mohammedan heaven, and after this their fanaticism was capable of anything. But although hashish derives from these legends an air of mystery and attraction, it has been found

actually not to be equal as a producer of pleasure either to wine or opium. For the visions of the hashish eater depend entirely on his immediate surroundings and take their colouring from his state of mind.

Supposing the circumstances favourable, the intoxication of hashish generally runs its course in some such way as this. First, there is a sense of gladness accompanied by a tendency to extravagant and causeless laughter. Then after an interval, during which there are sometimes slightly unpleasant muscular sensations as if produced by the passing of electric currents under the skin, the state called "Fantasia" begins. By exaggeration and multiplication of the impressions derived from external objects, the most curious hallucinations are produced; space assumes monstrous proportions, and time seems indefinitely extended, as in De Quincey's opium dreams. After the "Fantasia," and sometimes mixed with it, that feeling of perfect happiness called by the Orientals "kief," a feeling which is also produced by opium, takes possession of the hashish-eater; but this state of mind may, by the rising of some casual association, be reversed, and, as it has been expressed, turn to nightmare.

It ought to have been mentioned that hashish is a preparation made by the Arabians from the leaves of hemp. Several other preparations of hemp have been used for purposes of intoxication; one of these, called *bang*, is well known to the inhabitants of India. There is in the Pharmacopœia an extract of *Cannabis indica*, which is administered in the form of pills. Slight differences manifest themselves in the effects according as hashish (using this as a general term), is taken in one or other of these

forms; but the influence of temperament is probably more important than specialities in the form of the drug. The extract of *Cannabis indica* has been known to give rise to a sort of reverie (which is also sometimes produced by "hashish"), not quite like the "fantasia," but having something in common with it. The imagination is stimulated, but the power of continuous thought disappears. Strange figures may easily be created out of patches of light and shade. A feeling of isolation in the midst of infinity develops itself, and the sense of the vastness of space and time is deepened. A dream-like feeling of happiness spreads itself, "like an atmosphere of light" over the whole being. But the action of the drug in any of its forms is capricious; it becomes intense, then after a time passes away, and when it seems to have finally disappeared returns again.

IV.

No doubt the reader finds that many things have been omitted from the last section which might have been expected to have place in it. "Why has the terrible morrow that follows indulgence in opium or hashish not been described? Why has it not been shown how a craving arises for a renewal of the dose, which the victim at length becomes incapable of resisting? And why has nothing been said about the frightful consequences that follow long-continued abuse of these deadly drugs?" Now this is really equivalent to asking why, in discussing the uses of wine, I have not given a detailed account of an attack of delirium tremens, and gone into a disquisition on the pathology of chronic alcoholism. The terrible visions that are seen by the confirmed opium or hashish-

eater, the state of profound depression in which his waking moments are passed, and his final death by paralysis, are really no more a necessary consequence of the use of hashish or opium than the morbid phenomena just referred to are a necessary consequence of the use of alcoholic liquors. The tendency for a physical "crave" to establish itself is not more marked in their use than it is in the case of wine or spirits. And as to the reaction of "the day after," it does not exist either in the case of opium or of the various preparations of Indian hemp. Opium causes headache in those who are incapable of experiencing its "intoxicating"—or, more strictly, its exalting—effects; but with those who are susceptible of its influence there is no reaction whatever. It does not derange the intellectual faculties, as has been already said. Nor does it give rise to a tendency in external things, which is, I am told, occasionally one of the effects of wine, to mix the images of themselves in various and sometimes puzzling combinations.

Wine, opium, and hashish resemble one another in this, that they all afford a means of increasing the pleasurable activity of the nervous system in our intervals of leisure; they all have the power of exaggerating our personality, of making our consciousness more brilliant. And it is for this reason in every case that nations have taken to the use of such substances, each nation growing accustomed to that which it found nearest to its hand or most congenial to its temperament. Why then should the exotic stimulants be regarded as objects of mysterious dread? Does it seem quite clear that all the advantages are on the side of that particular stimulant with which we happen to be most familiar? Let it be admitted that

it is as bad to take frequent doses of opium, for example, as to oversaturate the system with alcohol every day; may it not be that, as De Quincey contended, a moderate use of opium is not absolutely impossible?

In order that an impartial answer to questions of this kind may be arrived at, it will be well just to pass in review some of the qualifying considerations that must be kept in mind by a student of this subject, who has for his aim to arrive at the unadorned truth. We have seen that it is in the literature of the subject that such a student finds the greater part of his materials; but it must be remembered that the aim of this literature itself is not the discovery or the exposition of truth; it is the production of artistic effect. And the artistic method of dealing with Oriental drugs, as with everything else, demands that the lights shall be made brighter, and the shadows deepened. Hence De Quincey, after invoking opium as the bearer of the keys of Paradise, must balance this invocation with a chapter on the "Pains of Opium," in which all the imagery of the "ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions" of the East contributes to the production of an effect of horror and of mystery; and Baudelaire finds it necessary to place as a dark background to the divine delights of hashish, a moral doctrine according to which every attempt to transcend the normal conditions of human life—to reach "Kief" artificially—is a sin against the nature of things, and implies a diminution of the power of the will, which, becoming more and more rapid, must at length bring to nothingness the victim of the Satanic desire to escape from the domain of law. Art finds its materials in life, but it must select from them; it must redistribute the

colours it finds in nature, so as to obtain an effect superior to the things themselves. As *our* purpose is to know what is the exact truth about the drugs we have been speaking of, we must allow for that systematic exaggeration of joys and pains which the artistic mode of treatment renders necessary.

After weighing these considerations, the conclusion that suggests itself is something like this: Hashish and opium are probably not more potent than wine, and for the majority even of those who are susceptible to them, their fascination is less than that of wine. The effects of these three stimulants are different in quality, but not in intensity; speaking in a vague and general way, it may be said that wine stimulates chiefly the power of expression, opium the intellect, and hashish the imagination. Why then should not these last also be used as a means of economising the capacities of enjoyment which we possess?

The idea has sometimes come to me that some of these drugs might be made instruments of psychological research. De Quincey's opium experiences have been used as an argument against the Kantian doctrine of "forms of thought"; for how, it is asked, can forms of thought become amplified and extended, as De Quincey says time and space were in his visions? Perhaps the interrogation of consciousness under opium might throw light on the remoter phenomena of association of ideas. If there is anything in this suggestion, opium might become to the philosopher a sort of microscope. The consciousness of the subject as distinguished from the object-world is said to disappear sometimes under the influence of hashish. How does this affect the various

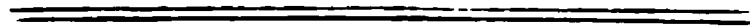
theories about the *ego* and the *non-ego*?

When these drugs have been found useful to psychologists, when they have become in the true sense of the term "philosophical instruments," we may expect to learn in an indirect way what is the worth of the suggestions put forth here as to the desirableness of assigning to them a place beside wine as medicines for the mind, as dispellers of gloom. Definite knowledge will then have taken the place of random conjectures as to their value, and philosophy will have done something for the good of mankind. Knowledge such as this will not be the least important part of the "hedonical calculus" which it is proposed to elaborate.

This, however, like the rest, is a mere suggestion. The object of this paper is to bring before the reader the grounds for thinking that the present subject is one in regard to which the common habit prevails of fearing the unknown, of alternately treating it as divine and as diabolical. The exotic drugs of which we have been speaking, have, because of their association with the East and the exaggerations they have formed the subject of, attracted the attention chiefly of enthusiasts. When the enthusiasts have been at the same time artists, as in De Quincey's case, the result has been that new literary effects have been produced which are as much superior to the phenomena of opium dreams as these are to the events of ordinary life. It is no wonder then that the popular notion about opium should be such as we know it to be. But if opium were ever to become familiar, does it not seem probable from what has been said, that we should come to look upon it neither as "a panacea, a *φάρμακον ὑπεναντίας* for all human woes," nor as a sub-

stance created by the devil to destroy our bodies and souls; but as being like all things on earth, something that contributes to make human life more various, something

that is a source of mingled good and evil, both finite, but which may perhaps be considered as producing a balance of good, since in itself all variety is good?



SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

March 22, 1880.

THERE is very little likelihood of the University being contested, though some enthusiastic persons are said to be determined to give Oxford a chance of returning to her old love by nominating Mr. Gladstone. The small success the last Liberal candidate met with is, however, hardly encouraging, and I would venture to prophesy that the ex-Premier would not obtain more than five hundred votes. But, if the University is to be spared a contested election, there are a sufficient number of well-known Oxford residents standing for various constituencies, to give even the least political amongst us an interest in the result of the appeal to the "sense of the nation." Mr. Bryce, the Civil Law Professor, is contesting the Tower Hamlets; Professor Maskelyne, who has recently inherited an estate in Wiltshire, is the Liberal candidate for Cricklade; Mr. Thorold Rogers, an ex-Professor of Political Economy, is trying to retrieve the fortunes of the Liberal party in Southwark; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who has been for the last two years a History Lecturer at Keble, is leading a forlorn hope in Middlesex; and Sir W. Anson, the Vinerian Reader in English Law, is mentioned as a probable candidate for one of the divisions of Staffordshire. In addition to these I notice the names of two old University Presidents among the list of aspirants to parliamentary honours—Mr. Mowbray, who is contesting Whitby, and Mr. Ashmeed Bartlett, who stands for Eye.

Nor are we without electioneering excitement here. Oxford is being hotly contested, and every dead wall displays placards setting forth the crimes and misdemeanours of Liberals or Conservatives. It is a fortunate thing that the election takes place in the vacation, so we shall be spared the flood of undergraduate oratory which would have completely swamped everything like work, and made the Summer Term even more idle than it usually is. For some inexplicable reason the Easter vacation is to be curtailed this year of its fair proportions, and Term is to begin on April 9. This will naturally have the effect of making everything next Term very early, and the Long very long. The Greek Schools commence on May 14, and I believe the Encœnia is to take place on June 8, earlier than I ever remember it.

There seems to be a general impression that the Commissioners will not draw up any general report or make any general regulations, but content themselves with making special provisions for each college, thus preventing all the numerous petitions and counter-petitions, which have been such a weariness of the flesh to their brother Commissioners at Cambridge. Here each college will have to look after its own interests, and so selfish are we that no doubt the spectacle of wealthy Christ Church and sybarite Magdalen being taxed pretty heavily, will not draw

many tears from members of other colleges. But of course a great deal must depend upon what Government comes into power with the next Parliament. The return of the Liberals would mean the removal of every kind of restriction, clerical and otherwise, and the pushing still further of that pernicious doctrine that the Universities are national property. We should then consider ourselves fortunate indeed if we escaped without being placed permanently under the control of some Committee of Council.

The opposition to the Affiliated College Scheme in Convocation came to nothing after all, and the measure has now become law. One consolation its opponents have in the knowledge that it must be long before it can be put into practice. Even the most flourishing of the local colleges, University College, Bristol, or Mr. Frith's institution at Sheffield, must wait many years before they can produce any students capable of fulfilling the requirements of the University.

The Hertford and Ireland Scholarships have this year again been won by the same man, Mr. Mackail, of Balliol, while Mr. Margolwith, of New College, has added one more to his numerous trophies by gaining the Houghton Syriac Prize.

I am glad to hear that the Rifle Corps is looking up again. Ever since I can remember it had been gradually dwindling, and there seemed every prospect of its being disbanded; but under its new colonel, Mr. Morrell, of Headington House, and Capt. Johnson as adjutant, it is on a fair way to recovery. The extravagance of past years has been corrected, and it is now possible for any man, however straitened his means may be, to join the O.U.R.V.C. More than this, real work is done. All the officers are obliged to qualify themselves and become efficient each year, and the drills and field-days are no longer the farce they used to be.

Most of the Professors have announced their lectures for next term. Professor Sayce is to lecture on the Homeric Question, and Professor Nettleship on the Literature of the Ciceronian Age. The Anglo-Saxon Professor will deliver a course on The Faery Queen, while the Professor of Sanskrit advertises as his subjects of instruction two Indian names of five and six syllables respectively. Professor Stubbs is not lecturing this term.

There is great difficulty in filling up the chair vacated by Sir Henry Maine. Somehow or other, no one seems to know anything about jurisprudence except the late professor and Sir FitzJames Stephen, and, unfortunately, neither of them is available, so the chair of Jurisprudence remains unfilled, and men who are reading that subject have to rely on what they can get from their college tutors or their private coaches.

Speaking of law, I see that Professor Holland's long-promised "Elements of Jurisprudence" is announced as "nearly ready," and that the Clarendon Press have also on the stocks a treatise on International Law, by Mr. Hall, of University College. All historical students will welcome a library edition of Professor Stubbs's "Constitutional History," and Mr. Hodgkin's work on the barbarian conquests of Italy promises to be a valuable addition to Gibbon. But almost the most valuable books announced by the Press are a series of manuals for original researches in Oxford, which will, I presume, be practically handbooks to the Bodleian, Ashmolean and other University institutions, as well as to the various college libraries, some of which are extremely rich in manuscripts

and early printed books. I also observe that Mr. Thornton, an enterprising Oxford publisher, has in the press a series of guides to the different University examinations, intended, apparently, to teach men how and what to read. If well done, this series will certainly do something to lessen the enormous amount of time wasted at present by men reading the wrong books in the wrong way.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

March 22, 1880.

I WILL not go quite so far as to say that Astræa has returned to the earth, but she has certainly shown us the tip of a wing. Mr. Brady has been appointed Assistant Commissioner of Intermediate Education. When I wrote last, I had but little expectation of this happy result. I am also very much pleased to be able to say that Dr. Maguire's prospects of Fellowship are improving daily. I do not like reckoning chickens before they are hatched, and therefore I shall say nothing more of this. But there is a matter, not remotely connected with Mr. Brady's promotion, about which I feel inclined to indulge in a little speculation. The Professorship Extraordinary of Classical Literature becomes vacant at the end of Trinity Term. It will then become the duty of the Academic Council to decide whether the Chair is to continue in existence, and if so, who is to hold it? The chair, you may perhaps remember, was created before the passing of Mr. Fawcett's Act, and Mr. Brady was nominated to it as a classical scholar of eminent distinction, who at the time was precluded from competing for fellowship. There is now, I believe, a very strong feeling among the few classical Fellows that the Chair ought to be maintained, and that it ought to be made the means of attaching to the Classical School some man of distinguished learning who is accidentally shut out from fellowship. In some of the English Colleges there are fellowships that are not directly competed for, but to which men are elected as a reward for general academic distinction. The classical men of Trinity College think that the Professorship Extraordinary ought to be dealt with on a similar principle; and I make bold to say that if the nomination rested with the classical Fellows, there is one man who would be at the head of the poll, the rest of the field being nowhere. I need hardly add, that the man in question is John Fletcher Davies. If he could be brought back among us, Astræa really would have returned to the earth. I am afraid the consummation is *too* desirable to be even hoped for.

Electioneering matters are perhaps not strictly in keeping with a University letter, unless they refer to the University Members. But when one of our Professors, the incumbent moreover of a very important Chair, becomes a parliamentary candidate, his prospects do assume an aspect of University interest. Dr. Webb, Q.C., Regius Professor of Civil Law, has issued an address to the borough of Portarlinton, professing himself a supporter of the present Administration. The Conservative interest is very strong in that town, and Dr. Webb's hopes seem very high. There is no other Conservative candidate, and the *Daily Express* is strongly supporting the Professor. The support of the *Express* is very valuable, for it is believed that it would not be given unless the candidate were a favourite with certain highly placed personages whose in-

fluence would go a long way to insure success. In these days when nobody knows whether or not he is committing a breach of privilege, and when the more insignificant you are the greater are your chances of a lodging in the Clock Tower, it is necessary to be circumspect, not to say oracular, in alluding to matters of this kind. For my own part I hope Dr. Webb will get in, and I predict for him, if he does, a successful parliamentary career. He has just delivered the most brilliant speech the election has yet produced.

As we draw towards the Easter recess there are signs of the coming conflict of the Intermediate school boys and girls. Masters and mistresses are marshalling their forces for the June battle, and among those who are approaching their sixteenth year there is no small trepidation. Meantime, Dr. Richardson has launched, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, an awful denunciation of all scholastic competitions. When I read the works of this eminent physician, and others like him, I am sometimes tempted to wonder how it is that there is any human race at all at this day. If these oracles are to be trusted, the arrow that flieth by day, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday, are as nothing compared to the dangers we bring upon ourselves and our children by merely living our lives under the ordinary pressure of daily necessity. Our houses are all built in wrong places and on wrong plans; we eat and drink the wrong things, and in wrong quantity; our work is wrong, our amusements are still more wrong; and our mode of training up children is the most utterly wrong of all. Meantime the world somehow continues to go round on its axis; one generation goeth away and another cometh; and the proportion of fools seems to continue very much the same. The doctors and other speculators on educational matters (including even a thinker of the eminence of Herbert Spencer) do not sufficiently take into account the natural dulness of average children on the one hand, and, on the other, the toughness of most human constitutions. Yet the dulness is a patent fact, breaking the hearts of parents and of teachers; and the toughness is hardly less obvious if we only set ourselves to look for it. Could there have been, from Dr. Richardson's point of view, a more unhealthy education than that which John Stuart Mill received? Yet he lived to sixty-seven years, and died almost by accident; and during his fairly long life he had probably worked harder and shown greater sustained energy than almost any of his contemporaries. Of course it is open to a Richardsonian to say that, if Mill had been trained on true hygienic principles, he would have been all that he was and far more, to say nothing of being still alive. But the natural inference all the same is, that the training which produced such a man as J. S. Mill cannot have been utterly indefensible.

But I shall be utterly indefensible myself if I am guilty of much more of this kind of digression; so, to put myself in order, as they say in the House, I will conclude with a story which I believe to be good and know to be true.

Not long since I was in the house of a certain scholarly friend of mine. The master of the house was turning over the leaves of a new school edition of part of Homer which he had just received by the post. His wife was sitting by, engaged in some piece of lady's work. The gentleman remarked—half to himself, half to me—and apropos of something in the notes, "I'm quite sure *ἄλθεῖν* never had the digamma." "Pray what disease is that?" said the lady!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

English Men of Letters. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. Bunyan. By J. A. FROUDE. London: 1880. Macmillan and Co.

The writer of that wondrous book, the book which, as Mr. Stopford Brooke rightly remarks, gives "an equal pleasure to a peasant boy and to an intellect like Lord Macaulay's," certainly deserved an early place in Mr. Morley's admirable series of "English Men of Letters." The tinker, of "low and inconsiderable generation," has not lacked biographers, but there has in most cases been much sectarian bias. Mr. Froude's monograph is singularly free from such blemishes. It gives a fair, balanced, well-digested account of the man Bunyan, and, written in Mr. Froude's elegant and beautiful English, forms most agreeable reading. In speaking of Bunyan's early life, he agrees with Southey in considering that former biographers have exaggerated the early faults which were magnified by a sensitive imagination. Southey contents himself by calling young Bunyan "at worst a blackguard." Mr. Froude disagrees here. He thinks, with much show of justice, that it has been the fashion to take Bunyan's account of himself too literally in order to magnify the effects of his conversion, and he feels assured that, sinner though Bunyan may have been, his sins were not the sins of coarseness and vulgarity. They were the sins of a youth of sensitive nature and very peculiar gifts; gifts which brought special temp-

tations with them and inclined him to be careless and desperate, yet from causes singularly unlike those which are usually operative in dissipated boys. There can be little doubt that in "Grace Abounding" Bunyan was torturing himself with illusions. It is impossible for anyone, whatever their creed or shade of opinion, to refuse a certain admiration to this uneducated village lad struggling in the theological spider's web; at the same time it is a painful spectacle, as it always is, whenever we see what needless suffering men inflict upon themselves. On another important point Mr. Froude also differs from the received opinion, and again with great show of justice. This is with regard to Bunyan's imprisonment. He does not believe either that his family starved or that Bunyan was treated with needless cruelty. On the contrary, he points out how Bunyan was not only well-to-do, but how the Baptist community would certainly not have allowed their pastor's family to want. Further, it is very evident that the authorities, far from being harsh to him, tried from the first to deal as gently with him as they could. It was only Bunyan's own obstinacy that made his imprisonment so long; yet even during this time, not only had his friends free access to him, but he too was free to leave the prison, allowed to preach and to fill a post in the Baptist church. The abstracts of Bunyan's works, the criticism thereon, are all good; so too is the

proportion observed in this little biography. Where Mr. Froude's peculiar idiosyncracies peep through is whenever doctrinal matters are touched upon or political economy named, when he is up in arms at once to tussle with this hydra-headed vampyre whom he yet cannot allay.

Royal Windsor. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. Hurst and Blackett. 1880.

As the last work, or the last published work, of a popular writer, on a popular subject, this book will have raised the expectations of the reader; nor will they be disappointed. Four goodly volumes, even for *Royal Windsor*, is in these days almost formidable; they offer so much, however, in choice of subjects, that everyone may in them find something he will either care to know, or like to have recalled, History, archæology, biography, are all illustrated by the annals of the royal house. The romantic incidents of history, of course, at Mr. Dixon's hands, are made the most of; as an annalist he presses his love of the remarkable almost to a fault, even though he thereby makes charming chapters. On the other hand, he never slurs over a real fact of history, or distorts it, or seizes on a doubtful one, to make a telling point. His style is well known; it is pictorial and graphic to excess, but that is modified and chastened when the occasion demands it. These volumes, indeed, show, especially in the latter two, some pruning of the exuberance in the first. We have said there are four volumes—volumes I. and II. are already in their second edition—but the subjects are so arranged that each is a volume of agreeable reading in itself, and distinct in itself, though the four form a continuous whole. Shakespeare's his-

torical plays, for instance—in particular the character of Henry V., which is so intimately connected with Royal Windsor—form a sort of episode running through one volume; to them and also to Falstaff Mr. Dixon has done ample justice. Shakespeare's Windsor is indeed a thing apart, and the plays themselves receive much new light from Mr. Dixon's researches. The House of Stuart, again, receives from him fresh illustration. We rather think, however, that the earlier annals will be found the most attractive. The story of Edward and his favourite Perot de Gaveston, of Isabel de France, Windsor and Crecy; David, King of Scots, Lady Salisbury—all these read like a new Froissart. Geoffrey Chaucer, too, and a chapter which is entitled "*Ballad Windsor*," bring in some literary history of great interest. It is truly a long scroll of mighty names that is unrolled before us, and of stirring events. Perhaps it should be added that every part of Windsor Castle was, by Her Majesty's express command, opened to Mr. Dixon for the purposes of this work—"above ground and below ground," as his preface tells us. Not only that, but all documents preserved at Windsor concerning the structure and the history of the castle were placed at Mr. Dixon's disposal for extract as well as perusal. The result is a very complete account of Windsor Castle as a building as well as of the personages who dwelt there. We are rather glad that Mr. Dixon gave himself most to those who make the interest of Windsor, and not to the mere description of sites and buildings. His peculiar style, his habit of personifying, which is so vivid in the account of an historical fact, and of the actors in it, clings to him, sometimes almost whimsically, in painting the mere scenery; as, for instance, where he

talks of "trees bearding the slope, and tufting the ridge; live waters curl and murmur at the base; low-lying meadows curtsy in front to the royal hill," and so on, with much else of "smiling swards" and the like. Polite as may be the low-lying meadows at Windsor, we hardly think this curious prosopopœia adds vigour to descriptive writing. It is well that the very chapter where this occurs is marked by very careful painstaking accuracy; perhaps for that reason this little fault of style more grates on the reader at the time, though soon forgotten in the substantial merits of the narrative.

Sister Dora; a Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.

This is a book already well known. Not indeed regularly coming into our review column, we notice it for the sake of a moral, and a lesson, it carries on its surface, and yet one which seems to have been somewhat unaccountably missed by the biographer herself, and also by the many reviewers of her book. Mainly, no doubt, the purpose of this record of Sister Dora's life is different, and for that purpose it has been well conceived. The lesson of a good life is fully brought out. But what we think has been lost sight of, is the comment it affords on the question of the medical education of women. One of our contributors has, in this magazine, approached the subject; for it forms an under-current in Mabel Collins's novel "In this World." But though there are points where Sister Dora and the heroine of the tale coincide, and where also they differ, it is very different to take as a commentary on medical women even the most brilliant fiction, and a real life lived out practically and actually.

Sister Dora had a natural aptitude for medicine, and stranger still for surgery; she cultivated both, she succeeded in both, and, as in the tale of which we speak, she realised as a woman the special difficulties of both. But she excelled in a third thing which is the auxiliary of both. In the fiction, indeed, the heroine was a physician, and the latent moral of the biography is, that medicine is suitable, or not unsuitable, for women, and surgery is exactly the reverse. It goes, we think, a step further, and shows that the work of a skilled and scientific nurse is more woman's province than either, and that anatomy is useful as its instructor. Sister Dora, even in her surgery, was the true woman, and the nursing character came out in her professional contests with the regular operators; just such a contest as in the novel, which so long preceded the biography. She regularly opposed amputation, and adopted, unconsciously, the modern theory of conservative surgery, which, instead of cutting off an arm or leg, tries to save it and to heal it. Pages 53 to 56 give an example of her insistance with the hospital surgeon; his "Are you mad?" "I wash my hands of him (the patient) and of you." "Don't think I am going to help you." For three weeks she bandaged, and watched, and tended, and then displayed to her friendly foe the mechanic's right arm, no longer mangled but straightened, and in a healthy, promising condition. "Why you have saved it," was his candid, involuntary exclamation. We might parallel with the scene in the fiction of our own pages, the scene in the biography. The triumph of the heroine was, with Sister Dora, in the quiet words "it will be a useful arm to him for many a long year."

T. Macci Plauti Captivi: with Introduction and Notes. Edited by E. A. SONNENSCHN, M.A. New edition. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, and Allen. 1880.

Every man, it has been said, owes a debt to his profession. Professor Sonnenschein, in editing for his pupils in the humanity classes of Glasgow University, this play of Plautus, has well discharged the debt to his profession of teacher. It is a scholarly production. The text is founded on the best authorities, and embodies the results of the most recent Plautine criticism, as well as the emendations of Bentley from the British Museum manuscript. Not only are the notes explanatory, but Mr. Sonnenschein has added a critical apparatus, and an excursus on the value of the Codex Britannicus, which will be appreciated by Plautine scholars; while the notes and the appendix fit the play for a class-book and the use of an upper or sixth form.

Plautus, in England, is not much in vogue; and indeed the grossness of most of his other writings make it an unsuitable book for school reading. That objection does not apply, however, to the *Captivi*, which has besides merits of its own. Without going so far as to say, with Lessing,* it is the best play of its kind ever produced on the stage, we can quite agree that it abounds in humour and interest, and even in what in a modern play is called "situation"; so much so, that we only wonder the *Captivi* does not, sometimes at least, replace the time-honoured, though well-worn, Terence play which reappears so perpetually at Westminster.

To recall it to our readers, the plot of the play is shortly this. Hegio, a well-to-do citizen of Ætolia, is the father of two sons, the younger of whom had been stolen away at the age of four years by a slave and sold in Elis, where he becomes playmate and companion of his master's son. Twenty years after, in the war between Elis and Ætolia, the elder son of Hegio, taken prisoner, was sold to a client of his brother's owner. Hegio, having long given up all hope of finding the younger, anxious to recover his elder son, buys Elian prisoners, with the purpose of exchange. He in this way purchases his own son, and his young master. The son thus becomes slave to his own father without either having an idea of the relation. These, the two captives, Pægnium, Hegio's son, and Philocrates, his young master, are firm friends; they have agreed to exchange dresses and characters, the master personating the slave, the slave the master, that they might thus bring about more readily the escape of the latter. At this point the play opens. The plot is simple, but well worked out. It is, however, rather in the by-play that the interest lies, and the dramatic merit. The soliloquy of the Parasite, complaining of his own evil days, when his rich young patron is captured, is very telling as a piece of social satire; so too the raillery with the overseer of the slaves; the invitation to dinner, for which the parasite had angled, and which he accepts, provisionally on his obtaining no better offer; his conception of the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of misery. In all this, and much more,

* "Die Gefangenen sind das schönste Stück, das jemals auf die Bühne gekommen ist, . . . weil es der absicht der Lustspiele am nächsten kommt, und auch mit den übrigen zufälligen Schönheiten reichlich versehen ist."—Kritik über Die Gefangenen von Plautus.

by which we might remind our readers of the salient points of the play, there is not only enough of incident, but, what is of more interest, enough to bring out a vivid and telling description of ways and manners, and the conventional notions of the time and place. The plot, moreover, is still further complicated, and gives rise to a little "bustle" and "business" by the proposed exchange for the pair of captives; the double meaning of the dialogue, with the unsuspecting Hegio, the mystification, and the final *dénouement*, with the transfer of the chains, all bid high for the amusement of the audience. Though it must be admitted that Lessing is perfectly right when, in his cold, critical, cautious analysis, he points out that one set of facts cannot be reconciled with the other, it is, however, quite probable that no such sense of incongruity would be thereby forced upon the original audience, as was only too apparent to the German commentator, or have much impaired their enjoyment if it had occurred to them.

Mr. Sonnenschein gracefully acknowledges the obligations of this edition of the "Captive" to the Plautus of Dr. Julius Brix. We observe, however, that he sometimes differs even from that veteran Plautine critic; his own conscientious collation of the two most important MSS.—the Codex Vetus and the Codex Britannicus—quite entitles him to an independent decision.

The prosody of Plautus, it is well known, differs much from that of Horace, or Virgil, or Ovid. The usage of popular speech almost

superseded with him the laws of quantity, and the adaptation to metre exhibits the same negligences as the pronunciation of daily life. Mr. Sonnenschein, in his introduction, calls attention to this, and has a page or two of excellent remarks on these peculiarities. We only regret that he has not followed it out a little further, and spoken of the bearing this has on the present neo-pronunciation of Latin, which is now obtaining at Oxford perhaps more than at Cambridge. We are quite sure that the insular English pronunciation cannot too soon be discarded, and our recognised Latinity be brought into harmony, when spoken, with continental rules in their broad features. So, too, with final vowels, and the final sound of certain consonants, and, in scanning, the final *s*. The force of accent, too, whether in prose or verse, may receive illustration from the variety of the Plautine language. On all these points the introduction will be read with interest.

The editor's care has extended to the printing, in which, to the credit of the publishers, there are but two errata. There is as frontispiece, an excellent fac-simile from a page of the Codex Britannicus (J), which well conveys an idea of the appearance of the MS., even the state of the vellum, injured by fire. This plate is however, illustrative of the Excursus, and reference to p. 127 should have been printed on the plate itself; p. 16 also read with that, will explain the fac-simile, and add to its interest in describing the MS. from which it was taken.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1880.

SOME ANGLO-INDIAN POETS.

A Reading delivered at the Dublin Fortnightly Club.

THE object of this paper is to invite attention to a somewhat obscure department of literature. Very few people out of India are aware that there are any Anglo-Indian poets, and I should myself hesitate to affirm the existence of an Anglo-Indian school of poetry, though I hope to adduce some reasons for believing that the germs of such a school are even now in being. I need hardly explain that I do not claim as Anglo-Indian poetry all poems written by Englishmen who have been in India. Warren Hastings wrote poems, but I do not call them Anglo-Indian poetry. Sir William Jones wrote poems, but I do not call them Anglo-Indian poetry. Bishop Heber wrote poems, but only a very small portion of them could be correctly described as Anglo-Indian. Again, I do not include in the scope of this paper translations from Indian poetry into English on the one hand, nor, on the other, poems written in English by natives of India.

Such poems do exist, some of them possessing considerable merit, and some, I am bound to say, being ludicrous beyond all description. Between fifteen and twenty years

ago a small pamphlet by a certain Assistant-Surgeon Ram Kino Dutt was printed for private circulation in Calcutta. I obtained a copy, which I had the misfortune to lose by lending it to an acquaintance who never returned it. I happen to remember the first and the last couplets of one of the poems, which ran thus :

Place your reliance on a *desideratum*—
Put not your trust in money or museum !

* * * *

Only be moralist prior to extinction,
Then shall be effectual your *epicedium*.

It is hard to say whether this poet's diction be the more difficult to interpret, or his metre to scan ; but, as I began by saying, he does not come within the purview of my paper. It is only just, however, as I have spoken of native writers in English, to say that they are not all like Dr. Ram Kino.

As to translations of Indian poetry into English, there are some excellent ones, such as Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Gita Govinda*, or *Indian Song of Songs*. But this paper deals with poetry which claims to be more or less original ; and translations are thus excluded from its scope.

What then is the Anglo-Indian

poetry which is the subject of my discourse? It is poetry written by Anglo-Indians, and deriving its inspiration from Indian surroundings. An English mind, endowed with poetic faculty and contemplating the imaginative aspects of native life, is inspired to the production of such verses as Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Raja's Ride*, and *The Rajput Wife*, which are to be found in the same volume with *The Indian Song of Songs*. To the same class belongs Mr. Alfred Lyall's *Rajput Chief of the Old School*, which was published in the *Fortnightly Review* for Oct. 1878. There is a little volume of poems called *Under the Rose*, by Henry George Keene, which, together with a good deal that is not Anglo-Indian, contains some genuinely Anglo-Indian poems of no small merit. Mr. Keene's poems, however, are hardly so much studies of native life as they are studies of English life in India, but this itself is a subject which contains no small potentiality of poetic treatment. I have said that, strictly speaking, there is no school of Anglo-Indian poets; but anyone who reads such poems as I have already named, and some that I am going to name, will hardly deny that there is the germ of such a school. I would strongly recommend for perusal Mr. Keene's *Sowing the Wind*, the *Dream of Clive before Plassey*, the *Tomb of the Suttee*, and *An Indian Domestic Idyll*, to any reader who wants fresh woods and pastures new in the way of poetic reading.

But the most vigorous and characteristic of Anglo-Indian poems, to my mind, is the *Old Pindaree*. This is the work of Mr. Alfred Lyall, whose name I have already mentioned. It has never been published

except in an Indian newspaper, and I cannot but think I am doing good service in thus introducing it to an audience in this country. The theme of the poem perhaps stands in need of a few prefatory words of explanation.

The Pandāras, or to use the more commonly received Anglo-Indian pronunciation, Pindārees,* were the gangs of freebooters who infested North and Central India during the unsettled times between the overthrow of the Mahrattas and the full establishment of British supremacy. They had no settled abodes, and all kinds of castes and classes were received among them; but their most conspicuous leader was a Mahomedan, by name Cheetoo. Their bands were broken up early in this century by British troops, and Cheetoo disappeared. An active search resulted in the discovery of a few bones in the den of a tiger, with some ornaments which were recognised as having belonged to the bandit chief. This tragical end is referred to in the last verse of the poem. Some of the minor Pindāree leaders were more lucky than their great chieftain; Mr. Lyall has not used any poetic licence in describing his Old Pindaree as succeeding peacefully after his father's death to the lands that father had acquired by his services to the Rohilla leader, Ameer Khan. This personage is historical. He was the first Nawab of Tonk, which dignity was granted him by Jaswant Rao Holkar in 1806, and confirmed by the East India Company when they overcame that Mahratta Prince. The descendants of Ameer Khan are Nawabs of Tonk until the present day. As to Pindarees holding fiefs in British territory, the instances are numerous. I have

* The poet takes the licence to pronounce the word Pindārēē, but in prose it is accented as I have spelt it.

myself been acquainted with one such family, who are known all over the district where they reside as the Pandāra zemindars.

The metre of Mr. Lyall's poem is rather rugged. It contrasts somewhat sharply with the much more polished rhythm of the *Rajput Chief of the Old School*, which is the latest, as far as I know, of this author's writings in verse. The *Old Pindaree* is, if I am not mistaken, his earliest work, and perhaps it is for this reason that he has never published it except anonymously in a local paper. I cannot but think he is mistaken in this course. The "Old Pindaree" is, in my humble opinion, one of the most vigorous and graphic poems in the English language. I do not know whether Mr. Lyall intentionally made the language of the earlier part of it slightly rude and even comic. If it was an accident, it was a very lucky one. The querulous and slightly vulgar speech of the old freebooter, while he is grumbling at the exactions inflicted by the retinue of the Settlement Officer and the School Inspector, contrasts most happily with the *os rotundum* in which he delivers his youthful reminiscences. I venture to think that, except in the very highest classical poetry, there are few better passages than the closing lines beginning "Praise to the Name Almighty."

But I must not detain you longer from the reading of the poem itself.

THE OLD PINDAREE.

Allah is great, my children, and kind to a
slave like me,
The big sahib's tent has gone from under
the peepul tree.

With his horde of hungry chuprassees,¹
and oily sons of the quill—
I paid them the bribe they wanted, and
Sheitan will settle my bill.
It's not that I care for money, or expect a
dog to be clean,
If I were lord of the ryots, they'd starve
ere I grew lean—
But I'd sooner be robbed by a tall man,
who showed me a yard of steel,
Than be fleeced by a sneaking Baboo, with
a peen¹ and badge at his heel.
There goes my lord, the Feringhee, who
talks so civil and bland,
But raves like a soul in Jehannum, if I
don't quite understand—
He begins by calling me Sahib, and ends
by calling me fool,
He has taken my old sword from me, and
tells me to set up a school;
Set up a school in the village "and my
wishes are," says he,
"That you'll make the boys learn reg'lar
or you'll get a lesson from me"—
Well—Ram Lall the *Telee*² mocks me, and
pounded my cow last rains—
He's got three greasy young urchins—I'll
see that *they* take pains.
Then comes a Settlement *Hakim*³, to teach
me to plough and weed—
I sowed the cotton he gave me—but first I
boiled the seed;
He likes us humble farmers, and speaks so
gracious and wise,
As he asks of our manners and customs—
I tell him a parcel of lies.
"Look," says the school Feringhee, "what
a silly old man you be,"
"You can't read, write, nor cypher—and
your grandsons do all all three."
"They'll check the *mahajun's*⁴ figures,
and reckon the tenant's corn,
"And read good books about London, and
the world afore you were born."
Well—I may be old and foolish, for I've
seventy years well told,
And the Sahibs have governed me forty—
so my heart and hands got cold.
Good boys they are—my grandsons—I
know, but they'll never be men
Such as I was at twenty-five, when the
sword was king of the pen.
Ah, I rode a Deccanee charger, with the
saddle cloth gold laced,
And a Persian sword, and a twelve-foot
spear, and a pistol at my waist—

¹ *Chuprassees*, Court messenger and process server, also called *peons*.

² *Telee*, an oilman or Chandler; many of them are money-lenders.

³ *Hakim*, an officer; always applied to those of high rank. *Hakeem*, with the second syllable long, is a physician; both words come from the same Arabic root.

⁴ *Mahajun*, a broker, money-lender, and produce dealer.

My son! He keeps a *tatoo*¹, and I grin
to see him astride
Jogging away to *cutchery*², and swaying
from side to side.
My father was an Afghan, and came from
Kandahar,
He rode with Nuwab Ameer Khan in the
old Mahratta war,
From the Himalay to the Deccan, five
hundred of one clan
They asked no leave from king or chief, as
they swept o'er Hindustan,
My mother was a Brahminee, but held to
my father well.
She was saved from the sack of Juleysur,
when a thousand Hindus fell—
Her kindred died in the sally, so she fol-
lowed where he went,
And lived like a bold *Pathanee*³ in the
shade of a rider's tent.
It's many a year gone by now, but yet I
often dream
Of a long dark march to the Jumna, and
splashing across the stream;
The waning moon on the water, and the
spears in the dim starlight,
As I rode in front of my mother, and
wondered at all the sight.
But the British chased Ameer Khan, and
the roving times must cease,
My father got this village, and sowed
his crops in peace—
But I was young and hot of blood—it was
no life for me,
So I took to the hills of Malwa and became
a Pindaree.
Praise to the name Almighty! there is no
God but one—
Mahomed is his Prophet, and his will shall
ever be done—
Ye shall take no use for money, nor your
faith for lucre sell,
Ye shall make no terms with the infidel,
but smite his soul to Hell.
Tell me, ye men of Islam, who are living
in slavish ease,
Who wrangle before the Feringhee for a
poor man's last rupees—
Are ye better than were your fathers, who
plundered with old Cheetoo,
And squeezed the greedy traders. Don't
traders now squeeze you?
Down there lives a *mahajun*—my father
gave him a bill,
I have paid the knave thrice over, and
here I'm paying him still—

He shows me a long stamp paper, and
must have my land—must he?
If I were twenty years younger he should
get six feet by three.
And if I were forty years younger, and my
life before me to choose,
I wouldn't be lectured by *Kafirs*,⁴ or
swindled by fat Hindoos;
But I'd go to some far off country where
Moosulmans still are men,
Or take to the forest, like Cheetoo, and
die in a tiger's den.

The poem I shall next read I
have selected chiefly because of its
great literary merit. Having said
that, it is hardly necessary to add
that I did not write it myself; but
I offer this explanation by way of
caution, because I do not positively
know who the author was, and,
though I have an opinion on the
subject, I do not intend to disclose
it. The composition is a bitter
satire, or what the last century
would have called a lampoon, on an
official of high rank, whose name I
also think it undesirable to reveal.
Official jealousies are naturally a
very salient feature of a life so
largely immersed in official affairs
as is that of most Anglo-Indians.
So far, this poem is representative;
but, in justice to the body to which
I belong, I think it right to say
that among Anglo-Indians it is far
easier to make warm friends than
even lukewarm enemies. In twenty
years of Indian experience this is
the only bitter personal attack I
have ever become aware of, though,
as we shall see presently, there is
plenty of innocently humorous satire.

AN OFFICIAL EPITAPH.

If in your life there had been aught to
blind one
With rays of light, or tears of yearning
ruth
In all your acts, one honourably kind one
In all your words, one truth

¹ *Tatoo*, a small pony of the common country breed.

² *Cutchery*, the district court house. The "Old Pindari's" son had evidently taken up the profession of an attorney or pleader.

³ *Pathani*, an Afghan woman.

⁴ *Kafirs*—unbelievers, literally *rebels*; the name contradistinctive to Islam, which means *submissive*.

In all your story, one heroic feature,
Untainted with the lust of praise or
pelf;
In all your tortuous, complicated nature
One chord untuned to self

We might be sad to see a life of labour
Thus wearing out in disappointed
gloom;
And some commiserating thoughts might
neighbour
Your reputation's tomb!

But when we think of what you *might*
have been,
The cares you might have soothed, the
hearts kept warm,
Then turn to your deep passion—for
routine
Your loyal love—of form

Your faith in God—so bred of fear—so
hollow,
Your love of man—so circumscribed to
one—
We find a track to flee and not to follow,
A mark to steer from and to shun!

Go! with your primly prostituted pen,
Your smiles, your wiles, your calculated
cants;
And take with you the scorn of honest
men,
The praise of sycophants.

Farewell! ('tis what no guest did at your
board)
A heart like yours would turn a heaven
to hell;
Yet even you shall have one pitying
word,
So, if you can—Farewell!

Having now read to you what
I believe to be the only extant
specimen of an Anglo-Indian
lampoon, I pass by an easy
transition to a class of which there
are many specimens—the Anglo-
Indian Squib.

Until the sovereignty of India
passed to the Crown, the passion
for titles and decorations did not
develope itself in the proportions
it has since assumed. Military
men indeed were as fond of medals
and ribbons as they are all over
the world. But the Civil Services,
and the non-military residents
in India generally, had a very

philosophical disregard of these
ornaments. Titles were very rare.
Nearly all the great men of the
Company's service lived and died
simple esquires. The practice
of knighting the provincial Lieu-
tenant Governors may be said
to have been begun after the
Mutiny. Sir John Lawrence was
knighted before he became Lieu-
tenant Governor of the Punjab. Sir
George Edmonstone, Sir Frederic
Halliday, and Sir John Peter Grant
were knighted after they retired
from office. Unless I am very
much mistaken, the first Lieutenant
Governor who was knighted on
accession to office was Sir William
Muir in 1868. When the Order
of the Star of India was in-
stituted, public sentiment at first
looked on it as slightly ridiculous.
That sort of thing, it was thought,
was very well for military men,
who had always been used to re-
wards that appealed rather to
personal vanity than to more
rational motives; it was all very
well for natives, who are like big
babies in their love of tinsel and
raree show. But the somewhat
stolid civilian would have infinitely
preferred two or three steps of
official promotion to all the medals
in the Mint, and meantime was
perfectly content to do his duty,
perhaps in a somewhat dogged
fashion, but still "untainted by
the lust of praise or pelf." Sir
John Lawrence himself was a man
very much of this temper; and his
first issue of decorations of the
Star of India was made by simple
order in the *Gazette*. I do not
know whether he was acting under
inspiration from home when he
decided to hold a great Investiture
at Agra in the early winter of
1866. However this may have
been, he did so decide, and hence
the Great Durbar, the subject of
the effusion I am now going to
read:—

THE AGRA DURBAR OF 1866.

Sure the bold Pioneer¹
Is an editor more dear
To the public ear than the Telegraph or
Star
And no poet could refuse
To call upon his muse
And communicate the news of this great
Durbar.

The Viceroy, Sir John Lawrence,
Though expense is his abhorrence,
Issued summonses and warrants for the
Order of the Star;
And invited to the station
All the nobles of the nation
To receive their decoration at his great
Durbar.²

Among others that were summoned
Was the Honourable Drummond;³
And he started from the hills in his one-
horse car
But, by reason of his haste,
He overdrove his baste,
And broke his nose, poor fellow, on his way
to the Durbar.

There was also Cecil Beadon,⁴
And Mr. Ashley Eden,⁵
'Twas they drove the blue boys from
green Bengal.⁶
And Sir Donald Macleod,⁷
Of whom the Sikhs are proud,
Encamped in a rowtee⁸ by the graveyard
wall.

To relate I'd be afraid
How the tents were arrayed,
All round the grand parade, where the
army came.
But Brigadier Mulcaster,
The General Quartermaster,
Saved us many a disaster by the arrange-
ment of the same.

There were chiefs from Lahore,
And the Raja of Jypore,
His men wear red pegtops and bottle-
green coats.
And many a gallant captain,
Most elegantly wrapt in
A uniform you see on board the P. and O.
boats.⁹

Then the big guns fired,
And the troops perspired,
And well they might be tired counter-
marching on the plain.
Before Maharajah Scindiah,¹⁰
And the Friend of India,¹¹
The Tahsildar¹² of Agra and Seymour
Blane.¹³

But Mr. White, the tailor,¹⁴
On his great big Waler¹⁵
(Begorra 'tis swells them tailors are)
Made the *maidan* tremble,¹⁶
Where the folks did assemble,
In honour of the Viceroy and the great
Durbar.

'Twas a great sensation
At the Installation,
And I'm told the conversation was in-
structive and sublime.
But the Hindostani tongue
Must be learned when you're young,
More by token I was outside standing
sentry all the time.

I have not transcribed the whole
of this effusion. I believe I have
given you what was best worth
hearing in it; but even that is not
of any great value. My chief, in-
deed my only, object in bringing
it before you was to illustrate the

¹ The *Pioneer* is the leading journal of North India.

² *Durbar*, Persian—a State Reception, Levee, &c.

³ Hon. Edmund Drummond, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces from 1863 to 1868.

⁴ Now Sir Cecil Beadon; he was then Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Bengal.

⁵ Now Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

⁶ This allusion will be explained in connection with another poem.

⁷ Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

⁸ *Rowtee*, a small kind of tent.

⁹ The diplomatic, or, as they are called in India, the political officers, wear a court dress which resembles a mongrel naval uniform. Nearly all these officers are military men.

¹⁰ Maharajah of Gwalior.

¹¹ A well-known Calcutta paper.

¹² The native taxgatherer.

¹³ One of the Viceroy's military secretaries.

¹⁴ A well-known character at Agra.

¹⁵ *Waler*, an Australian horse.

¹⁶ *Maidan*, a plain (Persian).

temper in which the Anglo-Indian received the first drops of the shower of decorations which has since descended so liberally.

Being a squib, it was of course published anonymously; rumour ascribes it to two members of the Bengal Civil Service. Dramatically, the composition is supposed to be the work of an Irish private in one of the regiments on duty during the assembly.

The next piece I have to offer you is also a squib. You will probably think that the squib plays an unduly important part in Anglo-Indian literature, and above all in this paper. But you must recollect that the serious poetry is, for the most part, published in a permanent form; whereas this is a collection of ephemeral productions, which I venture to submit to your judgment, in the hope that they may not be wholly lost. As to the importance of the squib in Anglo-Indian literature, I may say that it in a measure takes the place of the political ballad, about which there is a proverb more trite than true; or of the epigram, by which a certain despotism was once said to be tempered. Not that the Indian Government is really influenced by squibs, but the squib acts as a capital safety valve. In England people write to the *Times*; in India to the *Pioneer*; but if the writer to the *Pioneer* can hitch his complaint into readable verse, he not only eases his mind, but acquires a sort of celebrity as well. I have never heard who wrote *Our Present Financial Position*; but I am tempted to ascribe it to Mr. Alexander Macmillan, B.C.S., on account of the reputation he has acquired as a writer of humorous verse. More of his work hereafter.

OUR PRESENT FINANCIAL POSITION.

'Twas a voice that did cry from the clouds
near the sky—

Oh give heed to the newest edition
Of what I must say on the curse of the
day

Our present most awful condition.

We are going so fast to perdition,
So close to complete abolition;
We shall be in Hong Kong before very
long

In our present financial position.

You were told this before, but you thought
to ignore

The thing by a little attrition;
Some parings you made, and you smiled as
you said

Am I not a great statistician?

But this won't improve our condition,
Of the animal make no partition;
But go him entire, or we'll stick in the
mire

In our present financial position.

Tis painful, no doubt, to kick a man out
Who has reached, as he thinks, the
fruition

Of long years of toil on the far Indian
soil,

And now has got nought in rendition.

But the simplest arithmetician
Can't fail to perceive the condition;
I tell you, you duffer, that *some one* must
suffer

For our present financial position.

And first you'll agree that it needn't be
me,

And I'm happy to say in addition
That it needn't be you, though your *tullub**
'tis true

Is in a plethoric condition,

But reserve for this great demolition,
For total, complete abolition
The poor and the small who must forfeit
their all

In our present financial position.

Indeed for ourselves we could go on our
shelves

And feel but small loss of nutrition;
We've had such a long pull, and had such
a strong pull,

That nothing can touch our condition.

But beware of the rash proposition
Of the wild and the weak supposition,
You will take this small hint, in the way
that its meant

In our present financial position.

* *Tullub*—salary; the word is Anglo-Indian *patois* rather than correct Hindostani.

My love for the State is uncommonly
great ;
To improve her disastrous condition
I could give as oblation my nearest
relation,
And send my best friends to perdition

And hold it the merest sedition
If I grieved o'er their just demolition ;
To save her dear pelf I'd give all but
myself

In our present financial position.

And thus, my dear friends, we shall all
gain our ends,

And how pleasant to feel in addition
That, happen what may, our very good
pay

Will remain in its present condition ;

For I am no mere rhetorician,

But a regular 'oute statistician—

The man, without doubt, who will find the
way out

Of our present financial position.

I have now to introduce you to a poem whose chief literary merit is perhaps due to its being a parody. Like so many of the others, it appeared anonymously in a newspaper, and I have never been able to learn the author's name. The author calls it the *Rising Man of 1873*; but, as you will observe, the date has to be corrected in the poem itself, and for this and other reasons I prefer to call it the *Indian Vicar of Bray*. The song commemorates the Lieutenant-Governors of Lower Bengal from 1856 to 1874. Mr. Halliday (now Sir Frederick) was the first Lieutenant - Governor whose seat was at Calcutta. Up to Lord Dalhousie's time the Governor - General of India was, *ex officio*, Governor of the Metropolitan Province; but the Viceregal duties then became so onerous that the provincial administration had to be deputed. Mr. Halliday was a very able and efficient ruler, but, unlike some other Governors, he had no *fads* in public life. His *fad* in private life was music, and

it used to be said that fiddling or piano playing was a sure passport to his favour. Sir Frederick Halliday's successor was John Peter Grant, who, as Sir John, became Governor of Jamaica in succession to the celebrated Eyre. The chief event of Mr. Grant's administration was the great Indigo dispute. The native growers of indigo complained that the English firms of contractors were guilty of extortionate practices. Mr. Grant and his secretary, who is now Sir Ashley Eden, took the part of the native cultivators or ryots: hence the allusion in this poem as well as in the Agra Durbar poem.* Sir John Grant's successor was Cecil Beadon, who was knighted at the Durbar of 1866, whereof we have already heard. He went in for developing the breed of cattle, and encouraged shows of fat stock. He also enforced upon the younger civilians a close attention to the study of the vernacular *patois*, so that they should depend less on the *Amlah* or native clerks, who, besides their proper duties, acted as a sort of interpreters, turning the speech of the peasantry into polite language, and often making a witness in court say things he never meant.

Sir Cecil Beadon was succeeded by Sir William Grey, and he by Sir George Campbell, in whose time it was found necessary to enforce rigorously the law against public lotteries. So the "Rising Man" had actually to drown his dogs lest he should be suspected of any sort of sporting tastes. Sir George, as you know, is now in Parliament; and he was succeeded by Sir Richard Temple, whose private hobby is art, and who as a public man has had to manage no less than four famines in the six years since he became a

* 'Twas they drove the blue boys (indigo planters), from green Bengal.

Provincial Governor. Sir Richard has recently, as is well known, retired from the Governorship of Bombay, and Sir Ashley Eden is Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; and this ends the roll.

THE RISING MAN, 1873.

(AIR, *The Vicar of Bray*.)

When Halliday held merry sway,
And fiddling was in fashion,
My Straduarinus I would play,
For music was my passion;
Nor hushed my string till Grant was king,
And indigo unquiet;
Then boldly rushed into the ring,
The champion of the ryot;
For this is law, that I'll maintain
As ably as I can, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the rising man, sir!

When Beadon in the palace sat,
I shifted my position,
Collecting sheep and oxen fat
To grace his exhibition;
And when he broke the *amlah's* yoke,
I felt the inspiration,
And learned the brogue of every rogue
Who filed an application.
For this is law, &c.

When Beadon's day had passed away,
And Grey assumed his station,
With pen in hand I took my stand
On—The Higher Education;
But now that lotteries are put down,
I cut my friends who gamble,
And rush my puppy-dogs to drown
And win a smile from Campbell.
For this is law, &c.

In framing rules for primary schools,
In rural exploration,
My active mind shall seek and find
Congenial occupation.
Then George shall be my king till he
Shall seek St. Stephen's lobby;
When I shall feel an equal zeal
For his successor's hobby!
For this is law, &c.

P.S.—1874.

I hail (since Campbell must depart)
Our British Bonapartist,
And worship art with all my heart,
Myself a humble artist;
For ever, as my fertile pen
Some fresh report composes,
I catch a while my master's style,
And tint the whole with roses.
For this is law, &c.

My piercing eye can best descry
That famine's still impending;
And none but Dick through thin and thick
Can steer us to its ending.
Transactions nice in Burmah rice,
Colossal cash advances,
Must needs demand the subtle hand
That guided our finances.
And this I do, and will maintain
As ably as I can, sir.
For whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the rising man, sir!

I have kept to the last, two poems, which I consider by far the wittiest in my collection. They appeared anonymously, but the Indian world, with one consent, ascribes them to Mr. Alexander Macmillan, of the Bengal Civil Service. The first I shall read is a parody on an old Scottish ballad, or at least the opening stanza is so; and the rest of the verses follow it in their form. It is called the *Lament of the Settlement Officers*. These officers are the superintendents of the re-valuation of land, which in the North-West Province, or Hindostan proper, takes place every thirty years. One of these periods of thirty years expired while Sir William Muir was Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West. Sir William had himself been a settlement officer thirty years earlier, and it was he who described the settlement officers as the "picked men of a picked service." The work of settlement is partly outdoor, in the way of survey and inspection, and partly desk work, consisting of drawing up reports. The outdoor work is naturally limited in duration to the cold weather, or the months from November to February inclusive. Sir William, in his indulgence for his "picked men," thought that they might as well do their desk work in a cool climate, and so gave them permission to migrate to Nynee Tal, the hill station to which the Lieutenant-Governor and his staff

retreat annually when the hot winds and the steamy rains render the plain country only habitable by the *unpicked*. The rank and file of the service cannot have these indulgences—they must bear the burden and heat of the day, and take what they can get in the way of regular leave. But, although the settlement officers were supposed to be on duty at the hill station, it used now and then to be found that, instead of writing assessment reports, they were drilling with the volunteers, or boating, or shooting, or flirting, for which latter amusement Lady Muir's garden parties and games of Badminton afforded ample scope. So when Sir William Muir retired, and Sir John Strachey reigned in his stead, a dire rumour went forth that the settlement staff was no longer to go to Nynee Tal. Mr. Macmillan, himself one of the picked men, took this method of expressing his sorrow. It may gratify you to know that Sir John Strachey never carried out the threat, if indeed he ever uttered it, which I doubt. I have only to add that Jwalakhet and Cheena are the names of localities near Nynee Tal.

LAMENT OF THE SETTLEMENT OFFICERS.

IN THE PLAINS AND LIKELY TO REMAIN THERE.

Wo! Willie Muir our kynge is deid
 Wha led the land in love in lea;
 Gane are our days of ale and brede,
 Of wine and wassail *gammon* and glee;
 O! gentle hevin, grant remede
 And shield us frae the cauld Strachee.
 Our Willie dear, in swithering mood
 Full aft we doubt he wrestled sair,
 Yet still to us a patron good
 Proclaimed our ends his ceaseless care;
 Had we been e'en his kin in blood
 He could na weel hae loved us mair.
 Whate'er we penned, in many a screed,
 Much cry about a little woo',
 He printed for the warld to read
 In beuks o' yellow, beuks o' blue,
 And crowning proof of love indeed,
 Himself he read them, through and through!

And if our eggs of settlement
 (As chanced at times through fortune's
 spite),
 For all the years in hatching spent,
 Proved addled when they saw the light,
 He smiled on them with mild content
 As sweet and sound and flawless quite.
 From out the herd he did us raise,
 And, guiding still our favored feet,
 Far sundered from the rest our ways,
 And gave, by a division meet,
 To us the guerdon and the praise,
 To them the burden and the heat;
 And therefore when, from dust and glare,
 His court did its departure take,
 And glad to summer haunt repair
 On Nynee's hills, by Nynee's lake,
 Us too he bid attend him there
 For our transcendent merits' sake.
 Soon, heedless of assessment notes,
 Wi' lightsome hearts we flung them
 down,
 And sallied forth in soldiers' coats
 To march wi' martial show and soun,'
 And rowed the lake in bonnie boats,
 And leapt and sprang at Badmintoun.
 With bullets' ring in Jwalakhet
 Our rifles roused the echoes clear,
 On piny steeps, in gorges strait,
 We sought at dawn the mountain deer;
 In Cheena's dells at eve we sate,
 And whispered love in beauty's ear.
 O sad, O dismal change! at last
 The common lot of ills to share,
 Erst deemed but nightmares of the past,
 And all the harder now to bear,—
 The breath of June's sirocco blast,
 The weight of August's sodden air.
 And that the altered doom we dree
 May lack no sting of jest and jeer,
 The Great Unpicked with ribald glee
 Triumphantlly their crests uprear,
 And loud extol the cauld Strachee,
 And cavil at our Willie dear.
 But let them mock with cavils vain:
 We, sad of heart and like to greet,
 Will none the less in pious strain
 The chorus of his praise repeat.
 Where shall we see his like again
 Our Willie lost, our Willie sweet!

I am now going to read the last poem with which I shall trouble you. The effusion speaks for itself, and needs only a very few words of explanation. The hard words are all proper names, except *amlah* and *wallah*. *Amla*, you know, is the native clerk of court. *Wallah* is short for *competition wallah*, a

term of endearment invented by Haileybury men twenty-five years ago by their colleagues of the new school. The particular *wallah* here mentioned is William Hunter, LL.D., the head of the Indian Statistical Department. Among his very miscellaneous duties this gentleman once found himself called on to invent a system of spelling Indian names in English; and he proposed some innovations which were at once scientifically incorrect and practically very uncouth, such as *Cawnpur* for Cawnpore. Strictly speaking, this word should be Kanhpur; but the common spelling is good enough for ordinary folks, and *Cawnpur* is simply a useless compromise. The theme of this poem is the name of an Indian gentleman who was appointed to the Civil Service in 1872. I daresay the name will not appear quainter to you than most Indian names do; but in India we thought it the very oddest even of native names, and Mr. Macmillan, as you will see, makes fun of it in the most rollicking fashion:

A RHAPSODY.

There is a sound that haunts my ear,
That holds me with a spell of power,
From sunset to the day-dawn clear,
From dawn until the sunset hour:
'Tis not the blast's autumnal roar,
'Tis not the sound of waters falling,
'Tis no sweet music loved of yore,
Lost echoes of the past recalling:
'Tis not the strain that thrills the air
At midnight, when the bulbul sings;
'Tis not the name of damsel fair;
'Tis not—a thousand other things.
In short 'tis what you ne'er can guess:
Know then, it's nothing more nor less
Than what seven syllables express,
The name of that late-passed C. S.
Anundorum Borooah.

When Haileybury's hall of fame
Fell, scoffed at as an old-world sham,
And India's service first became
The meed of merit—and of cram,
We looked in course of time to see
Muir, Lawrence, ranked with Chatterjee,
And Plowdens alternate with Dutts,
And Ghoses elbow Elliots;

But vengeful Heaven strike me dumb,
If e'er we thought of name so "rum."
As this of thine, Anundorum
Anundorum Borooah.

At morn when I to court repair,
Where day by day on judgment chair,
By dint of many a wild surmise,
I strive to strike a balance fair
Between contending sets of lies,—
That eerie name pursues me there,
Mocked by all sounds that round me rise,
Droned in the Amlah's monotone,
Blent with each tax appellant's moan,
And buzzing with the buzzing flies!
My very goose-quill, seized with craze,
Half automatically traces
Anundorum all kinds of ways,
Borooah in all sorts of places;
Like Dickens's immortal Toots,
A forger innocent of blame,
I try how large, how small hand suits
The letters of that wondrous name,
How flourished capitals become
The signature Anundorum

Anundorum Borooah.

By night when, swinging o'er my bed,
The punkah fans my weary head,
Still to the tune Anundorum
The waving fringes go and come;
And when the coolie drops the rope
And I about my chamber grope,
Irate but mute,
For brush or boot,
Or fragments of carbolic soap,
Or volumes of fat Law Digest,
As missiles to disturb his rest,
Then seem, as if by fiends possest,
Mosquitoes with infernal hum
To iterate Anundorum

Anundorum Borooah.

I sleep—that name becomes the theme
Of many a changed and troublous dream;
Full oft in fitful slumber tost
I see a battle won and lost;
I hear Borooah's dread cognomen
Sound fear and death to flying foemen.
Anon returns the conquering host,
While thunders every thundering drum,
Anundorum! Anundorum!
As home they march in victor state,
A band of maidens young and gay
Comes tripping from the city gate,
And some with roses strew the way.
Some wave green palms in air, and
some
On lutes of sounding amber thrum
The praises of Anundorum
Anundorum Borooah.

Tis past—my dream is changed—and now
There seems beside my couch to stand,
With earnest eyes and thoughtful brow,
A Wallah, son of Scotia's land—
No Philistine, a child of light;

While such as he win India's praise,
 Still Scotland, as in ancient days,
 May glory in her Wallah's might !
 Who is it but that smart young man,
 In lore of languages excelling,
 Of late with a new-fangled plan
 Let loose to teach all India spelling ?
 Him do I greet with clamorous glee,
 O mighty Hunter, LL.D.
 Let Oude be spelt as heretofore,
 And *Cawnpur* still be writ Cawnpore,
 For I have work more meet for thee—
 The hour is come, and thou the man,
 Who can'st, although none other can,
 Resolve this tough *conunderum*,
 How shall we *spell* Anundorum
 Anundorum Borooah.

In shades of visionary mist,
 With look that's somewhat posed and
 glum,
 He sinks, the etymologist,
 Muttering Anundorum.
 But hist ! what second shape doth rise ?
 What prescient tremor thrills my
 breast ?
 Oh joy ! beyond expression blest
 Borooah's self I recognise ;
 He smiles upon me, calls me pal,
 That peerless name's original,
 In mould corporeal confest ;
 He deigns with me to talk and jest,
 To chaff, drink pegs, and all the rest,
 As man does with his brother men ;
 Laughs when I ask what M or N
 (As asks the prayer-book catechist)
 That name bestowed, most barbarous
 E'er blazoned in a Civil List ?
 Grown fearless, I address him thus :
 You know, my Nundy, tattlers say
 That ere you passed the other day
 You played a horoscopic hoax
 On our good easy English folks,
 By dropping out an awkward year
 In counting up your age's sum.
 (The evil-speaking *Pioneer*
 Thus libelleth Anundorum.)
 The Nundy lists with pricked-up ear,
 And eyes me with an artful leer,

Then parting one hand's finger tips,
 He puts unto his nose the thumb,
 And drops from scarcely opening lips
 One syllable of meaning—mum !
 This said, he vanishes, and I
 Awake and desolately cry :
 Where hast thou fled, my friend, my
 chum,
 Anundorum ! Anundorum !
 Anundorum Borooah !
 Thus night by night, thus day by day,
 That jarring name assails my peace ;
 No charm will drive the pest away
 In vain I struggle for release :
 The victim of a new disease
 To wit, Borooah on the brain
 I feel that, not by slow degrees,
 I grow beyond all hope insane.
 Soon, soon will dawn my day of doom,
 When intellect's remaining spark
 Shall fail and leave me in the dark
 To sink into an early tomb.
 The friends I leave behind to weep
 Will raise a tablet (chaste though cheap)
 To mark their grief, at moderate cost
 For one so young, so early lost ;
 And graven on the marble cold—
 Here rests, by trouble vexed no more,
 The bard of Sabsechotapore.
 He lived beloved, he died demented,
 Killed by a name of sound more wild
 Than e'er was for a fork-tailed child
 In Pandemonium invented.
 Time was he trolled a merry note,
 Now death has stilled his tuneful throat,
 Has bid his lyric lips be dumb ;
 Woe was the day that weird sound smote
 On his astounded tympanum !
 Then, traveller, pause, let fall a tear,
 And, shuddering, read recorded here,
 The name of doom, the name of fear.
 Anundorum, Anundorum,
 The king of sounds, uncouth and queer—
 Of all that can revolt the ear,
 Cacophonous compendium
 Anundorum Borooah
 Anundorum, Anundorum—
 Anundorum Borooah.

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

No. IV.

My nephew gave a flaming account at home of our visit to the Gardens. "And oh, Mama, he said," there was a little old man with a grey beard that knew Uncle Frank, and he did talk such nonsense—he said we had all been monkeys once. And Uncle Frank looked so quiet and good that I expected him every moment to say something dreadful. But he didn't. But I know what you thought, Uncle—I am sure I do."

"And what was that?" I inquired.

"‘Speak for yourself,’ you would have said, only you thought it would be too cruel—I am sure that was what I thought, at all events. But you touched him up, Uncle—he went off as if he had been shot."

"On the contrary," said I, "he went off with the honours of war. There is a letter from him by this very morning's post."

"Pray read us the letter," said my sister-in-law.

"My dear Mr. Frank Vernon," I read, "I trust that there did not seem anything abrupt in my leaving you yesterday when I did. I would have waited any reasonable time for a reply, if you had had any chance of making one, to truths which are so well established as are those demonstrated by Darwin and Haeckel—as is proved by the general consent of educated Europe. But I was surprised to find how far I had outstayed my regular hour, and I was alarmed at the idea that I might be too late for lunch. My wretched state of

health obliges me to do everything by rule. If my residence were not so far from Mr. ——'s, I should express the great pleasure which it would give me to see you, if you should happen to be in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile believe me to remain yours truly—S. Pearce."

"He certainly does not take the same view of the debate that Reginald does," said my sister-in-law. "You will never refuse the challenge to beard him in his den, Frank!"

I thought a call would not be out of place. Dr. Pearce had a good library, and used, at all events in earlier days, never to be at rest till he had the last new work on any subject that was a hobby—including, indeed, physic as well as physiology. I went to call, therefore, tolerably early, and found him at home, and he was accompanied by a man I had not seen before, a Mr. Floss, who had become, as I afterwards learned, very intimate, and a frequent guest.

Dr. Pearce repeated the apology of his note for leaving me so completely *terrassé*, as he admitted that he had done. "But I like to be sure where I am," said he. "When you see where the current of thought tends, you cannot do wrong to go with it. I don't wish to be like Sindbad the Sailor with the Old Man of the Sea on my back."

"No," said I, "that must have been a very humiliating position."

"Then get out of it, my good friend," said Dr. Pearce. "Here's Mr. Floss, who has just been telling

me that the 'Origin of Species' is translated into Icelandic."

"Just heard it from Murray," put in Mr. Floss, magnificently.

"Well," said I, "I hope that the Icelanders will be the better for it. But I don't see that it would affect my opinion in any way."

"Not affect your opinion!" said Dr. Pearce, with a stare. "Why, what can carry conviction to the mind—even to the most obstinate mind—but the voice of the great majority, the common consent of mankind?"

"Yes," added Mr. Floss, "it is a profound truth that nothing succeeds like success."

"I wish I could read Icelandic," said I; "I have an idea that there are some very quaint things in the language—don't they call them Sagas?"

"Mere puerilities," observed Mr. Floss, as if he had all the Icelandic literature at his fingers' ends.

"But very quaint stories of the Iceland witches."

"I have not time to bestow on that species of rubbish," said Dr. Pearce.

"Well," said I, "as to rubbish, I don't know. I have understood that the belief in witchcraft lingers in those regions yet."

"Possibly," said Dr. Pearce; "they have a long dark winter."

"Then you do not think there is any foundation for the belief in witchcraft?"

"My dear Vernon," returned Dr. Pearce, "will you forgive the remark that, for a man not altogether without education, you appear to me at times to take up the most inconceivable whims? With our present state of scientific information, these degrading superstitions would be objects of horror if they were not so supremely contemptible."

"Below contempt," echoed Mr. Floss.

"And yet, little more than two hundred years ago," said I, the voice of the great majority, the common consent of mankind, would have dealt rather sharply—in fact, did so—with the obstinate mind that permitted itself any doubt as to the diabolical energy of witchcraft."

"But we know better now," explained Mr. Floss.

"Perhaps so," said I. "But in King James's time there was no appeal made to the verdict of a future age, more or less enlightened. Opinion was much more unanimous then, as to this very evil of witchcraft, than it is now in acceptance of the views of Mr. Darwin. You say that that common consent was wrong. How can you argue anything from partial consent now?"

"What do you say to that, Floss?" asked Dr. Pearce rather grumpily.

"It is easy to reply to that," said Mr. Floss, "quite easy. By the bye, Dr. Pearce, you look fatigued. Let me pour you out a glass of your tonic."

"I don't mind, if you do," replied the doctor. "I—I am sometimes a little put out when people make up their minds to look at things the wrong way. Vernon, a glass won't hurt you."

Mr. Floss, who was evidently quite at home, had produced one or two glasses from a cupboard, which seemed to open quite unexpectedly in the bookcase. He poured some dark-looking fluid into what looked to me very like sherry. Filling two glasses, he looked at me as he held the decanter suspended over the third.

"For me? No, thank you," said I.

"You had better. No? Then you don't know what is good for you," said Mr. Floss, emptying his glass, which was very full,

and replenishing it with great rapidity.

"That," said I, "is no doubt intended as an aid to support the fittest in the battle of life."

"Ah!" said Dr. Pearce, who followed the example of his friend, "there is another of the magnificent discoveries of Mr. Darwin. Our whole view of the organic kingdoms is changed by that splendid truth. Combined with inherent variability of species, which is a truth inductively arrived at, the deductive action of the law of survival explains the entire course of what you call nature."

"I think that subject has been brought forward lately in a somewhat practical form," said I. "Has not the falling off in the breed of grouse been attributed to the destruction of the birds of prey?"

"Yes, it has," said Dr. Pearce, and by no less conclusive an authority than Frank Buckland. The raptorial birds, naturally preying upon the weakest of the raptorial broods, leave the stronger and sturdier birds to continue the race. Remove the raptorial birds, and the sickly grouse breed as fast as the strong ones, and so the race degenerates."

"Then one species aids another, or the reverse, in fighting the battle of life?" said I.

"Indubitably," returned the doctor; "the interdependence of species, not in the animal kingdom alone, but as between the animal and vegetable tribes, is most close and intimate. The whole face of the world is modified by it."

"As in the case of the influence of the cat on the growth of clover, through the good offices of the field mouse and the humble bee, if I remember rightly," said I.

"Precisely so," assented Dr. Pearce. "Now let me ask what unexpected chain of sequences could

be thought to associate the mousing habits of the cat with the growth of one species of vetch rather than another? And yet nothing can be more clear, no discovery more elegant."

"I quite think so," I agreed; it has always struck me as one of the happiest inspirations of a born naturalist."

"Now you talk like a sensible—like yourself," said the doctor. "And so it is with all the rest of his discoveries."

"Yes," said I, "if you distinguish between his inductions from observed facts, and that part of his theory which is not inductive."

"Well, yes," said the doctor. "But I hardly know where you mean to make the exceptions."

"Not to the observations," said I. "As far as I am able to judge, Mr. Darwin's observations are always of great interest, and often of great value and beauty. Where I stop is, that they seem to me either to be irrelevant to his theories, or actually inconsistent with them."

"Paradox, paradox, paradox!" said the Doctor, rather grimly.

"Mr. Vernon deals much in that figure of rhetoric," added Mr. Floss.

"Of course it may be my stupidity," said I; "but you would not have me say I am convinced until I am?"

"Of course not," said Dr. Pearce. "But why are you not convinced, like everybody else?"

"I am not a credulous person," said Mr. Floss, "and I hate anything like compliments and flowery speeches, and so on. In fact, I see bigger faults in my friends than in anyone else. Sincere regard is a sort of microscope for faults. Perhaps I am often rude; but I must say that the lucid way in which my friend Pearce puts the most difficult subject is such that

I cannot but wish his audience was always a very large one."

I did not think it necessary to enter into that view of the case. Dr. Pearce affected to frown—with an impatient 'Pshaw!'—but I could see that the subtle venom of the flatterer had infected him. "The first point that strikes me as a hiatus," said I, "is this: Mr. Darwin gives numerous observations as to the variability of pigeons. I kept pigeons as a boy, and therefore I read all these observations with great interest, though not many of them were new to me."

"Just what I should have expected," chimed in the Doctor.

"Now there is one point, which is not overlooked by Mr. Darwin, but to which I question whether he gives the importance it deserves."

"And what may that be?"

"The extreme care that is necessary in order to maintain purity of breed. If you have two or three kinds of pigeons in the same house—I had a good large pigeon house—it is almost impossible to keep them from mis-matching. The birds seem to have a perverse preference for mates different from themselves."

"Sexual selection," explained Mr. Floss.

"Such a preference they certainly have, whether perverse or otherwise," I continued. "Now, here we have a case in which the extreme care of the breeder is constantly directed to the maintenance of an artificial matrimony, apart from, or in opposition to, the apparent instincts of the birds. Leave a dove-cote, with three or four different breeds of pigeons in it, to itself for a few months—you will hardly find a well-matched pair left. Leave it alone for a year or two—you will have a stock of mongrels. You will not have

a well-bred bird belonging to you."

"Which shows variability," said Mr. Floss.

"Yes; but shows it in exactly the inverse way from that demanded by the theory of natural selection. Under the care of man, what we will call, if you like, new species are produced. By the same constant care they are kept up, although all the fancy birds are bad breeders. Sometimes you have to put their eggs under common runts, because they are good nurses. Well, then, the extreme care and definite purpose of man develops these striking varieties, which revert to the original wild stock, or something like it, the moment that care is withdrawn. And yet it is to these humanly constrained varieties that we are taught to look as the example and proof of the formation of new types by natural selection. Artificial selection produces a type which nature, if let alone, at once destroys. That seems to me to be exactly the opposite to what is asserted by the advocates of natural selection to take place."

"I am not fond of pigeons myself," said Dr. Pearce, "nor familiar with the habits of the birds. If it is as you say, I have no doubt Mr Darwin is fully aware of the fact, and that it is in exact harmony with his view. Shouldn't you say so, Floss?"

"Quite in harmony with his views," assented Mr Floss: "in fact, remarkably so. Look at it this way: The great agent of variation is natural selection. Well, sometimes this fails, or don't seem to act. Then we revert to sexual selection. Thus nothing is unaccounted for, and everything is demonstrated."

"On one principle only, it seems to me," said I, for I could hardly speak very civilly to Mr. Floss,

from a strong suspicion of the nature of his designs on the Doctor.

"And that is?"

"That is, the principle of tossing up, with the cry, 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' Something is found useful—or presumed to be useful—to an animal. 'Self-developed by natural selection,' you say. Something is found useless, or even injurious to the animal; 'Self-developed by sexual selection,' you say. Anyone may say so; but it might be more true to say, 'produced no one knows how.'"

"But you see there is an alternative," said Mr. Floss.

"An alternative is all very well in its place," said I. "You may ask me if I will take beef or mutton, and I may choose. But this is quite another matter. You say you prove the existence of a cause by its effect. When I say that effect cannot arise from this cause, you say, then it arises from another cause, which does as well. I don't call that argument.

"What do you call it?" asked Dr. Pearce, somewhat wearily.

I remembered how apt my old friend was to make a sort of personal question of difference of opinion. "I don't want to seem to lay down the law," said I, "especially on a subject which is more familiar to you than to me. But you will admit that Mr. Darwin's theories are one thing, and the arguments by which he supports them another. That a certain kind of development has prevailed on our planet, as far back as geology gives us an index, there can be no doubt. That higher forms of life have come on the stage later, is the general rule. But even this has to be taken with some exception. As, for example, there were formerly much more highly developed reptiles than are

now known, or believed, to exist. I am right so far, am I not?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Pearce; "so far I go with you. And not reptiles only, but some of the lower forms of life—the mollusca, for example—seem to have had their periods of growth, maturity, and decay. But from group to group there has been progress."

"So I take it," said I. "And further is it not the case that the advance, whether from species to species, or from group to group, is, so to speak, parallel with the progress of the individual, from the egg to the bird, or from the grub to the butterfly?"

"That is quite the Darwinian idea," said the doctor; "you cannot put it better."

"Then," said I, "where I part company, is not so much when Darwin confuses, as it seems to me he does confuse, similarity with identity, as when he comes to a sharp stop and says, 'by means of natural selection.' I maintain, not only that nothing in the shape of a logical argument has ever yet been adduced in favour of the existence of any such principle as natural selection, but that, if such a principle existed, its effect would be in diametrically the opposite direction from that imagined by the Darwinians."

"Well," replied Pearce, "as you have so far a clear view of the state of the case, I can only hope that you will come to see the truth of this law also."

"But, said I, how can I get over the palpable contradictions which it involves? You have to account for the production of a permanent variety. You give the example of the pigeons, with which birds, the moment they are left to nature, a variety, which otherwise you might call permanent, disappears. It seems to me that all the instinct of animal

life—to some extent in man, as well as in all the creatures with which we are familiar, goes directly to break down special varieties, and to generalise forms, as far as possible, instead of specialising them.”

“There is survival in the battle of life,” put in Mr. Floss. “Survival of the fittest—nothing can shake that. The fittest do survive.”

“Do they?” said I. “I am not so sure of that. It was not the opinion of the Greek philosophers. They said: ‘Whom the gods love die young.’”

Dr. Pearce gave a deep sigh. “Darwin or no Darwin,” said he, “there is great truth in that. At least, I mean, of course, that it seems to be always those who can be least spared who are first taken.”

“Yes,” said I, “how often we see the flower of the family first cropped—the hope of the family, or the hope of more than the family, first laid low—the best man first expended—while the idler, the mischief-maker, or the parasite seems to enjoy an immunity, not only from the fear, but from the shafts, of Death.”

Mr. Floss kept his countenance fixed, but he could not help turning a thought more sallow than usual.

“No doubt that is one reason why we have not advanced more as a race,” explained Dr. Pearce. “So you see it fits in that way.”

“Take another instance, then,” said I. “We spoke of the interdependence of the plant and the animal. Did you ever watch animals grazing?”

“Not with any special attention,” replied the doctor.

“I have, often and often. When food is scarce and consumers numerous, of course they sweep away all before them, like locusts. But watch a cow or a horse in abundant pasture. See

how he picks out the finest plants within his reach, and leaves the poor and starved ones to run to seed. As far as the influence of the animal world on the vegetable world can be distinctly traced, it seems to me to tend directly to the destruction of the finest plants, leaving the inferior specimens to keep up the species. This is the survival of the unfittest—just what you admitted to be the case with ourselves; and, though a pike, when hungry, snaps at a wounded fish, or a hawk may bear off a lame bird, yet give birds or beasts of prey their free choice and they will select the finest victims. So, again—survival of the unfittest.”

“There are different sorts of fitness,” put in Mr. Floss, in whose mind the word parasite had produced an internal conflagration. “You may see the man who is an honour to his species suffering cruelly from nervous debility, while another man, whose skin is so thick that he rejoices in trampling on other people’s toes, goes on his way with the vigour of a rhinoceros.”

“I should strongly suspect that the man who was an honour to his species had been injudicious in his selection of an adviser,” said I. “As to the rhinoceros, his skin is no doubt a protection to him, even from the bite of the mosquito. But does he trample on other people’s toes?”

How far my old friend read between the lines of this dialogue I could not quite make out. I fancied that he was half annoyed, half amused, that Mr. Floss, in putting out his claws, failed to give a good scratch. “Well,” said he, “Vernon, frankly I must go so far with you as to admit that survival of the fittest can never be more than a hypothesis. All that can be said to be proved is the survival of the fit—that is, in fact,

the survival of the survivors. And it is only too true that there is some mysterious law, according to which those we should think most likely—or most desirable—to live are often the first to die. That notion of the animals picking out the choicest herbage is curiously parallel with what is a commonplace of the old moralists. But you see that we may have our own opinions on that matter—in fact they can be nothing but opinions. No means of certitude exist. But, what is claimed for the doctrine of development is that it is certain—an induction from observation—so your opinion or my opinion does not affect it.”

“I am content with that as far as it affects my own views,” said I. “I am as anxious as you are to get on sound ground—to substitute definite knowledge for mere opinion in everything. I believe that we are tending towards that substitution, and my belief is that the real happiness of mankind is essentially concerned in the change. We both believe in development. But all that I say is, that self-develop-

ment of species by natural selection is as yet unestablished. Further, that, as far as any argument can be derived from observed facts, such argument is directly opposed to the hypothesis.”

“Yes, well,” replied Dr. Pearce; “you see that is your view. I don’t feel my head strong enough for controversy just now. As I said before, Darwin has just been translated into Icelandic. You cannot get over that. Yes, yes! Let me recommend you to read more—to study Darwin—Darwin and Haeckel—and you will come to see things in the right light.”

“I hope I shall,” said I. “I wish we were starting for a walk through Switzerland, and I think you would find yourself quite your old self again in a fortnight.”

“A walk through Switzerland? What would Dr. Granby say to that?” quoth Mr Floss, with an alarmed air, as I rose to go. “Too late, too late, Vernon!” said Dr. Pearce. But he gave me his hand more warmly than when I entered the room—“*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume!*”

TOO RED A DAWN.

BY MABEL COLLINS, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," "In this World," "Our Bohemia," &c.

(Continued from page 445.)

CHAPTER VII.

MERRY'S home life was not an idle one. Perhaps afternoon visitors, who found her frequently with an unopened book in her lap buried in reverie before her favourite picture, might have thought it was. But she had a great many cares, which, because they were charming, were none the less anxious. All the more beautiful and valuable of the objects of art which were so largely collected in the Hamertons' rooms were her particular charge. She it was who dusted, arranged, and was responsible for them. Nothing else could have made her so familiar with them, and by giving her this business her parents gave her also the most complete of artistic educations that it was in their power to give. No wandering through wide galleries, following the guidance of an unaccustomed eyesight, and simply wishing to please it, can equal a daily familiarity with a thoroughly good, even if comparatively small, collection. Not only did Merry know all about the many specimens of different schools of art and artistic workmanship which Mr. Hamerton possessed—this knowledge she might have obtained by an effort of memory—but her eyesight and even her touch was capable of intelligent discrimination, in consequence of this constant contact. She was

really a delightful companion in a gallery of art; and how rare a characteristic this is everybody knows. Mr. Hamerton's one resolve about her education had been that she should understand every step she took, in whatever branch she chose to study. But she was not very studious; she had no passion for books. In her reading she followed the same love of colour and richness which always guided her; and her literature—the literature which had become her own, and was part of her life—consisted of but very few authors. She had never really reached to the thought-life which lifts us out of sensations; she appreciated sensations so intensely that her life was full—made rich by them. With most persons the education of the senses has been so completely neglected that they only catch a faint suspicion, late in life, of what the glories of their youth should have been. For early youth is the time when all the senses are impatient to be used, and when their development is full of an intoxicating delight which is lacking in late years. Who cannot look back upon a blind enthusiasm of his youth for some art unapproachable and grand? but how much less grand than if it had been more approachable, and the excitable young soul, by a real knowledge of rudiments, had been

able to grasp some idea of the great mysteries. Merry's love of the beautiful had been deepened into awe and reverence by an acquaintance with the different channels through which it makes itself manifest; it was no light thing to her, but a great reality. And all unschooled as she was in the bitter experiences of life, which teach self-control and patience, her instinctive sense of the ideal perfection made her gentle and tender. But Mrs. Hamerton observed with a new alarm that the unalloyed happiness of the morning of her child's life, which with each phase seemed more golden and rich, was producing a certain self-absorption. Individual happiness is the fixed ambition of the new-created being. He looks to find it at his feet; and then, if it is not there, expects it when he is full grown and independent. Merry had found it at her feet, and had learned to regard it as her right. And, indeed, it would seem that, if any creature on this earth merited pure happiness, it must be Merry Hamerton. She had never offended against any law of life, or any instinct of nature. Her sole error—and how sweet a one!—was the conviction that love ruled the world, and that she might freely live within his dominions. She had met with no curb—no check. She fancied herself queen of a little heaven of her own. And so, it seemed, she was. Her home was so perfect that it put no restraint upon her new love; her lover was at her side each day, and by his presence made her heaven.

She grew dreamy, rapt, silently impassioned.

One afternoon she came, singing a low song of happiness, into the drawing-room. Mr. Hamerton was standing by a window holding something in his hand; there was a frown of annoyance on his brow.

She saw it—her spontaneous song ceased—she flew like a bird to his side. Her sudden, swift movement was strangely deceptive. It really did not appear as if she walked. A rustle, and she was by your side.

She put her arm up over Gerald's broad shoulder with a clinging action all her own, and a touch so light it could scarce be felt.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, "what can be the matter? Why do you knit your dear old brow?"

For answer he lowered his hand to the level of her eyes, and showed what he held. It was a tiny exquisite Japanese bowl. Five minute gold fishes stood out from the bottom of the beautiful little circle, which was lovely by reason of its perfect shape. It was quite plain and of dark colour, all but the gold fish.

"Do you see that line?" he said, showing her the faintest perceptible mark around the inside of the bowl, a little below its rim.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, and drawing back her arm clasped her hands with the air of very genuine contrition. "I must have forgotten to wipe it when last we put water in it. But I can hardly believe I forgot it."

"But you did, you wicked little thing," he replied in a tone of half-humorous reproof, which was his nearest approach to severity with Merry. "I suppose this comes of being in love?"

She looked up with two suddenly swimming eyes.

"What—tears, you foolish baby? Why, I've forgiven you long since for falling in love with someone else besides this particular big boy, who is unfortunate enough to be only papa."

"You shall not say such wicked things," cried Merry, with an indescribable sort of rush, getting both her arms around his neck and

her lips upon his so that he could not speak. But, as she had to stand very much on tip-toe to accomplish this feat, the sudden embrace lasted but a moment, and Mr. Hamerton, after a kiss from the little warm mouth so dear to him, completed his sentence.

"But I shan't forgive you for forgetting the fishes and letting them rust. Now, suppose you see what can be done to get the mark off?"

Merry took the bowl and went away with it directly. Mr. Hamerton was one of those men who generally get their own way with others of their own age, and are literally obeyed by young people. The secret of this may possibly be, that he never wanted anything unreasonable and was always sweet-tempered.

He went downstairs now, expecting Merry's contrition would lead her to discover some other small omissions of hers, without further suggestion from him, and shut himself in his study. He had outlived the happy period in which Merry revelled, when art is all-satisfying. He loved literature, not only as the finest of the arts, but as the only one in which thought, almost pure and unobscured, is to be found. The great thinkers who use language as their vehicle have the advantage over all other artists that the material in which they work is the most refined and subtle of all known mediums of expression. He had come to the fullness of maturity when men who think at all must inevitably begin to wonder what is the next thing?—whether old age is the end and conclusion of this fine promise of life. And when it comes to this there is a demand in the soul for something beyond that beauty which is the heavenly part of our natural life. There is a desire to know more

of the speculations of great thinkers about this wonderful existence and experience given to us all and understood by so few! Why we live becomes a more fascinating subject than how to live.

Mr. Hamerton was growing daily more studious. There are some books whose faces are more friendly than any human countenances, especially when our minds are hungry.

Merry came slowly back into the drawing-room, the bowl nearly full of water. She set it down a moment to look at it, for indeed not until the water was in it was its full beauty seen. Then the gold fish started into life, and their exquisite form and the wonderful expression of motion which the artist had conveyed by them was seen to perfection. It was a gem of art which Merry was never weary of looking at; the sentiment was charming, and the apparently moving fish gave a sense as of deep-sea coolness. She forgot all but the beauty of the thing when once she had looked into it, and, sinking into a chair, she leaned her head upon her hands and fell into a deep dream, her eyes fastened upon the water which seemed to develope magic depths as she looked into it.

She was sitting like this when Mrs. Hamerton came into the room in search of her. She did not hear her mother approach.

"Why, Merry! I heard you were wiping that bowl, and instead I find you dreaming over it."

Merry looked up with the smile in her eyes which she always had for her mother.

"I believe I had wandered on to 'faery seas forlorn,'" she said.

"Faery seas perhaps," answered her mother, "but not forlorn. You don't know the meaning of the word."

"No, I suppose not," said Merry a little vaguely, and, leaning her head against the high carved back of her chair, fell into dreamland again.

Mrs. Hamerton sat down near her.

"Do you know," she said, "that Clotilda came home yesterday?"

"Oh, yes; I remember," said Merry.

"And that we must go and call upon her this afternoon?"

"I suppose we must," was Merry's reply.

Mrs. Hamerton looked at her. "And this is all for Arthur Wansy!" was the thought that passed through her mind.

But she only said, very quietly, "Suppose you finish what you are doing, and then we can get ready."

Merry roused herself with an effort, took up the bowl and went away with it without saying anything. She moved like one rapt in some inner vision.

Left alone, a look of anxiety came into Mrs. Hamerton's face. It was new there, and was only allowed to appear when she was really alone. But it was an expression which, after it had been worn a while, would leave one of those little knots in the brow, or puckers beneath the eyes, which most people contract in early years. Mrs. Hamerton's face was still fair and smooth as a girl's; there had been no torturing of the affections or harassments of the mind, to make marks upon it. It was reserved for the blossom of her life, her daughter, to bring the first prints of real pain there.

Merry—innocently unconscious of this unkind work of hers—finished her delicate task and came back with a subdued, pretty smile.

"I am ready now, mama," she said.

"Come and put on your wraps, then, quickly," said Mrs. Hamer-

ton. "I have ordered the carriage."

Clotilda's house was not far off, and came on the way to the park. It stood in the long line of houses called Kensington Gore, and its windows commanded the incessant panorama of the broad road, and the lovely view into the green gardens. Not a very secluded retreat for two poets; but Mr. Stretton had chosen the house. He would have preferred Park-lane or Piccadilly; but had to content himself with Kensington, for there were no houses reasonably small enough for them vacant in either of these places. Whatever Mr. Stretton possessed must be perfect, therefore he could not always afford possessions so large or plentiful as he might desire.

The Hamertons quickly recognised the perfection of this little gem of a house, when they were but just inside it. Mr. Stretton had devoted some hours to the society of an art-furnisher, who loved to dabble in literature and regarded Mr. Stretton as a brother, in order to produce this charming interior. An inexperienced genius cannot produce this sort of result unaided. The man who thinks—"I want a beautiful house," and, having scorn of the upholsterers in his heart, tries to get it by dint of sheer poetic taste, without their advice, generally succeeds in producing something odd, but not beautiful. He might as well try to make a coat. But demand produces supply, and in these latter days, having craved artistic houses, artistic house-furnishers arise in our midst. The worst of it is, that this fresh field of beauty follows the same inexorable law which pervades modern society, and makes life bitter and barren to the poverty-stricken—it can only be had for money.

When we have a government

which pays the doctors when the people are well, and punishes them when diseases are rife—and when poverty is treated as a disease, with specialists who prescribe for it—then, indeed, life may be worth living, and everybody will have beautifully-furnished houses. Why are there not state hospitals for people who can't get money as well as for people who can't get health? It is a question which is the more painful ailment of the two. The worst of it is, people need to be taught not only how to make money, but how to use it.

Money, at all events, had made this house very charming. In the drawing-room sat its pale mistress. She looked paler—whiter—more delicate than ever; but she rose eagerly to welcome these visitors, who came to her really as friends. Yet there was a perceptible difference in her which they both saw, and which, when it attracted Merry's attention, roused her from her own dreams. Clotilda was less bright—less eager—a shade of coldness had crept into her manner. There was a strange look in her eyes; strange to Merry, who knew every expression of her friend's face. Clotilda arranged to come to them on the evening of the next day, Mrs. Hamerton promising, at her entreaty, that they would be alone; and then, a fresh group of visitors coming in, they took their leave. Clotilda's drawing-room was really beautiful, and was made very bright by a mirror, which reflected the three windows and their gay outlook, but it was by no means large, and two sets of visitors were a little in each other's way. Clotilda, however, would soon have to accustom herself to seeing people look vainly around for chairs, and perhaps end in taking refuge on the staircase, for society showed signs of making a pet of her. Society had always

been fond of Mr. Stretton, and he had done just the thing to make himself more popular in marrying Clotilda, with her little mystery of unpublished writings, and her pre-Raphaelite face and figure.

"Mama," said Merry, when they were back in the carriage; "what is it in Clotilda's eyes; is she *disappointed*?"

"Oh, my child!" said Mrs. Hamerton, "I hope not."

But she could not deny that she feared it. She had expected it would be so, but not so soon. Her instinctive knowledge of character made her anticipate Clotilda's eventual disgust with this man, who wore his whole self upon the surface, and made the most of it. But, so soon! Something was missing in Clotilda's manner; there was none of the irrepressible pride in the words "my husband" which is generally too palpable in the moon-old bride. Who has not heard a young wife, speaking of some quite recent event, say, with an air of surprise that it should be regarded as recent, "Oh! but that was before we were married"? There was none of this unconscious egoism in Clotilda's manner. "Oh, you dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton, thoughtfully, speaking her feeling aloud; "how I wish I could save you all your troubles!"

"Why, mama, what can you mean?" asked Merry, in much surprise.

"Never mind, my dear, what I meant—See, there is Arthur on his horse! What a beautiful creature it is! Is he coming to speak to us?"

It was an opportune diversion. Merry instantly forgot Clotilda, her mother's mysterious utterances, and almost that mother herself, although she was by her side.

That was one of Merry's happy afternoons. Arthur kept by the

carriage until they went into the park, when he went off for a canter in the road, but he joined them again when they turned to drive home, and, dismounting at their gate, followed them into the house. Mrs. Hamerton went through the lower rooms to the library in search of her husband, and Arthur and Merry went, laughing and talking with the low voice of pleasure, up the stairs to the drawing-room. But it took them some time to get there. Half-way up the broad stairway was a cushioned seat cut in the carved balustrade; a stately stuffed peacock, with widespread tail, shielded this seat a little by his lordly presence, so that it was possible to sit there almost unobserved, though from it you could see all the hall and the stairway. Merry, who was in a perfectly gay mood, sat down here awhile. She confessed to a sort of foolish feeling, which made her want to linger over the brightness of the afternoon out of doors.

"There is something gloomy in going upstairs, as if we had finished with the sunshine," she said. "Let us go out again for a walk! The sun is quite high still."

"Come, then," said Arthur. Merry could lead him anywhere when her smile was one of sheer gaiety as it was now; and indeed the sun seemed splendid, slanting in through the high stained windows of the hall.

"No, we had better not," said Merry, whose naughtinesses were very apt to exist only in idea and fail of action. "Mama would be anxious; she expects to find me in the drawing-room when tea is ready. Come up there, and I will go and take off my hat, and be a good girl."

Arthur obeyed. They went more quietly up into the drawing-room. As they parted the curtains they saw a gentleman standing on

the hearth-rug. It was Richard Hamerton. His endurance had given out. He had come back—for a day or two, so he told himself. He looked brighter and younger for his absence; his clear blue eyes had lost some of the haggardness which had so startled Clotilda. Merry met him with a greeting as nearly like her old warm welcome of him as might be. It was almost the same, only a lover's acute perception would have discovered the difference. Richard saw it clearly enough, and recognised it as his due.

Merry moved to the window and looked out. "Arthur," she said, "it is as well we did not go for a walk—the sun has gone in altogether!"

It was a peculiarity of her highly developed nature that with all its richness she was acutely sensitive to external chill of any sort. Richard, with the sentimentality of a man hopelessly in love, accepted her words as a sort of ill omen for himself. He would not be a cloud upon her life! But Merry only felt a little shudder at the sight of the now darkening road, and she turned back to the bright fire with a feeling of relief. True, it was not so very slight a task to stand between these two men, and feel quite at her ease. She was a little troubled by the strong gaze of Richard's clear eyes.

"You are tired, Merry," said Arthur, "and I have an engagement for dinner, so I think I had better stay no longer."

She did not try to detain him. With Richard there it was perhaps best he should go.

"Oh, cousin Dick," she said, when Arthur was gone, "how could you come away from the country in this beautiful weather?"

"Very easily," said Richard; and wished he might tell her how much too easy it was to him!

She looked at him with a grave surprise. "Then you don't care for the country properly, and you used to pretend to. Oh, I am longing for our holiday that we have been promised so long! We were to go when Clotilda was married, and now she is back from her honeymoon, and we have not been away!"

"Is she back?" said Richard. "May I go and call on her, do you suppose?"

"I should think so," said Merry, lightly. "You were always great friends, you two. Mama, dear," she said, for Mrs. Hamerton had come into the room, and was shaking hands with Richard, "why don't we go into the country? It is so fine, and I am longing to be out in the sunshine all day long."

"We will go very soon now," said Mrs. Hamerton. "It is really warm enough to enjoy it, I think. But where shall we go? We must not be away long, for we have so many engagements just now. Indeed, I don't see how to go for a fortnight. If you look in the engagement-book, Merry, I believe you will find we are dining out nearly every day for the next two weeks."

"I'm afraid it's too true, mama," said Merry, dolefully.

"Don't be so sad about it, child; we will fly away the very first chance we can get. We had better not take a house anywhere, I think, but just go when we can, to any place that takes our fancy."

"Oh, yes, mama, that will be delightful. I should like to go to that little French watering-place we stayed a day at last summer, where all the rooms in the hotel had wall-papers covered with roses and butterflies!"

Mrs. Hamerton laughed. "We will think about it, baby; but there are other considerations besides the wall-papers in the hotel!"

"That's true," said Merry, seriously. "Very true!—perhaps Arthur might not like a French watering-place." For it must be confessed that Merry was not forgetting a recent remark of his to the effect that he felt like spending a few days out of town, and would join them if they went soon.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next afternoon Richard was in Clotilda's drawing-room. Fortunately no other visitors were there; and even Clotilda did not come for a little while. Truth to tell, the proud young creature had locked herself in her own room to indulge in a passion of tears which insisted upon expending itself. She had left the lunch table rather suddenly—what had disturbed her she but dimly understood, and Mr. Stretton had simply no idea that she was disturbed. He so entirely lived in his own feelings that he was not sensitive to the condition of other people. Arthur's selfishness was of the sensitive sort; he depended upon his companions for amusement, and, if their spirits fell, knew it instantly, and fled from them as soon as possible. But Mr. Stretton was one of those men who can live for twenty years in daily contact with persons whom they dislike, and not mind it very much, simply because their own greatness and vanity are sufficient amusement, satisfaction, and solace for them under all circumstances.

Clotilda was not ready to appear on the instant, but when she did come all trace of her recent disquiet was smoothed away. She only looked whiter, and more like a forlorn lily; but there were dark lines under her eyes which Richard noticed at once.

"Back in town already, Mr. Hamerton! Back amidst wanted to leave!"

"Yes, back again; and indeed, though, as you told me, it is madness to stay here, I don't know whether I can help it. Honestly, do you—you who have guessed my secret, do you think I am wrong?"

"No, while you do no wrong," was Clotilda's answer; and it made Richard think, for it seemed like a repetition of his own conclusions. He did not answer, but began to talk of Clotilda herself—of the places she had visited during her honeymoon, and of the stay in Italy which Mr. Stretton was looking forward to.

"I don't think I care to go so much as I did," said Clotilda; "I get so weary travelling about. And if we stay long there it will be lonely—I like best to be in London where I have at least a few friends."

"Lying back in the low chair she was sitting in—her head drooped, and one hand hanging heavily, like the head of an unwatered flower, over the arm of the chair, she looked so frail, so slight a creature, that Richard felt as though he would like to nurse her as he would have nursed a tired child. Tired in spirit she was evidently, and there was a tone as of some deep discontent, which was new in her voice and manner. But she would not talk of herself in any way. Before he went away she led Richard to speak of Merry again. "Face it out," she said, in her brave little way; "don't hide things in the dark, they grow crooked then! Give them light, and at least they will grow upright."

"That is just what I have myself concluded," said Richard, "and the result is I am openly determined to win her if I can, even yet."

As he spoke he looked so strong and bright, Clotilda smiled a little with secret admiration.

"I hope you will," she said very low.

"Yet nothing could appear more absolutely hopeless," said Richard with sudden despondency; "she has rashly given her heart away, but so utterly that I can conceive of nothing which could win her from him."

"It is a difficult task certainly," said Clotilda.

"I fear it is a quite hopeless one," said Richard, "and yet in despite of that conviction I mean to hope. We cannot live without hope, can we?"

"It is hard to," said Clotilda, in her low voice, but with something so intense in its accents that Richard looked quickly at her. Again he saw that mist in her eyes which once before he had fancied must be tears. He longed to ask her if she was unhappy, but the word seemed an insult to a young bride. While he half hesitated whether he dared say anything Mr. Stretton came in.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" he said, grasping Richard's hand with his stereotyped air of surprise, and dropping his eyeglass suddenly in the invariable manner with which he emphasised his greetings. Then he sat down, looked at his perfect boots and fine diamonds, while he offered a few general remarks in the correct conversational style. Clotilda looked on languidly, taking no further part in the conversation; and when Richard rose to go, she said but a very faint "good bye," and gave him a very inexpressive hand. Richard had a hand-shake which very few people forgot; it was part of the impression which he made upon them. His grasp was complete, and full of nervous strength, yet being unobtrusive; his hand was always warm and soft. It was not at the moment, but afterwards, that one recognised how pleasant

and friendly a hand-shake it was. Clotilda felt it, but scarcely knew what she felt until Mr. Stretton had elaborately bowed Richard out. Then it was that she realised something to have penetrated soothingly even into her very soul. "That was the hand of a true man—a man capable of friendship—yes, friendship even for the woman he loves."

Mr. Stretton came back into the drawing-room. "Now," said he, "the carriage is waiting, and I am ready. Your prettiest bonnet, Clotilda—the one with the primroses in it."

Clotilda hated the Ladies' Mile; but she had already discovered that her only dignified course was quiet acquiescence in her husband's plans. He did not bully her exactly, if she did not care to do what he wished; but he had a far better secret for making her life a burden to her when he wanted to. He could "nag" like a very woman; and that is saying a great deal. Clotilda was so far developed out of this mean feminine character which is so much too common in the world, that when she found its weapons used against her she took refuge in a cold silence.

A pretty little victoria stood at the door, with two small cream-coloured horses. Clotilda came down, dressed to perfection, and got into it. Mr. Stretton joined her, also perfectly "got up." Clotilda had discovered, somewhat to her surprise, that she was expected to drive in the park every fine afternoon.

"Are you sure we can afford to keep this pretty carriage, Paul?" she said to-day, very quietly, as they were turning into the park.

"Not for long; I'll sell it when we go abroad. We shan't want a carriage if we are at home in the winter, and next season perhaps we can get another; if not, we must stay out of town. At all events

we must make a successful appearance now; well set off, you are sure to attract attention."

He looked at her with undisguised admiration. The chilliness which these loveless speeches produced in Clotilda only heightened the dim, dreamy pre-Raphaelite expression of her pale face. Mr. Stretton was more delighted with her every day, and his candid expression of delight revealed his character gradually to her. The coarsest of men would hardly tell a girl before he married her that he wished for her as a new and elegant appendage to his own greatness. Mr. Stretton had quite enough of pretty poetic sentimentality at his command to deceive anyone so entirely wanting in vanity, so humbly unexacting as was Clotilda. She was really puzzled in endeavouring to learn the lesson quickly conveyed to her, when she was married, that it was a matter of total indifference how she dressed when they were alone, or whether she was cold or agreeable, but that in public her dress and her manners must be perfection. Clotilda, with all her professed inability to understand the passion of love, had yet, like all genuine women, a latent hunger for it. And she had so strong an artistic consciousness that she was incapable of understanding the idea of "show;" her idea of life was a thing beautiful altogether, and as full of loveliness in its hidden recesses as in its public appearances. She was really astonished when she found that the more openly she was admired by other men the better Mr. Stretton was pleased with her; while once at home alone she was alone indeed, for having now got used to her presence he paid her but little attention.

There are very few women who would not exchange the worship of

society to love and be loved by the man they have married.

The worship of society was exactly what Mr. Stretton intended Clotilda to have, if it could be compassed; love he had not got to offer her. A certain coarse admiration was his substitute for it. Paul Stretton was no diamond, as a poet should be, but a mere pebble, silvered by a scholarly education, and made somewhat special by a happy knack of versification—a knack so happy that he thoroughly understood pleasing the public. This is an art which, unfortunately for the public, most great poets have not.

There were two reasons which silenced Clotilda's words of complaint, even in her own heart. One was that she had never demanded love in her ignorance, and was only now discovering the bitterness of marriage without it: the other, that it was perfectly clear Mr. Stretton was all to her that he could be or that he would be to any woman. None the less for this quietude of hers was a sickness stealing into her heart—a prophetic sense of coming, life-long disappointment.

The stay in Italy was not regarded by Mr. Stretton as a pleasure to come; it was planned simply because he knew he could not maintain the appearance they were making throughout the season.

Clotilda was anything but shy or even reserved, she was quite accustomed to social admiration; but it had never occurred to her as a thing to court or seek after. She had dressed exquisitely as a matter of taste; not in the hope of attracting attention, even from princes of the blood. This new mode of life was something too surprising to her, and she could not altogether hide her contempt at Mr. Stretton's delight at a very

gracious bow from a hideous old dowager in a coroneted carriage. The ancient hag put up her eye-glasses and stared rudely at Clotilda.

"She has noticed you—she admires you!—she loves pretty women at her house—we shall be asked there this week, and there you meet *everyone*. If certain great people who go there take us up we are made, we shall be the favourites of society. The public always follows the fashionable people; I can command the public then."

Clotilda left him to his ecstasy. Fortunately he wanted no sympathy but his own, and was rather pleased by her extreme quiet as being "good style."

Mr. Stretton was going out to dinner alone, so Clotilda had easily obtained just what she wished—that she should go by herself to the Hamertons.

"Oh, this is like home!" said she, as she sat down by Mrs. Hamerton and looked round at the faces so familiar and so friendly. Arthur was not there. Richard was, and his quiet steadfastness of character touched Clotilda deeply, coming as she did from out of her new acquaintance with the glitter which is not of gold.

"Has Arthur taken to literature?" she asked Merry presently. "Paul was in the 'Early News' office yesterday, and saw him there, but he entirely denied having written anything."

"Oh, no! I don't think he has written anything," was Merry's reply; she was lost in a momentary wonder at the mere idea of Arthur taking the trouble to write anything.

"Have you been writing?" asked Richard. He was looking every way for an opening through which to learn something of Clotilda's real state.

"Not much," she answered; "but I will say you three foolish verses I made to-day, and you shall tell me whether they are glad or sad; for I know not."

My heart is like a grave new made,
Within it lies my love just dead;
Cold is the tomb where that is laid,
Which late with love blushed rosy red.

Yet the grave which is so cold beneath
May gladden in the gay sunlight;
On this sad soil fair flowers may wreath,
And make it sweet to other's sight.

Then come, dear sun, and look on me,
And come, glad showers from out the
skies;
If but this grave may fragrant be,
I'll sing, though here my dead love
lies!

"It is very sad, very sad!" said Merry, to whom every thought of repression was as yet terrible. She was so fresh in her gaiety of life.

"And I," said Richard, "think it is not sad, because it is so brave."

Clotilda's eyes were down-drooped, and would give him no answering look.

"Brave?" said Merry, a little knot of perplexity coming in her brow. "That is a hard word. I don't think I know what it means."

"I think you scarcely do," said Clotilda in a very low voice; "but you will learn its meaning some day."

"Must I?" said Merry, in her most child-like manner. "Oh, but I hope not. I can understand we must be strong, but braveness means something with which to meet hard and cruel things. Do we all need that?"

"I think so," said Clotilda.

"Well," said Merry, in a kind of pretty despair, "I suppose, as mama used to tell me, when I am grown up I shall understand all about it."

She came and nestled down on a stool by her mother's side. She longed for a tender touch.

Clotilda's words and manner chilled her.

Clotilda sat silent, busied in one of her accustomed reveries, but with a faint, new shadow on her face. That shadow was enough to put an impenetrable barrier between her and her girl friend. Not until Merry had learnt what it meant to be brave was that barrier between them broken down.

CHAPTER IX.

"THIS is a spicy thing indeed of Paul Stretton's," said Frank Vernon one afternoon in the "Early News" office. It was one of his off-days, but he had come in, as he did sometimes when he was near it, to see if there were any manuscripts. Mrs. Vernon was with him; she had sat herself down on the sofa which stood by the fireplace, and was waiting patiently for Frank to have done with his business. It was a very comfortable room, this editorial den of Frank's. He always liked to have one pleasant enough to interview a popular writer or a pretty authoress conveniently, and this present sanctum answered the purpose well. Photographs of eminent authors neatly framed hung upon the walls; there were no actresses or fashionable beauties. It was all as neat, decorous, and trim as any lady's drawing-room; more so than some. Mrs. Vernon sat lazily admiring Frank's orderliness. She was dressed for an "at home," to which they were going, and looked more like some regal lady strayed into the city by mistake than the editor's wife accustomed to the seamy side of existence.

"Clever man is Stretton," remarked Frank, as he turned over the pages, "and this is first-rate gossip. But it's dangerous—too spicy, I'm afraid."

"Oh, put it in," said Mrs. Vernon. "Don't be frightened;

we have been getting on so well lately, and we want more money. You will never make money by being afraid."

More money! Mrs. Vernon always wanted more money, and always would want it. At present she was looking forward rather doubtfully as to how the next school-bills for their two boys were going to be paid. Two great hungry boys at school, with holidays three times a year, during which they expected, with all the audacity of the new generation, to be taken to the theatre, and to see life generally—these young gentlemen "make a hole in one's pocket," as Frank would say ruefully. Indeed, though he was a most amiable parent, and treated his boys much as if he were an affable elder brother, the very mention of them always seemed to bring to his mind the word "pocket," and the rapid vanishment of the precious coins contained in that receptacle. Mrs. Vernon had considerable interest in seeing that the school-bills were paid, and the boys kept at school, for they thoroughly understood tormenting their mother when they were at home. Moreover, children full of the terrible modern precocity are trying inmates of a house in which appearances and reality perpetually belie each other.

The Vernons had been living fast and furiously in the new glory of success and a full pocket; the little dinners, the new dresses and jewellery, the wonderful heap of empty champagne bottles in the back yard of the pretty house in Park-street—all told the same tale. The till in the "Early News" office was emptied as soon as it was filled; some of the more determined contributors were paid, though never at once. Mr. Merton (who had set up a tiny suburban house, and a neat little wife who regarded him with awe as a great

literary light, and knew nothing of the bye ways of journalism with which his living was eked out), found it necessary to wait upon Frank at regular intervals. He always arranged to have a little spare time when he called, and then he would sit patiently in the editorial room and talk about Macaulay or any other sufficiently serious subject, until Frank's patience was tired out, and he would hand him his cheque. He had long since discovered Frank's weak point; if he had the money in his pocket, he would pay any man to go away who bored him with a serious subject. Poor Crayton did not understand this, or was too starved to have pluck enough to try it; otherwise he might easily have turned on a solemn tap, for he could talk about any subject for hours together. But he came and implored—sometimes even cried—and then was amusing in the hope of currying favour; and he was as often as possible sent away with the promise that his account should be made out next week; or he was taken home to dinner, given too much champagne, and promised nothing.

Mr. Stretton was the only person who obtained prompt payment; but, as he wrote simply for money, he would have nothing else. Since they had gone in for scandal he had written some very dashing sketches of society, which he had sold to Frank under a solemn bond that his name was for ever to be concealed. There were plenty of people in society whom Mr. Stretton hated cordially, and whom he could describe with a virulence which to outsiders appeared like brilliance. Any photographic description has an apparent wittiness, because human nature is so exceedingly funny. There are no caricatures so odd as the faces we continually meet; and a close account of the

daily life of any person who is not ennobled by a real work or aim, is sure to be full of absurdities—panderings to society, personal eccentricities, and so on. The great artists and workers live, as a rule, lives so simple that it would be hard to make any account of them amusing; they have no time to be mean or ridiculous. It requires a real student of human nature to give any idea of their lives. But to take off the superficial follies of fashionable people, the requirements are sharp eyes, a clever pen, and considerable experience of the world. These qualities Mr. Stretton possessed to admiration; and his sketches of fashionable life had done the "Early News" more good than anything else. But he would only write under two strict conditions: one, that the authorship of these portraits was never divulged under any circumstances; and the other, that the pay was prompt. Mr. Stretton was not going to risk any chance of giving offence in society; but he needed money, and so he made his terms accordingly.

"He gets more amusing and more dangerous every time!" groaned Frank, "and he'll want ten guineas down. However, there goes—I'll take your advice and send it to the printer, but I'll show it to Wansy first. Let's have a short life and a merry one;" and he tossed it on to a little heap of selected manuscripts.

"And now we'll be off to Mrs. Leweson's," said he, "or she will have half London in her rooms before we get there."

Mrs. Leweson was popular, and very widely known. She had made a reputation as a philanthropist, had written several small books on various philanthropic projects, and was always at the head and front of every new philanthropic movement with which she could by any possibility concern herself. No-

body knew, though a few shrewdly suspected, that she never paid any attention to a scheme unless she saw some means of making money out of it. She avowedly made her living by journalism; but her fine house in Weymouth-street could hardly be supported by that precarious profession, even if she worked night and day. Moreover, she spent a small fortune in cigars; and she thoroughly understood good living. There are many mysteries with regard to the funds subscribed for new companies, new charities, new philanthropic projects; and there are mysteries also about the way in which some people manage to live in the style they do. But it takes a long-headed person of a suspicious nature to probe these mysteries. Mrs. Leweson was a professed philanthropist; she was a very jolly woman, always ready apparently to help anybody who needed it, and she gave capital dinners. Her acquaintance was enormous, in consequence of these various good qualities; and when the Vernons arrived they succeeded in getting inside the hall-door, but it seemed very doubtful whether they could go any further. Fortunately the hall was wide and roomy. Mrs. Leweson was standing at the foot of the stairs receiving her visitors; it had some time since become too great a task to show them up the crowded staircase to the drawing-room, especially as several exhausted beauties who found there was no hope of finding a seat in any of the rooms, had sat down upon the stairs, filling them with their trains and their attendant gentlemen. The dining-room was crowded with people listening to a very good amateur recitation. Everything at Mrs. Leweson's was good, except the tea, which in the presence of such an assembled multitude could scarcely be dispensed with decency

save by an army of servants. A few cold cupsful stood here and there, and people seemed to regard them as a sufficient evidence of hospitality.

"Isn't it awful to know so many people," whispered Mrs. Leweson, as she shook hands with the Vernons. "I have quite lost my voice with saying, 'How do you do; so glad to see you.' Won't you go upstairs? There are some lions in the drawing-room, and I believe it's rather pleasant there. Stretton, the poet, is up there with that lily-like young wife of his. Do you know him, Frank?"

"Just a little," said Frank, with reticence. "Mrs. Leweson was by no means the person to admit into editorial secrets."

"They are coming downstairs," said Mrs. Leweson. "I suppose they have had enough of being crushed in these rooms. So glad to have seen you, Mrs. Stretton, and to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

Clotilda answered sweetly. She and Mrs. Leweson formed a most extraordinary contrast standing side by side. A peony and a primrose would hardly show as marked a difference of species. But Clotilda had secretly marvelled at her hostess's style before; now her attention was attracted by handsome Mrs. Vernon who stood close by. Mr. Stretton bowed to the Vernons, and hurried Clotilda away rather abruptly.

"Why did you not introduce me to those people you bowed to as we came out?" asked Clotilda, as they got into their pretty carriage. "I should like to study that woman's face."

"Introduce you? oh, nonsense, he is only a journalist—not people for you to know at all." Clotilda wondered a little, though she said nothing; she knew that Mr. Stretton had lately been writing articles

for a paper, although he had not informed her what he had written, or in what paper. He had quickly quenched her interest in the matter. But still she did not quite see under the circumstances that he could afford to look down upon journalists. He explained himself a little, however, by adding, after a moment, "We should get nothing by knowing people like that. I go to Mrs. Leweson because she is taken up by a good set, and they go to her house. But it is waste of time to cultivate such people as the Vernons."

All this was a new language to Clotilda, which she was learning by degrees to understand.

One of the most extraordinary mysteries of our being is the veil which hides us from each other; a veil, not physical, yet most palpable. If a man sets himself to show you only one side of his character you will be clever indeed if you succeed in discovering the other. Mr. Stretton, before their marriage, had consciously maintained his hold over Clotilda by adjusting his mind to hers. Clotilda had always set herself to judge people according to their mental capacities and culture; she was charmed by her lover while he showed that side of him which he held out for the admiration of the world. She had brought him the products of her brain for criticism with a touching docility, and looked to him for mental support. He had given it to her, putting his mind into the work, as he would have done into writing a review for a quarterly. Clotilda had now become part of his private life; he no longer put his manners or his mind into full dress for her.

The revelation was a startling one.

Soon after the Strettons had gone, Arthur Wansy came down through the throng on the stairs, to say good bye and take his de-

parture. He had watched the Strettons out, after evading them in the crowded rooms. He exchanged a few words with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, whom he had expected to meet; but he had been a little disgusted to see Clotilda and her husband there. He did not expect to meet them at houses where the Vernons visited. It made him feel his connection with the paper to be a dangerous secret.

"What a confoundedly small world this is," he said to himself, as he paused in the street outside to light a cigar. "It seems impossible to go to a house without meeting everybody one knows. There's no escaping from people. And yet—with the masses of inhabitants in this city—surely it would be possible, if one was too much bored or bothered, to walk down a street like this, and never be seen again by any of the old set! Walk straight away into new surroundings, new associations, and among new faces, leaving the old worries behind. What a capital idea it would be."

Anyone who knew Arthur at all, with the exception, perhaps, of his friend the money-lender, would have been astonished to hear him talking of "worries." That gentleman knew very well from long experience that extravagance is a vice like any other; that a man goes on spending money as he goes on drinking, when once he has fairly begun; and scarcely pauses until the fever has prostrated him and he wakes to find he has ruined all his hopes.

Arthur, with all his natural caution, had had so little real experience and had always been so accustomed to have every desire gratified, that he spent very easily. The son of a man who is exceptionally clever in business seldom fully inherits the qualities which have made his father; the keenness of his facul-

ties must inevitably be blunted by being born in wealth. The knowledge that there is a mine of gold at the command of the paternal government inevitably produces a sense of ease and carelessness. Thus, though Arthur loved money, he knew how to spend it in a fashion which would have astonished his father, who, whatever he spent, always had something to show for it. Arthur had been brought up in a school so different that he considered amusement pure and simple a good investment.

He had awakened in time. He was sufficiently shrewd not to be entirely fooled, and the infatuation of extravagance could not quite stupify his very common-sensible mind. The polite requests of certain tradesmen to have their by no means small accounts settled at once, reminded him of the uncomfortable fact that practically he dared no further play ducks and drakes with his "expectations." He must stop, unless he chose to face consequences far too disagreeable to please his taste.

He began to think his best plan would be to marry and make a total change in his way of life. His father, he knew, would give him a liberal allowance when he married, and Merry's dowry would be a handsome one. His marriage would be an excuse for cutting off a lot of expenses which were at present eating away his very substance. He intended to appease his creditors with very small sops, by using his wits; for he expected to produce a considerable impression on them by the fact that, in addition to his own prospects, his wife was an heiress.

His taste was a little more spoiled by his late indulgences. He felt disgusted that he was driven to this step. He looked forward with more dislike than he would have felt a year ago to the sameness

and bondage of domestic life. He had to use his marriage as a means of quieting his creditors, and keeping them, at all hazards, out of his father's way; therefore he would have to do the thing thoroughly, and play the model husband. Also he looked forward to a dreary prospect of keeping in good odour and favour at home; for he regarded it as by no means unlikely that, if his father were thoroughly disgusted by a revelation of his debts, he would, in a fit of passion, disinherit him, and then stick to the act with the doggedness which he called resolution. Arthur had often thought of this as more than probable, and it was this which made him regard his marriage as of importance. Merry's fortune might be his salvation in the future.

"But what a prospect!" he thought fiercely, as he walked on, pondering these things. His father might live for another thirty years; that would be for Arthur thirty years of enacting the dutiful and decorous son. Could he do it? He had now so tasted of the sweets of freedom, that the dull, grand dining-room at home, the blue drawing-room, and his mother's head bristling with artificial flowers, had become objects of positive horror to him. He used to feel bored at home; now he felt it insupportable to be there. Perhaps marriage would be some alleviation—Merry certainly would not have a blue drawing-room, and she would not wear artificial roses on her head, and she would smile, instead of looking solemn, when he came home. But, if he neglected her very much, she would be sure to feel aggrieved—women being such fools about these things; and then, perhaps, she would take on her serious mood. That would be worse than ever;—for, in his secret heart, Arthur had of late learned a little fear of Merry when

she put on her new womanliness. It rose from a blind sense of her superiority. Sometimes he dimly apprehended that she hid herself behind her gay manner. He did not quite like this; he far preferred Mrs. Vernon, who was always exactly what she appeared to be. He regarded his father and mother, when they were in gloomy tempers, with cool contempt; he had a little uneasy feeling that he was not quite able to do this with Merry. And then, too, married life meant additional bondage to him; and he groaned inwardly as he thought of it. Merry's drawing-room might be pretty and pleasant; but it would be made as hideous to him as a Russian political prison by the fact that he would be expected to be there, and, when there, to behave himself so as to meet the approval of his own family, his wife, and her family. Hampered as he was—accepting bondage simply for its value—he dared not disregard any of these opinions. His creditors could only be kept at bay if he showed them an incessant pleasing picture of himself basking in the full favour of those persons who held his expectations in their hands.

Just at the present time he was busily thinking all this over whenever he was alone, and every time he thought of it he liked it less. His future seemed to him a long lease of unmitigated boredom, which he would only be able to relieve by furtive glimpses of freedom. To-day, as he walked through the streets from Mrs. Leweson's at home, he tried to resolve that this very evening, after dinner, he would get the thing settled. He would speak wisely and well to his father about the advisability of settling down, and learn what he could as to the allowance his father would then make him. He would go in to the Hamertons and get the

day of the marriage fixed. All this was smooth sailing enough ; yet, as he concluded to do it, he flung away his cigar end with a ferocious air which quite astonished an old fellow who was picking up bits in the street in the intervals of professional begging. This ancient bundle of rags kept his pipe supplied with stray cigar ends, for which his eyes wandered over the kerbstones while he chanted dismally down the streets ; but he picked up this one with hesitation. He was a judge in his own fashion, and he was surprised, after seeing the manner in which the cigar-end was flung away, to find it was not the remains of a bad one. "Swell's got something on his mind" was the conclusion he came to. And so indeed Arthur had. He strode on homewards in a vile humour, and he was by no means cheered by the very patent fact that he must seem agreeable this evening if he was to carry out his programme. He must please his father—he must make love to Merry. Poor little Merry—warm, generous-hearted, only desiring to give—how incredible would it have seemed to her if she could have peeped into Arthur's mind then, and discovered that gradually she herself, with all her charms and sweetness, was becoming the emblem and visible form of his future bondage. While he went to her just when he listed, he liked to go ; but now that it had suddenly appeared to him as a matter of duty he hated it. Her attractions were lost to his memory ; he only saw that she was the person to whom he must needs bind himself, and whom henceforth he never dare neglect or disregard.

He could not help this change of view. He was one of those men who, if circumstances bind them to the most lovely and lovable woman in the world, inevitably weary of

her. While he wanted Merry because she pleased and charmed him, all was well—but now—

Arrived in Hyde Park he paused—hesitated—sat down upon a bench, and wondered whether he really could go through with enforced love-making this evening, in his present mood. "I might feel more like it to-morrow," he said to himself ; "to-day I feel much more disposed to cut somebody's throat. It's confoundedly chilly here! What an infernal climate this is—east wind when it ought to be summer. I should like to spend the remainder of my life always in the summer ; one could do it, as the invalids do, by pursuing it. Sunshine—eternal sunshine !—'tis to be had, like everything else, for money. Even freedom can be had for money. What a cursed fool I have been lately, flinging money and all that money means into the ditch. I wonder if I should find the family luck at play ? If I could see any way left me, short of forgery, by which I could get another clear thousand, I'd fling up life at home and go in search of my luck. But forgery is too hot—life would decidedly not be worth living, with the everlasting probability of being turned into a convict. Heavens ! how do men live through those hideous lives ? I should go mad with the boredom and ugliness of things. But after all, the fact that I shall have a pretty house and a pretty wife will be the only things to distinguish my career for the future from that of a Portland convict. I shall be in chains as much as he is, however my chains may be gilt.

"Oh !" he groaned, "it's no use my going home to-night ; I shall infallibly make the governor savage with saying something disagreeable. And upon my life I feel as if dinner in that intolerably solemn dining-room would choke

me. I'll put the thing off for a day or two—for a week. I shall feel like a galley-slave when once the day is fixed. Good heavens—I shall have to find a house to live in, and that sort of thing. Why can't I do it all by proxy? Well, I can defy the fates for a few days more; I'll take a week's freedom, and then I'll go into harness like a lamb."

We can always do things so well in the future! Everybody knows that conviction that, if at the moment it may be difficult to accomplish some disagreeable task, next week it will be quite easy. It was with this feeling that Arthur, giving way to his passion for his own comfort, resolved, while keeping his prospects well assured, yet to take his pleasure at the moment. And he had some show of reason to help him procrastinate, for he really felt too savage to make love.

So he rose from his bench, and walking back out of the park hailed a hansom. He went to his club, there to get dinner; and as he drove along his spirits rose wildly. He found a friend to dine with him at the club, and proved himself most delightful company.

For the next week he was seen but little either at home or at the Hamertons. He managed to keep the ball rolling by bestowing a few moments at each of these mansions each day, and being most charming during these brief periods. He talked vaguely of "business" to Merry, and said he should have got through with it in time to go with them on their seaside expedition. He declared a French watering-place would be delightful—indeed, any place Merry liked would please him. Merry was reconciled to his present absence by such a prospect as this opened to her, and with bright eyes and happy heart looked forward to the coming pleasure of her lover's society. The

week passed swiftly for both, for Merry was so young and eager that anticipation was still a joy, and she danced liked a beam of sunshine about the house. The prospect of escaping from London and parties, and having a whole long week of Arthur and the sweet sea air, in this gay spring weather—Merry was fairly intoxicated. When the last evening came she danced about her mother, so that Mrs. Hamerton could only laugh and say, "My dear, I shall forget everything if you are so wild!" Older people always have some responsibilities and affairs of state to attend to which suffice to sober them a little, even on the eve of genuine holiday-making.

But Merry! she had no responsibilities—nothing to take care of but a throbbing little heart, and nothing to think about save that Arthur was going with them tomorrow, and that her life lay before her, a future full of unimaginable gladness.

CHAPTER X.

ARTHUR dined alone at his club that evening. He was not in a much better humour now with his prospects than he had been a week ago; and he had acquired an additional indisposition to settle quietly to his tasks of duty. It is a terrible delusion, that idea that postponement gives courage. Distaste and disgust must increase with every hour of cherished reprieve.

Thus Arthur was in the very opposite mood from Merry to-night. She saw nothing but a glad green vista down which their steps were to go in the years that lay before them, where flowers would spring beneath their feet, and the sweet surroundings would be but the fit setting for their perfect happiness. Arthur had none of these rose-coloured visions; and Merry, by

the simple fact that he had suddenly appreciated her as a duty imposed upon him, had lost the power henceforward to charm his mind.

To-night as he sat over his dinner he seriously debated whether it would in any way be possible to break off the engagement, or at least postpone it indefinitely. And yet he was gloomily, but distinctly, conscious that he dared not throw over so valuable an addition to his prospects.

This revulsion of feeling with regard to Merry would have seemed strange and sudden to any of Arthur's acquaintances who had not been actually admitted to the workings of his mind. And yet it had been a slow and certain change. From the brightest part of his future fortunes Merry had become transformed into the fixed centre which made those fortunes appear unbearable to him. Until very lately Merry had held her power over him; although the mere fact that she was changing from a child into a woman was sufficient, with one of his nature, to lessen her fascinations. But from the fatal hour when he recognised the fact that he ought to take the bondage upon him—give up his luxurious freedom, settle into domesticity, and keep in favour with connections—from that hour he had known but one desire—to cut the chain altogether which threatened thus to bind him down into respectability.

Respectability! the word seemed to poison his soup and sour his claret.

He had found waiting him at the club a note from Frank Vernon, which had been lying there some time. It was an urgent request to see him at once. Frank had been himself to the club in search of him, and now asked him to go over to Park-street that evening if he got the note in time to do so.

Arthur wondered much what Frank could want with him; he did not feel inclined to go; he thought of telegraphing that he was engaged. He was in no mood to do anything which he was asked to do.

He was thinking about this when a party came and sat down at a table next his. They were a noisy party, talking loud.

"Does she really mean to go in for a libel case?" said one of them. "She is a plucky woman."

"O, it amuses her," said another. "And really women seem to like that sort of notoriety now. Queer taste, it seems to me."

"She is a lovely woman," said the first speaker with an air of solemnity; "and lovely women can do anything."

"Who does it fall upon, when an action for libel is brought against a newspaper," asked another; "will it be that scamp Vernon?"

Arthur started and pricked up his ears; but managed to remain almost motionless. Could there be anything in this? Was it what Frank wanted him for?

Arthur awaited the answer with a vivid curiosity; for a moment no one replied, as the fish had just arrived, and took the general attention. But presently one of them said "Vernon?—oh, no, he won't suffer; the only person they can do anything to is the proprietor. Lady Rosewater will just enjoy it if she gets him a good term of imprisonment; and I daresay she will. Of course one is sorry for the fellow; but really these papers are too ridiculously scurrilous, and people like Lady Rosewater, who don't mind publicity, are useful for repressing them."

"Only it does so little good. The man who gets imprisoned may be rather repressed, but the papers seem to fatten on libel cases. I wonder who is the proprietor of the "Early News"?"

"Nobody seems to know—probably some fool with money, who doesn't care to appear in connection with it. A pretty figure he'll cut now in a police-court. Wonder how he'll like six months in prison—enough to cure a man of running newspapers, one would think."

"Can't imagine how men are such fools as to go in for that sort of thing."

With which sentiments Arthur heartily agreed, as he sat sipping claret, and endeavouring to keep himself cool.

Imprisonment for six months—for Arthur the Sybarite! It was a thought which made his blood curdle. No hero was he in face of a prospect like that. Sooner than go through with such an experience he would go now—at once—and disappear from that part of the world in which he was known.

But surely such a punishment was not likely. He listened in the hope of hearing any further suggestion; but the men had gone off upon some other topic, and had forgotten the "Early News" and the unfortunate proprietor who sat so near them.

Arthur ordered some more wine, and sat still at his table, endeavouring to gather his thoughts together. As soon as he left that room he must do something. What must it be? Should he now formulate the desperate idea which sheer boredom and rebellion had been harbouring in his mind, and to-night go away, without running the risk of facing this affair. He could disappear—for a time only, perhaps—he need not throw up his chances for ever. He could cajole his father to receive him again into favour if he returned from the dead as it were—whereas, if this case took its worst form, would his father ever forgive what he would

think the disgrace of it? Probably in the end he would think better of Arthur for running away from a police-court and a prison than for appearing in them. And supposing his father refused to countenance him, his creditors would at once be upon him, and the discovery of their claims would settle his business with his father. And he feared, as he thought it over, that his second string—Merry's fortune—would be taken from him by this. She would cling to him, but there was little doubt in his mind that the Hamertons, with their strong sense of refinement and quiet living—a creed as firm as, though so different from, his father's creed of respectability—would never let him marry their daughter after an affair of this kind. Police-courts and prisons have a taint about them which some people cannot pardon; it offends them too entirely.

He would have liked to go straight from his dinner-table to the train, and cross the channel that night. His whole nature drove him in some way to escape from this tangle of discomfort and disgrace. He could not bring himself to face it all. Coming as it did upon a mood of utter weariness of the home-life and bondage, which without this had seemed unbearable, the prospect of such "a row," and the idea of possible imprisonment, made him rebel furiously, and want to escape.

But that was not to be done. He had no money.

"Bah! what a fool I am," he said to himself, "probably these fellows know nothing about it. I may be in no danger after all. I will go up and see Vernon—if there is an action, he has probably got some suggestion for getting us out of it. That's what he wants me for, of course. He's an uncommonly clever fellow—he knows

all about these things. He has hit upon some plan, and wants me to carry it out. Why on earth am I wasting my time here?"

For now that there was a real and imminent danger of his getting into "hot water" with his father, Arthur began to realise of what value his prospects were to him. He hurriedly rose from the table, went out, and getting into a hansom, drove straight off to Park-street.

His head had grown fevered, in the club dining-room, as he had sat there, startled by that stray talk of these men. But the air cooled his brain, and he began to think more soberly of his possible position. He was capable of very careful plotting in his own interests, and now, realising that he might immediately have to act one way or another, he decided what to do under the difficult circumstances which might offer. He not only laid his plans as to how to meet Frank Vernon, but resolved in what fashion he would face fate, should she prove obstinate. He was coolly clear upon the important points; and that is vitally needful to enable a man to act quickly. He would run no risk of prison; he would evade every disagreeable that he could.

Frank Vernon filled the house that evening by his own unaided exertions. When Arthur arrived there he was impressed by a sense of commotion and disturbance; it seemed as if half-a-dozen people were worrying about the house. He was a little surprised to find the Vernons were alone, and that Frank was the sole creator of this agitated atmosphere. He walked about from room to room, talking to himself, banging doors, poking fires, and moving chairs out of his way with a spasmodic ferocity. "How on earth am I to find that fellow?" he had asked Mrs. Vernon at least a dozen times

in the last hour. Mrs. Vernon did not pay much attention to him; she had delivered her advice early in the afternoon, and would say no more. Her momentous words were these. "Whatever you do, take care of Arthur Wansy. He is as sharp as you are."

There was a sound as of a hansom stopping at the door. Frank repeated a performance in which he had indulged at intervals all the evening—he rushed to the window and looked out between the blinds, arriving, as one always does, just too late to see anything but the empty hansom. There was a loud knock at the door; Mrs. Vernon said, "There he is—have him in the dining-room, Frank—not here, please"—and took up her novel in the hope of reading a little. This was her power; the power which kept her young and handsome through such a life as was hers. She had read French novels through every crisis of their career; nothing disturbed her. She had as a rule some very shrewd remark to make, and then she left the management of the situation to others. Men, according to her creed, must do the disagreeable work; women ought not to "understand money" or anything of that sort. She had a complacent confidence in her own merits; she believed herself too pretty to starve or be shabby, and that fate would always provide her somehow or other with dresses and dinners.

"Show him into the dining-room," said Frank, audibly, when Arthur Wansy was announced. He did not keep him waiting but hurried down immediately.

"What on earth's the matter," asked Arthur.

"Only Lady Rosewater is down on us," said Frank, with an expression which made the "only" mean something very different.

"What for? The article this week? It was too clever, much! But what has she done?"

"Brought an action for libel, that's all!"

Arthur gave an exclamation of surprise, and then looked at Frank more closely.

"You look uncommonly serious, Vernon. Is this affair a serious one?"

"It's serious for you, I'm sorry to say."

"For *me*?" said Arthur. "Why, how the devil—? Who wrote the article?"

"Oh, that's no use to you," said Frank, grimly. "The writers are your servants. Unfortunately you are responsible."

"But it strikes me," said Arthur, "that the editor is generally regarded as responsible for what's put into a paper, and that the proprietor concerns himself with the money."

"Not at all, my dear boy," answered Frank. "You own a paper, and your editor makes of it what you want it to be made. You saw that article, if you remember, and approved of it. I am nothing but your servant."

With which humble avowal of his social position, Frank walked to the hearthrug, and stood himself squarely upon it, preserving a grim and sorrowful countenance.

"What are the penalties in this sort of thing?" inquired Arthur, after a moment of reflection.

"Imprisonment, if they drive us hard; but I believe a little bribery might be done beforehand, so that the case would be lightened, and then it will be heavy damages."

"Then it's all up," said Arthur, quickly; "I can get no more money."

"Nonsense!" answered Frank. "You positively must go to your father now."

"No!" said Arthur, angrily.

"You don't know what the consequences of that would be. It is impossible! He must know nothing about it."

"Oh," said Frank, calmly, "that is of no use, as you would know if you stopped to think a moment. The case will be reported in the papers."

"But," stammered Arthur, for a moment staggered by this grim array of circumstances, "can't my name be kept—?"

"Don't lose your head!" said Frank, rather roughly. "The summons will be issued against you as proprietor; you will be arrested, and have to appear in court personally."

"What have you got me into this mess for? What's your purpose?" exclaimed Arthur, and he began to abuse Frank with a coarseness which showed his heredity.

Frank mastered the situation by keeping his temper.

"I have done what I thought was best for the paper," he said, quietly. "I have made it a success. This libel case will do it good if we get through it decently. It's a danger we can't well avoid without being slowcoaches, in these days of plain speaking. Every newspaper proprietor runs the risk, and some have the unpleasant experience."

Arthur was silent for a moment. Then he said, in what sounded a very cool voice, though he had bitten his lip in order to check some very different words which wanted to come out—

"If money could be got, would it be possible to buy these people off, and get them to drop it?"

"Not the least chance, I'm sorry to say," said Frank, shaking his head with genuine regret. "Lady Rosewater likes publicity. She lives a scandalous life; but she is in one of the best sets, and they'll defend her through everything."

She is separated from Lord Rosewater, as everybody knows; but it is libellous to say so, because he is quite prepared to swear that they live together like a pair of turtle-doves. She is sure to get the case because all her friends will vow she is the most virtuous creature alive; and she likes to have them do it. I am sorry she is the one to take it up; we are certain not to win in her case, though I believe every word said was more or less true."

"At all events the affair can't be kept from the public now?"

"Oh, not a chance; you can't keep in the dark any longer; so you may as well face the matter out at once. I only hope you will get off with damages; but I am half afraid to say I really think there is any chance of that."

"Let me think what is to be done!" said Arthur.

"Certainly," said Frank, with the greatest politeness. He was extremely glad to shift the thinking on to somebody else. He sat down very contentedly, and, taking out his cigar case, prepared to light a cigar, and keep himself quiet for a bit. He did not venture to offer a cigar to Arthur, who seemed to have plunged into thought so deeply as almost to have forgotten his companion's presence. He was not actually thinking now; he was only making up his mind, and that, at some points of one's career, is an absorbing business.

Arthur stood moodily on the hearthrug contemplating his boots. In reality his eyes saw something very different—he was looking forward into his immediate future very seriously. There was a space of silence, during which Frank puffed away comfortably at his cigar. He had shifted the responsibility on to the right shoulders; right glad was he of the presence of those shoulders.

Presently Arthur lifted his head, and said rather gloomily, "I'd better go and have it out with my father at once. There's nothing to be done apparently but face the whole matter now."

"That's right," said Frank, cordially. He had hardly expected Arthur to take the matter so quietly and with so much pluck. He had anticipated a more troublesome interview.

"Good bye, then," said Arthur, "till to-morrow."

"Good bye, old fellow," said Frank with a spasm of sympathy. "And I sincerely hope you'll get off with damages. It's a nasty business for you, and I'm confoundedly sorry."

Frank had no conscience whatever, but he really had a warm heart, and it suffered a momentary sensation now on Arthur's account. He disliked Arthur, as sanguine, mercurial people always dislike people of the opposite temperament. But now that Arthur was placed in such a very unenviable position, and was behaving so well in it, he felt sorry for him, and shook hands with unwonted cordiality.

"Thank you," said Arthur, with a curious sort of smile. To Frank it seemed a smile of resignation, and after he let him out at the door, he looked after him as he walked down the street, and indulged in a little pathos while he finished his cigar.

CHAPTER XI.

It seemed to Arthur that he had lived a year since he went into the club dining-room that evening; in reality, he found on looking at his watch that it was still early. He had not been long at the Vernons'. He should still have time to interview his father, though they went to bed at a respectable and regular

hour in that house. It was a relief to him to find this. A great deal depended on his being able to have a talk with his father at once, and that, too, without making any apparent effort to get it.

He got into a hansom and drove straight for home. On the way he matured his plans, and he was quite prepared for action when the cab stopped at his own door. He let himself in quietly with his latchkey. He looked into the stately dining-room, which was empty. It appeared very funereal in the dim light of the low-turned gas. He went in and turned up the light; he then proceeded to examine himself in the great chimney-glass. No signs of care, of disorder or agitation must appear in him. He pushed the hair off his forehead, and turned away satisfied. His was a face upon which care made small marks, for he persistently put it out of his mind. He hated it, and would none of it. Ease was the thing which he deeply desired, and a man can keep crows' feet at bay who will have none of their company.

He went up to the drawing-room, and there found his father, as he expected, sitting alone, amid the unmitigated blueness, reading a paper, and sipping a glass of whisky toddy which stood by his side on a gold salver. It was impossible to partake of the lightest refreshment in this house without being surrounded by quite an atmosphere of solid magnificence. Everything was impressive, from the teaspoon with which you stirred your tea, to the countenance of the servant who waited on you. Arthur thought as he entered the room that there would be a special and peculiar happiness in the moment when he might hope never to see it again.

Mrs. Wansy had gone to bed.

She always went early when they were alone, for she did not find the society of her spouse sufficiently exciting to keep her awake after prayers were over. This ceremony took place at half-past nine, and then Mrs. Wansy would gather up her crewel work materials, and with a sigh of content go away to her room. She had a strong personal attachment for that couch of down, shaded by a gorgeous canopy of many colours, where she passed the night; and probably the unconscious hours which elapsed within its seclusion were among her happiest. But she had grown so stout by dint of heavy dinners and no exercise, that asleep or awake, to be quite still was her idea of pleasure. Arthur had expected she would be out of his way; he had expected to find his father sipping whisky toddy and reading the newspaper. Indeed, he might safely have said at any hour of the day that he chose to come home, exactly what he would find going on there. The routine of the house was the same from day to day—varied only by dining out or giving a dinner. Even that dissipation made little appreciable difference. It was only an hour later that Mr. Wansy went round to look at the bolts and bars, and put out the gas in the drawing-room. All this was part of respectability, as the Wansy family understood the word—that respectability which had eaten into Arthur's soul, and to which he held the double attitude of a slave and a rebel. Arthur's latchkey was his flag of independence; it was his one great privilege at home, and it was a positive burden to Mrs. Wansy's soul. She felt it a sin to give him this freedom; but his father had insisted that he should have it. "The boy can take care of himself, I fancy," he said, with a rough pride. "If he

can't, he'd better learn. I had to knock about the world at his age without a good home to go to."

Thus Arthur—by dint of taking a good deal of trouble to appear excessively decorous — got his latchkey; and when he did not dine at home he seldom came in so early as this, so that Mr. Wansy was a little surprised to see him. But he immediately concluded that the journey to-morrow was the cause of his appearance at this unwonted hour.

"Going to start early in the morning, I suppose, Arthur?" he said, inquiringly, as he laid his newspaper down on his knee, and looked ready for a little intelligent conversation.

"No," said Arthur, "about mid-day, I believe. I came in to-night because I thought I should like to get a quiet talk with you about my marriage."

Mr. Wansy put down his paper on the table, and straightened himself in his chair; he was all attention evidently.

"I want to have the day fixed now," went on Arthur, sitting down near his father. "I shall have a good opportunity while we are away to get it settled. I should like it to be as soon as possible. I think it is quite time for me to settle down."

"Oh! there's time yet," said Mr. Wansy; "but still it's a good thing for a young man to be married and to have a home of his own. It keeps him out of foolishness and extravagance."

"Yes," said Arthur, "I believe it is best. There are a great many temptations to spend money which it is well to resist, and it is easier to resist them when one is married."

"Well said, my boy. When you spend your money remember my old principle, always have something to show for it. Sticking to

that principle has brought me where I am. I never frittered my earnings away on mere amusements and follies, and that's how I've made myself a man of solid wealth. I'm glad to hear you speak the same way, Arthur; and you are quite right in what you say, marrying early is a very good safeguard. There can't be a better plan for a young man if he's just well enough off to do it. As to that, in your case, of course, all is smooth for you. You'll have a fortune at my death that will enable you to take your place among the best in the land. And just remember"—with an emphatic blow of one doubled hand upon his knee—"I've only one thing to say about that—keep it. I don't think I've any need to say it to you; you're not a fool to go making a fortune into ducks and drakes; you've got your father's blood in your veins. But I do say it, and I hope you'll never forget it. Make money when you can do it safely, and when you fully understand what you are doing; but don't speculate in anything you're not clear about. Don't tamper with a made fortune. And above all don't fling it away in diamonds for opera-singers, racing horses, or betting: I should rise from my grave if you were so mad as that. But I've no need to think of that; the idea always heats my blood, and it's unnecessary when you're talking like a sensible boy of marrying soon. That'll keep you settled and sober, I hope."

"Probably," said Arthur, with a peculiar intonation which was lost upon his father, who was full of his own ideas; "but I hope and expect not to come into this fortune until all temptations of that sort are over for me. And, at present, I am thinking of something very different, and that is, how and where Merry and I will live."

"Oh! you must live near here," said Mr. Wansy, with a sudden sensation in his paternal heart of quite an unaccustomed sort; "we couldn't do without you. And I daresay Merry won't be very easily spared."

"That is arranged then," said Arthur, with a very graceful assumption of pleasing his father. "Merry and I must look round a little when we come home again. And then we shall have to furnish, I suppose. I had better ask Mr. Hamerton's advice on this subject, as he is so experienced a collector, and knows where everything should be got. But that, of course, I will leave until you decide what you would like me to spend upon it."

"Oh! you needn't wait; don't let there be any appearance of stinginess. You shall have the money just when you like; in fact, you shall have it now if you choose; you can pay it in to your account at the bank, and then, if any suggestion is made, you will have the money to draw upon. I would prefer that you should have your money in hand, and then if Merry wants anything that she sees you can buy it for her."

"Well, that might be advantageous," said Arthur, very quietly and without any appearance of gratitude. "As we are to be travelling together, I have no doubt it will end in our going further, and Mr. Hamerton has often said that frequently one picks up articles in the continental cities which are well worth the cost of bringing home. Of course only an experienced collector can do this, and I know comparatively so little about the different values of things that I should not like to buy in such a way except with someone like him."

"That is a good idea," said Mr. Wansy, thoughtfully. "I should like your house to be in

good style; and, though I don't understand the kind of things for which he goes in myself, Mr. Hamerton evidently knows how to spend his money to advantage. I have heard that his collection of china and of carved wood are worth twice what he gave for them. But then are you likely to go further, do you think?"

"Oh, I think we are certain to, when once we are away. Merry was talking of it yesterday. Besides, I will mention this idea, and they are sure to be pleased with it. It will be the only opportunity, in all probability, as I hope to persuade Merry to let the marriage be very soon."

"In that case I will write you a cheque to night," said Mr. Hamerton; "you must pay it into the bank in the morning, and then you can draw upon it while you are away if you want to. I shall give you two thousand to furnish with. I will write you a cheque for a thousand now if you will have time to pay it in to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes," said Arthur, "I shall have time; and I really think it will be worth while. I shall be glad to feel that I can make use of Mr. Hamerton's advice if an opportunity offers."

Anything which could be regarded as "advantageous," pleased Mr. Wansy's business mind; he liked Arthur's forethought and his "common-sensible" way of looking at the affair. So he proposed an adjournment to his sanctum downstairs behind the dining-room, in order that he might get out his bank-book. They went down there; Mr. Wansy turning the gas low before they left the drawing-room. This was a habit which he had never discarded through all his years of riches, and by which he considered he had saved several hundred pounds during his domes-

tic career. It gave him a feeling of deliberate extravagance to enter a room where there was a large fire or a high light burning, and which was unoccupied. It was spending money, and having nothing to show for it.

Most of us have seen a library like Mr. Wansy's. It contained eight heavy, solid chairs, two of them large arm-chairs; a writing table, also heavy and solid, filled the middle of the room. A bookcase with glass doors covered one wall, which contained some few standard works—such as Bacon's Essays, and Locke on the Human Understanding, and a good many books upon Finance. A great Encyclopædia filled one shelf; Debrett's Peerage and a large Family Bible occupied conspicuous positions. A villainous oil-painting of Mrs. Wansy in her youth hung over the mantel-piece; she looked fat, affected, and in a very uncomfortable attitude.

Arthur lounged in one of the capacious arm-chairs and watched his father get at his cheque book. The fashion in which these two sat in a chair would have been enough to show a student of human nature that they would not spend their money in the same way. Mr. Wansy sat as upright as though he had never occupied anything easier than a clerk's stool, notwithstanding all the gilt and velvet chairs in his drawing room. He had never outgrown the mark of the pinch of early poverty; he held money as men hold it who know what it costs to make it; he sat in his chair with the upright attitude of a man who has never been out of harness all his life. But Arthur lounged as those only know how to lounge who are born into luxury. He might love money as well as his father, but he never could learn to value it in the same way, simply because he had never gone through

the process of earning it shilling by shilling and pound by pound. The shillings and pounds swell into the thousands; but the man who has known what it is to earn it respects the individual shilling all his life.

This thousand pounds which Mr. Wansy was handing over to Arthur was to him a definite amount to be exchanged most carefully for more than its worth if possible.

To Arthur it was just a thousand pounds which opened to him certain possibilities. He pocketed the cheque with a sigh of satisfaction, and then went on to speak of Merry's money, which was to be settled on herself, of what it would cost them to live, and so on.

"I shall allow you fifteen hundred a year," said Mr. Wansy. "I think you will find that is enough; if not, we will see about it. Of course, your circle of acquaintance will be a very large one, and going into society costs a great deal. You will soon be able to tell what your expenses will be. Of course, Merry must have a small brougham, and you will keep your horse."

After a little more talk of this sort Mr. Wansy locked up his cheque book and rose. It was already past bed time, and even the subject of his only son's marriage did not suffice to keep him awake at an unusual hour. Arthur took the hint, said good night, and went off to his room, leaving his father to go through his nightly process of inspecting bolts and bars, and turning gas out.

Arthur did not sleep early that night. He looked into his portmanteau, which was ready packed, and made some alteration in its contents; then he sat down to his own writing desk and passed an hour or two reading, and destroying various letters and papers. He disliked going to bed early, and the sky was growing gray over the

trees of Kensington Gardens when he at last put out his lights.

But he slept well, as he always did; and was down in good time for breakfast, look as fresh as though he had gone to sleep with the daisies.

His father and mother had evidently been talking about him and his marriage when he came into the breakfast room. Mrs. Wansy looked red and important, and seemed a little flustered. This coming wedding of her only child was going to be a great event to her. She was secretly trying to decide what her dress should be.

CHAPTER XII.

MERRY looked for Arthur to join them, and drive down with them to Victoria. His place was kept in the carriage, but he did not come. "He will meet us at the station," said Mr. Hamerton; and so they drove off to Victoria. It was a beautiful morning, with the sweet softness of early summer.

"Oh, mama!" said Merry, "how glad I am we are going out of town!"

"The streets do look very dirty and old in this bright sunshine," said Mrs. Hamerton. "I am not sorry that we are going, myself. It will be very pleasant by the sea if this weather lasts."

"Of course it will last," cried Merry, who had no sympathy with that "if" which becomes habitual later in life. "We are going to be so happy, it will be sunshine all the time, I am sure!"

"Let us hope so," said Mrs. Hamerton, unfurling her parasol to keep off the sun, which was beginning to be really hot.

Merry sitting alone on the other side of the carriage in her dark travelling dress, and with her face full of expectant happiness, looked

like a very incarnation of the spirit of holiday making.

"I hope Arthur will not be late!" said Mrs. Hamerton, a little anxiously, as she and Merry stood just inside the door of the station a moment, to look back before they went on to the platform. The luggage had been taken into the station, the tickets were got, the carriage was driving away; worst of all the clock showed it was very near the time for the train to start.

"Oh, I hope not," said Merry, doleful misgiving sounding in her voice. "There he is," she added, with sudden change of voice and manner. As always, Arthur brought with him her sunshine. It mattered little to her whether the weather changed or no, if Arthur was with them, and was pleased with her.

He drove up in a cab; and hurried into the station, looking very hearty and pleased with everything. His face filled Merry with delight. "Oh, we are going to be happy!" she said to herself.

"Not late, I hope!" he said, and went on to get his ticket. Then they all went together to the train, and found that Arthur's belongings had mingled happily with theirs; and satisfied on the subject, so vital to travellers, of luggage, they got into the train.

"What a glorious morning!" said Arthur, letting down the window of the carriage, "you will like the air, won't you, Merry? How well that dress suits you—or else it is you are so bonny to-day that anything would suit you."

"It is the spirit of holiday which becomes her so well, I fancy," said Mr. Hamerton, regarding Merry critically. "She does look uncommonly like a fresh daisy, or something of that sort. Do you expect to have a great many adventures while we are away, you

imaginative little puss! I know what it is to travel with Merry. She fancies something is going to happen whenever we stop at a station, and that if a man with a black moustache gets in he is an escaped political prisoner from Russia, who will presently unfold to us his sorrows."

"Why shouldn't I expect things to happen," inquired Merry, with babyish defiance. "'Adventures are to the adventurous.'"

"Certainly they are," said Arthur, gaily. "We cannot guess at the extraordinary things which may happen to us even on a small journey like this. Like you, Merry, I look for adventures."

"With such a couple of adventurous spirits in our midst," said Mr. Hamerton, "on the principle of Merry's favourite aphorism something awful is certain to happen. We shall have a chopping sea when we cross the Channel, or we shall lose the luggage at Boulogne. I expect nothing more extraordinary."

"But I do," said Arthur, "and I expect, too, that our adventures are to be delightful, not doleful. We are going to have a good time, as the Americans say."

He seemed to be in wild spirits, and his hilarity at last infected the whole party. Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton had provided themselves with the *Graphic*, and various other forms of light reading; but they put down their books and papers and entered into the frolicsome mood of the hour. They all laughed and talked, made puns, told funny stories, and conducted themselves like children out of school. Arthur and Merry kept the ball rolling persistently, and seemed as though they had taken farewell for ever of the sober, every-day world.

At Folkestone they had a couple of hours before the boat started, so

they ordered dinner, and made a most festive meal. Arthur's spirits were unflagging, and he was so thoroughly agreeable that Mrs. Hamerton's heart warmed towards him more than it had ever done before.

It was a calm, beautiful evening for the crossing to Boulogne, and Arthur and Merry walked up and down the deck, talking together in a quieter but apparently as happy a mood as that which had been upon them all day.

The passengers amused them; any gathering of human beings will afford amusement to people who are in this gay temper. The types whom one meets with are very funny; historic characters are perpetually crossing one's path. An undoubted Miss Wardle pervaded this vessel; her curls are becoming rare now, for fashion has done its best to exterminate them. Becky Sharp and her good-natured husband are great travellers. Lord Steyne is sometimes to be met with. Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton had established themselves in a sheltered corner upon deck, and every now and then Arthur and Merry would return to them with some new discovery of this sort which they had made among the other passengers.

"If he were always like this," said Mrs. Hamerton, when they were left alone again by the two young people. "If he were always like this, I should hope Merry might be happy even yet."

Mr. Hamerton did not reply. He seldom said anything on this subject now. He considered it best to face the inevitable in silence.

How calm and beautiful that evening was. As it grew later and the evening melted gradually into a soft darkness, Merry became dreamy as the hour. Her temperament was so sensitive that she

could not but sympathise with the peculiar magic of the moment. The brilliant morning made her as gay as itself; but, when the dimness of night fell, and sea and sky melted into one strange gray atmosphere; then Merry grew dreamy too. She leaned against the side of the boat, and looked down upon the dark, rushing water. There was a special charm to her in the isolation of their little family circle upon this boat now that grayness had so enveloped it. She seemed alone in a sea-scented cloud with the few she loved best in the world. The charm of the dreamy sensation which stole over her was too great for her to resist. After the light laughter of the long happy day it seized upon her with a welcome quiet. She could not throw it off even to please Arthur; and when he, after a moment's silence, looked into her face she answered him only by a faint smile, which was only a trembling shield for some half-born tears.

But Arthur would have none of it. "Come," he said, taking her hand, and putting it within his arm, "we must find some more amusement. Don't let us be still to-night, Merry—don't indulge in any of your dreams. Be worthy of your name through all one delicious day. And see, there is no time for dreaming—there is the Grey Nose, we shall soon be in now. Come to the other side and look at the lights of the town."

Very soon they were in at the landing-place, and all Merry's soberer mood was banished, for Arthur made her laugh at the many absurdities which crop up in this scene of confusion and bustle. The agony of inexperienced travelers, the vehemence of the various hotel-touts, and the perfectly superior indifference of the custom-officers always makes this landing-scene a funny farce to anybody

who is not anxious about his own "bagages." Our party wisely waited patiently through the half hour in which the custom-house officers delight in keeping passengers in discomfort. As it was a soft, warm night, and the scene was really very pretty in the semi-darkness with the sparkling lights of the town above the smooth harbour-water, they none of them complained. Indeed their spirits were too elastic to be depressed by such minor troubles. Then came the happy moment of release, and they walked across from the custom-house to one of the hotels opposite. Merry, who was always enchanted by any fresh prettiness, was delighted with the court-yard full of shrubs and flowers which was in the centre of the hotel, for there had been some illumination this evening and the plants were all lit up by foolish flickering little oil lamps. True, these lamps scorched the plant and frequently burnt off a good many leaves; but immediate effect is all the Frenchman cares about, and it certainly looked pretty and theatrical, and pleased Merry.

"Let us see our rooms, and then I propose coffee and bed," said Mrs. Hamerton.

"Oh, mama!" said Merry.

"May we not go and look at the fête?" asked Arthur, interpreting Merry's appealing glance.

"You irrepressible children!" said Mrs. Hamerton. "Well, go for half an hour while we choose the rooms and get settled; but don't stop longer."

They were already gone—for Merry had found all her wild gaiety of the morning in this change of scene and atmosphere. They hurried into the streets, Merry dancing over the uncomfortable pebble pavement, and soon they were in the midst of the frolic which just suited their own mood. Merry clung to Arthur's arm when

a procession of young men, each carrying two Chinese lanterns, came rushing down the street, for they were preceded and followed by a wild, shouting, excited crowd. But the Frenchman, even when he is mad, is polite, and there was none of the rude jostling which is so oppressive in an English mob. Merry was pleased and delighted with the bright gaiety of the scene, and it was Arthur who said at last, "Come, we must go in." Indeed, Merry was so steeped in happiness to-night that she could scarce remember anything but that Arthur was with her—and so kind to her!

They found Mrs. Hamerton looking out for them a little anxiously. Merry had to confess that she really was rather sleepy and tired. She drank some coffee, and then went up to the queerest little bedroom, which quite woke her up for a while. The hotel was built on the side of the steep hill, and though Merry went up two flights to her room, she found her window opened straight upon the garden at the back of the house, and that she could step out and climb to the top of the hill. But she postponed further adventure till the morning, and getting into her little curtained bed was asleep in a moment like a tired and happy child.

In the morning they brought her café-au-lait before she was fairly awake. Mrs. Hamerton came in from her room, which was next door, in her wrapper, to see how Merry was; she missed the clear voice that was generally to be heard earlier than this. She found Merry rubbing her eyes like a baby, and pushing back her hair; she looked indeed like a beautiful baby, and one that had never known any heavier weariness than that of picking flowers or making cowslip balls.

Mrs. Hamerton went back to her own room with a light heart.

"She may perhaps be happy even yet," she whispered again to herself, "if Arthur will be kind to her, as he is now."

Merry was soon dressed, and stepping out of her window, she ran up the queer, untidy hotel garden where some tame rabbits skipped about among the neglected geraniums. Beyond there was grass, and right at the top an old rustic seat. Merry ran on till she reached this, and then turned to look behind her. The sun shone upon the smooth waters of the harbour; she could see over the town to the hills beyond, and everything was bathed in transfiguring sunlight. Down below the slope of the garden were the chimneys of the hotel.

The air was intoxicatingly sweet and fresh. Merry sat down upon the old seat and fell into her now familiar and dearly-loved dream-land. It was a beautiful, lonely hour that she spent there in the quiet morning air, with her eyes resting on the sunlit water. But very soon her heart beat wildly, and the silent happiness, almost too intense for consciousness, was at an end. This was the last of those sweet moments that ever came in her young life. The very next hour brought with it new thoughts and a different state.

She was startled by a footstep which made her heart throb. A second after Arthur was by her side upon the old seat.

"Out in the sunshine already," he said gaily. "How you love it!—and so do I. We are going to have such beautiful weather. How fortunate we are."

"Indeed we are," said Merry, a little vaguely; she scarcely knew what she said—and yet she felt it all through her being. Fortunate and happy, indeed, she felt herself to be in that moment.

The next moment Arthur had

taken her hand into his, and, while he looked at the clear blue veins which showed through her delicate skin, he began to press her to decide how soon they should be married—and to make it very soon. It was the first time he had referred to this subject since their engagement, and it made Merry's heart beat as wildly, and her face crimson as deeply, as his first words of love.

Another hour passed while these two young creatures sat in that sunshine talking of the coming time. Merry, in broken yet rich whispers, which seemed to Arthur, dead as he now was to her charms, to be strangely suggestive of the old halcyon days when the soft breeze carried love-murmurs to the ear, and when Cupid in person dwelt in our midst. Merry was so perfectly pure and innocent, and yet so full of natural emotion, that it was like wooing a wood-nymph who had never known the fetters of modern life.

"I might yet have got very fond of her," he said to himself, "if she could always be as young and believing as this."

Presently Mr. Hamerton appeared at the hotel-door, and beckoned them. "It is breakfast-time," said Arthur; "we must go down." They ran down the hill like two children. Even to Mr. Hamerton, who had never placed any real confidence in Arthur's character, the picture of two young lovers seemed a perfect one. But, alas! there was but one lover there! Arthur knew nothing of the glory of the word, however aptly he might act the character.

The table-d'hôte breakfast was ready, and they were all to go down to it, so Merry, with her flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, tried to hide under her mother's wing; but it was impossible to hide herself or her happy face, and

the very *garçon* devoted himself in an infatuated manner to the beautiful English mademoiselle.

CHAPTER XIII.

BREAKFAST over, Merry clung to her mother, and managed to get her all to herself. Somehow or other they slipped away unseen, and the two gentlemen were left disconsolate. They never were very fond of each other's company, and, when it appeared that the others were not really to be found, they started on separate expeditions. Mr. Hamerton wandered through the streets, looking into the book-shops, and investing in some Tauchnitz volumes. Arthur visited the railway-station, and looked up the trains. Both expected to meet the ladies on their walks abroad, but they saw nothing of them. They met in the course of the afternoon in the courtyard of the hotel, where they each expected to find the whole party gathered and ready to start on their next move.

"We were to have taken the afternoon train, and got to Abbeville for dinner, I thought," remarked Mr. Hamerton; "but it seems decreed otherwise."

"There is a train about nine," said Arthur; "we should get into Abbeville by that quite early, and can dine before we start. But where are they, I wonder?"

Having explored the town and discovered everything that he desired to discover, it occurred to Arthur to turn the other way, and wander down the broad road towards the open sea. It did not seem to him a very interesting walk, but it was impossible to hang about the hotel-yard all the afternoon, and it was possible the truants had gone this way.

After a rather long walk he caught sight of a pink-lined parasol

which he recognised. Yes, there they were, sitting on the low parapet which separated the road from the rough beach, and seemingly too absorbed to notice passers-by. There were very few it is true, for this side of Boulogne is quiet enough, but Arthur's footsteps did not disturb them. They were both sheltered under the one broad parasol; it was a pretty picture. Arthur quickly disturbed it by stepping over the parapet and sitting down beside them. "What are you doing here?" he said, "and do you mean to stay all day? and do you know we have lost the afternoon train for Abbeville?"

"Oh!" cried Merry in a tone of consternation—and quickly detaching herself from her mother she looked at Arthur with one of her quaint contrite faces, which were always more funny than sad, because she had never known any real sorrow to teach her how to look properly contrite. Later in life the lines stamped by actual penitence easily came into relief upon the face.

"I am so sorry," she went on, thinking in her confusion that Arthur was really vexed. "I did not know the time had passed so quickly. Did you, mama?"

"No. But I am not going to pretend I am ashamed of myself. We have been making love very happily down here, Merry and I. And who can wonder if I forget the trains when my little sweetheart is to be stolen away from me so soon? And now we will go back to the hotel," she said, rising quickly to prevent Merry's impassioned answer, which she saw burning in the child's eyes. "I really did not know we had been so long, and I am afraid Gerald will think we are lost."

She stepped on to the road and walked towards Boulogne, leaving the others to follow her.

"Mama!" said Merry, after this silent procession had gone a little distance. Mrs. Hamerton paused and looked back.

"Mayn't I walk by you?"

"Certainly, if you like!"

Merry came at one side of her and took her arm. Immediately Arthur came to the other side and put his hand within the other arm.

"And may I walk by you, mama?"

He had never done anything like this before. Mrs. Hamerton looked round at him with glowing eyes. Could it be that he really was to be her friend, instead of her enemy? He treated her now with that pretty assumption of sonship which some men know so well how to wear towards a young and handsome mother-in-law. Mrs. Hamerton was just the woman who would be really liked by any one in Arthur's position, but he had never shown anything but ordinary social politeness to her before. This playful familiarity was something quite new, and it gave this fond mother's heart a sudden warmth. Perhaps after all Merry might not be wholly lost to her. Perhaps after all she might be able to find Arthur's loveableness, and take him in with Merry.

They walked on, these three, talking and laughing gaily, but with intervals of deep silence which seemed to fall on them all at once. They had each very absorbing thoughts—the kind of thoughts which make one forget one's companions. Under the circumstances it was natural enough that Mrs. Hamerton should feel the others must be thinking of the same subject as was she herself, if a different branch of it. She did not expect to startle anyone when she spoke rather abruptly out of the midst of one of these silences.

"Arthur," said she, "if you.

come to live near us you must promise me one thing."

Arthur had gone so far into his inner mind that he looked at her in amazement when she said this.

"Come to live near you!" he echoed. "Why, of course I should not be so foolish as that—it would be madness!"

It was Mrs. Hamerton's turn to look amazed now. She did not at all understand his tone. It was not one of sudden anger, nor yet of banter. He flushed suddenly as he met her eyes. As people do sometimes, he had spoken un-awares. Never before had Mrs. Hamerton seen cool, self-possessed Arthur Wansy appear so abject a picture of embarrassment—indeed, of more than embarrassment—of positive distress. But it was over almost in an instant, and he had recovered himself.

"I don't suppose I should ever see Merry if I lived near you," he said abruptly; "how is it likely? She is sure to prefer her old friends, and I should get a small fraction of her. But I am only talking nonsense," he went on, in a quieter manner. "I promised my father only last night that we would live close by, and there is a house in Victoria-road to which I have taken rather a fancy. We must all go and see it when we get back. And now, what is it I am to promise to you."

"Only this, that when that house is yours, you insist upon Merry being its absolute mistress. It is the only way to get over the early difficulties of housekeeping, and to make your home really your own. Your mother and I must only be afternoon callers for the first two years."

"My dear mama!" exclaimed Merry, with a look of absolute astonishment.

"You are quite right," said Arthur, seriously. "I appreciate,

in this, a very real kindness. It is a fatal mistake for people not to fight through their own troubles. Do you think you would like Victoria-road, Merry?"

"I think so," said Merry. They went on talking about this road and some others which Mrs. Hamerton preferred.

Once or twice Mrs. Hamerton wondered to herself, "If he was only talking nonsense, why was he so confused?"

At the door of the hotel stood Gerald Hamerton, looking a little disconsolate. He viewed the advancing trio, his truant family, with dawning satisfaction.

"And so you have found them, Arthur? Well, I am glad to see you all, for I fancied myself deserted."

"Oh, papa!" cried Merry, and was at his side, and her arm in his in an instant.

"I suppose you mean to dine to-day?" remarked Mr. Hamerton, "because if so we had better go in; the *table d'hôte* is laid, and I have discovered some Muscat Lunel in the cellar, which I believe we shall all like. It has been hidden away there, and forgotten, because no one has asked for it. It is really old and good. So come and have dinner, and then we must be off for Abbeville."

Merry was persuaded to put her lips to a glass of the luscious Muscat Lunel, and she drank a little. But she possessed one of those rich temperaments to which wine is an unnecessary stimulant. She found as much intoxication as it was possible for her to enjoy and carry safely in the simple delights of life. She grew wild amid flowers and fresh air; with heart-happiness such as she now experienced, food and wine seemed scarcely needful. She ate her dinner in a dream, and scarcely knew that she ate it. It seemed to her so strange

that she should sit next her father, and yet that he did not know what it was that Arthur had been talking of—what it was that had been in their minds all this afternoon.

Away to Abbeville they must go, after dinner—there was no more time for talking. But Merry's dreaming mood was not interrupted. She was so full of the real vigour of life that even the dreariness of a railway station could not drive away her bright visions. And soon they were out of the station, passing through the low-lying fields where the heavy white mists rested like thick gauzes, or, in the moonlight, became silver seas.

"How lovely," said Merry, fascinated by this moonlit scene, "here are the faery seas forlorn—Keats must have fancied something like this."

Arthur shivered a little. "Come from the window, Merry," he said, "it looks so dreary out there."

"Must I?" said Merry, with the pretty little phrase which she used when she meant to be obedient; and turning from the pale weird world without, she entered into the conversation the others were carrying on.

"It is a great comfort in leaving Boulogne," Mr. Hamerton was saying, "that we leave behind its British population. Abbeville is genuinely French, which compensates a little for its old-fashioned dulness. But we will not stay there long enough to be bored. A night's rest and breakfast is all we will ask of Abbeville."

A short journey—a rattling ride over the terrible stones with which Abbeville is so plentifully paved, and they arrived at a quiet, large, old inn. Merry found herself that night in a room so fascinating that she could hardly go to sleep. True the bed was not very tempting, for it was stuffy, and little, and volu-

minously draped with thick old curtains. But her door opened upon a balcony which was all but out of doors; it ran round the big hotel yard, and to Merry's young imagination, in that brilliant moonlight it seemed a scene in which Romeo and Juliet might have enacted their immortal love passage. How much more so, when Arthur crossing the yard below caught sight of her slender figure leaning upon the balcony, and paused to look up and say good night. She drew back in a hurry, for she thought herself too absurdly romantic, and fancied he might laugh at her. She went in and shut her door; but sleep as yet was impossible, for the horses were apparently being put to bed just underneath her room; and moreover there was a great wide window which she found irresistible, for outside, a huge mountain ash, covered with red berries, looked magically beautifully in the moonlight. But at last the horses having gone to sleep, or all all events become quiet, Merry tore herself from the window and got into the little bed, too sleepy to do more than momentarily regret its stuffiness.

The morning dawned as lovely as the night it had succeeded. Mr. Hamerton was out in the courtyard early, arranging for a carriage to take them on their way; and when Merry came down from her balcony, she found the horses already being harnessed for their journey. There was only breakfast to have, and then they would start. Breakfast came, carried across the courtyard by the most amiable of *garçons*; it seemed to be produced from the stables, but was very good, as French breakfasts always are in their own way.

As they drove away through the quiet streets, they passed the diligence which was going on their road, and which was being packed

with its passengers. It was a rusty old omnibus, carrying the postman and his bag on the box, and stuffed inside with chattering peasant women. Among them was a fat priest, who amused Merry very much in the passing glimpse she caught of him. He was eating peaches and reading his prayer-book, with one arm resting on two great loaves which one of the peasant women held on her knee; another woman carried his broad hat.

"He looks comfortable," said Arthur, "I wonder, does he get so fat upon a diet of peaches?"

What a bright day that was—one which lived in Merry's memory long years after, when she could bear to look upon this period of her life. They had some twenty miles or more to drive, and the road was bordered most of the way by regular rows of trees which made it seem like one long avenue. Many were apple trees, and the rich fruit harvest which hung so carelessly by the roadside, seemed to Merry something very delightful. The wide fields on every side were golden and green, and all bathed in sunlight; how strange in their midst looked the little shrines which stood here and there by the roadside, and still more strange the great ghastly crucifixes.

"Very curious," said Mr. Hamerton, "with the splendour of nature and the evidences of beneficence on every side, that people should require these intolerable artificial reminders of their religion."

The sunshine and sweet breezes made them all alike irrelevantly happy in their humour; and Arthur still maintained the brilliant flow of spirits with which he had started upon this expedition. Gradually, however, as the morning became afternoon, they all began to think

of lunch. It is an appetising way of spending the morning, that of driving through brisk breezes and radiant sunlight. Man, as well as the plants, wants his nourishment, and unfortunately he cannot root himself in the earth and thence suck his strength. The wayside apples being as yet unripe, he must needs find an inn. Not until the afternoon had grown an actual fact, did any hope of lunch appear; eternally did the road seem to go on up and down steep hills. But at last they drove up a steep incline into queer old Eu, where *garçons*, napkin in hand, rushed into the road, endeavouring to entice them into the various untempting restaurants. They got out, ready to eat anything; and yet could not but pause to look at the little market which was being held on the pebbly space devoted to it.

"It seems impossible," said Mrs. Hamerton, lost in wonder, "that anybody will give even a sou for these old rubbishing things. Why, there is nothing here worth any fate better than to be thrown on a dust-heap!"

It was true enough, yet the peasants surveyed with languid interest the old bits of carpets and worthless tin articles which seemed to form the staple of the market.

"Come in to lunch, Bertha," said Mr. Hamerton, who had been reviewing the various places of refreshment, and had ordered a meal at the cleanest. "Come in and let us again regale ourselves upon beans and oil."

Eu was certainly not great in the way of cookery; beans and oil described the meal not inaptly. But beans and oil are better than nothing; and somewhat refreshed they got into the carriage, and drove on to Tréport without pausing to hunt up any of the curiosities of Eu.

"Now for my dear hotel, where

the wallpapers are patterned with roses," cried Merry, as they drove along the pretty road.

It certainly was a pleasant hotel, built right upon the sea, and under the shelter of the high cliff, on the top of which stands a great crucifix.

"Oh, mama," said Merry, as she got out of the carriage, "it is the same dear little place, but prettier, much prettier than it was before. I feel as if this was a place to be happy in and never be troubled."

Arthur was standing by her; he turned and looked into her face with a strange expression on his own. But in a moment he spoke quickly and with the air of gaiety which had never deserted him since they left London.

"Come, Merry, let us go down and see where the bathing is—look, it is but a few steps to the beach."

"Mama," whispered Merry to her mother before she went with him. "Do try and get me the dear little room I had before."

"I want, before it gets dusk, to see how the place lies," said Arthur, as they went down on to the beach. "I must get a swim to-morrow morning early. Oh, here are all the huts, and I suppose in the afternoon the people all trip down those planks into the sea in becoming bathing dresses, as they do at Trouville. I don't admire that sort of thing for myself, though it's very amusing to see other people do it. I shall go round that corner of the cliff in the morning, and see if there is not a nook there I can swim out from."

It was growing dark now; the cliff looked high and solemn, and the water at its base, black and threatening. Merry, who was intensely imaginative in this kind of thing, and affected instantly by appearances, clung to Arthur's arm in a sort of terror.

"Oh, not round there, Arthur; don't go there! It looks so deep and dangerous!"

"You foolish little thing," laughed Arthur, "I can swim like a fish! I shall have had my dip before you are up in the morning."

"Oh, but not round that dreadful cliff!" said Merry, "I am afraid of that place; it looks so dark and lonesome."

"I confess it does not seem very tempting now," said Arthur, "but if it is a fine morning it will be glorious. This air is like food. Don't you feel delightful, Merry? I do. Come, now we'll go in, for it is getting dark, and I am so hungry, I am sure it must be dinner time."

Merry found that the little room she coveted had been obtained for her, and she danced about gleefully, and clapped her hands at sight of the rose-covered wall. The bed was draped with chintz to match the paper, so that it was a bower of roses and butterflies, and though not according to the canons of modern æstheticism, was really very pretty. The wide window opened on to a little balcony all of its own, and from here the sea seemed to lie at your feet, and spread away to the heavens.

"Oh, it is charming," cried Merry, in an ecstasy; "and how kind Arthur is to me—and what a beautiful world this is to live in!"

Mrs. Hamerton's window commanded the same glorious view; and she was sitting there resting and looking out upon the darkling waters when Mr. Hamerton came in with some letters in his hand. He had used the half hour before dinner to visit the *Poste Restante*.

"A lot of letters," he said, putting them down, "but principally invitations—nothing of importance. There is a note from Dick—he has gone to Paris, and wants to know whether we are likely to go there,

or whether he may join us here for a few days. What shall I say?"

"It would be better if he did not come just yet," said Mrs. Hamerton, doubtfully; "at least I fancy Merry has not been quite so much at her ease while he has been with us lately. Lovers are so self-

absorbed; they like to have the world to themselves. And Arthur and Merry seem so happy together just now; let the children be happy undisturbed!"

"Then I had better write to-morrow, and tell him we may, perhaps, come to Paris," said Mr. Hamerton.

(To be continued.)

TO THALIARCHUS.

(Horace, Book 1, Ode IX.)

Soracte's height stands gleaming white,
Knee-deep in drifting snows;
The straining wood bends 'neath its load,
The stream no longer flows.

Up, up, old friend! cold blows the wind,
But warm and snug within,
Still higher raise the crackling blaze,
And broach thine oldest bin.

To Jove 'tis best to leave the rest,
Who rules the winds and seas;
When he shall will, the oaks are still
Erst rocking in the breeze.

Fret not nor 'plain, count each day gain,
Take all the joys that chance;
Each pleasure prove, turn not from love,
And blithely join the dance.

No thought of age need thee engage,
Thy youth is in its flower;
At night repair to meet thy fair,
When comes the trysting hour.

From some dark street her laughter sweet
Tells where she hiding stands;
Won't she reveal?—Some token steal
From her coquettish hands.

Edinburgh.

ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

THE YOUTH OF CHARLES LEVER.

BY A KINSMAN.

(Continued from page 473.)

IN reference to that visit of Lever's to Inistioge, fully described in our previous paper, Dr. Fitzpatrick's correspondent writes (*Life of Lever*, vol. ii.): "Fishing when at Inistioge, he practised because everybody fished, and the river Nore running through was an excellent trout and salmon stream, but he never liked it, attained no skill, and had not even bungler's luck. He was, in truth, too social an animal for any solitary amusements." To Lever's lack of interest in fishing, there were two exceptions. One of these was locally called cor-bait fishing. The tidal flow of the river Nore seldom reaches above Inistioge bridge, and below it for several miles the waters are merely thrown back by the rising tide, forming a still-water pond, clear and currentless. The rapids where the large trout love to lie behind rocks, and concealed in weeds, become consequently dead water, and the astonished fish move wildly about, deprived of their usual hiding-places. The water plants which lay flat under the current rise perpendicularly from their stems, causing an entire change in the appearance of the bottom of the river. Absolute silence and stillness is necessary as the bait is dropped among a population so much upon the alert. From the clearness of the water in this natural aquarium, every movement of the finny tribe is visible.

The bait is examined by the fish from all sides; some will visit it a second or third time; some, apparently in contempt, will lash at it with their tails, but their general movement resembles moths flying round a lamp, until one more reckless or more daring than the rest, will seize the bait. In all this Lever took immense interest, and perhaps all the knowledge he ever acquired of the habits of trout was learned there and then. He came to know that fish, though unfurnished with external ears, have remarkably sharp perception of sound. A shout, even at a distance will startle them; a shot a hundred yards away will cause them to vanish. Their eyes, too, supposed to be magnifiers, are of great sharpness, their enemy, man, assuming in their sight colossal proportions. There, too, was visible the apparatus by which the air was extracted from the water, enabling these breathing animals to live and move and have their being. There, too, was learned, how very short are the memories of the denizens of our waters.

Five minutes after the capture of a trout, who from his size must have been one of the seniors of the community, exactly the same thing would occur again; the trout would approach the bait, hesitate, finally swallow it, to be followed a few minutes after by a perfectly similar occurrence. It may be said that

all this could have been learned from a few lines of letter-press. We doubt this. Excellent as Murray's handbooks may be, Paris and Rome must be seen to be known. Lever could never see through another man's eyes, and many happy allusions in his works and conversations to fish and fishing may be traced to these evenings on the Nore. There is another species of fishing of yearly occurrence at Inistioge, in which Lever was an eager participant. This is the chad or shad fishing, coming off late in April, or in the early days of May. It is a sea-fish, averaging about a pound in weight, and on the highest tides of the spring in favourable seasons they arrive in such multitudes as to literally cover the bottom of the river, and they make a most valuable addition to the food of the villagers, at that time a community of potato eaters. They are taken by every possible device, from the seine net to the rough and simple one of knocking over with stick or stone. When shoal presses on shoal, the early arrivals are forced into the shallows, when a scene bearing somewhat the aspect of a village festival occurs. The juveniles of the community execute a flank movement into the river, to cut off the retreat of the fish into deep water. When, by these tactics, the shoal of fish have been deprived of all chance of escape, an order to advance shorewards in close array is given, and the motley group move accordingly, beating the water with poles and branches and shouting and yelling furiously. The frightened fish, with such enemies behind, dash forward, some leaping into the air, some on shore, all into the hands of the seniors of the village, who receive the treasure with cries of "Thank God."

In these manœuvres Lever was an active leader, and the fun was

heightened by the cheers that followed an important capture, and the laughter and screeching of the splashers and the splashed rang loud and long.

At Inistioge in 1817 it was not the custom to place the human extremities within the restraint of shoes or stockings under the age of twelve years, so that mere wading was easy enough; but, as the water deepened, a puzzle arose—dresses must be kept dry, and decency of costume should be observed. The devices by which these difficulties were attempted to be met caused much amusement.

The usual mode of salmon-fishing at Inistioge is by the shap net. Two cots twenty feet asunder drag a net, weighted at the under rope, along the fish passes. Lever passed one night, and one only, in one of these cots, and it was long before the horror he felt at the night's work forsook him. A great many fish were taken; to kill them requires several blows with a short heavy stick, in the vernacular "smocktheen," and Lever declared that he heard distinctly the groans of the half-murdered fish, somewhat resembling the croaking of frogs. He often said, that the profession of a butcher was that of a gentleman, compared to that of a fisherman; and that the most startling miracle recorded in Scripture was that by which fishermen became apostles. An extract from a letter written thirty years after the incidents just related, addressed to a friend on a fishing and sketching tour in Kilkenny, will show how deep these early impressions had sunk into the mind of Lever, and how fresh and distinct they remained.

"Commit your ways unto the Nore," he wrote in 1848, "I cannot advise better. Irish rivers, by a happy instinct, will travel

miles out of their direct course to visit a spot of interest, adding by their presence another beauty to the scene. The Nore is no exception to this rule. When it turns off at right angles to its course, move alongside, nothing doubting. You will probably reach some ruined castle, with many tales of interest belonging to it, if you have time to listen to them, possibly an abbey, a curious overhanging rock, a waterfall, or an echo. Of these last there are many. They have not the politeness of Paddy Blake's echo at Killarney, but to such questions as, 'Are you very well' or, 'Are you man or devil?' rational replies will be given, six or seven times repeated.

"Midway between Thomastown and Inistioge—the name* has escaped me—you will drop upon one of the most remarkable of these echoes. It is on the right bank of the river, little over a stone's throw from the edge, and close to the ruined tower where Bishop Berkeley was born. Tradition adds that the bishop was its discoverer. If you can group river, rock, and castle, a sketch would have the interest of association for me, with times when my heart was lighter than it is now. In any case do not neglect the echo. Hunt up a lad possessed of the accomplishment of whistling through his fingers, he will not only place you at the proper standpoint, from which the echo is best addressed, but produce the 'Cruiskeen lawn,' with startling accompaniments, for your gratification. Drop me a line, when you have killed and eaten a Nore trout one pound in weight. Your letter will be a song of triumph, for no fish makes a better fight for his life, and none can approach him in

firmness and flavour. The lakes and muddy waters of the midland counties no doubt produce fish of larger size, but the rocky sofas and sandy beds of the Nore hold a vigorous race of fish, small indeed, but hard fed from the overhanging woods that line the river, into which they drop fatness. Of salmon fishing, I say little, your education in that lofty branch of angling erudition having been, as I am aware, sadly neglected, though to speak of the Nore, and not of its salmon, is like talking of a casket, to the neglect of the gem it contains.

"Near Thomastown you will pass a house where once lived an old friend, not now in the flesh, so close to the river that his kitchen overlooked a salmon weir, which was an appurtenance to my friend's mansion. When the time of supper drew near, and all culinary preparations complete, a wire, one end of which was attached to the bars of the salmon trap, was placed in communication with a bell hanging conveniently within doors. When a tinkling of the bell was heard the cook rushed forth, and in a few minutes a dish was in preparation, on which memory refuses to relax her hold. Six hours before, the captured fish, on the unmistakable evidence of the sea-lice, was the companion of soles, plaice, and codfish, in their native waters. My friend sups in Paradise, and, to use the words of M. Mude in referring to the poor Duke of York, 'I trust he will not miss these good things where he is gone.'"

Charles Lever's visit to the county Kilkenny, in 1817, lasted four months, commencing in May. His second visit, in 1820, was of about the same length, commencing two months later in the year.

Meanwhile he had passed through the hands of many schoolmasters, of which Dr. FitzPatrick's book gives a full account, not too full, however, for in few instances could it be said that the boy was father to the man with greater force than in that of Charles Lever. These accounts show that, though Lever was an agreeable companion to his schoolfellows, to his instructors he was like a thorn in the flesh, and progress in his studies at all times halted lamentably. We venture to say the faults were not all one side. Her Majesty has got the credit of the discovery that schoolmasters make the best bishops, the case of Dr. Colenso notwithstanding. It may be doubted, if the experiment had been tried on Irish schoolmasters sixty years ago, whether the same results would have followed. Good men and true no doubt there were, but the majority were schoolmasters because they had failed in other walks of life. A worthy man, to whom no congregation could be induced to listen for a few minutes once a week, would be placed over a hundred boys, and to him they would have no choice but to hearken from year's end to year's end. Parents were also taught to believe that the dulness of these men, which they could not help seeing, was caused by the weight of erudition laid in for the benefit of their sons. When lively lads of the class to which Lever belonged are charged with ignorance, accusers may congratulate themselves that they live in better times, have been taught by better men on a better system, and above all, under the light of a healthier public opinion. Lever was now in all externals "a young man about town," though only fourteen years old. His dress approached dandyism; he wore a ring, carried a glass in his eye, and

affected deliberation in walk and conversation. He cultivated the acquaintance of men older than himself, and tried to talk as they talked. The colour of ladies' eyes would be discussed, their glossy ringlets, and rounded ankles. He would even go the length of speculating which of his lady friends would make the most suitable wife for a poor man who had to make his own way in the world. But all this was only skin deep—boyhood was not so easily got rid of. To his intimates he was the same laughter-loving Lever as ever. He had no objection to tops, he liked marbles, enjoyed hunting cats, and loved a practical joke a little spiced with mischief. With country young ladies Lever was an immense favourite. The great art of dancing in Ireland was then in a transition state. Country dances had been driven from Dublin ball-rooms, and had found no firm footing even in country quarters. French dances that had achieved this conquest appeared to have irreconcilable differences, for rival professors with rival figures contended for the mastery. The minds of young ladies and of their graver mammas were painfully exercised by this important controversy, and Lever, a favourite pupil of M. Montague, was regarded as a high authority, and soon found favour in their sight. At pic-nics, boating, and sod parties, Lever's companionable qualities were now brought into light. He was a valuable escort, sung songs, could throw in an effective second, and possessed that good taste that prompts a man to press a young lady, not for the song she sings best, but for the song she takes most pleasure in singing.

Lever's ingenuity in supplying the wants so commonly felt at these rural festivities, particularly

in table requisites, increased his popularity. On one occasion, when the period for dessert had arrived, it was found that plates had been forgotten. Lever's substitute was the leaves of the linden-tree, and the contrivance was applauded as akin to the fig-leaf incident recorded in an early portion of human history. From these quiet enjoyments he was roused by the acquaintanceship he had formed with the blind man Hewitson Nixon, whose family lived at a short distance from Inistioge. Dr. Fitz-Patrick's correspondent writes (*Life of Lever*, vol. ii., p. 392): "Hunting excited him, and he loved it. At Inistioge he was six miles from Kilfane, then the head-quarters of the Kilkenny foxhounds, Mr., afterwards Sir John, Power being master. The meets, when within reasonable distance, he always attended on foot, hunters forming no part of our establishment at Inistioge. He was more at home with the Thomastown harriers, kept by the subscription of a few neighbours' families, and hunted by the aforesaid Hewitson Nixon of Brownsbane, a man stone-blind from his birth, and then one of the Kilkenny wonders. It was in 1820 that he made the acquaintance of Nixon, who possessed great natural ability, with a memory so retentive that every word spoken or read to him seemed fastened on his mind for ever. Nixon had an aptitude for horse-racing, hunting, and horse-dealing that in a blind man seemed little short of the miraculous, with also a way of telling his adventures in these and other lines of life singularly attractive; but everything that fell from him was capped at once from Lever's fertile imagination.

"Many were the joint productions of these friends, some of them no doubt inclining to the lampoon line, but generally verses spiced, sometimes highly, with good-humoured banter. This association with Nixon helped to awaken Lever's mind to the good stuff that was in him.

"Of the small pack of harriers which Thomastown, fifty years ago, owned, Nixon commonly acted as huntsman, and it was with these that Lever made his first appearance in the hunting-field. Queer enough were the 'meets' on these occasions — men on horses or mules, some horses with halters, *minus* saddles — men and boys on foot — and loud was the 'chorus' (as they called it) of the song that was invariably chaunted in celebration of the past exploits of the pack." A song composed by Nixon in honour of a sporting priest of those days' acquired great popularity, and was sung at fairs and races, printed in ballad fashion, and sold for one halfpenny. Lever's name does not occur in this production, but it was understood he was included in the 'ruck' of four who are brought to grief in the last verse:

Four horsemen bold, as I am told,
All in Mung-bog lay shakin',
While Father Quin rode headlong in,
Just as the hare was taken.

In a later edition of the ballad Lever's name appears:

Lever came next, erect of crest,
Riding spread-eagle fashion,
O'er heath and furze he whips and spurs,
As fast as he can dash on.

Midst jokes and jeers, his way he steers,
To where poor puss ran quakin',
With Father Quin, who still rode in,
Until the hare was taken.*

* Father Quin and Nixon quarrelled shortly after, and the latter wrote in various forms in disparagement of the priest's horsemanship. In some of these productions Lever had a hand, certainly in one — a song, consisting originally of half-a-dozen, or more,

Poor Whitley was treated with scant courtesy in these effusions.

Next Whitley came with his shins turned out,

On a mare scarce able to crawl, sir,
If boasting makes a horseman stout,
Whitley would beat them all, sir.

An incident with the harriers established Lever's character for pluck, if not for horsemanship. Nixon was the possessor of a mule, whose services he placed at the disposal of his friends, but the mount was always accepted with misgivings, for the animal was the most vicious of her tribe. The operation of grooming could only be conducted with safety to life and limb by the restraint of an iron-barred muzzle, and with a fore leg tied up. Bridling and saddling and mounting were managed from a loft above, and the animal was backed into the open, and not freed from restraint until a clear stage was reached, where man and mule might try conclusions as to mastery. This was no child's play, for the brute's nose would seem to touch the ground, while its heels appeared high in air. When these preliminaries were safely got through, there was usually peace for the rest of the day, for once fairly started, the animal seemed to like the work, and she was fleet, sure-footed, had the activity of a cat, and followed sport with the keenness of a dog. A pause, however, or a lull in the amusement

was always dangerous; she would have time to remember her vices, and recommence their practice. The movement was commonly stern foremost, the hind legs flourishing in advance in a manner that meant mischief. In this fashion on one occasion, Lever being the rider, a farmhouse was entered, such slight obstacles as chairs and tables being easily kicked aside.

A "dresser," the pride of the family, with its furniture of crockery, was dislodged from its fastenings by these formidable heels, and fell to the ground, with plates, and dishes, mugs and porringers, scattered and shattered. Many were the devices that were tried, but failed, to get rid of the intruder, until at last, to secure eviction, the strong measure of igniting bushes of furze under and behind the animal was resorted to. When Lever emerged from the smoke, still mounted, he was greeted with loud cheers, and, with the assent of a chorus of sponsors, the animal previously called *Blazes* was rechristened "*Knock-a-crockery*" in memory of the event.

It is from Galway as it stood sixty years ago, that the author of "*Charles O'Malley*," has derived his happiest inspirations. Without Galway, Galway men, and Galway women, Lever would be as Scott without his Highlanders, or Crabbe without his parish notabilities. Half a century ago, if not now, Galway was the great

verses, but of which only the two given below have adhered to the memory of the writer. It was written to suit a popular Irish air, and the concluding lines of each verse were in the same (then) familiar language, and may be translated as "*More is the pity—More is the pity*":

Then came that ugly Woodstock-hill,
Where spurs were used with right goodwill;
But, ah! our priest was backward still:
Oh! Wirristua! Wirristua!
Bad luck attend those Brownsford walls,
Where horse and man got grievous falls;
Horse broke his knees, priest burst his smalls:
Oh! Wirristua! Wirristua!

stronghold of Irishmen racy of the soil. English invaders passed the Shannon at an early period of the national history; but it was only to be repelled, as at Athenry, or to become, as we read, more Irish than the Irish themselves. A full-blooded Galway man of that day looked upon the inhabitants of the northern and eastern counties as a bastard race, denationalised by admixture with repeated immigrations from the sister island, and taught to pronounce the names of law and order with a show of respect. In the West, English law was regarded by the masses as a contrivance by which oppression was licensed, patriotism repressed, and in civil cases as a game from which all parties were sure to rise losers. Rather than not fight at all, Galway men fought shoulder to shoulder with Englishmen, but they fought quite as well against them. Even at the much-discussed battle of Fontenoy, annalists leave us in doubt whether the Irish fought better for their old friends the French, or for their old enemies the English.

Pious divines, as their manner is, told the combatants on each side that their cause was the cause of God, and as the Irish are the most religious people in the world, it may be assumed that the assurance enabled them to fight with lighter hearts, if not with readier hands. The warlike spirit of the Irish race is very remarkable. Under strong repression in Ireland, it breaks out all over the world where opportunities occur; but lately, Irishmen were fighting Indians on the western prairies of America, having a sharp tussle with the Afghans in Central Asia, and at the same time giving the Zulus a taste of their quality in South Africa.

Early in the century this effervescence found vent nearer home. In the West, the evenings of fairs,

patterns, races, and even holidays, were not seldom marked by faction fights, where hundreds of men at each side tried conclusions with fists and "alpeens," not giving, it must be admitted, much occupation to the coroner, but providing dispensary doctors with work for many a day. The western gentlemen according to their lights set or followed examples so popular. Races, contested elections, and even county balls, were productive of a crop of quarrels. These were settled according to a code of honour drawn up with the elaborateness of the constitution of a kingdom. Discourtesies, offences, injuries, insults, had their appropriate penalties in this code in the shape of apologies, verbal or written, delivered in public or private, pistols at twelve paces being the "dernier ressort." Such meetings were conducted with the solemnities of a law court, the seconds, usually experienced duelists, acting as assessors. When a fatality ensued—a rare occurrence, for the code contained many safeguards against such a catastrophe—it was looked upon simply as a misfortune or misadventure, and no twelve men in the West could be induced to attach blame where the affair had been conducted according to the strict rules of the game. "Why on earth did they hang the man?" asked an astonished Galway gentleman, of a car-driver who brought news of an execution in an eastern county for such an offence. "For the want of a Galway jury, your honour," was the reply. The education of a Galway gentleman was not considered complete until he had taken the field once or twice against an adversary, which was politely termed, "having an exchange of shots."

Venerable gentlemen and elderly ladies smiled approval of these practices, reminding them of the

exciting pleasures of their youth. Young people were still more enthusiastic on the same side, and bright eyes shone brighter on those who figured in these encounters. These were but slight obstructions, however, to the pleasant flow of social life in the West. Many of the gentry were no doubt careless, extravagant, apt to take offence, and extremely touchy on points of etiquette or honour, but they were at the same time goodnatured, easily appeased, fond of strangers, and hospitable to a fault.

It was in society such as this that Lever found himself on a friendly footing, at an age when impressions are most easily made, and are usually most lasting. In 1823 Lever entered his eighteenth year, but looked considerably older, his height being about five feet ten inches, which he never exceeded. He was ready and fluent of speech, and possessed that laughing, though deferential manner, which he never lost, and which was no small cause of his social successes. His elder brother, the Rev. John Lever, had been appointed curate of Portumna, and Charles was almost his constant guest during the summer and autumn months of that year. The village of Portumna stands at the head of Lough Derg, an expansion of the Shannon reaching southwards for some twenty-three miles, with a breadth of seldom less than four, and often of eight miles. Salmon and trout are plentiful in its waters, and there are many spots of great interest to the archæologist, as well as to lovers of the picturesque, along its shores. They are also well studded with the residences of country gentry, and there was no more attractive locality in the West. The roads round Portumna were the worst in Connaught, and it was suggested to the clergyman that access to his

parish from landing-places on the lake would be pleasanter and safer than by land. A boat was accordingly procured of from five to six tons burden. She was cutter-rigged, named the *Lady of the Lake*, and on this boat most of the days and some of the nights of the summer of 1823 were spent by Lever and his friends. The crew, as they were called, were sons of the neighbouring squires, seldom less than six, and often double the number, and to them were invariably added two Scotch officers, then stationed at the barracks. It was from these latter gentlemen that Lever acquired the greater part of the knowledge he possessed of Scotland and the Scotch dialect, for he never crossed the border. Lever then learned for the first time what hospitality meant according to western interpretation. If the boat was wind-bound or becalmed within view of a country gentleman's mansion, a missive would shortly be received offering to the crew "pot-luck" food or liquor, and not seldom would the proprietor himself appear, giving them the alternative of landing and dining within him, or that he would board the boat with food and family for the same genial purpose. Hospitality, however, was not confined to any class. Often food would run short, and a foraging party would land, who never returned empty handed. For potatoes, eggs, or even fowl, it was almost impossible to induce the peasantry to receive payment. For "poteen" or illicitly distilled whisky money was indeed at all times expected, but the quality was excellent, and the price only three shillings per gallon. Sometimes a bag, presumably of potatoes, sent from a farmer's house, when opened would be found to contain a basket of eggs, fowl, a couple of rabbits, or, better than

all, a foot or even two feet of "Killaloo bacon." Killaloo bacon was the spiced eel of the Shannon, preserved in its own skin, and seasoned in the chimneys of the farm-houses. There was nothing the crew liked so well, and Lever was loud in its praise. "The after taste," he said, "was too agreeable to be called thirst, though it excited a craving for liquor only, to be appeased by small doses of slightly diluted poteen, taken hot, at short intervals, for some hours. One evening while the crew were undergoing this medical treatment, a Galway gentleman approached the boat on hospitable thoughts intent. It is a well-known boast of the West, that a stranger may drink with a Galway man in the dark. It has been stated of a denizen of the West, that on joining a dinner-party somewhat late in the evening, he proposed to drink the back tumblers, in order to place himself on a fair drinking level with the earlier arrivals. Under the pressure of responsibilities such as these, the stranger advanced to Lever, and asked him, "If the tumbler on which he was then engaged, was the first of the series?" Lever's reply was, "That the first tumbler was the immediate predecessor of the present tumbler's great grandfather." The gentleman at once took a hand at the game, remarking, "that Lever's reply reminded him pleasantly of the fifth commandment, which," he said, "was the first with promise."

It may be here stated that at no period of Lever's life was he otherwise than moderate in the use of stimulating drinks. He held a theory that well-furnished minds are frequently shut out from social converse by a want of a self-con-

fidence which wine supplies, and by the judicious use of which unpromising guests are "sherried-up" into agreeable companions. At the time of which we write the widowed Countess of Clanricarde,* mother of the late marquis, resided at the old castle of Portumna (shortly afterwards burnt down), with her unmarried daughter Lady Emily De Burgh, afterwards Countess of Howth; her son, then a minor, being absent on the Continent. Liberal hospitality (the inheritance of the De Burgh family) was freely exercised, and the brothers Lever were frequent, and honoured guests at the castle.

There Lever made the acquaintance of many Galway magnates, some of whom had taken an active part in the stirring scenes that had preceded the Union, during that short but brilliant era when Ireland was a nation. One named Blake, Lever declared was the best story teller he had ever met with. His tales were of fishing, shooting, hunting, duelling, rebellion, and warfare, at home and abroad, and a sort of natural affinity attracted Lever and Blake to each other. Though an elderly man, he was still ready for adventure, or for any scheme of excitement or frolic, tending to ruffle the smooth surface of every-day life.

It was at one of these social gatherings that the countess announced to her guests that she had laid embargo on a celebrated conjuror who was passing through her town of Portumna, and that he would entertain the company by an exhibition of his skill in his art the same evening in a room she had directed to be prepared for the purpose.

Handbills were circulated amongst the guests, describing

* This lady was daughter of Sir Thomas Burke, Bart., Marble Hill, Count Galway, and wife to the thirteenth Earl of Clanricarde.

the magical powers of which the wizard was possessed, his successful performances before the great kings of the earth, and his descent from the prophet Mohammed. An evil spirit, it was stated, had deprived him of the faculty of utterance, but the angel Gabriel had, in lieu, gifted him with the knowledge of all languages, a power to read the future of the world as it was written by the Angel of Destiny on the sun and stars, the future of nations on the rocks and mountains, and of individuals on their eyeballs, the soles of their feet, and the palms of their hands, by the same spirit.

At the time appointed such of the guests were told off separately as desired to have a look into futurity.

The wizard's room was a small one, with a portion screened off for his private use. It was dimly lighted, and the air loaded with perfume. In front of the portion so screened off was the wizard's chair, of antique workmanship, crowned with a canopy, and heavily curtained. Before him was a table covered with scarlet cloth, on which were embroidered cabalistic characters. On the table reposed a shaded lamp, a massive silver salver, and an ivory wand.

The conjuror was black as an Ethiopian, tall, and with prominent features. Bright eyes indicated that he was in the vigour of life, though a white beard, reaching to his waist, seemed to tell a different tale. He was clothed with a white robe, bound tightly at the neck and wrists, large rings hung from his ears, and the small fingers of his delicate hands were covered with rings. His head displayed a green turban of foreign material, indicating his descent from the Prophet, and on the front glittered an aigrette of diamonds.

When an applicant knocked at

the door of the magician's divan, a page dressed in Oriental costume conducted the lady or gentleman to his presence; the party was motioned to a desk where writing materials were provided, and questions to be written to which the conjuror undertook to supply answers. These missives were folded and dropped through a slit in the desk, when the applicant again appeared before the magician for further examination. This time it was more minute—the eyes and the lines of the face were carefully perused, and the palms scanned beginning with the left hand, first with the naked eye, afterwards more closely through a powerful magnifier; after this the philosopher would seem to be absorbed in certain integral calculations necessary to the elucidation of the problems on which the science of palmistry depends. Suddenly the solution would appear to have been arrived at; he would start, smile, show an excellent set of teeth, and present, on the salver before mentioned, a sealed and perfumed billet on which, instead of an address, were written the lines:

“Clear the vision, oh prophet, by mystical
lore,
To scan the dim future, that lieth before.”

Most of the castle guests passed through the hands of the astrologer, and his missives produced some startling effects.

Some burnt them at once, some laughed, some looked grave, some declared his communications wonderful, others that he was an impostor, and one elderly lady was heard to remark, “that he was either the devil from below, or that they had been living in glass houses all their lives.” The Countess announced her expectation that the conjuror would join their party at supper, and display some of the wonders of his art for

the entertainment of the company. But they were doomed to disappointment, for later on a billet was delivered to the lady of the castle, stating that the magician had been called to London by express. His Majesty King George the Fourth had been, he said, seized with extreme depression of spirits, and it would ill become a foreigner who had received so much kindness from the inhabitants of these islands to neglect their beloved monarch under the circumstances. Need it be said that the whole farce was a scheme for the amusement of the castle guests, and that Lever and Blake were its contrivers? Lever was the conjuror, and the screened-off portion of the room concealed the conspirators, who could see without being seen, and who were all intimate friends of the guests. The desk communicated with the place of their concealment, and the cogitations of the philosopher were measured by the length of time required for the preparation of the notes of reply, which were slipped to the salver under the ample sleeve of the adept. A few outside confederates conveyed information while pretending to con-

sult the wizard, and a couple of rehearsals made the scheme work to admiration.

Should these recollections hastily put together interest readers of the *University Magazine* in the subsequent career of Lever, a rich treat is open to them in the "Memoirs of Lever," recently published by Dr. W. J. FitzPatrick. An immense amount of material, collected by the industry of the doctor, is digested into a lively and agreeable narrative: the story of a life of singular vicissitude as student, doctor, editor, author, and British Consul. The lights, and they are bright and numerous, are judiciously placed, the shadows—and what life is free from them—are touched with a tender and graceful hand, and the real Lever, from the cradle to the grave, is placed before the public, oftentimes rash, sometimes impulsive and excitable, but always brilliant, generous, and true-hearted.

The publication of that book has awakened these recollections of an old kinsman, which may have many faults, but which, if not now jotted down, would, according to the natural course of events, have been lost.

THE CHRISTOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HISTORY, SCIENCE, AND DOGMA.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 659.)

XI.

No book of the New Testament has an importance equal, as matter of direct historic evidence, to that of the First Epistle of Peter, supposing it to be authentic. It is the only signed book of the series which refers, of the personal knowledge of the writer, to the Resurrection. It is true that he gives no details. It is not descriptive in any way of the event, but it refers to it with an unhesitating certitude. And the writer is moreover the only one who calls himself not only an apostle, but a witness, of Jesus; thus using the designation of those of whom, according to the resolution of the eleven, it was necessary to fill up the number. The right of St. Paul to the title of an apostle was, according to his own account, contested. And he was so far from being a witness of the Resurrection that he disbelieved it, until convinced by reasons peculiar to himself. He was not one of those who companied with the twelve "all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us." The identity of the writer of the Epistle of James is not clear. He does not call himself an apostle, and he says nothing of the Resurrection. The identity of the writers, and even the authenticity, of the Epistles of Jude and John are also in dispute. But the only questions that can be raised as to the First Epistle of Peter are as to the state

of the text, and as to the genuine character of the document.

The authenticity of the epistle has been generally accepted. And the more intelligently it is regarded, not from the point of view of a Romish or a Genevan commentator, but from that of an inhabitant of Palestine of the first century, the more fully will it be found to answer to the character of such a letter as St. Peter might be supposed to have written. That it is a translation can hardly be seriously questioned. For a fisherman of Galilee to have written the Greek of the epistle is an hypothesis which has been only supported on the gratuitous assumption that, after the event narrated in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, a miraculous knowledge and command of foreign tongues was permanently bestowed on the twelve. To attempt to escape from any doubt, any difficulty, or any unwelcome inference, by the gratuitous assumption of miracle, is as unintelligent as it is irreverent. We might safely adjourn the consideration of any such plea until it could be shown that it was made by any sacred writer. As to St. Peter, however, the evidence is not merely negative. After the day of Pentecost, on an occasion when the plenitude of the Holy Ghost is described as resting on this apostle, the Sanhedrim, according to the testimony of the author of the Acts of

the Apostles, perceived that he and his companion John were unlearned and ignorant men, "unlettered and private individuals"—*ἰδιῶται* is the significant term. And when this remark is compared with the question of the Chiliarch to Paul, a foreign Jew, as to his acquaintance with Greek (Acts i. 21, 38) on an occasion when he had just spoken in Aramaic, the hypothesis of St. Peter's writing in Greek may be laid aside. Indeed, the latest orthodox commentator has recreated to the indefensible hypothesis of his writing by the medium of an interpreter—a mode of using an unfamiliar language in every way more uncertain and unsatisfactory than that of writing in his native tongue, and handing over the letter to a translator. Nor is it by any means probable that Greek would have been so intelligible to all, or even to the majority, of those addressed, in the epistle as the vernacular Aramaic.

The authenticity of the epistle, as written by a Galilean peasant in Aramaic, and translated by some one who at times reproduces the Semitic idiom in Greek (cf. iii. 17), is further supported by the fact that no quotation from the Septuagint occurs in the epistle. It is a remarkable circumstance that the epistles of Paul afford no evidence of a familiarity on the part of the writer with the Hebrew Scriptures. He quotes either the Septuagint, and that in places where the sense of that version differs materially from that of the original; or a Targum. The same is the case with the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the First Epistle of Peter, on the contrary, the exact language of the LXX. is nowhere to be found, and the translation of the quotations from Scripture (of which there is one of six lines long) is in close accordance

with the style of the rest of the book.

The commentators who have written on this epistle have, as is so constantly the case with regard to writers on the New Testament, generally omitted the precaution of endeavouring to realise the position, the education, and the ideas of the writer. They have spoken of the document as if it had been the work of a Greek or Latin writer of the third or fourth century. If we look at it as it really is—if authentic—we shall find a very different light to illumine its pages.

Identifying himself as the former constant attendant on Jesus, of whom the Synoptic Gospels tell us, St. Peter addresses those Jews, scattered through Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, who were fellow-believers with himself in the Resurrection. Of the date of the epistle—a most important point in order to understand its full import—there is no mark, unless it be found in the fourth chapter. The reference there made to the "conflagration which had occurred, as a trial" to those addressed, according to the simplest meaning of the words, points to the destruction of Jerusalem. A similar use of the word, *γινόμενῃ* occurs in Thucydides (A. ρβ.), with reference to a past event. The English translation, "which is to try you," has no excuse in the grammatical construction. St. Jerome puts it, *In fervore, qui ad tentationem vobis sit*. If anything were needed to confirm this view, it is to be found in the following reference (iv. 17) to the commencement of the judgment "from the house of God," the conflagration of the Temple having been the commencement of that of the city: (cf. Bel. Jud. vi. 4-7—vi. 8-5.) This indication, if accepted, dates the epistle more

than forty years after the crucifixion. That the Babylon mentioned in the last chapter is the ancient Mesopotamian city, as it is the simplest explanation, is also in accordance with the subsequent completion, in that city, of one of the two great commentaries on the Mishna; if, indeed, the verse, with its reference to Silvanus and to Marcus, be a part of the genuine text. It occurs in the three most authoritative manuscripts.

The only expression in the epistle which is—as found in the Vulgate, and consequently in the English version—discordant both with the orthodox Jewish faith, and with the later symbols of the Christian Church, is, there can be little question, a mistranslation. It would have been impossible for a devout Jew to use the expression “the spirit of Messiah” in reference to the ancient prophets. Nor is the term, without a total abandoning of the distinct dogmas of the creeds, applicable to the Christian faith. “Concerning which salvation,” wrote the apostle, “the prophets sought and inquired, inquiring as to whom or at what time the spirit that was in them gave indications of the Messiah, foreshowing the sufferings that should happen to the Messiah, and the glory after them.”

That key-note pervades the epistle. It is in the fullest harmony with the expectation indicated by St. Luke (Acts i. 11). The apostle gives thanks to God for the living hope afforded by the Resurrection of Jesus from the dead. This view, which is in full accordance with the three synoptic Gospels, is one perfectly competent to the devout Jew. Hillel, indeed, held that the anticipation of a Messiah from the house of David, from which he himself was descended, was not warranted by Scripture. But the

Targums are full of that anticipation, which has subsequently passed into the formal creed of the Jews, as drawn up by Maimonides. To those who anticipated a Messiah, the inquiry whether or no Jesus of Nazareth was to be regarded in that light was a personal question. It was one as to which difference of opinion was allowable, within the limits of Jewish orthodoxy. It was, indeed, one implicitly put to Jesus himself by the members of the Sanhedrim (Luke xx. 4) after the triumphal entry into Jerusalem; and one to which he gives no direct reply. It was one which, before the crucifixion, according to the synoptic evangelists, had been only answered by a declaration of faith in the affirmation by Peter himself. As, during his master's lifetime, the apostle had been singular on this question, so, in the utterance of his old age, is his hope unshaken of “praise, and honour, and glory, at the unveiling of Jesus Christ.” This hope of a visible return of his master looms as brightly in the epistle as it does in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The sufferings of Christ, as of a lamb without blame and without spot, are referred to by the apostle, both as the fulfilment of prophecy and as an inducement to purity of life. But St. Peter is not more precise than the other sacred writers in indicating on what passage he relies as prophetic. As to any metaphysical theory of vicarious suffering, appeasing the Divine anger, or the like—utterly foreign as such views must ever be to the Jewish habit of thought—it will be vainly sought in the epistle.

Assuming the First Epistle of Peter, as it now stands in the Greek Testament, to be a genuine, and on the whole an uncorrupt translation of an original com-

position by the apostle Peter, the cardinal importance of the document, as throwing light on the history of early Christianity, will be apparent from the following considerations.

The epistle has the character of a pastoral, or manifesto, from the apostle, who is termed by the first evangelist "the first of the twelve;" the intimate friend and constant attendant on Jesus, who followed him on his arrest, and who is mentioned by St. Paul as the first witness of the Resurrection. Writing in the express character of apostle and witness, he addresses a general or circular letter to the wanderers of the dispersion (a term which, in itself, appears to refer to the destruction of Palestine) over the districts between Judea and Mesopotamia. Even if the reference to the conflagration should not denote the burning of Jerusalem, the date of this letter must be later than any mention of Peter in the Acts of the Apostles, and thus than the resolution of the apostles and presbyters at Jerusalem with reference to the degree of conformity to the law to be exacted of Gentile converts. Nor is it unreasonable to infer, from the absence of any reference to the question in the epistle, that it must have been written after that dispute had altogether subsided within the range of the authority of Peter. The formal and devout tone of the epistle removes it from the category of occasional writings, such, for instance, as the Epistle to Philemon. Although it is not possible for every teacher, on every occasion, to present the full *corpus* of his doctrine, it would be trifling with such a document to regard it as less than a statement, for the use of the Jews who believed in the Resurrection, of the main points of the apostle's faith. It is thus as valuable, as an historic

document, for what it omits as for what it includes.

If compared with the elaborate definitions of the Athanasian Creed, the Christology of the First Epistle of St. Peter is far more remarkable for the absence than for the presence of what, later, became primary dogmas. Thus there is no reference to the constitution and organisation of a Christian Church, or to the spread of Christian doctrines among the heathen. There is no information as to the use of baptism as a Christian rite, or to the Eucharist, orders, confirmation, penance, extreme unction, or matrimony, as Christian sacraments or duties. There is no indication that Jesus ever taught, or that his apostles were ever authorised to teach, any change of even the slightest nature in the obligations of the law of Moses. On the contrary, the orthodox Jewish doctrine of the duty and ability of man to keep the law, and of the reward bestowed on the obedient, is expressed in the words of the 34th Psalm.

There is, indeed, a reference to baptism in the obscure haggadistic passage referring to the preaching of Noah, as to the grammatical construction of which the same kind of question arises as with regard to that of the passage concerning the spirit that illumined the prophets. But there is nothing to show that anything but the ordinary Jewish ceremony is here intended. And the explanation as to the answer of a good conscience is directly opposed to any sacramentarian views, if a Christian rite were meant. It is also inconsistent with the application of the rite to infants.

The counsel urged on the dispersed Jews is grave, wise, and holy. It is in perfect harmony with the written and with the oral law; the points which may be taken as

peculiar being the exhortation to submit to the king and to rulers, as deriving their power from God. But while a counsel is thus given which, however necessary for the self-preservation of an exiled race, was somewhat galling to their pride, the apostle does not omit to repeat the language of the rabbis as to the race being chosen, and the nation holy; "a royal priesthood," and, in the words of the prophet Hosea, "though once not a people, now the people of God." No tone can be more thoroughly Jewish than that of the reference to the *θέλημα* of the heathen. With all this, in which every devout Jew might sympathise, is blended the constant reference to that Master, in expectation of whose return the apostles lived and moved. The point which proved the most powerful in the whole teaching of Christianity—the argument that because Jesus rose from the tomb, the future life was a matter no longer of hope, but of certainty—is dwelt on by St. Peter with as great force as by St. Paul. Patience, following the example of Jesus (*ὑπογραμμον*), who suffered in his own person for the sins of others, "the just for the unjust, that he might lead us to God; put to death in the flesh, but made alive in the spirit;" submission to the Almighty as to a trusted Creator; and humility under the hand of God, who calls us to immortal glory, are the main subjects of the paternal exhortation of the apostle. But while the unveiling of Jesus—the glory that must be revealed—is the very vital breath of the epistle, there is not the slightest approach to that estimate of the mystic personality which is intimated by the fourth Evangelist.

XII.

The purest and whitest light, if we revert to the metaphor of the prism, that emanates from any one

of the books of either the Old or the New Testament, is afforded by that which is entitled the Catholic Epistle of James. It is Catholic in the broadest sense of the word, at once sublime and intelligible in its pure theism; tender, just, and true in its morality. It may be well styled, in the poetic language of Lord Bacon, the first step of unity in the city of God; for it contains scarcely a single sentence that is not acceptable to any devout mind, whatever may be the historic or the philosophic elements that fill up the formal outline of its creed. The name of Jesus occurs only twice in this epistle, and is introduced rather as a mode of identifying the personality of the writer (i. 1), or the group of Jews with which he was more especially affiliated (ii. 1), than as in any way connected with dogma. Thus even to those of his nation to whom the accounts which they had received of the Resurrection were no more convincing than they had been to Paul himself before his journey to Damascus, this address presented no serious stumbling-block. The address of the epistle, "to the twelve tribes which are in the dispersion," with no reference to the Holy Land, when compared with the expression (*τὸ δωδεκάφυλον*) simply used in the speech of Paul to Agrippa (Acts xxvi. 7), may be best explained (it is submitted) as a mark of date. One in the brotherhood of expulsion from Palestine, the Jews are addressed by St. James in words of comfort and of hope. Thus written from the point of view of the Jew, the epistle contains not a single word that would be unacceptable (the date being borne in mind) to the devout follower of Islam. It has been not only adopted, but claimed, by the general assent of the Christian Church. And, although

regarded with suspicion and dislike by the Calvinist, is in direct opposition only to the doctrines and to the practice of the Antinomian fanatic.

Of the three immediate disciples of Jesus who bore the name of James, the first was slain by Herod Agrippa, A. D. 12. Of James, the son of Alphæus, we know nothing from the New Testament but the name. But James, the Lord's brother, specially referred to by Paul (Gal. i. 19), is most probably the person repeatedly referred to (Acts xv. 13; Gal. i. 9-12) as exercising a certain influence at Jerusalem, and the author of the epistle. Indeed, if we attach any weight to the statement (John vii. 5) that at an advanced stage of the public life of Jesus his brethren did not believe in him—which is consistent with the refusal to see them when they desired to speak with him (Matt. xii. 48), it may be understood why there is a certain absence from the present epistle of the personal enthusiasm which is elsewhere expressed. On the other hand, the pure and lofty Jewish tone of the whole composition, the absence of those haggadistic allusions, as well as of that Alexandrian doctrine of types, which we find in other epistles, the grand, solemn confidence of the whole argument, befit one who drew the same milk of godly instruction as Jesus himself, and who reproduced in his own language, towards the close of a life of no small experience, the lessons of his childhood, improved by all the counsel of later years. If this be so, we may consider that the main outcome of the teaching of Jesus, when free from the involution of parables, or from the disturbance of contentious opponents, whispers in the counsels of James.

It is to be lamented that no trace exists of the original Aramaic, in

which language alone is there any literary reason for believing that any of the immediate disciples of Jesus could have written. In one quotation (ii. 23) the phraseology of the LXX. is adopted, but the version might have been referred to by the translator. The expression "the Lord of Sabaoth" (v. 4) intimates that the orthodox Jewish sense is attached to the word *Κυριος*, although we cannot now tell whether the sacred name, or the substitute Adonai, was used in the original. Every reference to the Blessed One is consistent with the profound Jewish reverence for the inexpressible unity of God. It would not have been inconsistent with the highest views entertained by Jewish doctors of the character of a Messiah to speak of Jesus as the Lord of Glory; but it should be observed that it is neither the Greek nor the Vulgate that does so—only the English translators. Faith is defined, not as a philosophical theorem, or as a matter of dogmatic creed, but in the simple form, "Thou believest that God is one; thou doest well." But what is a faith which may be a conviction even among evil spirits, without the spirit of holy life? without that pure and undefiled religion before the God and Father of mankind which visits the orphans and widows in their affliction, and keeps its possessor unspotted from the world?

In this beautiful and simple summary of faith, of duty, and of true religion, there is not introduced one single word of what afterwards assumed the head form of Christian dogma. There are expressions which have been clothed by commentators with a neo-Christian meaning, but it is one which the writer must have altogether failed to convey to the minds of any of the twelve tribes of the dispersion, unless from other reasons they had

adopted the Christian faith. Such is the expression (v. 8) "the presence of the Lord draws nigh." "Be patient, therefore (v. 7), brethren, even until the presence of the Lord." The exhortation is as germane to those who hold the fifteen articles of the Jewish creed, as it is to those who hold the three symbols of the Christian Church. The writer of the epistle repeats almost the words and breathes the spirit of Malachi. Nor is it inconceivable that he may have thought it the part, both of wisdom and of

piety, to leave to the decision of that day, then thought to be so close at hand, the solution of the question which the chief priests and elders put on the occasion of the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem, and put without receiving any definite reply. On this basis—that of waiting for the revelation of the secret, in the sudden coming of the Lord to the Temple—the Jew who did, and the Jew who did not, believe in the resurrection of Jesus might find a common ground of faith and of hope.

A CHESHIRE SALT MINE.

How thoughtlessly the large majority of us pass through life, taking the good things that come to hand as a matter of course, rarely stopping to think how many toiling men and women in the background contribute to our comfort and convenience. Civilisation has arrived at such a stage, that men nowadays feel hardly used if there are not cabs, omnibuses, and railway stations almost at their doors; and if the postman, even in remote places, is half an hour late with the squire's daily paper, woe betide him, though that same squire's grandfather probably hardly ever saw a postman. Being in Cheshire lately for a brief holiday, I heard and saw much of the numerous large salt works in the neighbourhood of Northwich and Winsford, some of which were discovered as early as 1670 when explorers were boring for coal. From time immemorial there have been found in rock strata, but chiefly in the red sandstone, vast masses of what is called rock-salt; and wherever a subterranean stream of water reaches and flows through saliferous strata, brine springs are formed from which our ordinary salt is manufactured. In dry hot countries brine beds are made in the open air, the heat of the sun and action of the wind cause the water to evaporate and the salt is left in a crust at the bottom of the beds. In our damp chilly climate a more elaborate process has to be followed. I don't think I shall ever again dip out a spoonful of the

fine white crystal salt we have on our tables, which is held so cheaply by everyone, without remembering the large busy works and vast machinery that require to be set in motion before it is obtained. My host was the Vicar of a newly created parish, consisting almost entirely of workers in the salt mines. During our three-mile drive from the station, through the leafy lanes to the comfortable vicarage, we passed several substantial houses standing in noble grounds which, I was told, belonged to owners of salt works, and having no further knowledge on the subject of salt than the household fact that you can buy a large lump for a penny, I marvelled exceedingly that the manufacture of it should yield such profits. From my host I learned that the workmen in the mines are, many of them, of a very low class, much given to drunkenness, and when I came to visit them, and see more of their work and lives, I was not surprised. It is so easy, when one is always clean, well-dressed, surrounded by pleasant influences, and generally comfortable, to be virtuous; but if one were subjected to a trial of the combined influences of dirt and discomfort, bad air, and coarse food, one might be surprised and startled at one's feelings at the end of the week. Let one half the world change places with the other half, like the children and their parents in the story book, for only twenty-four hours, and there would

be a good deal more toleration and charity than there is now, more doing and less preaching.

It was a bright sunny day when I started with the vicar's two pretty intelligent daughters to pay my first visit to the salt works, little more than a mile distant.

The vicarage stood in a large well-ordered garden where late roses and mignonette still bloomed freely, and rustic seats stood under wide-spreading boughs, screened from the view of passers by by a thick plantation of shrubs and firs looking green and luxuriant; but before we had traversed half a mile the face of the earth changed, and the blackness of desolation was everywhere. Whether this appearance of blight and scorch is caused merely by the thick masses of smoke that roll out of the tall chimneys, or by the brine in the atmosphere, or the sulphurous qualities in the smoke, is not exactly apparent, but nature's smiles are turned into sadness and weeping, and all vegetation is destroyed; only here and there a shrub more hardy than the rest makes a green spot in the wilderness. It is as if a swarm of locusts had swept over the land, leaving the gaunt trees to stretch their bare and blackened arms to the summer sky. But in contrast with the deadness of all vegetation around was the brisk stir of human life everywhere. Below us lay the river Weaver, spanned at this point by several wooden bridges which were constantly crossed and recrossed by women and boys carrying on their heads baskets of slag, the refuse of the furnaces, which they are allowed to bring away. Down the river, barges laden high with shining white salt were slowly gliding, and the sounds of busy workers came on every breeze.

The particular works for which

we were bound belong to a German, a gentleman of kindly nature, who has built a good many cottages for his *employés*, and a school-house for their children. These are all formed of clinkers, a kind of very hard cinder left by coal burned in a furnace, often tinged with red and of grotesque shape which gives a quaint appearance to the buildings. We were to visit the rock-salt mine first of all, and an old lady from an adjoining cottage having covered us with aprons and old shawls, we stepped into a wooden bucket, and were lowered rapidly 160 feet into the bowels of the earth. For some minutes after we touched firm ground we could discern nothing, but, as our eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, a busy, active world lay before us. Little blinking stars seemed dotted about everywhere; these we found were candles which the miner sticks in a lump of soft clay and dabs down on any convenient spot, his candle-stick clinging safely and surely to the sparkling rock. Holding each of us one of these primitive lights, we picked a dim and treacherous path over heaps of shining amber-coloured salt; as we trod cautiously along, a roar as of artillery made us jump, and ugly thoughts of explosions and underground tragedies rushed across the mind. But our guide speedily assured us that it was only an ordinary blast discharge, and our fears were quieted, and by-and-by we stood close while a shot was fired, and saw the mineral torn down in great jagged masses. A good discharge will remove some tons of the rock. Boys, stripped to the waist, bore holes in the rock with long shining pointed rods, and into these holes the blasting powder is put, and the rock, when separated, is quickly shovelled into buckets and drawn to the surface, whence it is loaded

on to the barges and sent all over the world. The best kind of rock-salt is called Prussian, from the large quantities sent to that country. The poorer kinds are crushed and used for manure, the better sort boiled down in water, sea water being used sometimes, and the salt extracted. The temperature of the pit is even throughout the year, except during the two hottest months, at which time the men find it difficult to work. The labour in the mine is not considered unhealthy or disagreeable, and the men only remain underground a fixed number of hours, and do not seem to mind it. We, however, welcomed gladly the bright rays of sunshine that greeted us as we stepped out of the bucket again on to the surface of upper earth.

Cheshire has long been noted for its salt springs, but these are of mild quality compared to the brine springs that rise in the rock-salt localities. This natural brine supplies the best salt. It is pumped up from its springs by a powerful engine, and conveyed into a huge cistern, and from thence into the pans prepared for it. Under these pans, when full, fires are kept burning day and night, and constantly attended by the firemen, whose sole business it is to pile on the fuel, "rake off" when the heat becomes too great, and generally keep the furnace at its proper working heat. As soon as the brine becomes heated the process of evaporation begins. All around us stood rows of long black sheds, from which at every crevice issued steam in soft white clouds. Inside these sheds it was very much like being in a briny Turkish bath, the heat of the steam was so intense, that we could only bear it long enough to take a hurried look at the vast pan in front of us filled with boiling

brine, on the top of which the salt lay in a thick scum, remaining for an instant on the surface, and then sinking slowly to the bottom. Standing on a raised ledge beside the pan was a shaggy, foreign-looking man, stripped to the waist, and perspiring at every pore, who held a long-handled rake, with which he drew to the edge of the pan the salt which lay in masses over the bottom. Having raked together a considerable quantity of salt, he took another tool not unlike a giant spade, perforated with holes, with which he lifted the salt from the pan. The quality of the salt varies according to the time at which it is "drawn" or lifted from the pan. The finest, or what is called "butter salt," is drawn when the brine is at boiling point, the pans being drawn two or three times a day. The coarser salt is left much longer at a lower temperature, being drawn, in some cases, two or three times a week, and in the case of "fish" or preserving salt only once or twice in a fortnight. A morsel of soap or glue is added to the heated brine to assist in the purifying of the salt. The coarser varieties are never packed in tubs, but loaded straight from the shed on to the barge, or filled into specially-prepared sacks. The finer salt is carried into the drying-room, which is kept constantly at a temperature trying to ordinary human nature, and here it is formed into neat blocks, and packed for exportation. This being clean work, much of the packing of fine salt is done by neat tidy women and girls. The coarser salt is carried loose to the barges on the river. This is very heavy work; and in these particular works was done almost exclusively by wild, rough-looking Germans and Poles, who worked without any clothing but a pair of short trousers; and as they

wheel down their heavy barrows of salt the perspiration streams down their naked shoulders; their bare feet are hard and coarse from constantly traversing the salted path, and they absorb so much of the brine into their pores, that it frequently creates intense thirst, and makes the alehouse their only idea of recreation. The work, however, is remunerative, and those who have been trained to it acquire a liking for it, and prefer it to field labour. The foreigners, though not naturally so intelligent as the English workers of the same social grade, are industrious and profitable hands, well suited to the rougher tasks of drawing and piling the salt. They come over in considerable numbers to the works of the German owner, many of them accompanied by their wives and children, for whom occupation is found in the drying and packing sheds. Some settle down in the neighbourhood of the works, where they form a little colony, exclusive

in their habits, and seldom picking up enough English to promote sociability between them and their fellow-labourers. Others, having saved a little money, return with it to their own country. The English are a rough lot, and very troublesome material indeed for the clergyman to work upon. The vicar was in despair about getting them to church, and inclined to be severe because the miners, who spend their week days in the deep gloom of the pit, give up their Sabbath to bicycling or lounging luxuriously in the sunshine. So completely different as they are in the conditions and habits of their life from those amongst whom the work of a country clergyman commonly lies, it is a difficult task to approach them on a sympathetic side. And if, up to the present, the labours of the vicar have not met with a very full reward, the fault is not so much his or that of the workers, but lies in the nature of the work itself. E. C.

XANTIPPE : A FRAGMENT.

What, have I waked again? I never thought
To see the rosy dawn, or ev'n this grey,
Dull, solemn stillness, ere the dawn has come ;
The lamp burns low ; low burns the lamp of life ;
The still morn stays expectant, and my soul,
All weighted with a passive wonderment,
Waiteth and watcheth, waiteth for the dawn.
Come hither, maids ; too soundly have ye slept
That should have watched me ; nay, I would not chide—
Oft have I chidden, yet I would not chide
In this last hour ;—now all should be at peace.
I have been dreaming in a troubled sleep
Of weary days I thought not to recall ;
Of stormy days, whose storms are hushed long since ;
Of gladsome days, of sunny days ; alas !
In dreaming, all their sunshine seem'd so sad,
As though the current of the dark To-Be
Had flow'd, prophetic, through the happy hours.
And yet, full well, I know it was not thus ;
I mind me sweetly of the summer days,
When, leaning from the lattice, I have caught
The fair, far glimpses of a shining sea ;
And nearer, of tall ships which thronged the bay,
And stood out blackly from a tender sky,
All flecked with sulphur, azure, and bright gold ;
And in the still, clear air have heard the hum
Of distant voices ; and methinks there rose
No darker fount to mar or stain the joy
Which sprang ecstatic in my maiden breast,
Than just those vague desires, those hopes and fears,
Those eager longings, strong, though undefined,
Whose very sadness makes them seem so sweet.
What cared I for the merry mockeries
Of other maidens sitting at the loom ?
Or for sharp voices, bidding me return
To maiden labour? Were we not apart,
I and my high thoughts, and my golden dreams,
My soul which yearned for knowledge, for a tongue
That should proclaim the stately mysteries
Of this fair world, and of the holy gods?
Then followed days of sadness, as I grew

To learn my woman-mind had gone astray,
 And I was sinning in those very thoughts—
 For maidens, mark, such are not woman's thoughts—
 (And yet, 'tis strange, the gods who fashion us
 Have given us such promptings)

Fled the years,

Till seventeen had found me tall and strong,
 And fairer, runs it, than Athenian maids
 Are wont to seem ; I had not learnt it well—
 My lesson of dumb patience—and I stood
 At Life's great threshold with a beating heart,
 And soul resolved to conquer and attain.
 Once, walking 'thwart the crowded market place,
 With other maidens, bearing in the twigs,
 White doves for Aphrodite's sacrifice,
 I saw him, all ungainly and uncouth,
 Yet many gathered round to hear his words,
 Tall youths and stranger-maidens—Sokrates—
 I saw his face and marked it, half with awe,
 Half with a quick repulsion at the shape.
 The richest gem lies hidden furthest down,
 And is the dearer for the weary search ;
 We grasp the shining shells which strew the shore,
 Yet swift we fling them from us ; but the gem
 We keep for aye and cherish. So a soul,
 Found after weary searching in the flesh
 Which half repelled our senses, is more dear,
 For that same seeking, than the sunny mind
 Which lavish Nature marks with thousand hints
 Upon a brow of beauty. We are prone
 To overweigh such subtle hints, then deem,
 In after disappointment, we are fooled.
 And when, at length, my father told me all,
 That I should wed me with great Sokrates,
 I, foolish, wept to see at once cast down
 The maiden image of a future love,
 Where perfect body matched the perfect soul.
 But slowly, softly did I cease to weep ;
 Slowly I 'gan to mark the magic flash
 Leap to the eyes, to watch the sudden smile
 Break round the mouth, and linger in the eyes ;
 To listen for the voice's lightest tone—
 Great voice, whose cunning modulations seemed
 Like to the notes of some sweet instrument.
 So did I reach and strain, until at last
 I caught the soul athwart the grosser flesh.
 Again of thee, sweet Hope, my spirit dreamed !
 I, guided by his wisdom and his love,
 Led by his words, and counselled by his care,
 Should lift the shrouding veil from things which be,
 And at the flowing fountain of his soul

Refresh my thirsting spirit. . . .

And indeed,
In those long days which followed that strange day
When rites and song, and sacrifice and flow'rs,
Proclaimed that we were wedded, did I learn,
In sooth, a-many lessons ; bitter ones
Which sorrow taught me, and not love inspired,
Which deeper knowledge of my kind impressed
With dark insistence on reluctant brain ;—
But that great wisdom, deeper, which dispels
Narrowed conclusions of a half-grown mind,
And sees athwart the littleness of life
Nature's divineness, and her harmony,
Was never poor Xantippe's. . . .

I would pause,
And would recall no more, no more of life,
Than just the incomplete, imperfect dream
Of early summers, with their light and shade,
Their blossom-hopes, whose fruit was never ripe ;
But something strong within me, some sad chord
Which loudly echoes to the later life,
Me to unfold the after-misery
Urges with plaintive wailing in my heart.
Yet, maidens, mark ; I would not that ye thought
I blame my lord departed, for he meant
No evil, so I take it, to his wife.
'Twas only that the high philosopher,
Pregnant with noble theories and great thoughts,
Deigned not to stoop to touch so slight a thing
As the fine fabric of a woman's brain—
So subtle as a passionate woman's soul.
I think, if he had stooped a little, and cared,
I might have risen nearer to his height,
And not lain shattered, neither fit for use
As goodly household vessel, nor for that
Far finer thing which I had hoped to be. . . .
Death, holding high his retrospective lamp,
Shows me those first, far years of wedded life,
Ere I had learnt to grasp the barren shape
Of what the fates had destined for my life.
Then, as all youthful spirits are, was I
Wholly incredulous that Nature meant
So little, who had promised me so much.
At first I fought my fate with gentle words,
With high endeavours after greater things—
Striving to win the soul of Sokrates,
Like some slight bird, who sings her burning love
To human master, till at length she finds
Her tender language wholly misconceived,
And that same hand whose kind caress she sought,
With fingers flippant flings the careless corn. . . .

I do remember how, one summer's eve,
He, seated in an arbour's leafy shade,
Had bade me bring fresh wine-skins. . . .

As I stood

Ling'ring upon the threshold, half concealed
By tender foliage ; and my spirit light
With draughts of sunny weather, did I mark
An instant, the gay group before mine eyes.
Deepest in shade, and facing where I stood,
Sat Plato, with his calm face and low brows,
Which met above the narrow Grecian eyes ;
The pale, thin lips just parted to the smile,
Which dimpled that smooth olive of his cheek.
His head a little bent, sat Sokrates,
With one swart finger raised admonishing,
And on the air were borne his changing tones.
Low lounging at his feet, one fair arm thrown
Around his knee (the other, high in air
Brandish'd a brazen amphor, which yet rained
Bright drops of ruby on the golden locks
And temples with their fillets of the vine),
Lay Alkibiades the beautiful.
And thus, with solemn tone, spake Sokrates :
" This fair Aspasia, which our Pericles
Hath brought from realms afar, and set on high
In our Athenian city, hath a mind,
I doubt not, of a strength beyond her race ;
And makes employ of it, beyond the way
Of women nobly gifted : woman's frail—
Her body rarely stands the test of soul ;
She grows intoxicate with knowledge ; throws
The laws of custom, order, 'neath her feet,
Feasting at life's great banquet with wide throat."
Then sudden, stepping from my leafy screen,
Holding the swelling wine-skin o'er my head,
With breast that heaved, and eyes and cheeks aflame,
Lit by a fury and a thought, I spake :
" By all great powers around us ! can it be
That we poor women are empirical ?
That gods who fashioned us did strive to make
Beings too fine, too subtly delicate,
With sense that thrilled response to ev'ry touch
Of nature's, and their task is not complete ?
That they have sent their half-completed work
To bleed and quiver, here upon the earth ?—
To bleed and quiver, and to weep and weep,
To beat its soul against the marble walls
Of men's cold hearts, and then at last to sin !"
I ceased, the first hot passion stayed and stemmed
And frightened by the silence : I could see,
Framed by the arbour foliage, which the sun

In setting softly gilded with rich gold,
Those upturned faces, and those placid limbs ;
Saw Plato's narrow eyes and niggard mouth,
Which half did smile and half did criticise,
One hand held up, the shapely fingers framed
To gesture of entreaty—"Hush, I pray,
Do not disturb her ; let us hear the rest—
Follow her mood, for here's another phase
Of your black-browed Xantippe"

Then I saw

Young Alkibiades, with laughing lips
And half-shut eyes, contemptuous, shrugging up
Soft, snowy shoulders, till he brought the gold
Of flowing ringlets round about his breasts.
But Sokrates, all slow and solemnly,
Raised, calm, his face to mine, and sudden spake :
"I thank thee for the wisdom which thy lips
Have thus let fall among us : prythee tell
From what high source, from what philosophies
Didst cull the sapient notion of thy words?"
Then stood I straight and silent for a breath ;
Dumb, crushed with all that weight of cold contempt ;
But swiftly in my bosom there uprose
A sudden flame, a merciful fury sent
To save me ; with both angry hands I flung
The skin upon the marble, where it lay
Spouting red rills and fountains on the white ;
Then, all unheeding faces, voices, eyes,
I fled across the threshold, hair unbound—
White garment stained to redness—beating heart
Flooded with all the flowing tide of hopes
Which once had gushed out golden, now sent back
Swift to their sources, never more to rise
I think I could have borne the weary life,
The narrow life within the narrow walls,
If he had loved me ; but he kept his love
For this Athenian city and her sons ;
And, haply, for some stranger-woman, bold
With freedom, thought, and glib philosophy
Ah me ! the long, long weeping through the nights,
The weary watching for the pale-eyed dawn
Which only brought fresh grieving ; then I grew
Fiercer, and cursed from out my inmost heart
The Fates which marked me an Athenian maid.
Then faded that vain fury ; hope died out ;
A huge despair was stealing on my soul,
A sort of fierce acceptance of my fate,—
He wished a household vessel—well ! 'twas good,
For he should have it ! He should have no more
The yearning treasure of a woman's love,
But just the baser treasure which he sought.—

I called my maidens, ordered out the loom,
And spun unceasing from the morn till eve ;
Watching all keenly over warp and woof,
Weighing the white wool with a jealous hand.
I spun until, methinks, I spun away
The soul from out my body, the high thoughts
From out my spirit ; till at last I grew
As ye have known me,—eye exact to mark
The texture of the spinning ; ear all keen
For aimless talking when the moon is up,
And ye should be a-sleeping ; tongue to cut
With quick incision, 'thwart the merry words
Of idle maidens

Only yesterday
My hands did cease from spinning ; I have wrought
My dreary duties, patient till the last.
The gods reward me ! Nay, I will not tell
The after years of sorrow ; wretched strife
With grimpest foes—sad Want and Poverty ;—
Nor yet the time of horror, when they bore
My husband from the threshold ; nay, not when
The subtle weed had wrought its deadly work.
Alas, alas, I was not there to sooth
The last great moment ; never any thought
Of her that loved him—save at least the charge,
All earthly, that her body should not starve
You weep, you weep ; I would not that ye wept,
Such tears are idle ; with the young, such grief
Soon grows to gratulation, as, “ her love
Was withered by misfortune ; mine shall grow
All nurtured by the loving,” or “ her life
Was wrecked and shattered—mine shall smoothly sail.”
Enough, enough. In vain, in vain, in vain !
The gods forgive me ! Sorely have I sinned
In all my life. A fairer fate befall
You all that stand there.

Ha ! the dawn has come ;
I see a rosy glimmer—nay ! it grows dark ;
Why stand ye so in silence ? throw it wide,
The casement, quick ; why tarry ?—give me air—
O fling it wide, I say, and give me light !

AMY LEVY.



A CONTEMPORARY OF JESUS.

(Continued from page 410.)

It may be well to glance for a moment at Philo's personal character before touching any further on the parallelisms between his writings and the Christian Scriptures. A correspondence of such a kind constitutes in itself so noble a tribute to Philo's earnestness that we must take it to have been strangely overlooked, in order to account for the neglect to which he has been subject. The fates of this world are difficult to comprehend. Paul, a theologian who became distinguished after the death of Jesus, has the honour of a popular vogue, and of an anxious scrutiny paid to every word of his writings by the student. Philo, a man equally versed in theology, and in fact the immediate source from which much of the Pauline doctrine is drawn, is known to the student only, and to but very few indeed even of the student class. The quality against which there are evidences of continual struggle on the part of Paul is spiritual pride; Philo, on the contrary, a man of much higher position and of equal earnestness, manifests a very real and sincere humility. One has been taken, and the other left. It is true that one was preacher as well as writer, the other writer only; but all that reaches us now of the preacher's influence is through written words.

Philo is, at all events, a solid fact standing in the way of those who are prone to assert that the

world was in a state of utter and pagan darkness at the time of the advent of Jesus; and if he helped on, even though only as a forerunner and preparer, the lifting up of the torch of divine fire which for a time at least startled and awakened men, it is surely unworthy of our own calm and considerate day to ignore him altogether.

Philo as a man is eminently reasonable in his mode of life; he would check the immoderation of appetite, but on reasonable and spiritual grounds, not in frantic and fanatical asceticism. If he followed the views which may be said to permeate rather than only occasionally characterise his writings, he would have made an excellent primitive Christian. The following, for instance, represents his pattern man:

"Those only are true pupils of the sacred Word who are genuine men, lovers of temperance and orderliness and modesty, men who have set self-mastery, contentment with little, fortitude, as a kind of foundation for the whole of life, and safe refuges for the soul, wherein it may anchor without danger and with security; for they are superior to riches and pleasure and opinion, and esteem lightly meats and drinks simply as necessities to ward off the attack of hunger; being most ready to undergo want and thirst, heat and cold, and the most arduous experiences, for the sake of the posses-

sion of virtue." (De Somn. I. § 20.)

That Philo practised what he preached, and was sterling rather than merely theoretical as to virtue of his own, may be fairly believed from the following story of his wife:

"When the wife of Philo was asked, in an assemblage of principal women, why she alone of all her sex did not wear any golden ornament, she replied, 'Ornament enough for a wife is her husband's virtue.'" (Fragm. ex Anton., ser. 123.)

We have no contemporary biography of Philo, and only a few eulogistic words from Eusebius, but the genuine ring of his own writings cannot be mistaken. No closet philosopher could have written the following:

"As among physicians that which is called theoretical healing is a long way removed from doing any good to them that are sick—for diseases are cured by drugs and surgery and regimen, not by theories—so in philosophy there is a set of word-traffickers and word-catchers who occupy the same position, with neither the will nor the care to cure life which is full of infirmities, men who from early youth to extreme age are not ashamed to wage argumentative battles upon points of opinion and outward expression, as if happiness consisted in an interminable and profitless over-exactitude with regard to nouns and verbs, rather than in the better establishment of character, the true source of what is fitting for man, and in the expulsion of the vices beyond his border, and the admission of virtues to his household." (Cong. Erud. Grat. § 10.)

Strangely enough, it is this very anxiety for edification which makes Philo not always reliable as an interpreter. Being a professed expositor of his national scriptures, he

must needs find or foist therein all possible religious sentiments that seem to him to make for righteousness.

The following may be regarded as evidence of the manner in which Philo would have borne himself toward the followers of Jesus if he had met them, seeing what his attitude is to men of a not very unlike fashion. The persons referred to are no doubt the Essenes, to whom Philo devotes a lengthy narrative; but even though they may be Essenes, yet a mystery hangs over the connection between that mystical Pharisaic offshoot and the early followers of Jesus.

"There assuredly were in former times men eminent in virtue above their contemporaries, men who took God alone for their guide, and lived according to law, to wit, the right reason of nature, and were not only free themselves, but even imbued those that came near them with the spirit of freedom.

"Nay, in our time there yet exist persons, as it were images of them, stamped with a perfect nobility from the archetypal model of men of wisdom. . . .

"But if they have failed to advance in huge serried masses and by troops, there is no reason for wonder. First, indeed, because things of exceeding beauty are rare; secondly, since those who get out of the way of the main crowd of random folk, and have leisure for the contemplation of the things of nature, vow that, so far as may be in their power, they will restore uprightness to life; for virtue is communicative of service. But when they fail in this by reason of the monstrous facts that bury cities in a deluge, which things the passions of the soul have joined with vice in piling up; they make their escape, so as not to be borne down by the vehemence of the rush, as by a wintry torrent's force.

"But as regards ourselves, were anyone of us really zealous for improvement, we ought to trace out the hiding-places of these men and sit as suppliants and entreat them to come forward and reclaim and humanise our life that has grown savage and brutal, by announcing, in the stead of war and slavery, and ills unspeakable, peace and bountiful plenty of all other good things to flow all round.

"But nowadays it is for money's sake only that we spy into all retired corners, and drag open the rigid and craggy veins of the earth. And great expanse of plain country is opened in mines, and no small tract of mountainous districts too, when we are searching out gold and silver, copper and iron, and the other material elements. For empty vogue, setting up cloudy conceit as a god, has gone down to the very depths of the sea in investigations whether there is stored up anywhere therein out of sight any beautiful thing which might suit the outward senses; and on the discovery of different kinds of precious stones, some attached to rocks and others to oyster shells, which latter fetch even a higher price, has exalted into honour a cheat of the eyes.

"But for sake of wisdom, or temperance, or courage, or righteousness, the earth, even in its accessible part, remains untraversed, and the sea is left unsailed in the very parts where shippers ply each season of the year.

"Yet, after all, what need is there of journeying or seafaring for the tracking and investigation of virtue, whose roots the Maker places not far away, but close at hand, just as the sage lawgiver of the Jews says, 'They are in thy mouth and in thine heart, and in thy hands, giving mystically to understand by means of figures,—words, actions, and designs, all of which, be very

sure, stand in need of the cultivator's art.'" (Quod Omn. Prob. Lib. § 2.)

This search for the number of the virtuous, who, though few, are not non-existent in Philo's opinion, leads up to the account of the Essenes, which reads so like a description of apostolic life. It is as containing such men as these that Philo gives a certain qualified praise to his own country: "Palestine and Syria, inhabited by no small section of the most populous nation of the Jews, form a country not barren of what is virtuous and of good report."

Is Philo only a bystander criticising the noble workers engaged upon the redemption of life, carefully preserving a fine philosophic distance between his theories and reality? It would be unfair to hold such a view. Philo's proper work is to write, and his spirit in his own work is the spirit of the true apostle.

"Every wise man is a ransom for the sinner . . . as a physician setting himself against the infirmities of an invalid . . . and if ever so small a seed of good health should be disclosed, this like a spark of fire is to be cherished with every possible care." (De Sacrif. Ab. et Caini. § 37.)

When there came the necessity for work of a less tranquil kind than that of the literary philosopher, Philo did not flinch. The times were troublous for the Jews then living in Egypt to the number of a million, through the jealousy of the inhabitants and the restless opposition of the Alexandrian mob. And when we read the story how Philo represented his countrymen before the dreaded Roman Emperor, who met their appeal rather as an accuser than a judge, and had the ambassadors led with mockery from room to room of his palace, and threatened them because they

had not offered sacrifice to him as to God, and brought them into continual expectation of nothing else than death at his hands, we cannot regard Philo as a mere spinner out of mystical fancies, but must allow him to have been a true man of earnest mind.

Like the old prophets, he had an inward monitor which kept him alive to the fact that the true kingdom is not of this world, a world in which rival partisans make war. Like Jesus, Philo had opened his heart and received within him the son of peace.

"The invisible spirit which is wont viewlessly to hold converse with me prompts me. . . . God alone is the most undissembling and genuine peace, but the whole created and corruptible essence is continual war." (De Somn. II, § 39.)

Very naively does Philo relate his spiritual experiences, reminding us here of the man of his nation who confusedly told his visions—whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell:

"My own experience, which I know from having been subject to it numberless times, I am not ashamed to relate. Sometimes when I have desired to come to my customary writing of the philosophic doctrines, and have clearly in my view the composition I have to make, I find my mind sterile and unproductive, and leave off with my work unaccomplished; reproaching my mind for self-conceit, and amazed at the power of the living God, by whom it comes to pass that the womb of the soul is alike opened and closed up. And at other times I have come to my work empty, and have on a sudden become full, conceptions falling upon me like snow, and being sown invisibly from on high, so that under divine possession I have become like a frenzied celebrant,

and have altogether lost cognisance of the place, persons present, myself, what was being said, what was being written. There is power of speech forthcoming to express invention, full enjoyment of light, extreme keenness of vision, a most conspicuous activity in affairs, well nigh as if coming by way of the eyes, and from the clearest demonstration." (De Abrah. § 7.)

He says also elsewhere:

"My soul is accustomed to be oftentimes divinely possessed, and to prophesy concerning things it knows not." (De Cherub. § 9.)

What was the moral result of these visions? When we read the following passage from Philo's writings we find ourselves in a moral atmosphere not very different from that spiritual and unworldly life which has bequeathed us the maxim, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and the injunction that "they that buy be as though they possessed not, and they that use the world as not using it in extreme:"

"Does this belong to another, do not covet it: is that thine own, use it as not abusing it. Hast thou great abundance, share it with others. The beauty of riches is not in purses of money, but in the succour of them that have need. Art thou possessed of but little, be not envious of them that have. No one would pity a poor man who is envious. Art thou in good repute, art thou held in honour, be not over-boastful; art thou lowly in fortune, then let not thy courage be depressed. Does everything go to thy mind, take thought concerning a change. Dost thou stumble oft-times, hope for favourable things." (De Josepho, § 24.)

The correspondences between the Christian gospels and epistles and Philo's writings are the more instructive as having to do with

thoughts rather than words. Verbal similarities might have been produced by the pen of copyists; resemblances of thought show that a certain mental emancipation and peculiar inspiration characterised the age. As is the case with all new breathings of the Spirit, there were few open to receive these expansive influences.

Some close study of Philo is necessary for anyone wishful thoroughly to examine and elucidate for himself this connection. There are passages which are plainly to be paralleled by the possession of a thought, which, allowing for differences of style, is manifestly the same thought in both. There are one or two instances where a thought given in parabolic form by Jesus is in simple form in Philo, a fact which greatly aids in the interpretation of the former.

Before entering upon the study of the metaphysical correspondences between Philo's doctrines and those of the early Christian school, it may be interesting to compare a few simple and obvious parallels in ethical and spiritual tendency.

The motive of the following passage is spiritual as opposed to ceremonial purification:—

"If thou be bringing thy oblation to the altar, and there call to mind that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thine oblation before the altar and be gone; first become friends with thy brother, and then come and offer thy oblation." (Matt. v. 23, 24.)

In Philo's writings we find a similar thought in different form:—

"Hardly doth one that is vile perform sacrifice in reality; nay, not though he should bring ten thousand oxen without ceasing every day. For his most indispensable offering, his mind, is

mutilated, and it is impious for mutilations to come nigh the altar." (De Plant. Noe, § 39.)

"It is a piece of folly for one not to be allowed to enter the shrines without having first washed and made bright his body, whilst, nevertheless, one may attempt to pray and to sacrifice with a mind still soiled and bemuddled. And yet temples are merely made of stones and timbers—soulless matter! and the body, soulless in itself, touches not the soulless without first using ablutions and purificatory cleansings: and shall anyone, whilst uncleansed in his own soul, endure to approach God the most pure, and this, too, without any intention of repentance?" (Quod Deus Immut. § 2.)

"They scour their bodies by lustrations and purifications, but to wash off from their souls the passions that pollute their life, they neither desire nor have a care. They are earnest to flock to the temples in raiment of white, robed in garments without a stain, but they have no shame at bringing to the very shrine a mind that is all stains." (De Cherub. § 28.)

The following passages offer variations on the comparison of the wide and frequented, and the toilsome and lonely roads of life:—

"Wide the gate and spacious the path that leads away to destruction, and many are they that enter therethrough. Narrow the gate and strict the path that leads unto life, and few they be that find it." (Matt. vii. 13, 14.)

"There is nothing higher than God, and if anyone has been quick to stretch the eye of the soul unto Him, let him pray for abidance and firm standing. For the uphill ways are toilsome and slow, but the downhill career, which is rather like a downward sweep than a descending path, is swift and easy." (De Abrah. § 12.)

"This [the well beaten] road they say, most nearly corresponds to pleasure. For almost from birth to extreme old age men traverse and walk about upon it. . . . But the paths of prudence and temperance and the other virtues, if not altogether untravelled, are assuredly entirely unworn by feet. For small is the number of those who proceed by these paths, who have sincerely loved wisdom, and formed association with the Beautiful alone, disregarding wholly all things else." (De Agric. § 23.)

The following comparison speaks for itself:—

"Be not in dread of those that slay the body, but are not able to slay the soul, be in dread rather of one able to ruin both soul and body in a gehenna." (Matt. x. 28.)

"Let us no wise dread the disease that is from without, but wrong doings, for it is through these that the disease comes; we should dread the soul's disease, not the body's." (Fragm. Bodl.)

The sympathy between the following passages, too, is obvious:—

"Make not treasure for yourselves of treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust deface, and where thieves undermine and steal. But make treasure for yourselves of treasures in heaven, where neither doth moth nor rust deface, and where thieves do not undermine or steal." (Matt. vi. 19, 20.)

"The great King himself proves to be poor and helpless if he be put in the balance with one single virtue, for his riches are inanimate, buried deep in treasures or the earth's recesses; but the wealth of virtue is stored up in the dominant part of the soul. And in it claims a share that purest of all essence, Heaven, as likewise does the parent of the universe, God." (De Carit. § vi.)

"Receive, O initiates, who are purified as to your ears, these

things in your own souls as really sacred mysteries, and babble not to anyone among the uninitiated, but store them up in your own selves and guard them as a treasure, not one wherein gold and silver, perishable substances, are hoarded up, but the prize and prime of existing possessions, the knowledge of the first cause, the knowledge of virtue, and thirdly, of the fruit of both." (De Cherub. § 14).

The following forms a pair with the well-known saying of Jesus at the table provided by bustling Martha, "one thing alone is needful."

"They tell a story that someone of old time, who had fallen madly in love with the beauty of wisdom, as it had been that of a most comely woman, once, when he beheld an unlimited preparation of most costly magnificence, looked towards some of his friends and said, 'See, comrades, how many things I have no need of.'" (De Plantat. § 16.)

The following passages shed light on each other:

"Eating is a symbol of spiritual food. For the soul is fed by the reception of comely things, and by the doing of righteous deeds." (Legis Allegor. I. § 31.)

"My food is to do the will of him that sent me, and to complete his work." (John iv. 34.)

"What is the meaning of the expression, 'I pour out my soul before the Lord?' (1 Sam. i. 15), but, I will consecrate it wholly." (De Ebriet. § 37.)

"This cup is the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for you." (Luke xxii. 20.)

"He washes the dirt off the feet, that is to say, the supports of pleasure." (Leg. Alleg. III. § 48.)

"If I washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." (John xiii. 14.)

"Heaven is eternal day, having

no share in night or shadow at all. . . . Heavenly things partake of a wakefulness that knows no sleep, by reason of energies which wander not, and stumble not and go straight in all things. But earthly things are weighed down by sleep, and if for a little while they start up, they are dragged down again and buried in slumber, by reason of inability to look with the soul upon anything of straight direction, and so stray and stumble." (De Josepho, § 24.)

"If anyone walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he sees the light of this world; but if anyone walk in the night, he stumbleth, because the light is not in him." (John xi. 9.)

"Well, O Saviour, in that thou revealest thine own works to the soul that yearneth for good things, and hast concealed from it none of thy works: for this cause it is strong to flee from evil, and to conceal and overshadow it, and to destroy for ever the passion that is hurtful." (Legis Allegor. III. § 8.)

"I thank thee, Father, Lord of the heaven and the earth, that thou hiddest these things from the wise and prudent, and revealedst them unto babes. Yea, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." (Matt. xi. 25.)

The following passages it is interesting to place side by side:

"It is as impossible that the love of the world can coexist with the love of God, as for light and darkness to coexist with one another." (Fragm. John of Damascus.)

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." (Matt. vi. 24; Luke xvi. 13.)

"Be such in regard to thy household as thou dost pray God to be unto thee; for as we hearken, so we shall be hearkened to by God, and as we see, so we shall be seen by him. Let us then yield pity for the piteous, in order that we in

turn may receive like for like." (Philonea, Tischendorf.)

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespassed against us!" (Matt. vi. 12.)

"He that hungers and thirsts after understanding." (Fragm. John of Damascus.)

"They that hunger and thirst after righteousness." (Matt. v. 6.)

"It is not lawful to speak out the sacred mysteries to the uninitiated. . . . To bestow equal things upon unequal people is an act of the utmost wrong." (Fragm. John of Damascus.)

"Cast not your pearls before swine." (Matt. vii. 6.)

The passage which we shall next quote from Philo affords a curious parallelism to some much misunderstood words of Jesus, which follow, and perhaps throws some light upon them as a possible extreme comment upon a weak martyr's recantation.

"If thy hand or thy foot causes thee to offend, cut it off and cast it from thee, for it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into eternal fire. And if thine eye causes thee to offend, pluck it out and cast it from thee, for it is better for thee to enter life with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into the gehenna of the fire." (Matt. xviii. 8.)

"It would seem to me that men who are not absolutely uninstructed would choose to be mutilated unto blindness rather than to see what is not seemly; and to be made deaf rather than hearken to noxious words; and to have their tongues cut out rather than babble a word of the undivulgable. They say at least that some of the sages, when tortured on the wheel to make them betray the undivulgable, have bitten out their tongues, and so have contrived a more grievous

torture against their torturers, incapacitating them from learning what they wanted to know. Of a truth it is better even to be made an eunuch than to go mad upon monstrous intercourse." (Quod Det. Potiori Insid. § 48.)

The following passages also may be read together:

"Moses affirms [Deut. xviii. 18] that if they be truly pious, they shall not be utterly shut off from consciousness of things that are about to come. But some God-inspired prophet will suddenly appear and give oracles and prophecy, saying indeed nothing of his own (for one truly possessed and spiritually inspired is unable even fully to grasp what he himself is saying), for whatsoever things he is inly taught, will flash through him as if from the dictation of someone else. For the prophets are interpreters of God who makes use of their organs for the manifestation of whatsoever things he wills." (De Monarch. § 9.)

"I can do nothing of myself; as I hear I judge, and my judgment is just in that I seek not mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." (John v. 20.)

"I do nothing of myself, but as my Father hath taught me, thus I speak; and He that sent me is with me; the Father hath not left me alone, for I always do the things that are pleasing to him." (John viii. 28, 9.)

One passage in the Gospels has been a puzzle and stumbling-block to many: "If anyone comes to me, and hates not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke xv. 26.) It is no wonder that the literal Western mind should revolt at such a passage. But it is strange that among scholars it should not have been more fully perceived that, granted

the undoubted presence in the Gospels of parable, symbol, or allegory, the inference is obvious that the more naturally unlikely the external form of a phrase, the more probably there lurks within it a second meaning which is the one intended to be discerned. In such a case Philo, in strict accordance with his school of traditional lore, meets with no difficulty whatever. His system is simple and uniform.

"Abandon," he says, "the idea that the expression is used about a person, and direct your examination to the soul as if laying it open for dissection." (Cong. Erud. Grat. § 11.)

It would be strange indeed were we to find Philo in such instances awake to deeper meanings than at first sight are apparent, and at the same time to ascribe to Jesus nothing but bare literality. When we allow the fact that the oriental mind tends to a parabolic style, we shall be ready to grant that if Philo expounds his own parables he may be the means of unlocking the meaning of others that resemble them. The following have at least an obvious parallelism with the words of Jesus:

"Abraham, when he left behind his country and kindred and his father's house (Gen. xii. 1), that is to say, the body, the outward senses, and the reason, began to have converse with the powers of the living God." (Quod. Det. Potiori Insid. § 44.)

"He saith to his father and mother, 'He hath not seen thee, and recognised not his brothers, and repudiated his sons' (Deut. xxxiii. 9); he relinquishes his father and mother, that is to say, his mind and the material of his body, in order to have as his inheritance the one God." (Legis Allegor. II. § 14.)

"His father—that is the mind,

and his mother—that is the external sense.” (De Profugis, § 20.)

“The man of slavish disposition who says, ‘I have loved my lord’ (Exod. xxi. 5), that is to say, the mind which is sovereign within me, ‘and my wife,’ that is, the cherished external sense, the keeper of the house of passions, ‘and the children,’ that is to say, the evils which are the offspring thereof.” (Quis Rer. Div. Her. § 38.)

The parable of the Prodigal Son will receive many illustrations from Philo if read in this symbolic way.

The “far country” of the parable may now be understood. It is the region into which the spirit strays so as to be most remote from God, most apparently independent, with bodily faculties apparently all its own to revel in.

“Looking upon his whole life according to the body as a sojourn in a foreign country, and when he is able to live in soul alone, then he apprehends that he is abiding in his own country.” (Quis Rer. Div. Her. § 16.)

“Every soul of a wise man has become possessed of heaven as its fatherland, and of earth as a strange country; and considers the house of wisdom its own home, but the house of the body a lodging-house, in which it proposes to sojourn for a while.” (De Agric. § 14.)

“In us the mind corresponds to a man, and the faculties of sensation to a woman. . . . The mind if caught by the bait [of the pleasures of the sense] becomes subordinate instead of sovereign, and slave instead of master, and an exile instead of a citizen, and mortal instead of immortal.” (De Mund. Opif. § 59.)

“Banishing from himself the unrighteous and godless soul, God disperses it far away unto the region of pleasures and appetites and injustices. And this region is most appropriately called the

region of the impious, in place of that which is fabled to exist in Hades. For indeed the real Hades is the life of one who is in a state of wickedness, a life which is an avenger, and under defilement, and liable to all curses.

When the Most High distributed the nations,

When he dispersed the sons of Adam (Deut. xxxii. 8),

he drove out all the earthly dispositions, which showed no zeal to see any good thing of heaven, and rendered them verily houseless and outlaws and wanderers. . . . By his wife who is a citizen the wicked man has vice for offspring, and passion by his concubine. For the whole soul, like a citizen, is conjugal partner of reasoning power, while soul that is culpable brings forth vices. The nature of the body, on the other hand, is a concubine, by means of whom the birth of passion is beheld.” (Cong. Erud. Grat. § 11, 12.)

“There being two existences, the mind of the all, which is God, and the mind of the individual, he that escapes from the mind that is in respect of himself flees to the mind of the universe; and he who forsakes his individual mind confesses that the affairs of the human mind are nothing, and ascribes everything to God.” (Legis Allegor. III. § 9.)

“The wicked man sinks down into his own scattered mind, fleeing from the real mind.” (*Ibid.* III. § 12.)

But the Father does not leave the soul altogether to its self-chosen isolation; when there awakens the desire to return, he goes out half-way to meet the wanderer.

“There are some souls which God goes forward to meet: ‘I will come unto you and bless you:’ You see how great the loving-kindness of the Creator, when he

even forestalls our tardiness, and comes forward to meet us, to the perfect benefiting of the soul." (Legis Allegor. III., § 76.)

"Who is so destitute of reason or soul, as never, either voluntarily or involuntarily, to conceive a notion of the most good? Verily, even over the most abominable there doth hover oftentimes a sudden visionary presence of the good, but they are unable to take firm hold of it, and to keep it beside them." (De Gigant. § 5.)

"That which breathes in is God; that which receives is the mind; that which is breathed in is the Spirit. . . . The human mind would not have dared to shoot up to such a height as to lay claim to God-nature, had not God himself drawn it up to himself, so far as it is possible for the mind of man to be updrawn, and moulded it according to those powers which are within reach of inward apprehension." (Legis Allegor. I., § 13.)

God is the true banquet-master from beginning to end. If the husks are chosen in preference to the heavenly feast, he will wait until the exile longs once again for the comforts of home.

"Just as those who give a banquet do not call anyone to supper before they have completed all the preparations for festivity, . . . so, in like manner, did the Ruler of the Universe, like a banquet-giver, . . . provide beforehand for every kind of entertainment, in order that man on his entry into the world might at once find a most sacred feast and stage. Nature all but crying aloud that men should imitate the Supreme Author of their being, and pass their lives without trouble and without hardship in most ungrudging livelihood and abundance of needful things. And, thus it would come about, were it not for

the irrational pleasures of the soul gaining the mastery, and building up a stronghold of gluttony and lewdness, or for the lusts of glory, or power, or riches, clutching at the dominion of life, or for distresses contracting and warping the mental faculty, or for the evil counsellor, fear, restraining the impulses towards zeal in work, or for folly and cowardice and injustice, and the inconceivable multitude of other evils making their assault." (De Mundi Opif. § 26.)

Our quotations from Philo do not form part of the parable, but illustrate it by showing the kind of spiritual thought which it may contain. The "Best Robe" of the parable of the Prodigal, the "Wedding Garment" of another, come to the mind in reading the following passage:—

"Whenever it [the inward part of the soul] has withdrawn from human pursuits, and serves the Existent only, it puts on the unvariegated robe of truth, which nothing mortal will ever touch. . . . But when it passes over to mix in political affairs, it puts off the robe of the heart and assumes another one most variegated and admirable to look upon. . . . For at the manifest altar of life it will appear to exercise much prudence with respect to the skin and flesh and blood, and everything relating to the body, so as not to offend the multitude which gives the palm to the things of the body, after the things of the soul, which are honoured by the second place. At the inner altar, on the other hand, it will use nothing but what is bloodless, fleshless, incorporeal, things appertaining to reason alone." (De Ebriet. § 21.)

The following are akin:

"Never enter into a contest for superiority in evil, or strive strenuously for the first place in such practices, but rather exert your-

self with all your might to escape from them." (De Agric. § 25.)

"Resist not [set not up a match with] evil." (Matt. vi. 39.)

In the passages next quoted we find the symbol of a stone bearing a kindred signification.

"Ignorance . . . maims the soul in its faculties of seeing and hearing, and allows neither light nor reason to enter into it, lest the one should instruct it, and the other show it things as they are. Shedding upon it dense darkness and plentiful folly, ignorance will have rendered the soul of most beautiful form a senseless stone." (De Ebriet. § 38.)

"God is able out of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." (Matt. iii. 9.)

It may be interesting to compare Philo's allegorising with the metaphor of the shepherd and the sheepfold. (John x. 1—16.) With Philo the shepherd is the dominant part, the sheep the subordinate faculties. Might there have been any parabolic sense of this kind in the original words which in the Johannine Gospel are presented in the Johannine style? Read in this way there is almost a parallelism between the apposition of the Father and the Shepherd, and Philo's comparison: "I imagine Heaven is in the world, as the soul in man." (Quis Rer. Div. Her. § 48.) But the connection, if any, is slight. It is easy to be misled by an apparent similarity between parabolic forms. We have to bear in mind that the signification of symbols varies with their position. "We have to look at the occasions on which and the manner in which each expression is used; for it often happens that the same expressions are applied to different things at different times; and on the contrary, opposite expressions are at different times applied to the same thing with perfect con-

sistency." (Philo Fragm. Quæst. in Exod.)

Philo's allegory is as follows:

"He prays that the flock may not be left wholly without shepherd—meaning, by the flock, the entire multitude of the lovely things of the soul—but that they may meet with a good shepherd, one to lead them away from the nets of folly and wrong and every vice, and toward the principles of instruction and of other virtue. . . . Is it not indeed a thing worth praying for, that the flock which is akin and naturally suited to each individual of us may not be let go without any superintendent and sovereign, so that we may not, by being filled full of that vilest of bad governments, ochlocracy, which is the base counterfeit of that noblest form democracy, dwell continually in a condition of tumult and disorder and intestine discord? . . . It behoves that our mind, like a goat-herd, or cowherd, or shepherd, or, in brief, any herdsman, should have rule, and choose, in preference to what is pleasant, that which is advantageous both to itself and the flock. Now the watchfulness of God is the first, and almost the only, cause that the divisions of the soul are not left without guardian, but that they rather find a blameless and absolutely good shepherd, one whose appointment renders it impossible for the company of the mind-faculty to become scattered. For it will of necessity appear under one and the same ordination, looking away from all others to the superintending care of one, since to be compelled to be in submission to many authorities is a most oppressive burden. . . . If a soul be shepherded by God, it has the one and only thing whence all things depend, and is naturally in need of none other things, and regards not blind riches, but in

respect of what it has, is endowed with clearness of vision and with reverence. For this all disciples have come to have an intense and unalterable love; and so with a laugh at the mere keeping of sheep, they strain after the true shepherd's craft." (De Agric. § 10, 11, 12, 13.)

The following shows a metaphorical use of the epithet blind:

"The blind generation of the human herd, though it seems to see, is disabled. For how is it otherwise than disabled, when it sees evil instead of good, what is unrighteous instead of what is righteous, the passions instead of the happy condition, things mortal instead of things immortal; and when it runs away from monitors and moderators, from conviction and instruction, while accepting flatterers and the reasonings which make for pleasure, of idleness, and ignorance, and luxury? The good man, then, alone sees; wherefore the ancients (1 Kings [Saml.] ix. 9) named the prophets seers." (Quis Rer. Div. Her. § 15.)

The same use of the epithet blind is found both in the Hebrew scripture and in the gospels: "I speak to them in parables, because seeing they see not." (Matt. xiii. 13.)

"The Word of God is not apparent in every place, but wherever there is a space vacant of passions and vices; and it is subtle to understand and to be understood, and very translucent and pure to the sight, and it is like coriander seed. For agriculturists say that the seed of the coriander is capable of being divided and cut without end, and if sown in each separate part and cutting, it shoots up just as the whole seed could. Such also is the Word of God, which is profitable both in its entirety, and in every part whatever it may be." (Legis Allegor. III. § 59.)

There is a partial likeness

between this symbolism of a minute seed as the Word of God, and that of the mustard seed as the kingdom of Heaven.

"The kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is less than all the seeds; but, when it is grown, it is greater than the herbs, and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." (Matt. xiii. 31, 32.)

"A husbandman, as some tell, whilst digging a hole for the purpose of planting some gently-nurtured tree, fell in with a treasure, meeting with unhopèd for good fortune. . . . When God bestows the contemplative treasures of his own wisdom, without toil or labour, then we who looked not for these things suddenly discover a treasure of perfect blessedness." (Quod Deus sit immut. § 20.)

This is a conception not unlike that of "the kingdom of heaven," which "is like unto treasure concealed in the field, which when a man found, he concealed, and for his joy goes and sells all that he has, and buys that field." The treasure might be either a buried crock of gold, or a yet unrevealed potentiality of abundant harvest.

"Many persons have recovered their balance and sanity through removal from their surroundings, having arrived at cure of their mad and frenzied lusts by reason of the sight being no longer able to pander to the passion with images of pleasure. For in consequence of the sundrance it is through a void that the passion must needs travel, since there is no longer any object at hand wherein it can find provocation. And if any one has so removed himself let him assuredly keep aloof from the revel gatherings of the multitude, and embrace solitude. . . . For as the bodies of those beginning to recover from

a long illness are very subject to be caught by it again, so too the soul which is just regaining health has a falter and tremor in its mental sinews, whence there is reason to fear lest the passion, which was wont to be excited by familiar intercourse with inconsiderate people, should run back again." (Præm. & Pœn. § 3.)

"As the implacable and inexorable mistresses of the body, thirst and hunger, do oftentimes strain it more or not less than persons are strained when racked to death by the torturer . . . in like manner covetous desire, first rendering the soul empty through forgetfulness of things present and recollection of what is far removed, sets it up with frenzy and madness ungovernable, and will finish off by procuring masters more afflictive than the former tyrants, while having the same names as those, to wit thirst and hunger, not of what has to do with the belly's enjoyment, but of money, glory, authority, beauty of form, and innumerable other things such as appear to be objects of desire and contention in human life." (De Concup. § 1.)

"The outgoing of evil works the incoming of virtue, just as contrariwise if good stand out of the way, the lurking evil doth enter in." (Philonea. Tischendorf.)

With these may be compared the following:—

"When the unclean spirit has gone forth from the man, it goes abroad through dry places seeking rest, and discovers it not. Then saith it, I will turn back to my abode whence I came forth. And when come, it finds it to be vacant, and swept, and adorned. Then goeth it and taketh along with itself seven other spirits more vicious than itself, and they enter in and take up their abode there, and the last of that man comes to be worse than the first." (Matt. xii. 43-45.)

The word Hades originally denoted nothing more than the shadowy receptacle of souls, and was marked as to quality by the conception of a vague incompleteness. But in Philo, as for example in a quotation made above, we see the word beginning to be used in a moral sense, and marking the opposite of the heavenly state. The ancient picture of the Elysian fields was rather of a supernal region of Hades, than of its polar opposite. The conception of Hades as a distinctly evil state became gradually degraded into the hideous Calvinistic dogma of a hell of permanent and scorching flame, the primitive conception being fluid and spiritual, not concreted and localised.

Philo writes: "God has not thought fit to be taken hold of by bodily eyes . . . perhaps by reason of the weakness of our sight. For it would not have been competent to bear the brightness which pours forth from the living God, when it is not even able to gaze directly on the rays that proceed from the sun." (De Abrah. § 16.)

"Who would venture to affirm about the First-cause, either that he is a body, or that he is incorporeal, or that he is of such or such a kind or quality, or that he is without quality or attribute; or positively to declare anything in general concerning his essence or quality or constitution or movement? We must be content if we are able to have knowledge of his name, to wit of his Word, which is his interpreter. For this must be God to us who are so imperfect, but the first, to those who are wise and perfect." (Legis Allegor. III. § 73.)

"No man hath ever seen God; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he declared him." (John i. 18.)

The mediate office of "the only begotten Son" singularly resembles

the position ascribed by Philo to the Word, the first-born of God.

"Setting at the head his own Word (Logos), his first-born Son, who is to receive the charge of this sacred company, as a lieutenant of a great king." (De Agric. § 12.)

The expression "only and well-beloved Son" is also applied by Philo to the Kosmos, as the child of the Creator's power and knowledge.

The following are mutually illustrative :

"What the eye is in the body, such is the mind and wisdom in the soul." (Ques. and Sol. in Gen. i. § 11.)

"What the mind is in the soul, that the eye is in the body. For each has sight, the one of things that exist perceptible by the intellect, the other of things perceptible by the senses. The mind is in need of knowledge for the cognising of the incorporeal, and the eyes of light for the apprehension of the corporeal." (De Mund. Opif. § 17.)

"Almost all the acuteness of perception of the eye is an attribute of the mind, which is in no need of borrowed light, being a star itself, and almost a representation and copy of the heavenly spheres. Assuredly diseases of the body effect a minimum of injury when the soul is in a sound state." (De Fortitud. § 3.)

"The lamp of the body is the eye; if thine eye be sound, thy whole body will be full of light." (Matt. vi. 22.)

Philo's inferiority to Jesus in point of style is so marked, that it is sometimes difficult to detect a similarity of thought, even where it really exists. The following is a translation of Philo's words :

"There are, so to speak, two heads of supreme import as compared with the countless particular propositions and doctrines; the one consisting of reverence and

piety towards God, the other of brotherly love and righteousness towards men." (De Septen. § 6.)

The corresponding words of Jesus are as follows :

"Teacher, which commandment is great in the law? And he said unto him, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.* This is the great and first commandment. A second is like unto it, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* On these, the two commandments, hang the whole law and the prophets." (Matt. xxii. 36-40.)

In the following we find sympathy of thought, in the one case smoothly, in the other incisively expressed :

"If a man would become noble and good, let him show himself well-pleasing unto God, to the universe, to nature, to the laws, to wise men, and repudiate self-love." (De Concup. § 11.)

"He that found his soul will lose it; and he that lost his soul for my sake will find it." (Matt. x. 39.)

"If any one desires to come after me, let him discard himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever shall desire to save his soul will lose it, and whosoever will lose his soul for my sake will find it." (Matt. xvi. 24-5.)

"If any persons, accounting as nothing the wealth of nature, pursue that of vain opinions, supporting themselves on what is blind in preference to what has sight, and taking one that is crippled for guide of the way, to fall is their due of very necessity." (De Fortitud. § 2.)

"Leave them; they are blind leaders of blind men. And if a blind man lead a blind man, both shall fall into a ditch." (Matt. xv. 14.)

Emanuel Deutsch writes, in his

famous article on the Talmud, "Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the Talmudical writings. . . . There are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realise; for such terms as 'Redemption,' 'Baptism,' 'Grace,' 'Faith,' 'Salvation,' 'Regeneration,' 'Son of Man,' 'Son of God,' 'Kingdom of Heaven,' were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism. . . . It is the glory of Christianity to have carried these golden germs, hidden in the schools and among the silent community of the learned, into the market of Humanity."

Philo, though he wrote in Greek and at Alexandria, was almost a Talmudist. He describes himself as an Expositor rather than a Doctor, or Rabbi; but though his works are mainly those of the commentator, some of his interpretations are so broad and suggestive that they reach the level of original work. His philosophy at all events so far interested his countrymen that several of his books were translated into Hebraic; and references may be found to him in ancient Rabbinical literature, where he is designated Jedidiah—the darling of Jehovah.

Philo, then, being as deeply involved in Talmudical Judaism as in Greek philosophy, we may reasonably expect to find in his writing the same parallelism with the Christian metaphysics as Deutsch points out as subsisting between the Gospel and the Talmud.

Among such resemblances may be counted the fact that there is to be found in Philo a Trinitarian conception of Deity. It is to be remembered that what is advanced by Philo is fluid and suggestive rather than hardened into dogma. This fact distinguishes him more from the Christian metaphysics than any profound divergence of his theory. The doctrine of the Trinity, though it has been subject to variation according to the different schools within the Church that have professed it, has always been put forward as an authoritative formula of belief. Philo would never have claimed more for his conception of a Trinity than its own reasonableness, and the aid it might afford towards realising Deity in relation to Humanity—Deity that by any doctrine whatever is conceivable only in part.

"The creative power is God, for by this he stablished and ordained the universe. The royal power is the Lord; for it is seemly that the creator should have rule and dominion over the creature. The centre, being attended as by bodyguards by each of his powers, presents to the sight-endowed mind a vision at one time of one, at another of three. Of one when the soul is consummately purified . . . and hastens onward to the unmoved and uncombined idea, by itself in need of nothing else whatever; and of three when . . . it can attain to a comprehension of God, only through his acts, as creator or governor.

"There are three different classes of human dispositions, each of which has received as its portion one of the aforesaid images. The best has received that which is the centre, the vision of the truly living God. The next after that has received that which is on the right hand, the vision of the beneficent power which has the name of God.

The third has the vision of that which is, on the other hand, the governing power, which is called Lord." (De Abrah. § 24, 25.)

The attributes of God, active and essential, are regarded as forming a Pleroma, or divine fulness :

"As that sweetest and clearest of thinkers, Plato, says : Envy is set outside the Divine Company ; whereas Wisdom, that most divine and communicative of all things, never closes her meditative school [Phrontistery, Thinking-shop], but always opens wide her doors to take in those that thirst after fresh drinkable words, and upon them pours a grudgeless fountain of undiluted instruction, wooing them to the intoxication of the drunkenness that is indeed most sober." (Quod Omn. Prob. Liber. § 2.)

The following presents a different triple conception, that of Father, Mediator, Man :

"There is an archetypal pattern which is above us, and the copy of that which abides with us. . . . The mind which is in each of us, which is strictly and in truth the man, is a third image of the Creator. The intermediate one is a model of our mind, an impression of God's." (Quis Rer. Div. Her. § 48.)

Philo describes the sacred vestments of the high priest as constituting a symbol of the universe, the hyacinthine robe reaching to his feet being a representation of air, the pomegranate fringe of water, the flowery hem of earth, the scarlet of the over-robe an emblem of fire, the mantle over the shoulders a symbol of heaven, and the twelve stones of the breastplate denoting the signs of the zodiac, which is the type of the ratio and regulation of the universe, and so a symbol of the Divine Word. Josephus reads some of the symbols in a different sense, but both he and Philo concur

in understanding the dress to symbolise the universe. The universe, according to Philo, is the Son of God, Nature being "the most ancient and well-established law."

Of the high priest so robed, Philo says :

"It were indispensable that the man who is consecrated to the Father of the Universe should find for a paraclete, his son, in virtue most perfect, to procure an amnesty for misdeeds, and an abundance of grudgeless blessings." (De Vit. Mos. III. § 14.)

The world which God has made, the power and life of nature with which man is surrounded, is thus presented as a paraclete, or advocate for him, with the Father, which reminds us of the divine pity expressed in the Psalms as due to us for this very cause :

"Like as a father compassioneth his children, so the Eternal compassioneth them that fear him ; for he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust."

This is one idea of propitiation ; another mediator, according to Philo, is the high-priest himself :

"The man who has been assigned to God, and has become the leader of the sacred order, ought to be withdrawn to another country, as it were, than the things of creation, ought not to be liable to give way to partiality for parents, or children, or brothers, so far as to pretermitt or put off any one of those holy things which on every account it were better should be performed forthwith. For the law designs that the arch-priest should be endowed with a nature superior to that according to man, inasmuch as he approaches nearer the divine ; being, if one must say the truth, on the borders of both, in order that by someone's mediation men may propitiate God, while God may use some subordinate minister, and so stretch out and abun-

dantly supply his gracious things to men." (De Monarch. II. §. 12.)

The Paraclete upon whose office as Mediator or Propitiation Philo loves most to dwell is "the Divine Word."

Ever with the Jewish race a peculiar reverence was paid to the supreme attributes and even to the name of Deity. Being felt to be incommunicable, his essence was shrouded in mystery, and his name was ineffable, and only to be pronounced by the high priest on certain solemn occasions. Through this sense of awe, combined with a fear of materialising the conception of Deity, it came to pass that certain functions of divine providence were defined as powers intermediate between man and the eternal secrecy of God's essence. By personification, this power or these powers came to be regarded as the deity that could enter into relation with human affairs, and though still recognised as God and not Gods (in the polytheistic sense), they left the central idea of deity at its unapproachable distance, and undwarfed by attempts at realisation approximately to the standard of man. To the mind of Philo there is present ever "God who is before the Word," but the providential influence which he feels to be in relation to himself is that of the Word: "The head and sum of propitiation resides in the sacred Word, in which when one dwells one does not directly reach God as he is in essence, but sees him as from afar. . . . The intermediate divine Word. . . . God, not deeming fit to come unto the region of external sense, makes apostles of his own Words. . . . When one has arrived at the external senses, it is no longer God that one meets, but the Word of God. . . . God no longer bringing near the visions that proceed from Himself, but only those that proceed from his

subordinate powers. . . . The divine Word manifesting itself on a sudden, brings an unexpected hope-transcending joy, as being about to become way-companion to the desolate soul." (De Somn. I. § 11, 12.)

As the Christian Doctors added to the Gospel according to Jesus a new and dogmatic enlargement of these mediatory doctrines, it may be of interest to trace their origin in the Hebrew canonical and apocryphal scriptures, as well as their development by Philo.

The following passages will show how an attribute of Deity was personified and regarded as a separate and individual entity, and conversely how a messenger was regarded as one with Him that commissioned him.

In the following, for instance, the omnipresence of Deity is concreted into the Angel of the Presence:

"He was their Saviour. In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the Angel of his Presence saved them . . . but they rebelled and vexed his holy spirit." (Isaiah lviii. 9, 10.)

In the passage that follows the Word fulfils a similar function:

"As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: So shall my Word be that goeth out of my mouth; it shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." (Isaiah lv. 10, 11.)

In the following, again, we find Wisdom occupying a like office:

"Wisdom shall praise her own soul,
And shall exult in the midst of her people:

* * * *

I came forth from the mouth of
the Most High,
And as a mist overshadowed the
Earth.

From the beginning, before the
sweep of time, he established me,
And the æon through I shall no-
wise fail."

(Wisdom of Sirach xxiv. 1, 3, 9.)

In the following beautiful pas-
sage, Wisdom, a personification not
a person, is represented as feminine.
The Holy Ghost is similarly ac-
counted feminine in an apocryphal
book:

"I prayed, and understanding was
given me,
I made invocation, and there
came to me the spirit of
Wisdom.

I preferred her before sceptres and
thrones,
And esteemed riches nothing in
comparison of her.

* * * *

I loved her above health and beauty
of form,
And chose to have her instead of
light,
For the radiance that cometh from
her never goeth out.

* * * *

"Wisdom, which is the artificer of
all things, taught me;

For in her is a spirit of perception,
holy,

Only-begotten, manifold, subtle,
mobile,

Piercing, undefiled, sure, and harm-
less,

Loving the good, quick, unfettered,
well disposed,

Kindly to man, steadfast, safe, un-
fretted,

All-powerful, all-surveying, spread-
ing through

Spirits perceptive, pure, and subt-
lest.

For Wisdom is more moving than
any excitement,

She extendeth and spreadeth
through all things by reason of
her pureness,

For she is the breath of the power
of God,

A palpable emanation from the Al-
mighty's glory:

Therefore can nought defiled creep
into her;

For she is the flashing beam of the
everlasting light,

The spotless mirror of the workful-
ness of God,

And the imaged form of his good-
ness.

Being as she is but one, she com-
passeth all things,

And, abiding in herself, she makes
all things new,

And generation by generation she
passes over unto holy souls,

And ordaineth them friends of God
and prophets."

(Wisdom vii. 7, 10, 22-27.)

In the following the Word is re-
presented as the Demiurge, and Wis-
dom as seated on the throne of
God:

"O God of my fathers and Lord of
compassion,

Who madest the universe by thy
Word,

And through thy Wisdom didst
ordain man,

That he should have dominion over
the colonies that came from
thee,

And should order the world in
equity and righteousness,

And execute judgment with
straightforwardness of soul:

Give me Wisdom, whose office is to
be seated by thy throne!

And reject me not from among
thy children."

(Wisdom ix. 1-4.)

"With thee is Wisdom, which
knoweth thy works,

And was by when thou wroughtest
the universe,

And understandeth what is pleas-
ing in thy sight,

And what is direct in my command-
ments.

Send her forth out of the holy
heavens,

And from the throne of thy glory
speed her,
That she may come to me
with helping presence and may
toil,
And I may learn what is well-pleas-
ing unto thee."

(Wisdom ix. 9, 10.)

The Holy Spirit, like the Word
and Wisdom, is a name for the
powers that proceed from God:

"Thy counsel who hath known, un-
less thou gavest Wisdom,
And didst send thy Holy Spirit
from the highest."

(Wisdom ix. 17.)

"It was neither herb, nor emollient,
that wrought them healing,
But thy Word, O Lord, that healeth
all things."

(Wisdom xvi. 12.)

In the following the personifica-
tion is most vivid, but the oriental
mind is poetic and not scientific.
No distinct person is signified, but
only a distinct energy:

"Whilst all things were wrapped
in stilly silence,
And night was in the midst of her
own fleet course,
Thine almighty Word from heaven
leaped forth,
Out of the royal throne, an abso-
lute man of war,
Into the midst of the pestilent
earth,
Bearing the sharp sword of thy un-
feigned commandment,
And stood up and filled all things
with death:
And while it had hold of heaven, it
stepped upon earth."

(Wisdom xviii. 14-16.)

"By his Word all things con-
sist."

(Wisdom of Sirach xliii. 26.)

In the following is another ex-
pression, the Messenger of the
Covenant, reminding us of the
Angel of the Presence:

"Lo, I will send my messenger,
And he shall prepare the way be-
fore me:

And suddenly he shall come to his
temple,
The Lord whom ye seek.

And the messenger of the covenant
in whom ye delight,

Lo, he shall come, saith Jehovah
of Hosts,

But who may abide the day of his
coming,

And who shall stand when he
appeareth?

For he is like a refiner's fire,

And like the washer's soap.

And he shall sit as a refiner and
purifier of silver,

And shall purify the sons of Levi."

(Mal. iii. 1-3.)

In the following it will be ob-
served that "Jehovah" and the
"angel of Jehovah" are expres-
sions used indiscriminately:

"And the angel of Jehovah
found her [Hagar] by a fountain
of water in the desert and
said unto her, "Behold thou art
with child, and shalt bear a son,
and shalt call his name Ishmael
[God heareth]; because Jehovah
hath hearkened to thine affliction
. . . . And she called the name of
Jehovah that spake unto her, Thou
God seest me." (Gen. xvi. 7-13.)

"And the angel of God said unto
me in the dream, Jacob I
am the God of Beth-el, where thou
anoointedst the pillar, and where
thou vowedst a vow unto me."
(Gen. xxxi. 11 and 13.) In the
Septuagint we read 'I am the God
that was visioned to thee in the
place of God.'

"And the angel of Jehovah
appeared to Moses in a flame of
fire out of the midst of a bush.
. . . . God called unto him out
of the midst of the bush
Moreover, he said, I am the
God of thy fathers, the God of
Abraham, the God of Isaac, and
the God of Jacob. . . . I will
be with thee 'I am what I
am.' . . . Thus shalt thou say
unto the children of Israel, I AM

hath sent me unto you." (Ex. iii. 2-14.) In the Septuagint "I am the Being."

"The angel of God, who went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of cloud removed from before their face, and stood behind them.

. . . . And it came to pass that in the morning watch Jehovah looked unto the host of the Egyptians from out of the pillar of fire and of the cloud." (Ex. xiv. 19 and 24.)

The most vivid personifications, it will be observed, come from the poetic books:

"By the Word of Jehovah were the heavens made;
And all the host of them by the Breath of his mouth."

(Ps. xxxiii. 6.)

"They cried unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And he saved them out of their distresses.

He sent his Word, and healed them,
And delivered them from their destructions."

(Ps. cvii. 19, 20.)

"He sendeth forth his command on the earth;
His Word runneth very swiftly."

Ps. cxlvii. 15.)

"Jehovah possessed me [Wisdom] in the beginning of his way,
Before his works, from of old.
From eternity I was formed,
From the beginning before the earth was.

* * * *

"When he appointed the foundations of the earth;

Then I was by him as his workman. [making harmony, Sept.]

Prov. viii. 22, 23, 30.)

"All wisdom cometh from the Lord,
And is with him for ever.

* * * *

"There is one wise and greatly to be feared seated upon his throne:

The Lord himself created her and saw and reckoned her through,
And poured her out upon all his works.

She is with all flesh according to his gift,

And he bestowed her upon them that love him."

(Wisdom of Sirach i. 1, 8-10.)

As in the instances cited from the Hebrew Scriptures, the minister, messenger, or angel of God is not sharply differentiated from God himself, so also we find a somewhat similar double use of the word *Logos* in Philo. In translating "*Logos*" by "*Word*," it has to be said that "*Word*" is a very inadequate rendering of a term of which no perfect representative in our language has yet been found. *Logos* is thought, or the expression of thought; it is wisdom's energy; if we look upon intelligence as secret, remote, and wonderful, the *Logos*, as used in Philo, is the manifestation of that intelligence. It is God's power brought near and palpable to us, whether we call that power that we feel so near us the mighty virgin Wisdom, or the secondary god, *Logos*; or it represents God's dutiful ministers in any shape, who, bearing his mission and speaking or doing nothing of their own, are to those to whom they appeal true manifestations of Divinity.

"The man who follows God does of necessity enjoy as the companions of his way, the Words (*logoi*) which are His attendants, whom we are wont to call angels."

(Migr. Abr. § 31.)

"The angels—the Words (*logoi*) of God." (Somn. § 23.)

"It was impossible that aught mortal should be made in the close likeness of the Most High and Father of the Universe, but like the second God who is the Word (*logos*) of the Father." (Fragm. Euseb. viii. 13.)

"Those who are unable to bear the sight of God regard his image, his messenger Word (logos) as himself." (Somn. § 41.)

"The images of the creative power and of the kingly power are the winged cherubim which are placed upon the ark. But the divine Word (logos) which is above these comes not into visible appearance, for it is not like any of the things that come under the external perception, but is itself an image of God, the eldest of all the objects of internal perception, and the nearest, without any partition to sever, to the only truly existing God. . . . The Word is, as it were, the charioteer of the powers, and he who utters it is the rider who directs the charioteer how to proceed, looking toward the proper guidance of the universe." (De Prof. § 19.)

An architect "first of all sketches in his own mind nearly all the parts of the city which is about to be completed—temples, gymnasia, townhalls, markets, harbours, docks, lanes, constitution of the walls, foundations of houses, and of public and other edifices. Then having received in his own soul, as on a waxen tablet, the typical forms of each, he carries in mind the image of an intellectually apprehensible city, the shapes of which he stirs to and fro in his natural memory, and still further impressing within himself the seal of their character, like a good artificer, with his eyes fixed on the pattern, he begins to produce the city of wood and stone, making the corporeal substances a copy of each of the incorporeal ideas.

"Now we must form an opinion something of the same kind respecting God, who when he purposed to create the mighty city, first conceived its typical forms, wherefrom he composed a universe intellectually apprehensible, and

then completed the one visible to the external senses, using the first as a pattern.

"As therefore the city when first shadowed forth in the architect's art had no external place, but was impressed upon the soul of the craftsman, so in the same manner can the universe subsisting from ideas have no other local position saving the divine Word (Logos) which gave to these things their order." (De Mund. Opif. § 4, 5.)

"Were anyone to desire to use terms more undisguised, he would not describe the universe that is perceptible by the internal sense, as aught else but the Word (Logos) of God who is now producing universal order. . . . It is also plain that the archetypal seal itself, which we affirm to be the universe perceptible by the internal sense, must verily be the archetypal pattern, the ideal form of forms, the Word (Logos) of God." (De Mund. Opif. § 6.)

"The invisible and inly-apprehensible divine Word, he calls the image of God. And the image of this image is that inly-appreciable light, which has become the image of the divine Word. . . . Verily it is a star above the heavens, the source of the stars that are externally apprehensible, and were one to call it the universal fount of light he would not very greatly err." (De Mund. Opif. § 8.)

As the poetic halo gathers round the conception of the Word, epithets are employed which to any but the oriental mind would apply only to a distinct individual:

"After the manner of a flock of sheep, the earth and the water, the air and the fire, and all things therein, whether plants or animals, divine and mortal alike, the nature of heaven too and the periods of the sun and moon, and the phases and harmonious courses of the other stars, are led by God as a

shepherd and king, according to justice and law, for he sets immediately over them his own straightforward Word, his first-born son, whose it is to receive the charge of the sacred company, as the lieutenant of the great king. For it is somewhere [Ex. xxiii. 20] said: 'Behold, I am He, I will send my messenger before thy face, to keep thee in the road.'" (De Agricult. § 12.)

"The father who generated the universe gave to the archangelic and eldest Word a pre-eminent gift, to stand in the borders and separate that which came into being from the Creator. This very Word is not only a suppliant before the Incorruptible on behalf of the mortal, ever wasting under its doom, but an ambassador from the sovereign to the subject. And the Word rejoices in the gift, and pluming itself thereon tells the tale of it thus, 'And I stood in the midst between the Lord and you' (Num. xvi. 48), neither being uncreate as God, nor created like you, but midway between the poles, serving as a hostage to both sides: with him that planted, a pledge that the whole race would never disappear and revolt entirely, choosing disorder instead of order; by the side of that which was planted, as a good hope that the God of Mercy would not ever be unregardful of his own work." (Quis Rer. Div. Her. § 42.)

"The image of God is the Word, by which all the world was fabricated." (De Monarch. § 5.)

[The verb here is that which gave rise to the term Demiurge.]

"The shadow of God is his Word, which he employed like an instrument in making the Kosmos. And this shadow and, as it were, copy, is the archetype of the rest." (Leg. Alleg. III. § 31.)

The allegory of Manna: "You see the food of the soul of what

nature it is; the continuing Word of the Lord, like unto dew, encompassing the whole soul in a circle, and suffering no single portion of it to be without its share." (Leg. Alleg. III. 59.)

"God sharpened his own Word, the divider of all things, and distributes the formless and unqualified essence of the universe." (Quis Rer. Div. Her. § 27.)

"If there is anything anywhere that is consolidated, by the divine Word is it bound together. For this is glue and a chain, and it has filled up the universe with its essence." (Ibid. § 38.)

The following gives Philo's own explanation of the relation between Deity and that emanation or energy which, though spoken of as a son, is not begotten but proceeding:

"Not to crouch or cower ought he who anchors on the hope of divine alliance, when moreover he hears the voice, 'I am the God that was seen by thee in the place of God [Gen. xxi. 13, Septuagint].' It is at least an all-beautiful glory to the soul, for God to deem it worthy to manifest himself and hold converse with it. Do not slur over what is said, but carefully examine, whether in reality there are two Gods, for it is said 'I am the God that was seen by thee' not in my place, but 'in the place of God,' as if of a different being. What then must one say? God in very truth is One; while there are many so-called by misapplication of the term. Wherefore the sacred word [that of Moses] in the present instance has indicated by the article the very God, the expression being, 'I am the God,' whilst there is indicated by the absence of the article the God so called by misuse of the term, where it says 'that was seen by thee in the place' not of the God, but merely 'of God.' What Moses here calls God is His eldest Word,

for he is not superstitious about the position of the names, but sets before himself one end only, that of making progress with his discourse. For in other things, when he examines whether there be any name of the One that Is, he manifestly knew that whatever any one may call Him, he will employ in such application no adequate phrase; for the Living God is not of a nature to be described, but only to Be.

* * * *

"To the souls incorporeal, his ministers, there is a likelihood for Him to manifest himself as he is, conversing with them as a friend with friends: but to those still in the body he must appear in the likeness of angels, not by change of his own nature, but by implanting in the recipients the presentment or idea of his having a separate form, so that they assume that the image is not an imitation, but the very archetypal form itself.

"The scripture has spoken of God under the likeness of a man. . . . For the writers knew that some men are so utterly dull by nature, as to be unable to form any conception whatever of a God apart from a body.

* * * *

"In like manner as those who are unable to gaze upon the Sun himself, look upon his reflected radiance as a sun . . . so likewise the image of God, his angel Word, is considered to be God himself." (De Somn. I. § 40, 41.)

The following is an instance of the converse notion, to which we have previously referred, that of a delegate raised by his office into a kind of godship:

"We say that the arch-priest is not a man, but is a divine Word, being one that has no participation, not only in all intentional, but also in all involuntary misdeeds.

For Moses says [Lev. xxi. 11] that he cannot be defiled either 'in respect of his father,' that is to say, the mind, or 'of his mother,' that is, the external sense; because, I opine, he received incorruptible and wholly pure parents, God being his father, who also is the father of all, and Wisdom his mother, through whom the whole universe came into birth; because, moreover, 'his head is anointed with oil' [Lev. xxi. 10, seq.], by which I mean that his ruling part is illumined with radiant light.

"Now the most ancient Word of the Living God is clothed with the Kosmos for raiment; for it enshrouds itself in earth and water, and air and fire, and what proceeds therefrom. But the soul, viewed particularly, is clothed with the body, and the mind of the sage is clothed with virtues." (De Profug. § 20.)

"God himself is called a place, from the fact of his encompassing the universe, but being encompassed himself by absolutely nothing, and from his being the refuge of all; and moreover since he is himself his own district, reaching to himself and being environed by himself alone. . . . Perhaps 'place' [Gen. xxviii. 11] is the equivocal expression for two things, one of which is the divine Word, and the other the God that is before the Word." (De Somn. I. § 11.)

"Wherefore, as if some other God were alluded to, it is said [Gen. i. 27], 'In the image of God I made man,' but not in the image of himself? Of perfect beauty and wisdom is the rendering of this oracle. For it was impossible that anything mortal could be brought into the likeness of the Most High and Father of the Universe, but it could only be made in the likeness of the second God, who is his Word. For it was fitting that the type of reason

within the soul of man should receive its graving and stamp from the divine Word, since the God before the Word is high above all of mere rational nature; and to him above the Word, subsisting as he is with the most excellent and specially pre-eminent semblance, there were no manner of right for a created being to be exactly likened." (Euseb. *Fragm. Præp. Ev.* VII. 13; *Quæst. in Gen.* ii. § 62, Armenian version.)

"Even though there prove to be no one as yet sufficiently deserving to be called by the name of Son of God, let him nevertheless strive earnestly to be ascribed to his first-born Word, the eldest angel; nay, an archangel of many a name; for he is addressed as Arche [origin, beginning], as Name of God, as Word, as the Man according to the Image, as He that sees Israel For although we may not yet have become worthy of being reckoned the children of God, yet no doubt we may be sons of His eternal image, the most Sacred Word, for the eldest Word is the image of God." (De Confus. Ling. § 28.)

The expression "the Man according to the image" is explained in the following; it means the standard, pattern, or ideal man:

"There is a vast difference between man as at present moulded, and man as originally brought into being after the image of God. For man as now formed is perceptible to external sense, partaking of qualities, subsisting of body and soul, man or woman, by nature mortal. But man made after the divine image is, as it were, an idea, or an element, or a seal, perceptible by mind, bodiless, neither male nor female, incorruptible by nature By the expression, 'God breathed into man's face the breath of life,' is meant nothing else than the Divine Spirit proceeding from that blessed and happy nature,

being sent to take up its remote habitation here, for the benefit of our race, in order that, although man is mortal as regards his visible part, he may be immortal at least as regards that which is unseen." (De Mund. Opif. § 46.)

"We shall at least be simply within right in affirming that the Artificer [Demiurge] who wrought the Universe is like for like with the Father of the thing produced; while the Mother is the knowledge appertaining to the Creator, with whom God united, not as a man unites, and sowed the seed of genesis.

"And she received unto herself the seed of God, and when her throes came to accomplishment, she brought forth her only and well-beloved son, perceptible to the external senses, namely this very Kosmos.

"Wisdom, at all events, is introduced alongside of any one of those that form the divine company, speaking of herself after this manner:

'Me did God get to himself as the first of the first among his own works,

And before the cycle of time my foundations he laid' [Prov. viii. 22]." (De Ebriet. § 8.)

The expressions of endearment—"only son," "first-born," "well-beloved," used in reference to the Word or to the Kosmos, show how ready was the oriental mind to affectionately personify an attribute of Deity, and so to enwrap it in the language of love rather than the language of metaphysics. Concurrent with this tendency was the disposition to regard an angel or a mortal engaged unselfishly upon some divine work as a vicegerent of God, and within the limits of that office, as very God in manifestation. Even the generosity of a superior in rank is accounted as a subordinate godhood.

In the address of Joseph to his brethren, after their father's decease, Philo makes him say: "If all things which I did were done well and kindly for my father's sake, I will adhere to the same course now that he is dead. But in my judgment no good man is dead, but will indeed live for ever without waxing old, in an immortal nature which is no longer bound up in the body's necessities. And why should I remember only the father who was born? We have the uncreate, the incorruptible, the eternal, who oversees all things and gives ear to all people even when they are silent, who always beholds the things which lie in the recesses of the mind, upon whom I call as a witness of my conscience that my reconciliation is sincere. For I (and marvel not at my words) am in the place of God (Gen. i. 19), who has changed your evil designs into an abundance of good things." (De Josepho, § 43.)

In another chapter of the same book we find:

"Be not cast down; I give you a complete amnesty for all the things which you have done to me. Do not deem that you need anyone else as a paraklete." (De Josepho, § 40.)

The higher the mission, the more attractive becomes his conception:

"Angels are the servants of God, and are considered actual gods by those who are intoils and slaveries." (De Profugis. § 38.)

We may call to mind in relation to this subject, the reply of Jesus to an allegation of blasphemy:

"Is it not written in your law, *I said, ye are gods?* If he called them gods, unto whom the Word of God came, and the scripture cannot be made void; say ye of him whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said, I am God's son." (John x. 34.)

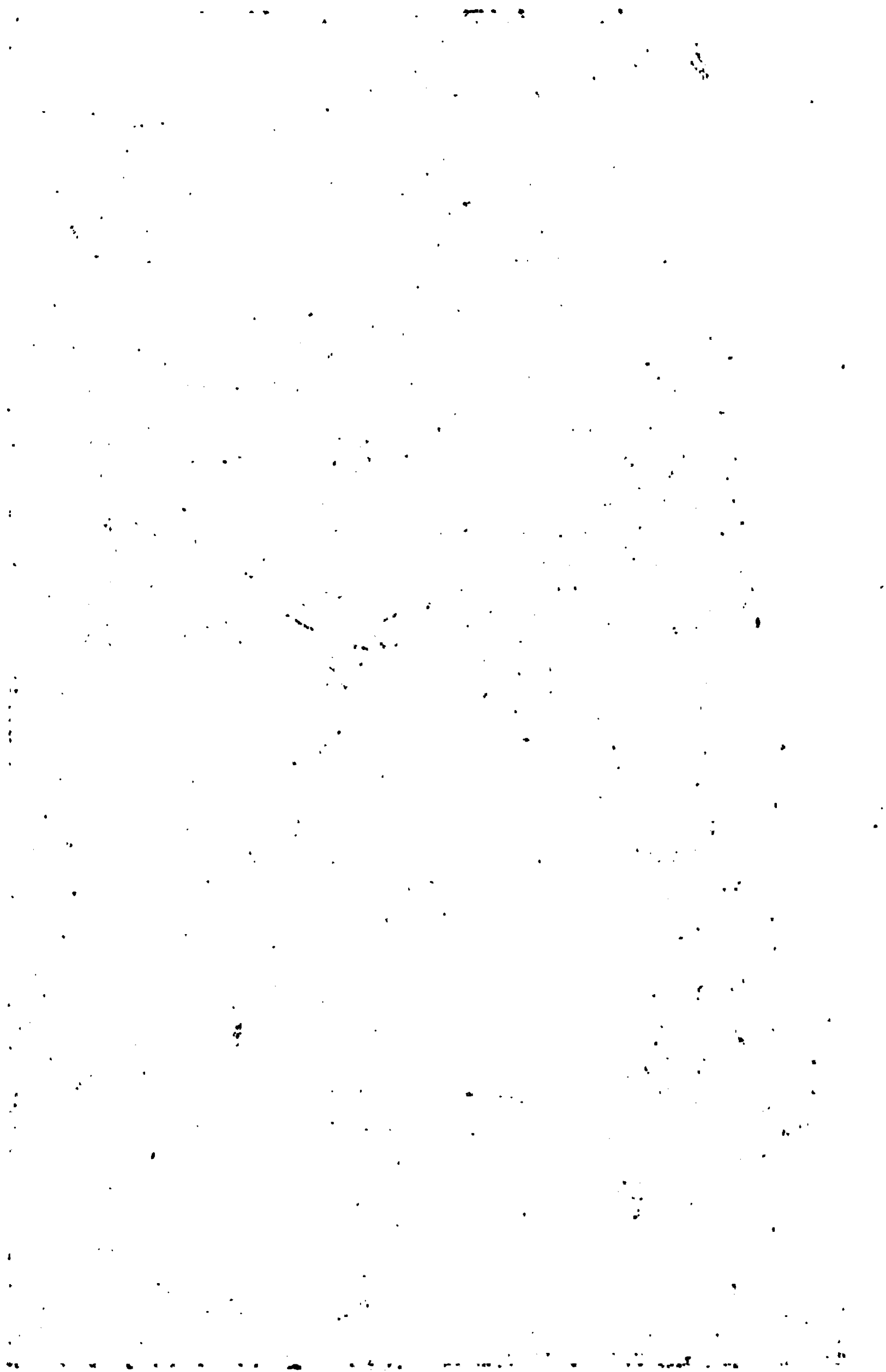
(*To be continued.*)

Erratum, page 395. It was Philo's nephew, not his son, who married king Agrippa's daughter.

"THE LAST PLAGUE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY L ALMA TADEMA "A

PRODUCED FROM THE PRODUCTION BY WILHELM GERTZ & SONS



THE LAST PLAGUE.

Within the painted palace of the King,
Secure and free for every royal whim,
With doors safe kept by mighty cherubim,
Hath stolen, unseen, a gray and shuddering thing :
Nought in his hands did that fell phantom bring,
Nought visible took, but snatched with gestures dim
The first-born's soul, yet scathed not any limb. . . .
On heaven's Nile-pools that soul is wandering.

As if he saw not, Pharaoh's eyes gaze on,
In stony numbness. Lies upon his knees
The pallid corpse, now cold enough to freeze
The mother's cheek and heart. With forehead prone
In fruitless prayer the slaves themselves abase ;
No gifts to God bring life to the dead face.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

April 24, 1880.

THE Summer Term has begun well, as far as gaiety can be considered a good thing. Scarcely had we come up, before Oxford was all astir with the visit of Prince Leopold, who came to lay the foundation stone of the new High School for boys. The function was an interesting one, if only for the sight of the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor, representatives of the civil corporations which govern Oxford, marching amicably side by side. The occasion gave an opportunity to the Prince of making a couple of those neat little speeches for which he is so justly famous, and he seemed to be genuinely pleased at visiting his old haunts and his old friends once more, albeit the weather was only too typical of Oxford. The High School will certainly be a great advantage to the worthy citizens of Oxford, this city having hitherto been dependent on the schools attached to Magdalen and Christ Church, both of which were originally intended simply and solely for choristers, but which have had, perforce, to extend themselves.

We have also been entertaining M. Renan, who expressed himself highly charmed with Oxford. He was lionised over the colleges, fêted in most of them, and taken to a Bampton lecture. There was some talk of giving him an honorary degree, but the fact that there would certainly be some considerable opposition to the proposal was sufficient to stifle the idea, for it was generally felt that an honour grudgingly given as the result of a party triumph would hardly be worth the great scholar's acceptance. Yet another visitor in the person of Mr. Bret Harte, the American humourist, who is announced to lecture to-night. I have not heard whether he is to be the fortunate recipient of the Honorary D.C.L.

The announcement that Mr. Bywater has resigned the sub-librarianship of the Bodleian, to which he was appointed recently, will be unwelcome news to all true scholars. But the fact is that, under the present arrangement, Bodley's sub-librarians have anything but a "good time." The work is enormous and increases every year, and the staff is miserably small. It is to be hoped that the commission will at all events effect some improvement here. The suggestion of Mr. Robarts that some of the idle fellows of All Souls shall be utilised in the Bodleian seems to be practical enough, and might be carried out, one would think, without interfering unduly with that bugbear of reformers—vested interests.

The election storm is over, and, before settling down under the new *régime*, we naturally ask what will the Liberal Government do for or to Oxford? Probably very little. The Commission has already decided

to go on for another year, *i.e.*, till the end of 1881, and is doing its work slowly and steadily. The general principles have been settled, and the only changes likely to be made in its report by Parliament are that the headships will be made non-clerical, and the clerical restrictions abolished with regard to all fellowships, save one or two in each college. The appointment of Lord Selborne to the Lord Chancellorship, which every one regards as certain, will probably give the chairmanship of the Commission to Lord Redesdale; while for the vacant commissionership, the name of the Master of Balliol is freely mentioned. But of course it must be some while before the new Government will have time to attend to such comparatively trifling matters, and meanwhile we must wait and hope that the interests of learning and research will not be altogether sacrificed to examinations,—or Balliol.

Nothing daunted with their failure last term, the promoters of the scheme for degrees in Natural Science have already prepared a new statute, which is certainly in some ways a decided improvement on its ill-fated predecessor, but at the same time emphasises some of the worst faults of the other scheme. According to the proposed statute, the students in the faculty of Natural Science are to be a race apart, a peculiar people, with their own studies, their own examinations, and their own examiners. These latter, by the way, will have to be Admirable Crichtons as they are to examine in all manner of subjects—Latin and Greek, French and German, Mathematics and Science. But the creation of an entirely new faculty is felt to be a serious matter, and one important question to be answered is, Whether natural science deserves to be placed in this exceptional position, and to have privileges accorded to it (if privileges they be) which are not given to other branches of study. I must own that on the main point of Greek or no Greek, I think Professor Odling has propounded a dilemma not easy to be escaped from. His position is simply this—either a knowledge of Greek is a necessary part of a liberal education, or it is not. If it is, why induce and encourage students of natural science to dispense with it? If not, why insist on students of law, history, &c., wasting time over it? The preliminary skirmish comes on next Tuesday, but the battle will not be fought out till the end of term.

We have had two rather remarkable public lectures this term from Professor Stubbs, on the Characteristics of Mediæval and Modern History. Commencing with the defence of the former as of greater educational value than the latter, he proceeded to divide the history of modern Europe into three epochs: the first from the tenth to the end of the fifteenth century had, as its great characteristic, respect of right and law—all the great wars of this epoch were struggles of opposing rights; while in the second period, which extended to the French Revolution, right had given way to power and force; and the age we live in is one of ideas and sentiments which have taken the form of belief in the rights of nationalities. These points he elaborated and illustrated in the course of a brilliant sketch of the European state-system, and the moral he deduced was, that at the present day the statesmen and the nations, which recognise the power of the idea of nationality, are the only ones likely to be successful.

Professor Earle has given a lecture on the Faery Queen, and next week Mr. Sayce is to tell us something of his pet people the Hittites and their influence on Greece. Besides these, Mr. Westmacott is continuing his

admirable lectures on Elocution; and later on we are to be favoured with discourses from two Scotch professors, Professor Lewis Campbell taking the *Oresteia*, and Professor Jebb the *Ædipus*, as their subjects. So we are not likely to perish for want of mental food.

UNIVERSITY OF COIMBRA,

April, 1880.

In my last letter I mentioned that many were the professors who greatly distinguished themselves at the epoch of the last removal to, and permanent installation of, our University in Coimbra. Among the theologians I need but to mention Dr. Affonso do Prado, who later on became rector of the University; Dr. Francisco de Masson, who had graduated in Alcalá, and became professor of the Portuguese University before its last transference; Mestre Fr. João Pedro, of the Order of Preachers; Martin de Ledesma; Antonio de Fonseca, Doctor in Divinity of the University of Paris; as also Marcos Romeiro and Payo Rodrigo de Villarinho, who came from the latter University during the rectorship of Diogo de Murça.

In the Faculty of Canon Law flourished the licentiate Francisco Coelho, magistrate in Lisbon. He was succeeded by the renowned Dr. Martinho de Aspilcueta, who was also known by the appellation of the *Navarrense*; he who so greatly added to the renown of the University with his vast knowledge. This celebrated professor was at the time teaching in the University of Salamanca, but, as D. João III. greatly desired that he should come to honour the Portuguese University with his science, he enlisted the influence of the Emperor Charles V. to induce him to come, at the same time making him such advantageous proposals that he at length decided to accept the offer. In this same faculty also flourished Dr. Luiz de Alarcão, Manuel de Andrade, Bartolomeu Filippe, and João Peruchi Morgoveja, from Salamanca.

In the Faculty of Laws we find the following: Dr. Gonçalo Vaz Pinto, who for some thirty years had already distinguished himself in our University whilst in Lisbon; Dr. Lopo da Costa, who was succeeded by Manuel da Costa, he who was surnamed the *Subtle* by reason of his great talents, and both he and Antonio Soares came from Salamanca; Gonçalo Rodrigues de Sancta Cruz, a Castilian; Fabio Arcas Armanio, from Rome; Arcanio Escoto; Ayres Pinhel, from Salamanca, and others. At this epoch there existed in Coimbra eighteen Professors of Laws.

When the University opened its doors there was but one Professor in Medicine, Dr. Henrique de Cuellar; but later on he was assisted by Thomas Rodrigues da Veiga, Antonio Barbosa, Luiz Nunes, Francisco Franco, from Valencia, Affonso Rodrigues Guevara, and the talented Rodrigo Reynoso, who among these brilliant geniuses shone above them, and became justly celebrated from his great learning.

The Chair of Mathematics was from the first filled by the renowned Pedro Nunes, of whom I spoke in a former letter, and who continued to occupy it during the reign of D. Sebastian.

"As regards the teaching of the arts, and of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages," says Senhor Dr. Motta Veiga, in his "*Esboço*

Historico-Litterario da Faculdade de Theologia," "special notice should be taken of some of the foreign professors who came to fill the respective chairs, such as Nicoláo Grouchio, Fabricio, Rozetto, George Buchanan (Scotchman), and his brother Arlando Patrick, and the Frenchmen, Elias and Jaques. To this list we must subjoin the names of some of the Portuguese who had acquired fame and renown outside the mother country: André de Gouveia, João da Costa, Diogo de Teive, Antonio Mendes, João Fernandes, André de Rezende, Ignacio de Moraes, and Melchior Belliago."

Without at once proceeding to effect any essential reform in the statutes given by the King, and which, as I said before, were the same statutes that had been drawn up during the reign of D. Manuel, the University necessarily introduced some modifications and alterations as regarded the increase in the number of chairs, and also no doubt in the methods of teaching as well as in the scholastic customs and usages.

Ever since the period when the general studies were first established, and in conformity with the bull of Pope Nicholas IV., degrees were conferred in the Sees of Lisbon or Coimbra by their respective prelates, or their vicars, and on pontifical authority; these prelates being nominated Chancellors or Vice-Chancellors, all notable acts were bound to take place in their presence and within their respective Sees, or else in the houses of the Chapter.

But after the change of the University to Coimbra, the King issued a charter dated 28th November, 1537, empowering the rector, D. Agostinho Ribeiro to act as Chancellor, and to bestow the degrees of licentiate, and of doctor of laws and medicine on his own authority, and that degrees in canon law and theology should be withheld until permission came from Rome given under Papal authority, which permission was readily granted by Pope Paul III. in a bull dated 12th February, 1539. Little time, however, elapsed before modifications on this point, which in those days was considered of importance, took place.

By Royal Letters of 15th December, 1539, and of 29th December, 1540, the title of Chancellor was bestowed upon the Prior and General of Sancta Cruz and to all his successors in authority, and power was vested in them for conferring the degrees of licentiate and doctor in laws, medicine, and arts. Degrees in canons and theology were to be conferred on papal authority, enjoining moreover that all private examinations and degrees conferred should take place in the said monastery. The latter part of this order suffered some alteration in the year 1544, when the rector, being then Diogo de Murça, had all the faculties united together in the royal courts. However, the Priors of Sancta Cruz always retained their rank and title of Chancellors of the University until the suppression of the religious orders in 1834.

By this act of conferring the distinctive title of Chancellor upon the Priors of Sancta Cruz, the King D. João III. wished to show the high esteem in which he held that monastery where such lofty studies had always been cultivated, and which had served as a basis in the regeneration of the University.

Not only, as we said before, did the colleges affiliated to that monastery serve in the beginning to accommodate an important part of the general studies, but, after all the faculties had become established within the royal courts, it was in them that the commencement was laid of the organisation of the College of Arts which was destined for prosecuting

the study of the classical languages and of the Humanities, these constituting an indispensable preparation for entering into the superior courses of the faculties. In this way did the King, in a positive and clear manner, strive to advance secondary instruction as a preparation for superior culture.

In the "*Memorias da Universidade de Coimbra*," Rector Figueiroa, speaking of this College of Arts, says: "The King D. João III. gave the rules by which this new college was to be governed, releasing it completely from the jurisdiction of the Rector and of the University; and these commands, no doubt, must have been sent to the University itself. Yet they are not to be found in the archives; but, by other existing documents, it is proved that the first rector of this College of Arts was André de Gouveia, Doctor in Theology, who, jointly with his brothers Marçal and Antonio Gouveia, the King had sent to Paris to prosecute their studies under the clever instruction of their uncle, Dr. Diogo de Gouveia, who was the rector or principal of the college of Santa Barbara of the University of Paris. A great eulogium is passed upon him by Nicolas Antonio in his '*Bibliotheca*,' as well as upon Antonio Gouveia, well known in this University from the talented works he published."

But it was not for a great length of time that the College of Arts remained exempt from the jurisdiction of the Rector and Council of the University, because, in November, 1549, the King issued a new regulation to the college authorities, placing it under the inspection and superior authority of the University. Hence it remained annexed, or, in a certain manner incorporated with it, until 1555, when, although this college flourished in a brilliant manner, owing to the great competency of its masters, the King instituted a new government, which had the effect of destroying the former work done, and from that time dates the decadence of our University.

I must not pass over in silence the important fact of the organisation of the royal colleges of Saints Peter and Paul, whose origin dates from this epoch, and which, so to say, completed the University, these colleges being established for the reception of doctors to qualify them for magisterial posts. These colleges were endowed with goodly rents, the inmates lived in community, and enjoyed every advantage for study. Both these colleges proved excellent cradles of learning, and produced great professors and cultured men, who became illustrious, not only in the actual service of the University, but attained eminent positions in the Church and in the State.

And, on a par with these royal and secular colleges, various religious orders established other colleges for youths who purposed to follow the scientific studies in the University. The military orders of Christ, of d'Aviz, and of St. James, also possessed later on colleges of similar nature, and these subsisted until the extinction of all the religious communities in Portugal.

The first eighteen years which elapsed after the last transference of the Portuguese University to Coimbra, notwithstanding the fluctuations of ideas and plans and the incoherent providences of the Sovereign reformer, were years of constant progress; so favourable were the conditions of the epoch, and such was the vigorous impulse which this assemblage of renowned and wise professors exercised in influencing the culture of the sciences, and in rendering our University brilliant.

The fame of the regenerated University extended to all parts of the globe, attracting so great an influx of students and enlightened men, that the day actually dawned when space and time were insufficient to satisfy the enthusiastic desires of those who came hurrying to drink in the lessons of its wise masters, and of the latter to manifest to them in full the talents and gifts with which they were dowered.

Besides the staff of professors receiving remuneration for teaching the ordinary courses, the statutes permitted the doctors to hold extraordinary courses similar to those which in the German Universities were held by the *Privat-docenten*, but so large was the number of students attending these courses, that the council was unable any longer to find room or assign hours in which all should read, "from which circumstance," says Figueiroa, "many murmured, and such was the fervour with which they applied themselves to study, that the King D. João, on being apprised of what passed, wishful that no time should be lost, ordered that during the months set apart for the vacations, the schools should be kept open, creating for this object two extra chairs in each faculty, each professor to receive an additional stipend for teaching during the vacations."

From this vast influx of men who were preparing themselves for professorships, resulted that many were invited by other Universities to fill their professorial chairs. And it is a certain fact that many went from Coimbra to Salamanca, Paris, Rome, Louvain, Pisa, Bolonha, Ferrara, Turin, Montpellier, Alcalá, and others; and the list of those who did so, a rather extensive one, may be found in the third volume of the "Anno Historico" of Padre Mestre Francisco de Sancta Maria.

All things favoured the University during the first years of its translation to Coimbra.

The King continued to manifest interest in, and in reality was truly solicitous to favour the studies, not forgetting to increase also the rents, of the University, obtaining for it the annexation of many churches, and concessions of dignities and rich ecclesiastical benefices, with which to reward the more worthy professors.

And the King wished still further to show the interest and high esteem in which he held the University by honouring it with a personal visit. This visit took place in November, 1550, when he went expressly for the purpose, accompanied by his son, Prince D. João, the Queen D. Catharina, and her sister, the Infanta D. Maria, both these ladies being very enlightened and of lofty cultured minds, due to a singularly brilliant literary education. Figueiroa narrates in detail the ceremonial which was observed by the University when receiving the visit of the King, who spent several days assisting at the different acts, hearing the lectures of the professors, and in every way manifesting a great interest in the good order of the studies, and in the prosperity of an academy which gratefully considered him its regenerator, or better said, its true founder, so great was the distance which existed between the general studies of Lisbon and the new University of Coimbra, placed as it was now in the centre of the most illustrious ones of that epoch.

But I regret to say that the time was not far distant when the fate of the University was to succumb into a long period of decadence. However, before I commence to proceed in this sad relation, I will, in my next letter, give you some account of the state of scientific and literary instruction in Portugal during the reign of D. João III.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-8. Published by her grandson, M. Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. Vol. 2. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 1880.

The second volume of the memoir of Madame de Rémusat fully keeps up the interest of the first. In spite of occasional repetitions, the result no doubt of the mode of production, as reminiscence rather than as contemporary memoir, almost the only regret experienced by the reader is that the work concludes at the very moment when the greatest *peripeteia* of modern history was just commencing. The 26th chapter, which describes the residence of the Court at Fontainebleau for two months in the year 1807, is one of the most remarkable in the whole book. It was published in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* shortly before the appearance of the translation, and, as read in the language of the authoress, is worthy to be compared with those most striking pages of St. Simon, in which he draws the picture of the Court of Louis Quatorze at the time of the death of the Dauphin. "Let us suppose an individual," the chapter commences, "ignorant of all antecedent events, and suddenly introduced to the life of the palace at Fontainebleau at the time of which I am speaking. That individual, dazzled by the magnificence of the royal dwelling, and

struck by the authoritative air of the master, and the obsequious manner of the great personages who surrounded him, would undoubtedly have believed that he beheld a sovereign peacefully seated upon the greatest throne in the world, in virtue of the joint rights of power and legitimacy."

We know no work of modern time which so far resembles the writing of the great Greek dramatists in the effect that it produces on the mind as do parts of these memoirs. Not that there is any attempt at dramatic writing. But the scene is so vast and so magnificent, the human interests are so deep, the control exercised by one imperious will is so mighty, the silent preparations for the catastrophe are so significantly indicated, that the great motive of the drama,—the steady advance of inexorable fate—is foreshadowed from time to time. We hope that among the letters of Madame de Rémusat, of which her grandson promises the publication, will be found some that describe the decadence of that unscrupulous power of which we are shown the apogee in 1807.

The character of a man of undoubted, though unequal genius, possessed by the very devil of tyrannical domination, is one that has as much interest at the present day as it had seventy years ago. "But," says Madame de Rémusat, "on increasing his power by every possible means, and becoming accustomed to the exercise of his own will on every possible occasion,

he became more and more impatient of the slightest opposition. The European phalanxes were gradually giving way before him, and he began to believe that he was destined to regulate the affairs of every continental kingdom. He believed that he could, at any rate, deceive the people, by destroying that which had existed, and replacing it by sudden creations which would apparently gratify that longing for equality, which he rightly held to be the ruling passion of the times.

"There would seem to have been in him two different men. The one, rather gigantic than great, but nevertheless prompt to conceive, also prompt to execute, laid from time to time some of the foundations of the plan he had formed. This man, actuated by one high idea, untouched by any secondary impression likely to interfere with his projects, had he but taken for his aim the good of mankind, would, with such abilities, have become the one greatest man of the earth, as even now he remains, through his perspicuity and his strength of will, the most extraordinary.

"The other Bonaparte, forming a kind of uneasy conscience to the first, was devoured by anxiety, agitated by continual suspicion, a slave to passions which gave him no rest, distrustful, fearing every rival greatness, even that which he had himself created. When seized by this spirit of distrust he gave himself up to it entirely, and thought only of how to create division. This suspicious jealousy, which incessantly pursued him, fastened like a canker on all his undertakings, and prevented him from establishing on a solid foundation any of those schemes which his prolific imagination was continually inventing.

"His aim was no longer that of

securing power over the convictions of his fellow-citizens. In like manner, he disdained the successes of social life, which at an earlier period he was anxious to obtain. He was always anxious to impose a yoke on every one, and he neglected no means to this end, but from the moment he perceived his power to be established he took no pains to make himself agreeable.

"Being resolved on seeking everything, and for his own advantage, he always put himself forward as the ultimate aim. It is said that, on starting for his first campaign in Italy, he said to a friend, who was editor of a newspaper, 'Recollect, in your accounts of our victories, to speak of *me*, always of *me*; do you understand?' This '*me*' was the ceaseless cry of purely egoistical ambition."

It is well to recall the fact that the writer of the words above translated died on the 16th of December, 1821, aged forty-one years.

Across the Zodiac: The Story of a Wrecked Record. Deciphered, translated, and edited by PERCY GREG. 2 vols. London: Trübner and Co. 1880.

Man—that is to say, civilised man—does not live by bread alone. The lion and the savage hunt their food, and are pretty fully absorbed for a time in the eating of it. The civilised man in his higher developments "looks before and after," and "pines for what is not." He lives not only in concrete enjoyment, but in theory, which is as often a pain as a delight. Too much of the abstract and the imaginative produces ennui; life should properly precede doctrine. Nevertheless there is a wonderful fascination in sketching out imaginary pictures of life, of a variety removed from

our own, but not so far removed as to be outside the pale of average sympathy. Moreover, there is a practical value in speculative social edifices, for modern life is not at all the result of following blind instinct, but is built up in great measure upon opinion. It is therefore useful to inspect even fanciful ideal patterns of life, as they cultivate the faculty of the mind which conceives a notion of a *politeia*, and enables it to form a mental scheme for experience to fill in or correct. Besides this practical value, there is an undoubted poetic charm about a skilfully constructed picture of alien modes of life. If well done, it is fiction of a high and suggestive kind. There is always a yearning for a life better than, or different from, our own, which poetry and fiction foster and at the same time feed. "Arcadia," "Atlantis," Brook Farm, Pantisocracy, Paradise, all represent attempts to realise in the mind, on paper, or on earth's hard crust, something of the ideal life. Our own age mainly confines itself to paper realisation. Baron Lytton—we need not now confuse him with Earl Lytton—showed us "The Coming Race," Samuel Butler founded "Erewhon" in the land of Nowhere, where there is plenty of elbow-room; a writer suspiciously like him created "Colymbia;" and several others have attempted the same extensive theme in divers manners.

It goes without saying that a book by Mr. Greg picturing life on another planet is worth reading. The volumes before us indeed are full of interest and suggestiveness. Mars is the planet chosen for a visit, and the construction of the car for the etherial journey, and the mode of utilising attraction, and timing arrival at a point in space, so as to minimise the distance to be travelled in order to reach a moving star, show an inge-

nuity very closely approaching genius. The most striking conception is that of the "apergetic" force; as there is the attraction of gravitation, so it is argued there must be the corresponding repulsion, if only one can find and utilise it.

The details of life in Mars we must leave to the readers of the book. They are in a more advanced state than ourselves, having passed clean beyond all the strife and poetry of doubts and fears, vague feelings and aspirations, and having reached the acme of scientific utilitarianism. A small sect forms an exception to the prevalent spiritual deadness, and it is in connection with the members of this sect that a great part of the action of the book arises. The chapters on Woman and Wedlock in Mars, on the mechanical contrivances in action there, and on the uses to which domesticated animals are put, are of peculiar interest.

The Ode of Life. By the Author of "The Epic of Hades." London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.

The writer, who so signally proved his hold on the popular ear in "Songs of Two Worlds" and his "Epic of Hades," was hardly likely to draw a bow at a venture, and waste a shot that should stray wide through unfamiliarity with the regions of the Ode. It is commended to us by the illustrious example of Pindar; it is naturalised in the felicitous diction and exquisite arrangement of Gray, and the soaring inspiration yet Attic simplicity of Collins. As long as the "Bard," the "Progress of Poesy," the "Ode on the Passions," and a few other palmary odes such as Wordsworth's "On the Intimations of Immortality from Childhood" find a welcome in English literature, we may augur

a hearty sympathy for such a venturesome flight as that of this oncoming minstrel, who is so enamoured with his form of song that he has resorted to an expedient of expansion into a series of minor odes, each distinct from other, but each finding its place in the consecutive development of the whole.

It is some index to the writer's well-grounded confidence in his rather novel undertaking, some gauge of his faith in its comparatively limitless capabilities, that he places his conviction on record that, whether as to theme, or elaboration, he recognises in the "Ode of Life" a conception worthy the maturest powers of a cultivated poet, and a subject as many-sided, as it is susceptible of high, generous, pathetic, tender, even holy treatment. It is easy to see how a modern ode, of expansive proportions, a ramification of intersections of odes like a Jesse window, might come to grief through its very bulk; and to obviate this our poet has had to depend above all things on his bright idea, his variety of illustration, his Pindaric transition-power, and the easy inelaborate changefulness with which he quits a theme on which he has harped to the verge of patience, for another which opens out new fields of fancy. To linger awhile on the 2nd ode, "the Ode of Infancy," a theme that should speak home to the most prosaic of parents (for what father in the first bliss of his cradled babe has not his new-found treasure rendered eloquent, nay poetic?)—the author touches a chord closely connected with the uncertainties of budding life in the future, where in p. 14 he pictures this pathetic sketch of what in the wheel of fate may happen to the babe that nestles in the purple. Who could not put a name to the picture?

I see thee lie

Safe in thy silken cradle, sunk in down,
Within thy father's palace chambers fair :
Thy guarded slumbers breathing tempered
air ;

The soft eyes, full of yearning, watching by ;
Caressing arms waiting thy waking cry :
All luxury and state that can assuage
Life's painful heritage :

The prayers of a people swell for thee
Up to the careless skies that cover all.

And yet it may be thine to fall

Far from thy loved and native land,
And end thy imperfect innocent life-tale
here.

Forsaken on a savage desert strand,
Pierced through and through by some barbarian spear.—P. 15.

From this sad finale of happiest auguries a pictured antithesis is wrought in pronounced contrast, where "poor life foredoomed" surmounts its early hindrances to emerge to worldly strength, knowledge or wisdom, unpromised to such antecedents. And so it is, musing on the contemplation of infancy, noting the growth of the baby miracle, and pressed to unravel the threads of right and wrong so hard to trace home to an earliest germ of acquaintance, that we come upon a fine passage in p. 18 suggestive of remarkable thoughts of Wordsworth and the Silurist, with which in time past we traced our author's familiarity :

Oh ! little child, thou bringest with thee
still,

As Moses, parting from the fiery hill,
Some dim reflection in thine eyes,
Some sense of godhead, some indefinite
wonder

As of one drifted here unwillingly ;
Who knows no speech of ours, and yet
doth keep

Some dumb remembrance of a gracious
home

Which lights his waking hours, and fills
his sleep

With precious visions that unbidden come :
Some golden link which nought of earth
can sunder,

Some glimpse of a more glorious land and
sea.—P. 19.

It is no impeachment of the "Ode of Childhood," that its section Boy-

hood is a bright and exquisite refresher of the memories of Eton, Harrow, or our other playfields and stream banks—the sports of boyhood vividly presented, the less gregarious fisher “set with his pliant wand by swirling pool,” whilst, lest all should sparkle with life and enjoyment, we

Mark the deadly chill, through the young blood,
When some young life, snatched from the cruel flood,
Looks once upon the flowers, the fields, the sun,
Looks once, and then is done!

How often when in schooldays the embryo poet is earning his character of one not much given to games and amusements, yon lounge by the margin is realising descriptions imaged in such successions of pictures as this of “Boyhood,” and minting coin that will be current wherever “troops of agile boys” take their pastime. A tenderer note is touched in the glimpses at innocent girlhood; the mother’s cares rehearsed in the doll’s house; the gradual initiations to the province of motherliness which “an innocent virgin mother—childlike yet” has perchance within the range of her experience—all this is sweetly pictured, with a view to blending where, at the Ode’s conclusion—

Fair streams which run as yet
Each in its separate channel from the snows—
Boyhood and girlhood: while life’s banks are set
With blooms that kiss the clear lymph as it flows—
One swift and strong and deep,
One where the lilies sleep;—
Fair streams, which soon some stress of Life and Time
Shall bring together
Under new magical skies and the strange weather
Of an enchanted clime.—P. 32.

But equally beautiful is the splendid tribute to “Maidenhood”

inscribed in “the Ode of Youth,” a tribute approaching, we fully believe unconsciously, a fine passage in one of Hankinson’s Seatonian prize poems on the Ministry of Angels. Our Ode runs thus:

Oh! primal growth of Time,
Sweet maidenhood! that to a silvery chime
Of music and sweet fancies undefiled
And modest grace and mild,
Comest, best gift of God to men,
As fair to-day as when
The first man, waking from his deep
And fancy-haunted sleep,
Found his strength spent, and at his side
His fair dream glorified.—P. 45.

But a few lines from the earlier lyricist we have cited will evince an earlier touching of the same chord.

He slept and dreamed—a blessed dream;
Blue vernal eyes and sunny hair!
A form that like his own did seem,
But far more purely fair.
It called on him—a silver sound,
Trustful and tender thrilled his ear;
It called—he started from the ground—
Awoke and found it there!
—Ministry of Angels.

Time and space would fail us to extract even a tenth of the beauties enshrined in the “Ode of Love,” a picturesque yet speaking glorification of a might supreme, ineffable, omnipotent, and omnipresent, such as has seldom been handled with ampler justice, or finer flights of fancy. Yet perhaps there is no less beauty or weft of noble thought in what the author names “the Ode of Perfect Years,” which is subdivided into the suggestive themes of Fatherhood, Motherhood, Labour, Rest. To select a brief snatch of the strain on Motherhood, who does not find his heart responsive to the poet’s expression of the thought that “every day that goes Before the gazer new Madonnas rise,” and his conclusion of a finely wrought fancy on this wise:

Aye, thou art ours, or wert ere yet
 The loss we ne'er forget,
 The loss which comes to all who reach
 life's middle way.
 We see thee by the childish bed
 Sit patient all night long,
 To cool the parching lips or throbbing
 head;
 We hear thee still with simple song,
 Or sweet hymn, lull the wakeful eyes to
 sleep;
 Through every turning of life's chequered
 page,
 Joying with those that joy, weeping with
 those who weep.
 Oh! sainted love! oh precious sacrifice!
 Oh! heaven-lighted eyes!
 Best dream of early youth, best memory
 of age.

Striking no less home, and in its
 theme more susceptible of simple
 grandeur, is the enunciation of the
 law of toil, and the march-past of
 the toilers in pp. 81-3, the pro-
 cession ending with the noblest and
 most devoted exemplars, the states-
 man and the ministering sister.
 We commend both, but must be
 content to quote the former:

Or who, from heart and brain inspired,
 create,
 Defying time, defying fate,
 Some deathless theme and high,
 Some verse that cannot die,
 Some lesson which shall still be said,
 Although their tongue be lost and dead;
 Or who in daily labour's trivial round
 Their fitting work have found;
 Or who on high, guiding the car of state
 Are set, a people's envy and their pride,
 Who spurning rank and ease and wealth,
 And setting pleasure aside and wealth,
 And meeting contumely oft and hate,
 Have lived laborious lives, and all too
 early died.—P. 86.

But our poet is not less eloquent
 and silver-tongued when he dilates
 on a text that, enforcing rest,
 enunciates what might seem a
 Pindaric maxim:

For this of old is sure,
 That change of toil is toil's sufficient cure.

He paints the relaxations of the
 flagging statesman, the refreshment
 amid life's fretful fever on the
 "lovely classic shore," or "under
 secular trees," with such a nobility

of strain, that one might well
 esteem happy the leader who knew
 the secret key to his unbought
 tuneful homage, rendered the more
 precious, in that the poet's sym-
 pathies are not restricted to class
 or kind, but go with even the
 placid retrospect of age, and can so
 put themselves in its place, as,

To let the riper days of life,
 The tumult and the strife
 Go by, and in their stead
 Dwell with the living past so living, yet so
 dead:
 The mother's kiss upon the sleeper's
 brow,
 The little fish caught from the brook,
 The dead child-sister's gentle voice and
 look,
 The school days and the father's parting
 hand,
 The days so far removed, yet oh! so near,
 So full of precious memories dear,
 The wonder of flying times, so hard to
 understand!

Verily the knowledge comes soon
 enough; yet haply we are justified
 in admiring the genius in its prime
 which can catch these and suchlike
 presentments of life in its passage,
 and paint them so true and exact
 to the wrapt ear of spell-bound
 listeners.

Not to linger too long over a
 volume so variously suggestive, we
 would ask passing heed to the close
 of the "Ode of Decline," in which
 is inferred, from a mental process
 of retrospect and re-creation of the
 past in fading lives, a kindred
 revival in nature and life, conceived
 in the spirit of Prudentius's poem,
 "in exsequiis defuncti," and re-
 calling some memories of the sad
 αἰαὶ τὰ μαλάχαι of Moschus (Id.
 III. 99, *et seq.*) with the needful
 antidote. It runs thus:

So may the wintry earth,
 Holding her precious seeds within the
 ground,
 Pause for the coming birth,
 When, like a trumpet note, the spring
 shall sound;
 So may the roots, which, buried deep
 And safe within her sleep,

Whisper, as it were, within, tales of the
sun—
Whisper of leaf and flowers, of bee and
bird—

Till by a sudden glory stirred
A mystic influence bids them rise,
Bursting the narrow sheath
And cerement of death,
And bloom as lilies again beneath the
recovered skies.—P. 133.

May the foregoing endeavour to
cull and illustrate some of the
finest fruit of the author of "Songs
of Two Worlds" have the desired
effect of winning new converts to
the writer's belief that he has
caught no insignificant portion of
the inspiration and divine "affla-
tus" of true poesy.

△

*Thou and I: A Lyric of Human
Life.* With other Poems. By
THEODORE TILTON. New York:
R. Worthington. 1880.

Mr. Tilton has apparently a
boundless fluency. As some per-
sons can speak on any subject for
any length of time, provided only
they are set upon their legs, so Mr.
Tilton appears to be able to evolve
verse *ad libitum*, if only he be given
a pen; at all events, there seems so
great a facility in stanzas such as
the following, that the impression
is produced that the author could
go on for ever:

"Before the mountains had their high up-
heaval,
Before the caverns of the deep were
laid,
This was creation's harmony primeval—
The rhythm to which the whirling world
was made.

Sweet herald of the will of the Creator,
It timed the birth of nature, then un-
born,
And, warbling through the Zodiac and
Equator,
Awoke the seasons and led forth the
morn.

From pole to pole, from Capricorn to
Cancer,
Things lifeless into life it did beguile,
Till marble Memnon heard it and made
answer,
And stony Sphinx retold it to the Nile."

This sort of thing is rather
catching; it is like the Tarantula
music which compels one to dance.

It is impossible to be still; so off
we go:

Rising at morn, ere the old time's weary
clock shall
Point to the noon, and hint the luncheon's
hour,
It brings the storm, the infinite equinoctial,
Till the world's milk is turned from
sweet to sour.

It touched the sky, and so keen was the
tension,
The mystic hymn o'erbore the crack of
doom,
It chased the stars that sang in right
ascension;
And ocean's surge outrivalled ceased to
boom.

Texas it reached, and stirred the jackass-
rabbit,
The longest-eared thing in the universe,
Which jumped more nimbly than its usual
habit,
And cried, The earthquake is the prairie's
curse.

But this is unfair; let us return
to our author:

"It gleamed where Arctic islands caught
its dazzle,
While rumbling icebergs echoed back its
runes,
Till Odin heard them on the tree yggdrasil,
And bees re-hummed them to the sum-
mer noons."

Mr. Tilton's lyre seems more
fitted for a gay ballad than to "The
Chant Celestial" from which we
have quoted. His glib style has a
certain charm in light and playful
verse:

The bride-cake was big as a mountain,
And virgins from near and far
Put crumbs of it under their pillows
To dream of the lucky star
That dawns on a fortunate marriage—
Though marriages seldom are.

For since they are made in Heaven
(Or *certainly* the proverb is wrong),
Of course they so very rarely
To earth and to mortals belong,
That perfectly married people
Wed only in story and song.

This volume is very handsomely
got up, and Mr. Tilton's portrait
and autograph form a suitable fron-
tispiece.

The Gospel according to the Hebrews. By EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON, M.A. K. Paul & Co. 1880.

The early-folk lore of Christianity, when to be recovered, and with whatever accretions, must be always interesting; far more interesting are the so-called Apocryphal Gospels, not only as testifying to an original tradition, common to the three first Gospels of the Canon, but as testifying to the living witness that circulated from church to church. A common oral Gospel—not, of course, to be confounded with the Tübingen theory—explains at once both the accordance and the variation of the Synoptists, inasmuch as on such a supposal, the words of the Master would naturally be more fixed, while the surrounding narrative would be less so. The Gospel according to the Hebrews, though outside, or not received into the Canon, and existing, for us, only in fragments, claims indeed a far higher place than any other of the excluded “Gospels.” The language of all the Gospels is Greek with Hebrew idioms. A Hebrew original of St. Matthew’s Gospel is a uniform and recognised tradition. The earliest sources for any distinct mention of this Gospel, that is to say, the fragment of Papias preserved by Eusebius, and the statement of Irenæus, plainly assert that Matthew wrote his Gospel in Hebrew, i.e., in the Syro-Chaldaic, or, as it is now called, Aramaic.

Mr. Nicholson has translated this “Gospel according to the Hebrews”—or rather its fragments—and he has annotated it, and given a critical analysis of the external and internal evidence relating to it.

That Matthew wrote a Gospel in Aramaic; that the Greek Matthew is of the same authorship as the Aramaic Matthew; and that Matthew wrote “The Gospel according to the Hebrews;”—that same Gospel according to the Hebrews being the Aramaic original of the Greek Matthew—are, we believe, the positions claimed to be established by this volume, and to be proved equally from internal evidence and from the comparison of that with external evidence: see p. 108, and the pages preceding and subsequent. If, then, this Gospel be really a work itself approaching canonicity, and, at all events—besides strong canonical affinities of its own—certainly coeval with the canonical records of the Life of Jesus, it is hardly possible to over-estimate its importance. A contemporary critic has indeed complained of “a certain disregard to the ethical character and work of the fragments so carefully translated and tabulated,” and goes on to say “they are obviously vague and inferior reminiscences.” It seems to us rather, that even if there were little ethical interest in this gospel, beyond and apart from what we have in the canonical three, the coincidence of its ethics with theirs, is itself a main point of interest and of chief value; but, though in ethical character not transcending the ethics of the canon, we have marked one fine and likely saying which belongs exclusively to this Gospel of the Hebrews.*

M. Renan, in a passage to which we cannot now more specifically refer, makes much of the scantiness of the memoranda of the teaching of Jesus. He excuses it partly because it was not a writing age, and partly because the dis-

* “Be ye never joyful save when ye have looked upon your brother in charity” (p. 44).

ciples were illiterate artizans and fishermen, but chiefly he attributes it to the prevailing expectation of the end of the world—more correctly of this *aion*, this phase of the world's existence—and that the kingdom of heaven being at hand, it was unnecessary to record lessons soon ceasing to be applicable. Here then, in the precept as to grieving the spirit of a brother, and being joyful only when looking on a brother in charity, and on the bread of the morrow, given us to-day, we find something in accord—and yet in addition—to the ethics of the canon.

The account of the baptism of Jesus, p. 39 *et seq.*, of course tallies with the Ebionite doctrine of his having been mere man before the descent of the Holy Spirit at the baptism, and this would account for the saying attributed to him, “unless perchance this very thing that I have said is ignorance” (v. p. 38).

That this Gospel according to the Hebrews is genuine, is chiefly—so it appears to us—a question to be determined by the fact of its existence at the same early period as the three Synoptic Gospels—*i.e.*, during the latter half of the first century. The special authorship is comparatively a far less important question. Mr. Nicholson, however, addresses himself to both. The former can only be settled by the ordinary rules of historical evidence, and the traces we have of its existence at that early period; the evidence, that is to say, in the Christian writings of the second and third centuries of its existence in the first, and the abundant evidence of the third. No one disputes the existence of the Gospels in the age of Origen, or in the age immediately before him, namely, in the beginning of the third century. Almost equally clear is the evidence for the time

of Irenæus, or the last half of the second century; and he speaks of the Ebionites as using the Gospel only according to Matthew. The inferences from all this are followed by Mr. Nicholson with the conclusion that “The Gospel according to the Hebrews is of Matthean authorship” (p. 3).

If we understand aright the significant words with which Mr. Nicholson closes his preface—the “Forewords,” as his Teutonic likings render that word—he claims absolute freedom from bias,—“any religious opinions whatever”—in examining the questions before him. From his hands, therefore, the historical evidence may be supposed to have been dispassionately weighed. He records, indeed, his thanks to the Church of England dignitaries, who, we understand, to the number of ten bishops, as well as both the archbishops, have subscribed to this work—“a book of whose conclusions and by a writer of whose religious opinions they know nothing.” It is not amiss, after this disclaimer of “any religious opinions,” to note that Mr. Nicholson, at pp. 110, 111, has a few crushing remarks on the work “Supernatural Religion,” and its writer, who, we are told, “does not perceive that he has achieved nothing beyond a *reductio ad absurdum* of his own arguments.” That, and also the book itself, may allay any apprehension from the very candid disclaimer of religious opinions.

It is not uninteresting, too, that this work has arisen from an appendix, which had become unmanageable as an addendum to a Commentary on S. Matthew. A quotation from the Gospel according to the Hebrews having sent Mr. Nicholson to an examination of the Fragments, and to Hilgenfeld's edition, which, as he says, is hardly known in England,

and has been overlooked by Professor Westcott, the result is the present work, with merits enough of its own to stand alone, not as an excursus on a commentary. In conclusion, all will remember that only fragments remain of this Gospel. Mr. Nicholson, however, believes that an entire copy may be recovered, "or of either" (one or other) "of Jerome's translations of it, which, judging from the recoveries of the last forty years, is by no means out of the question;" and he has a long note of "possible or probable fragments." Perhaps in this lies the reason why we find so little here said as to the critical value of MSS.; nothing, except at p. 85, as to the Ebionite omission; nothing as to the attempts at a recension; very little as to manuscript corruption. Of the Ebionite copy it is indeed admitted, p. 78, that "it betrays a design to favour peculiar views"—in other words, that it has been tampered with in an heretical sense. Mr. Nicholson yields up, p. 81, certain passages with this qualification, that they are all against which "any but the most finikin criticism can be directed," and he seems not unwilling also to admit one passage as spurious, or an interpolation, or emanating from Gnostic sources. These apart, he claims an unusual exemption from error for the Gospel according to the Hebrews. A work coeval with the canonical records of the life of Jesus must ever possess a high interest; "The Gospel according to the Hebrews" cannot, we suppose, be regarded as anything less than that; whether or not simply cognate to them, or whether either is derived from the other, or whether, as after considering both the external and the internal evidence, many may be disposed to think, each is derived from a common source, and neither from the other.

Of the interest of the general subject, and of the learning, and candour of criticism, with which Mr. Nicholson has approached it, there cannot be any different opinion, whatever may be thought of the result to which he would guide his argument. The general reader, as well as the scholar, and the theologian, will find in this volume, and in the affluence of linguistic and critical remarks with which it abounds, much to inform, as well as to suggest; with the added commendation, to use his own words, in his "Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew," that they are "so free from any dogmatic or anti-dogmatic views as to be equally acceptable to readers of the most opposite religious beliefs"; or, may we say, so pale and colourless as to be transparent only for truth.

On the Journeys and Epistles of the Apostle Paul. By SAMUEL SHARPE. London: J. R. Smith. 1879.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe continues in this volume the biblical researches and exposition with which his name has become associated. The purpose of his present book is to show that the usual opinion about the order in which Paul's Epistles were written is erroneous. Heterodox critics have rightly pointed out that the events mentioned in them do not tally with the times given in the Acts of the Apostles, and they have therefore been able to throw grave doubts upon the genuineness of the Epistles, while orthodox critics on the other hand ignore these discrepancies. They are too much inclined to go upon the plan of a certain man who bade his pupils when confronted with any such inconsistencies to look them boldly in the face, and pass on.

F. C. Baur, who may be regarded as the typical representative of the first class, errs, according to Mr. Sharpe, in basing his criticism too much on the religious and philosophical opinions in each of the epistles, whence he draws the conclusion that four only of them can be accepted as genuine: Romans, Galatians, and the two Corinthians; while the book of Acts is esteemed by him as a very untrustworthy history. Mr. Sharpe holds that it would be more critical and scholarly to begin by examining carefully how far the seeming contradictions are real, and how far caused by mistranslations or other misunderstandings of the text. He believes that the contradictions which Baur and others have discovered may be almost wholly removed by the correction of a few mistranslated passages, and a different arrangement of the epistles. With this aim Mr. Sharpe has written the present book, which is a brief life of St. Paul, showing the agreement between the Acts and the Epistles, and rectifying the chronological order. Treating St. Paul's life as a series of journeys he considers that we must rather be guided in our conjectures by the map of his travels than by any mention of time, since such a mention very rarely occurs. In his narrative he has followed the Acts of the Apostles, and added to that narrative information concerning the time when each epistle was written. For that purpose he has collected from the epistles every-

thing relating to Paul's movements, and the movements of his friends, so as to ascertain to what part of his life each epistle refers. The object of this arrangement is to show the complete agreement between the Epistles and the Book of Acts. In order to do this he resorts to an occasional transposition of the text and ingenious conjectures well worthy of the consideration of Biblical scholars. For instance, by changing the order of the two Epistles to Timothy, and placing the second at the end of his two years' imprisonment in Rome, he makes it unnecessary to invent a second imprisonment in Rome, and he gives three cases of agreement with Acts, too long to quote, and for which we refer our readers to the book itself. Mr. Sharpe also throws some light upon the disputed point, how Paul came to be a Roman citizen. The scholars of Tarsus were known abroad as travelling teachers; in Rome there were more professors of rhetoric, oratory, and poetry from Tarsus than from Alexandria or Athens. To every professor of medicine and every teacher of the liberal arts who dwelt in Rome Julius Cæsar gave the Roman citizenship. Hence it is possible that Saul's father may in this way have gained that privilege. Such side lights thrown upon the Bible are of incalculable value as well as of profound interest. Mr. Sharpe's book should be widely read and carefully studied.

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INFALLIBILITY IN DARWINISM.

BY A STUDENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It is useless, and worse than useless, to attempt to disguise the fact that the widespread and active interest which has been excited by the speculations of the modern school of physiology is far from having a scientific origin. The hope, or the fear, or the undefined expectation, that the authoritative utterances of science, or, in other words, the definitive statement of what the most cultivated men of the time actually *know*, will prove inconsistent with the dogmatic teaching of Christianity, if not with the very basis of any form of revealed religion, underlies the feverish impatience with which the views of such men as Mr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley are discussed. The amount of attention which the hypothesis of what is called natural selection, and the unphilosophical expression "the physical basis of life," have awakened, is without precedent in the case of any purely scientific inquiry. It is well to look the question, at once, calmly in the face.

Although the two questions referred to may seem to be, and in their essence may be, altogether distinct, it is none the less true that the main interest which they

awaken, in any but exclusively scientific circles, is one and the same. We find one writer, distinguished for an erudition in natural history of a very high order, bringing forward all his learning, and taxing all his reasoning powers, to support the proposition that "the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class—for instance, whales, mice, birds, and fishes—are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between their forms of life has primarily arisen from simple variability." The distinction which many eminent naturalists (in our opinion altogether erroneously) endeavour to establish, as a zoological condition, between man and the lower orders of *mammalia*, must not be supposed to lurk in the mind of Mr. Darwin as a qualification of the full force of his language. "No shadow of reason," he argues, "can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature, and the result of the same general laws, which have been the groundwork, through natural selection, of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world

man included, *were intentionally and specially guided.*"

It is evident that two entirely distinct issues are raised on the words which we have quoted from the matured utterance of Mr. Darwin (in the second volume of "*Animals and Plants under Domestication*," p. 430—432.) The language has, at all events, the rare merit of being precise and intelligible.

The first thesis is, that all forms of animal life, at least as far as the *vertebrata* are concerned, have been derived, by the ordinary process of generation, from a common ancestor. The second proposition is, that during the long descent and marvellous series of transformations, no direct creative, providential, or divine design has been kept constantly in view—that no controlling wisdom has directed the course of development, but thus man has become developed out of a sponge or a speck of jelly, by the "preservation, during the battle for life, of varieties which possess any advantage in structure, constitution, or instinct." It is important, as giving the fullest exposition of this view, to cite the words of Mr. Huxley, who says thus: First, "a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units, and in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified." "All vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not living matter which gave rise to it?"

If, then, the science of these writers be science—if their philosophy be truly positive, the world, like the inn at Bethlehem nineteen centuries ago, has "no room" for a Divine Ruler. Who can doubt that such a logical deduction from the analysis of nature has a tendency to stir men's minds, and to convulse opinion to its basis?

It must, however, be borne in mind in the first place, that there is no absolute, or indeed definite, connection between the two propositions. It is a flaw in the argument of those who seek to prove the non-existence of a Supreme Designer from the harmony and perfection of the works which he did *not*—they say—design, that the theory of continuous descent is one that, from its very nature, is unsusceptible of direct proof. But that circumstance, as it is waved aside from the arguments of the materialistic writer because it is inconvenient, need not now be dwelt on by ourselves. It is more to the point to observe that the fact—if fact it be—of the long, and gradual, and patient development of the better out of the worse, the higher out of the lower, the more noble out of the less perfect, would appear to many minds (and, in our opinion, must appear to any unbiassed mind) to be the very strongest possible proof that the whole process had been directed by prescient and beneficent wisdom.

Whether, to take a very familiar example, all those groups of birds which we call finches, and which we distinguish as species—the hawfinch, the goldfinch, the chaffinch, the bullfinch, the greenfinch, and so on—are the natural, though distant progeny of some extinct form of finch, the general characteristics of which have been, as it were, distributed and specialised, in its various lines of descendants—it is impossible, in our present state

of knowledge, and unlikely, under any circumstances, that any human being should know with certitude. There is much that favours the supposition. Its admission would explain curious facts, that are explicable in no other way yet proposed. We are prepared to admit the possibility of the hypothesis being, by due degrees, so enforced and supported as to take its place as a portion of accepted ornithological theory; but to speak of such a theory as an ascertained fact, is quite another thing. And to draw from such an altogether unproved, however, probable, statement, an inference which, at all events to many minds, is the reverse of the true one, cannot, whatever it be termed, be called philosophical.

It is in this altogether gratuitous and infelicitous union between scientific research and anti-theologic dogmatism, that the weak part of the theory of natural selection is most apparent. It is, none the less, on this very association that the main interest of the whole question, in nine cases out of ten, hinges. It is hard to see why a man, who is altogether unacquainted with the study of natural history, should care whether a naturalist came rightly or wrongly to the conclusion that he had descended from a progenitor common to himself and to the gorilla, if it were not for the further suspicion that, if such descent could be at all made out, the man would cease to have any claim to the rank of the "Offspring of God."

It is no doubt the case that writers on two subjects ranking so widely apart, in the method no less than in the aim of their investigation, as do biology and theology, are apt to speak with a reciprocally contemptuous indifference of the labours of one another. The spheres of thought lie wide asunder.

The contest of the naturalist and of the theologian has been compared to a battle between a dog and a fish, creatures of different habits and pursuits, inhabitants of distinct elements. (Such a battle, it may be remarked by the way, has not been unobserved, occurring between a dog and a pike, the ravenous fish attacking the thirsty quadruped when drinking; and the end was fatal for both.) But for the comparison to be exact, it must be assumed that one, or rather both, of the combatants haunt other regions than those of material water.

The student of nature, whether he be a chemist, a palæontologist, a physiologist, or a mechanic, may say that he inquires only into the phenomena and the relations of definite, ascertainable, fact. Material substances, chemical affinities, mechanical laws, historic succession, these form the basis of his science. It is for him to wring its message from the light of Sirius by the spectroscope, to rive asunder the molecules of invisible vapour by the agency of a beam of light. What he has seen he knows, or believes that he knows. That which he cannot put into his scales, or transmit through his lenses, or imprison in his receiver, has to him no definite objective reality. He knows, indeed, if he ever condescends to garner up information on the subject, that there has been, of old, a great conspiracy against the progress of mankind on the part of those who spoke as if they possessed a peculiar acquaintance with the invisible, the unknown, and which must be, he therefore concludes, the unknowable. But the very formal nature of the defiance which, from the chief seat and centre of sacerdotal authority, was lately hurled at the free thought of the day, is, to the man of whom we speak but

a new and infallible sign that the empire of superstition over mankind will soon be broken without hand. It is not worth the while of a man of science even to laugh at the Theologian.

The Theologian, on the other hand, maintains that the subject of his study is one which, from its paramount importance, is alone worthy of the serious and continued attention of human beings. He holds that the objects pursued by the man of science, however palpable in their nature, are of little absolute worth, and that because of the brevity of the duration of human life. He believes that the essential man—the soul, is but for a short time an inhabitant of that mortal tabernacle of flesh and blood, of which the senses alone are cognisant. He believes, at the same time, that on the employment of this brief period of mortality, and on the acceptance within that period of certain doctrines, dogmas, or systems of intellectual obedience, depends the fate of the entire and endless future. He believes that he has, to some extent, both the history of past intercourse, and the present power of intercommunion, with that invisible world which, if his view be correct, has so much more urgent and imperative a claim on the thoughts of the wise man than have any of the changeful circumstances or feeble sciences of human life. Science, as far as it is needful, will, he asserts, flood his mind after the moment of death with an irresistible and all pervading light. The only occupation then, worthy of his present care, is to prepare for that supreme moment.

The naturalist, it may be remembered, however, (using the term in the broadest signification), must reflect that the study of man is the ultimate and noblest care of his most lofty science, that of biology. He must allow that to be

a very feeble and imperfect attempt at anthropology which leaves out or undervalues the immense effect which, from all time, what are called moral and religious motives have exercised on human action. The history of belief, as a phenomenal fact, is a central portion of the history of mankind. The study, therefore, of the source and origin of belief, the investigation of its grounds, and the verification or otherwise of the wide spread faith in the invisible or spiritual world, are matters which can no more be neglected by the intelligent student of biology than the lower and subservient, if no less essential, phenomena of the chemistry and mechanism of the body. If the philosopher, indeed, arrives at the demonstration that life is a mere function of matter, very much trouble as to his speculations as to the future may be avoided. But the very bases of such a demonstration have yet to be laid; and, in the meantime, an assumption which is in the teeth of all such experience as we have, or think in general that we have, betrays an absence of wisdom so great as to throw no little doubt on any other conclusion proceeding from the same source.

The theologian, on the other hand, may be reminded that his inquiry is one into which, above all others, it is incumbent to enter with extreme diffidence and modesty. The facts, or supposed facts, on which all his reasoning must depend, are for the most part extremely subtle, mostly obscure, very often capable of explanation in contrary senses. With regard to the more salient and important they are said to have occurred so long ago, that grave protests of literary criticism come in to complicate the question of how we are to accept, or how to interpret, the record. The serious diffi-

culty, that the occurrence of all these historic facts involves, in order to be credible, the occurrence of a total change in the relation of the visible and invisible world, is moreover, one that can neither be blinked, nor feebly explained; although it is met, by some writers, with a flat denial, and by others with the trite remark that nothing can be more natural or proper. The mode in which religious belief, and the interpretation of religious writings, have been modified by the scientific progress of the last three centuries, is another consideration from which the theologian should deduce that it may well be the case that science has not said her last word—that much which he now holds as certain (rather it may be from habit, certainly rather from opinion than from any definite and accepted knowledge), will have, sooner or later, to be modified in the same way. In fact it is from the utterance of science alone, that much which is now vague or not understood in the books called Sacred can ever be fully made intelligible.

It may perhaps be said with propriety that the difference between the physicist and the spiritualist, when each seeks to construct a one-sided philosophy, exclusive of the province of the other, is, that the first applies a true method to the elucidation of comparatively trivial phenomena, and fails to apply any method at all to that of the higher and more important; while the latter applies an empiric and uncritical method to the exposition of mere opinions relative to these same loftier subjects.

Now if such be the case, can we doubt whether of the two will first arrive at the threshold of a sane and all-comprehensive philosophy. For, if there be any truth in the faith of the spiritualist, the naturalist will, in process of time,

arrive at such a position in his science of nature, that spiritual phenomena will imperatively press on him for a solution, hypothetical if not positive. Failure is the constant teacher of the naturalistic student. But the theologian, so long as he avails himself of the resource of throwing the blame of all failure on the depravity, or the imbecility of mankind, is untaught by this best teacher of science; and will revolve in the contracted obscurity of his own orbit. Wisdom has perhaps more to hope from the prejudiced naturalist than from the prejudiced theologian. But she would extinguish the prejudices of both.

In fact, instead of regarding one another as fellow labourers in the great vineyard of truth, the natural philosopher and the religious student are but too apt to entertain mutual feelings of suspicion, dislike, and fear. For after all, if no lurking fear that one may possibly be in the wrong comes into play, the generic features of the *odium theologicum*, or *odium scientificum* are absent. No one gets angry with another, merely because that other is ignorant—no one, that is to say, who is not even more ignorant himself. It is the hinted doubt and the unconfessed fear that give all its bitterness to controversy. The man who really knows anything can afford to be amply tolerant on the subject of his positive science.

Not only is this mutual fear indicative of an imperfect reliance on the inviolability of the position assumed on either side, but it is a feeling which a careful study of the history of human thought is calculated to dispel. With the restoration of classical studies, notwithstanding the elaborate fetters into which the schoolmen forged the pure and noble metal which they stole from Aristotle, the great

revolution, the revolution of free thought, commenced. It was well for those who thought that innovation was necessarily evil, to resist the course of Galileo. The foundations of the Ancient Earth were upheaved by his irresistible lever; nor has the planet ever ceased to move since his day, albeit its course may now be experiencing an altogether unprecedented acceleration.

It is well known to all who have read on the subject that it was held by the contemporaries of Galileo that the doctrine of the revolution of the earth was plainly contradicted by Scripture. Even now we know where to find men who say the same thing. It would be an undeserved compliment to say that they *think* so, but the dogma forms a part of their stock of assertions.

But our own times have witnessed a revolution not less striking. At the beginning of the present century it was the all but universal opinion that the Bible distinctly taught that the earth and all that it contained was called into being, "formed out of nothing," within the space of six natural days, some four or five thousand years ago. The long series of discoveries, the earliest of which immortalise the name of Cuvier, have proved this interpretation to be erroneous. Not till this certainty was demonstrated would theologians admit that their original inferences were altogether gratuitous. The knowledge which men of culture have acquired of the immense antiquity of the earth itself, and of the long succession of variously modified forms of life which have inhabited its surface from age to age, although very far indeed from being complete, or even reducible to terms of astronomical time, is yet adequate to show that the old opinions are altogether untenable. It has

done more; it has shown that the error is one of interpretation, not of original statement. Of all facts which are difficult of explanation on any theory which excludes the consideration of the spiritual existence, that of the proper accordance between the first chapter of Genesis and the accepted facts of geology is the most inexplicable. On the one hand we have absolute, unquestionable proof of the existence of this chapter, as a literary fact, at the date when Jerome translated the Hebrew Scriptures 1400 years ago. We may carry back this certitude to the date of the Septuagint translation in B.C. 277. But the antiquity of the Latin version is ample for our purpose. On the other hand we are able to trace the slow progress which the science of geology has made even in our own time. We know when and how the bases of this science were laid. We know how, during the first tentative steps which comparative anatomy enabled us to take into the mighty past, all phenomena were at first explained by reference to certain assumed dogmatic opinions then held to be orthodox. We know how, little by little, doubts and difficulties arose, till at last the students of geology were compelled to study geology alone, and to systematise their observations without reference to their relations with other departments of human thought. And we know the general outline to which these observations are now reducible.

The geologic record, as ordinarily studied, runs, like a pedigree, backwards. We commence with the earth of to-day, and go back to that of yesterday. Let us for a moment reverse the process, and, giving as it were the mere headings of the successive chapters, begin at the beginning.

A long period to which the term, now known not to be strictly accu-

rate, of azoic has been given, is the first chapter of the self-recorded history of our planet. The crystalline nucleus of the existing surface of the earth was then new. Granite, syenite, and porphyry, greenstone and trap rocks, gneiss, mica schist, slates, sands, and fine conglomerates were then formed by the conflicting forces of nature. The mountain range of La Vendee was upraised, and 10,000 feet of Cambrian beds attest the immense elevation of this first, comparatively lifeless, period. The planetary individuality and form were at most all that were common to the earth of the first day and that of our own time; and volcanic and thermic agency came into energetic play when the light was thus divided from the darkness.

A vast oceanic period succeeds. An aerial atmosphere, and an aquatic mantle surrounded the no longer lifeless world. The great group of placoid and ganoid fishes inhabited the seas, which deposited the Silurian and Devonian rocks. With forms of animals of aquatic respiration, marked by great simplicity, are found those of large and heavily-armed fishes — fishes of which the reptile affinities were detected by Linnæus from their few surviving genera — fishes which seemed to include within themselves the promise of higher and more diversified forms of life. Such as they were, they were the fit lords of earth, or rather of sea. Plinlimmon and Snowdon slates, sands, limes, and conglomerates, silicious, quartzose and slaty strata, sands, marls, and tile stones forming the old red sandstone of the Devonian series, mark the "dividing of the waters from the waters" of the terrestrial and the aerial oceans.

The third period, divided from the second by the upheaval of the line of the Ballons, includes the deposit of the mountain limestone,

the millstone grit, and the coal measures. The coal measures are the relics of a rich and fertile vegetation. They are evidences that the dry land appeared and brought forth grass, and herbs, and trees. Animal life, of air breathing structure, was not wanting amid the giant forests—and a terrestrial fauna and flora testifies to the activity of terrestrial life during the great carboniferous period.

A new series of organic forms is introduced in the following great geological day, following the upheaval of the North of England range of mountains. Seasons and climate, and tides, and winds, to some extent resembling those of our own time, have left some records of their form during this long herpetiferous epoch. The Permian and Triassic rocks, the Lias and the Oolite are all characterised by reptile forms. Gigantic saurians swam, and crawled, and walked. Forms which now puzzle the anatomist who inquires to what class they belong—birds with tails like squirrels, or feathered reptiles, these marked a new stage of protochonic existence. Insect life was very busy. Probably at no geologic epoch were the ideas of change, of progress, and of an immense, and not very dimly indicated future, so distinctly wrought out in the *fauna* of our planet. Reptile life—the life of all others most dependent on the sun, active in his heat and torpid in his absence, reigned and ruled on the fourth day.

The upheaval of the Côte d'Or ushers in the fifth great period. Nowhere, as far as we are aware, has there yet been distinctly pointed out its most striking characteristic. It is a second oceanic period—that of the deposit of the chalk; comprising also the Purbeck and Hastings beds, the weald clay, the gault, and the greensand. In it the waters brought forth abundantly.

The characteristic inhabitants of the modern seas and rivers, the cycloid fish, now first appeared. Remains of birds, though rare, as is natural in purely marine deposits, also occur. Great fish filled the waters, and fowl flew above the earth in the open firmament of Heaven.

The Pyrenees form the mountain limit between the fifth and the sixth day. Here we enter the Kainozoic strata—mammalia appear on the scene. Cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind, heralded the advent of man. The accord of the geologic record, read in its boldest chapters of division, with the long known, long misunderstood, account of the days of creation, is perfect and complete. No forcing the witness is possible on either side. Is not this at once a proof to the student of the sacred writings that he need not fear the course of scientific discovery, and to the student of external, tangible, visible phenomena, that there are questions of singular import which are not to be solved by molecular physics?

In the instance we have thus given may be traced the ordinary course of the discovery of truth. First we find the reign of opinion, confident, blind, dogmatic. Then comes scientific discovery; first, casual, then talkative, then speculative. Then the new theory proves to be incompatible with the old faith. A rude conflict supervenes. Opinion is at war with induction. By degrees truth emerges from the strife; a truth which only tends to render more venerable and more certain the basis of the original opinion; at the same time that it shows, as with a flood of light, how erroneous was the temporary structure of thought raised upon that ancient and unshaken basis.

Let those who would fear to accompany Mr. Darwin on his

adventurous line of research, lest he should lead them into some quagmire fatal to their peace of mind, take courage from the exact accordance which marks, in this instance, the progress of definite knowledge. The irreligious tendency of geology was as much feared, twenty years ago, as the irreligious consequence of the doctrine of natural selection can be dreaded by any one to day. Encouraged by the result of the labour of Cuvier and his successors, noting how truth in one field has been lit upon by labourers working in another, let us unhesitatingly regard the great physiological hypothesis now before us on scientific grounds alone.

That the general history of animal life on our planet has been one of increasing development, there can be no rational doubt. Not that it has been so constantly and exclusively progressive as was once considered to be the case; nor that we are as yet entitled to speak with much precision as to detail. We are, it may be, only at the commencement of our knowledge of palæontology. Of the book of which we recover, now painfully, now unexpectedly, page after page, we have neither table of contents nor index; the very numbering of the pages is often barely legible. Still, as to the general arrangement there can be no hesitation. Water-breathing animals preceded air-breathing animals; animals that could swim preceded those that could crawl; the latter preceded those that could walk, or climb, or fly. Increase in specialisation of function has marked the birth of the younger species, as compared with the more ancient. Features special to distinct classes of existing animals are found united in single families among their remote predecessors. The several ideas of the reptile, of the osseous fish, of

the beast, and of the bird, may be thought to be indicated in the most ancient type of the cartilaginous fish. Increase in dignity of the superior forms of life concurs with the increase in specialisation of function that accompanies the decline in the scale of antiquity.

That this order of succession is by no means inconsistent with the idea of actual descent, we think must be yielded to Mr. Darwin. While it does not seem possible that such a descent should be in any way proved, it is yet possible that it may be shown to be highly probable. Many curious questions are explicable on such an hypothesis. Any positive objection to its truth it may be very hard to discover. The possibility of variation in descent being once established, and the enormous lapse of time which mechanical reasons—even apart from palæontology—demand for the term of the long series of deposits, being allowed for, there would seem to be very much to recommend the acceptance of the idea, not as a truth, but as an hypothesis.

But against the actual theory which is propounded by Mr. Darwin there lies an essential and formidable objection. It is the very objection which has been raised, and as yet unanswerably raised, by those who have collected the facts of natural history, to certain dogmatic views which have not yet been altogether relegated to the position of the ideas of our grandfathers as to the date of creation. Mr. Darwin supposes a community of origin for very distinct forms of life—origin by actual hereditary descent. Not only does he consider all finches descended from a pair of generic finches, all antelopes from a pair of generic antelopes, but he further holds that, at some sufficiently remote epoch, the original finches, and the

original antelopes, descended from some ancestral pair equally related to both lines of descent.

This view, when we trace the pedigree upwards, is at all events intelligible. But it has a corollary, which is less so. If we reverse the process and trace the line of actual descent downwards, the difficulty becomes more prominent. It is not less unmanageable than that which attends on the most orthodox idea of "creation."

As a general rule—a rule which perhaps may be broadly stated as a universal law—the lower a form ranks in the scale of development, the higher it ranks in the scale of numbers. Smaller animals are more numerous than larger ones. We know that this is the case, and we can readily understand why it may, or even must, be so. When we come down very low in the scale, the proportion is even more striking. Small fry are very far more numerous than fish of a twelvemonth old; but what is the proportion of the fry hatched to that of the eggs laid? and what is the proportion between the millions of millions of eggs deposited by the herring, and the numbers of the larvæ or of the eggs of insects? what that between the germs of insect life and the inconceivable multitudes of the foraminifera, those simple forms of which the off-cast shells form the chief ingredient in the chalk; or those of the infusoria which populate every pond, and are to be detected, for microscopic admiration, in every vegetable infusion after a few hours of decoction?

It is true that, so far as we can decide, we can only observe the development of living forms from pre-existing germs. The fact is not absolutely certain, but it is not held to be doubtful by the majority of observers. It is not essential to our argument to decide that

part of the question. The point to regard is this: whenever we see life drawn in its most simple form, we see it originate at the same time in the greatest number of individuals. The moment that the conditions of dampness and of decay become favourable to fungoid life, what is the rapidity with which it springs up? So with *infusoria*; so with every case in which we can trace the earliest development of animal or vegetable forms that rank very low in the scale of organisation. The outburst of organic life occurs in contemporaneous millions. Can the widest stretch of fancy picture a world tenanted by a single sponge, or adorned by a single fungus?

Unless, then, we are prepared altogether to lay aside the guidance of experience and analogy, we must conclude that, if organic life did make its appearance on our planet in the lowest forms of organisation, it must at the same time have done so in immense numbers. The Battle of Existence, when it commenced, must have commenced between innumerable hosts.

Now, leaving aside for the moment certain questions (to which we propose hereafter to return) as to the distinct character of certain great types of life, and confining ourselves to the instance cited by Mr. Darwin of what he calls a class, and what naturalists generally call the four great classes of vertebrated animals—the fish, the reptile, the beast, and the bird—we have to glance down the all but eternal vista which shall bring us to the time when the original parents of these classes were produced. What had then become of all the remainder of creation?

At every step in the ever-multiplying descent the same question will arise. We cannot regard the lines as parallel. By the very

hypothesis they are constantly divergent from constantly multiplying centres. Each such divergence from a centre requires the obliteration of the remainder of the group of which that centre was one. What an altogether unprecedented and unparalleled part death and destruction have to play, in order to make way for the undisturbed course of natural selection!

The hypothesis of parallel lines of descent is not consistent with Mr. Darwin's view. For one main argument for their support is, that affinities in structure are marks of affinities in blood. As the finches descend from some pair of extinct finches, so did this ancestral pair, and all those members of their race who died] *sine prole*, descend from some common ancestor of that well-known type of bird, containing most of those known for their song, which includes about half the entire number of ornithological species. The parent of the finch, the rook, and the magpie, again, stands on a level with the parents of nineteen other orders of birds, the members of which sufficiently resemble one another to fall very naturally into so many distinct divisions. Then the ancestral bird had an ancestor common to himself and to the frog. At another step we have to account for the orders of the fish; and at each step—whether we take them upwards or downwards—the entire population of earth, with a single pair of exceptions in each converging or diverging series of lines, has to be swept out of existence—and that in order to make room for Mr. Darwin's theory.

Let it not be thought that this unprecedented difficulty would be obviated by the substitution of parallel for radiating lines. Even if the only common ancestor of the whole sub-kingdom of Vertebrata

was the first sponge or the first portion of indistinguishable jelly that ever existed, the entire annihilation of the majority of the earlier forms is none the less involved. And in this case how purely casual and arbitrary must be all natural groups! Generic relation would be no relation at all, nothing but mere chance resemblance. Homologies would no longer be explained by the simple clue of true affinity; and genus and tribe and family would have no more real existence than so many arbitrary grammatical terms.

Again, how, on either view of the case, is the constant persistence of the lowest forms to be explained? If there has been time for one line—the primogenital line let us assume—of sponges to have developed into whales, how is it that we have so many sponges still? Is the origination of life constant? As each form struggles into a higher place in the great hierarchy of existence, and claims a new birthright for its firstborn, is a new form produced to supply the space it has vacated? Are the sponges of to-day the descendants of the sponge which was the ancestor of the whale? Can such a difference in the progressive development of different lines of descent from a common origin be dreamed of as possible by the wildest fancy? If not, how, and when, and why, was the proto-parent of the existing sponges produced? And if we look at each intermediate stage, how does the immense weight of the assumption become more formidable as we enter into detail! The preservation of permanence of type by certain members of a given species, while other members go through an almost infinite course of development, forms one horn of the dilemma. The constant replacement of the lower forms, when the creatures that once wore them have improved, is the other. As part of a

design, guided by intelligent purpose, indeed, it might be said that neither one nor the other anomaly was impossible. As the result of a process of natural selection, we hardly need test the patience of our readers by pursuing the argument *ad absurdum*.

We have spoken of such low types as the sponge or the foraminifer by way of showing the utmost range of the theory under investigation. We have no need, for the sake of our argument, to go further back in the investigation than to the common parent of the *Vertebrata*. Let us deal with that sub-kingdom alone. Shall we consider that the four great classes, and all their ordinal and generic groups, were developed from the simplest vertebrated form? or shall we regard that form as the parent which geology, as far as the record has been deciphered, tells us was the most ancient? The results of the two distinct hypotheses would differ, but it is not easy to see which would be the least improbable.

The simplest form of vertebrated life is to be found, as might be fully anticipated, among water-breathing, water-dwelling animals. It is, there is no question, homologically considered, a fish, but it might more readily be taken for a worm, and, indeed, is so classed by Linnæus himself. The spinal medullary column appears as the mere sketch of the complex three-fold pair of dorsal chords developed in the higher vertebrata. The osseous system is represented by cartilage. The creature, the *Myxine oxus*, or *Amphioxus*, is a permanent parasitic piscine embryo, of the simplest and most fragile character.

But the fish that swam and preyed and multiplied in the seas that deposited the rocks of the Old Red Sandstone, were animals of a

very high and complex organisation. They were inclosed in an impenetrable and often exquisitely sculptured armour of close-fitting plates, or of glittering mail. They were furnished with strong teeth, for tearing or for crushing their prey. Their fins, in some cases, spread forth like wings. Their eyes were well adapted to display all optic powers proper to a watery medium. Their breathing apparatus so far foreshadowed the lungs of air-breathing vertebrates, that Linnæus classed those few of their congeners, of which the race yet lingers in our waters, as *amphibia nantia*. The more minutely the anatomist investigates the details of the structure of these formidable cartilaginous monsters, the more is he struck with the appearance of indications of mechanical contrivances which are severally wrought out in the forms of later, and very widely differing, tribes of animals. The saurian form, that of the osseous fish, that of the marsupial animal, even that of the beast and of the bird—each of these is illustrated by the anatomy of the pristine *Chondropterygii*.

Now the theory of upward development by natural selection would point to the lancelet or the embryonic eel as the parent of the entire class of fishes, in its four great orders. The records of the rocks, so far as we can read them, appear to indicate the armed and active ganoid. Either one or the other may be spoken of as a sketch. But there is this difference between the two: the one is a sketch and nothing more—the other is a sketch giving indications of many finished drawings. That the *Myxine* should be the actual progenitor of the eel, the salmon, and the ray, cannot be called impossible. Its structure, however, is not such as to give any indication that such

was likely to be the case. But that cartilaginous and osseous fish, turtles, saurians, and other genera of animals, might be the actual descendants of the ancient sharks and rays, is rendered the more probable from the fact that it is only the further specialisation of the separate organs, each of which is perfect in its adaptation to the wants of the voracious sea monster, that is to be found in those later and more distinctly distributed forms, of which the latter was, at all events, the precursor in time. Even that relation cannot be distinctly made out with regard to the *Amphioxus*.

The point which impresses the palæontologist, who is himself an artist or mechanic, with the most profound sense of awe in his search into the records of the past, is one for which Mr. Darwin's theory finds no room. It is one which has a significance to the actual workman, but which no man who is not a workman can realise. It is an instinctive feeling which can hardly be meetly expressed in ordinary language. But it is a feeling akin to that which is inspired in an artist by looking over a portfolio of the designs of a great master. We see the repetition of expedients, the essay of different methods of solving cases of the same problem. Each separate piece of workmanship is admirable in itself, but is still more admirable as a member of a series. And this series conducts, by innumerable forms, from the fierce, voracious, non-intelligent shark, to the free speed of the horse, the rapid flight of the swallow, the perfect plumage of the bird of paradise, and the self-organising reason of man. Tell the artist that all this arises from a process of natural selection, and the words fail to convey any meaning to his mind.

In the first volume of the "Varia-

tion of Animals and Plants under Domestication" Mr. Darwin gives numerous and interesting examples of the effect upon form produced by artificial conditions of life. He tells us of domestic dogs and cats, of horses and asses, of pigs, cattle, sheep, and goats, of rabbits, pigeons, fowls, ducks, geese, peafowl, turkeys, Guinea fowl, of canary birds, gold fish, hive bees, and silk moths. Then he speaks of cultivated plants, the Cerealia and culinary vegetables, of fruits, ornamental trees, and flowers, of bud variation, and of certain anomalous modes of reproduction and variation.

In the second volume he discusses the subject of inheritance, its fixedness of character, prepotency, sexual limitation, phenomena which occur at corresponding periods of life, and the remarkable fact of reversion or atavism. Five chapters are then devoted to the question of hybridism and of the effects of crossing, and two to the results of selection by man. Then he enters into the causes of variability, the direct and definite action of the external conditions of life, of use and disuse, and of correlated variability. From a summary of his views as to the laws of variation, he passes to the provisional hypothesis of pangenesis, a theory altogether independent of that of natural selection, in which the method of what may be called destructive imaginary analysis is carried to its utmost conceivable term. It is in this part of his speculations that Mr. Darwin comes into the closest fellowship with Mr. Huxley, and the two writers agree in making the most vehement effort to show that vital phenomena are merely the highest form of the invariable functions of matter.

The perusal of the headings of

the chapters of Mr. Darwin's two volumes is not calculated to lead any reader previously uninformed on the subject to anticipate the deductions the author has drawn from the facts which he has so patiently and industriously collected. Yet the headings fairly indicate the contents of the work. It requires careful and repeated examination to discover the connection which, in the mind of the author, exists between the facts and the hypothesis. A direct relationship is in the first instance obscure, and, even when explained, cannot be said at all to approach the relationship between cause and effect.

We are presented with a large body of observations, the investigation of which brings to light the action of two widely opposed principles, or laws, deduced from very numerous phenomena.

The first group of these phenomena consists of those which illustrate the fact—so well known to all persons in any way interested in the breeding of cattle, in the keeping of fancy breeds of animals, in the pursuit of horticulture, or even, we may add, in the philosophic contemplation of nature—of the variability of form that may be induced by certain conditions. The entire art of the farmer, using the word in its widest signification as meaning the producer of animal or vegetable supplies, depends on a tacit recognition of this power of variation. Without it, improvement in race or in breed would be impossible. Without it, it is also true, deterioration would be impossible. But there can be no doubt that this power of variation is essentially connected with the durability of race. A form that was hereditarily inflexible would be likely to be destroyed by those changes of condition which, under the pliability of type that actually

obtains, only produce variation. And it must be borne in mind that these changes of condition and coincident variations of form, of which we are presented with examples, are all caused by the interference of man with the original conditions of nature.

On the other hand, Mr. Darwin has brought out (more fully than any preceding writer has attempted to do), into distinct light, the constant pressure and activity of certain laws which counteract this tendency to variation. He has shown us striking examples of the force of hereditary resemblance, of the persistence of type, and even of the reappearance of hereditary type when apparently destroyed, as in the cases of reversion and atavism. He has shown how insurmountable a barrier to certain processes of confusion of type is presented by the laws of hybridism. He has shown how, in the most remarkable contrast to the normal sterility of hybrids, the evil results of breeding in-and-in, as it is called, come into operation. The fact that a healthy, prolific, long-lived race is produced with the greatest certainty when parents are neither too closely nor too distantly related, so that neither are individual peculiarities subject to exaggeration by a double inheritance, nor specific characteristics subject to confusion by the inheritance of incompatible qualities, is one of the most certain causes of the permanence of specific form. If we admit for a moment (with the utmost deference to Mr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley) such an altogether obsolete idea as that of design in creation, we must further admit that no law which we are capable of imagining would so directly tend, at once to the preservation of race and to the maintenance of the typical forms of races, as the existing power of variation, controlled as it is by those peculiar laws of in-

heritance which Mr. Darwin has so admirably illustrated.

The doctrine of the permanence of species may be regarded as, historically speaking, the very basis of natural history. The identification of species was the great step by which Linnæus inaugurated his reform, or rather his creation, of zoological and botanical systems. The scientific language which he invented was but a means of facilitating the identification and arrangement of species. Of the true and natural character of the groups known as specific, even those naturalists who consider all other groups to be merely artificial are persuaded. The best definition or explanation of the word is, such a collection of living forms as either are, or are indistinguishable from, the offspring of common parents.

It is, of course, possible that the views of the founder of the science may have to undergo serious modification. However long be the period for which we can trace the existence of species of animals or plants now living, no one supposes that they are perpetual. There may be a permanence quite durable enough to serve all the purposes of the systematic naturalist, which yet altogether disappears in the presence of those immense periods of time which are indicated by geology. Still the subject must be approached, by any true naturalist, with the modesty and hesitation which should accompany the first steps of revolution. No writer has ever brought into more marked prominence those natural laws or tendencies which appear calculated to promote the durability of species, and to counterbalance the power of variability inherent in the individual, than Mr. Darwin.

But before the theory of natural selection it would seem that the very idea of species must vanish. Regarding the various forms of

organic life as the members of one great family—not as being merely systematically or morally so termed, but as being actually and genealogically related—we might apprehend species, and genus, and tribe, and family, and class to be all true natural groups; and there is no doubt that the consideration of homological affinities would be much simplified by the hypothesis. But under the constant influence of varying conditions, overpowering and modifying all hereditary permanence, the evidence of a near or a remote consanguinity must become altogether confused. Creatures of common descent would more or less closely resemble each other, not in virtue of their actual affinity, but from topographical, climatic, or other independent reasons. Relationship would be so far subordinate, in its apparent evidence, to circumstances, that the casual would outweigh the historic. The tendency of a law so universal, and at the same time so powerful in its effects, as that of the constant modification of type by the survival of the strongest, and the reproduction of the individual peculiarities of the survivors, would tend so indefinitely and irregularly to increase the number of varieties, breeds, or strains, that what we have been accustomed to regard as species would no longer find a place in the Organic Kingdoms.

There is no doubt that the most diametrical contrast to the theory of the influence of accident and the supreme rule of molecular forces is to be found in the Platonic *ἰδέα*; or in the hypothetic existence of what, in default of a better word, naturalists have termed a type. That there is a design, and therefore a designer, apparent in nature, even in our present imperfect acquaintance with the grand total of organic forces, is the one hypothesis most abhorrent to those

who argue for the existence of self-acting laws. There is no doubt that the famous moral argument of design has shared the fate of many an immortal truth, in being so distorted by injudicious use, and so misrepresented by incompetent advocates, as to fail to strike the mind with its actual inherent force. It is probable that one cause of the rust that has deformed, if not corroded, this one powerful instrument of intellectual research, has resulted from the unconscious neglect of one main condition of its applicability. Paley tells us of the watch, and of the implied proof of the existence of the watchmaker. Professors of our day reply, We see no proof at all,—implied or express. The existence of a watch is a phenomenon, like any other phenomenon. We may count its wheels, or wind up its spring; but its motion depends on wheels and spring alone; and any speculation as to an imaginary maker is wholly gratuitous and unphilosophical. Now this argument would not only be plausible, but even apparently true, in one case—namely, that of a savage. If he did not regard the watch as a fetish or as an animal, he would no doubt give up the investigation of its nature or origin. But it would be otherwise, in great measure, to a mechanic, and otherwise altogether to a watchmaker. Tell him that the mechanism was self-originated, and he would only smile in quiet scorn. The workman; the artist, the *ποιητής*, recognises the work of a master of his craft, whether he know the name, or the dwelling, or the character, of that master or not. Visible or invisible, human or super-human, it was an intelligent designer and apt executor who put together that delicate machine. It is unnecessary to talk to the watchmaker on the subject. With

him that conviction is not a belief, but a knowledge.

Thus, while the analyst, either with the pen or with the dissecting knife, may altogether fail to draw any lessons but those of a molecular and infinitesimal science from the investigation of that wonderful machinery from which he may, at will, eliminate the motive power—a power which he can never replace, a machinery which he can take to pieces with the most searching attention, but which he cannot put together in any way—it is otherwise with the man who is himself a designer or an artificer. The man who is himself gifted with the power to originate, recognises the mute evidence of his method which has been left by the originator, whose character is reflected in his work. The mechanic sees where a master in his craft, meeting the same difficulties which have long arrested the progress of the journeyman, has overcome or evaded them. So it is with the artist; so it is with the man who is in any way formative—poetic. A grand freemasonry knits the humblest practical, thoughtful, fruitful mechanic to the great Designer of all mechanism. It is not in such a case a matter open for doubt or for discussion.

Now a theory which purposely and inflexibly excludes the idea of design or of designer has certain main difficulties to contend with, which the hypotheses of natural selection, of pangenesis, and of molecular function are altogether incapable of explaining. To speak in the most guarded manner, there are certain phenomena in the organic kingdom which appear to be not only altogether inexplicable by, but diametrically opposed to the nature of, such hypotheses. And one class of these unexplained phenomena

consists of forms, to certain members of which a distinguished naturalist gave the happy name of wandering species.

Forms occur, in both organic kingdoms, so anomalous as to resist the most persevering attempt to reduce them to system. It sometimes is the case that the subsequent discovery of forms previously unknown completes the missing link, and that the family of the wanderer is discovered. Thus the heath is cited by De Candolle as a stranger in Europe, where only three or four species are native. So peculiar is its structure, that it seemed to be a vegetable outcast, reducible to no system, amenable to no affinities. But when the Cape flora was examined, the native home of the heath tribe was discovered; species and genera and tribes illustrated and explained the affinities of our humble mountain herb. The kindred tribes of Australia, and, later still, the rhododendrons of the Himalaya, were added to our nurseries; and the heath form is no longer regarded as an anomalous or ill-represented type.

We are not about to enter into the question of how far the case we have cited can or cannot be explained on the principle of natural selection. We have no wish to pause at minor difficulties. If there are not greater objections to be raised, we will make Mr. Darwin a present of the Ericaceæ. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the idea of a designed system, with a harmonious order of cognate forms, is the one which most naturally and readily lends itself to the explanation of the facts. But there are other instances far more striking than that which first arrested the attention of De Candolle.

A person who derived his knowledge of natural history from the

patient erudition of Mr. Darwin would hardly become aware of the important fact that the fauna of the planet Earth was distributed into three great provinces, or subkingdoms, so distinct in the arrangement of that nervous system which is the very foundation of organisation, that a knowledge of the structure of the one would give no idea of that of the others.

In the largest, most diversified, and least highly developed group of animals, the nervous centres are either all but indiscernible, or amorphous. Motion—that is, free locomotion—in many members of this province is not attempted. Rooted like plants, many of them resemble plants in their radial symmetry. Those which rank highest in the scale are chiefly remarkable for their great consumptive and digestive powers. The Cephalopoda are little more than locomotive barnacles, supplied with feelers to grasp their prey; though these kings of the *Gasterozoa* have the rare endowments of eyes to discern it, and of a horny beak to secure and to tear it.

The second group of animal life consists of forms of a widely different structure. Digestion was the function of the *Gasterozoa*; motion is that of the *Articulata*. A true bilateral symmetry is maintained in the nervous system, no less than in the external skeleton. The stomach plays a less important part; articulated legs and wings make their appearance. The life of the creature becomes eminently relative. No brain, or central cerebral ganglion worthy of the name, occurs; the idea of the nervous system being that of a double thread or chain of medullary matter, furnished with a series of nodes, of which that which supplies the cephalic organs is only the anterior, and frequently by no means the most important. Indeed,

in those creatures in which this repetitive, relational, mode of life is the most exaggerated, such as the centipedes, the dexterous removal of the head seems at first to be unperceived by the animal. It runs forward all the same.

Animals of the articulate province display, in some cases, the most gorgeous and lovely colouring, as in the tropical Lepidoptera; of the utmost mechanical strength, speed, and destructive power (in relation to their size), as in dragonflies and beetles; and of the most diverse social instinct, reaching even to the means of obviating artificial annoyances caused by man, as in the case of the honey bee. They form, moreover, five very distinct groups, being thus fully represented in each of the four zones of life, or of *habitat*, which exist on the surface of our planet. The *Entozoa*, and other parasitic or sessile *Articulata*, may be said never to pass beyond a state of permanent embryonic life. The *Anellata*, which breathe for themselves (the parasites imbibe their food ready aerated by the exertions of the animal on which they prey), are the true aquatic *Articulata*. The borderland of earth and water—swamps, fens, sea and river bottoms and shores—is the province of a distinct and most ancient group of armour-bearing, highly-complicated *Insecta*. The air-breathing, earth-walking *Articulata*, spiders and scorpions and the like, show a diminution of repetitive elements from the many legs of the centipede to the eight of the spider, the anterior pair of which, in some of the larger species, almost pass into into a kind of antennæ. At last, in the aerial insects, the full idea of the articulate form is wrought out, with the most admirable mechanical skill, and the most perfect pictorial beauty.

In the bee, the dragonfly, or the humming-bird moth, we attain the perfection of the insect form. The mode in which the same individual passes in its actual personal history through the phases of egg and grub and pupa, so that the earlier forms of the flying insect are almost indistinguishable from those permanently retained by the lower classes of the sub-kingdom, is a subject of never-ceasing fascination. But for the introduction of a form of life admitting of the exercise of the highest reasoning powers with which we are acquainted, we have not a magnified honey bee. For the sub-kingdom *Vertebrata* we have to take a new starting point. And so entirely distinct is the idea of a vertebrated animal, even in its first faint and unformed sketch, from that of the two simpler types of life, that we find in the third province the nervous system of the *Articulata* has been added to that of the *Gasterozoa*, and combined with yet a third order of nervous structure, the cerebro-spinal organisation. The nervous organisation of the bird or beast unites sympathetic ganglia, like those of the amorphous *Mollusca*, with a reflective system, like that of the *Articulata*, and adds the special reticulation that carries out the energy of the mandates of the brain.

Again in this loftier form of complex organisation, we find distinct classical groups, defined in the broadest sense by the abode and habits of the members of the class. The occurrence of a permanently parasitic embryonic group is inconsistent with the high organisation of the *Vertebrata*, although those of the various classes which live on food prepared by the vital functions of others, that is to say are carnivorous or cannibal, still present a much greater simplicity as regards

their digestive organs than do the herbivorous *Vertebrata*. But we have the aquatic class of the cartilaginous and the bony fishes; the amphibious or protocthonian class of the reptiles and the *Batrachia*, the true terrestrial class of the *Marsupialia* and the *Mammalia*, and the aerial army of the birds.

Now, the bearing of the facts which we have so rapidly and imperfectly thrown into a rough but not unphilosophical order is this. Condition has not induced type. We do not say has not modified type; that is a separate question. But it does not account for type. The dragon-fly and the swallow are creatures which present a very strong analogy to each other. In their wonderful power and speed of flight, their voracity for insect prey, their delicate dependence on climate, in all their habits as aerial, insectivorous, summer-loving animals, they are altogether at one; yet what two creatures more dissimilar as regards structure? In the same way if we compare the numbers of the corresponding classes of the several great animal sub-kingdoms, we cannot fail to be struck with the mode in which the same conditions of life are utilised by entirely different forms of organisation. Take, for instance, that great protocthonian zone of abode to which no writer on natural history has yet rendered due and distinct attention—the confines of land and water—the abode of those creatures which indifferently, or alternately, or successively, inhabit and breathe each medium. What can be more different as regards type than a sea anemone, a lobster, and a frog? Yet these may be regarded as the typical form which, in the three sub-kingdoms, are chiefly characteristic of the protocthonian zone.

With this absolute proof of the existence of what may be called type, or idea, or homology, in

nature—of the production of forms which must, from the fact of their wide difference under similar circumstances of life, result from something besides external condition—let us for a moment compare the phenomena, above referred to, of wandering species. Let us take for example that anomalous form, the *cruz* and *opprobrium* of all systematic zoologists, the bat. Who can conceive that the feeble powers of the *Cheiroptera* would have become developed to their present peculiarities merely by the result of a struggle for existence? A tendency of the hands to expand into leathery wings, and of the owner of those organs to suspend himself in the dark by his thumbs, would not have stood much chance, one would think, of becoming established and perpetuated. The relationship of these obscure harpies is a puzzle to the naturalist. Are they more monkey-like, or more closely related to the *Insectivora*? Habit has not formed them; for their food—the pursuit of which is the great disposing cause of habit—not only widely varies, the herbivorous and the insectivorous genera being quite distinct, but the special habit, almost unique, of sucking the blood of a living animal among *vertebrata* is an accomplishment of some members of the tribe. In their teeth—those organs which, in general, form so safe a guide to affinities—several species of these creatures, the differences between which are not to be recognised by the uninstructed observer, differ as widely as do members of the most divergent orders of the *Mammalia*. The unity of type, the great diversity of specific forms, the peculiar habits, even the existence of a special organ in the leaf-nosed genera—all these are so many inexplicable features with regard to the bats. If, indeed, as

a wandering species, they indicate the existence, or the possible existence, in some entirely different abode, of a great order of flying mammalia, they might come to be regarded with as much interest as that which would have been excited by the heath plants in Europe, if the fact of their representative character had been known before the discovery of the congeneric forms. But as a product of natural selection, the bat is an altogether unintelligible anomaly.

We might multiply instances. The special form of the mosses among cryptogamia; the strange group of herbaceous Cetacea; the Tarsier of Madagascar, unique in its weird and goblin form, will occur to every naturalist. Throughout the whole range of the fauna and flora of the planet occur strange, unexplained forms, which, if regarded in the light of wandering species, indicating tribes and forms in the great order of Creation for which earth is not the fit, or at all events the actual, home, may prove to be most luminous indications of an order of facts beyond the reach of our direct observation. If regarded as the mere blind vagaries of nature, the feeble divergence of an uncontrolled incontinence of variability, they are nothing but monstrous, un instructive, disgusting anomalies.

In each and every inquiry of this nature we are brought, sooner or later, face to face with the question "What is life?" To this ancient articulation of the craving of the soul for knowledge of itself, some of the modern teachers of science have returned a very striking answer. Life, they tell us, is only a function of certain combinations of known chemical elements. It is molecular chemistry, and nothing more.

Turning to the famous deliverance of Mr. Huxley, we think it

impossible to deny that it is inconsistent with the spirit of candour and of precision that characterises all truly philosophical inquiry, to make use of such a term as "the physical basis of life." For the phrase is either definite or indefinite. If indefinite, it is for that reason, as well as for others, objectionable. If a definite meaning be attached to the expression, it is liable to a twofold objection. First, it is a *petitio principii*. It assumes the position that life is a function of matter, which is the very question that it is attempted to investigate. Secondly, it is inconsistent with either the definition or the description of the word "protoplasm," of which it is said to be a translation. The utmost that can be claimed for this chemical substance is, that it is the basis of organisation, and, however intimate be the connection, no person who is accurate in the use of language will contend that life is organisation.

That a substance which is chemically identical, as far as our present means of chemical inquiry go, forms the common matter or basis of all organic structure, is not a very new discovery. It is somewhat difficult to see how the fact can be supposed to furnish any *point d'appui* for what is called the materialistic theory; indeed, if it is candidly investigated, it seems to be altogether inexplicable by, or rather irreconcilable with, that theory. This "matter of life," forming the basis of both vegetable and animal organisms, is chemically indistinguishable, whether it be found in one or in the other of these great organic divisions. But in function, animal and vegetable substances are perfectly distinguishable. In the one case the power of increase by the accretion of water, carbonic acid, and ammonia, is present, either in the protoplasm or in the vegetable which is built up out of the proto-

plasm. In the other group of organisms this power is absent. Other phenomena, on the contrary, of a very distinct character, are exhibited by the protoplasm found in animal forms. Either, then, there is a difference between animal and vegetable protoplasm which chemistry is unable to detect, or there is a difference between animal and vegetable life or mode of existence, which is independent of the qualities of protoplasm. In either case it is incorrect to speak of this substance as a "basis of life," although, as far as living forms can be subject to experimental inquiry, it may always be found existing as the basis or matter of organisation.

It is, then, opposed to fact to say that the protoplasm of any vegetable is "essentially identical with" that of any animal, although it is true that it is "most readily converted" into such animal substance. "The further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it," is an idea quite irreconcilable with the fact that the chemical action, or "result of the molecular force," is everywhere the same, while the effect of the vital action is everywhere different.

So far as we are yet able to interrogate nature, we find, underlying the elements or ultimate result of analysis, two distinct orders of qualities. There are those phenomena or properties of matter of which the senses can take direct cognisance; and there are certain other forces which we can investigate only by their results. How far these two categories may be ultimately traceable to the same origin, is not now the question. We speak, not from a metaphysical, but from a practical point of view. We find certain phenomenal attri-

butes or properties, such as hardness, fusibility, cleavage, colour, taste, odour, cohesion, which naturally affect our senses. We find other qualities such as those of weight and chemical affinity, which are everywhere present, and everywhere to be detected by experiment, but which do not, in the absence of experiment, strike upon the senses. Even the simplest and most constantly occurring instance of force (as distinguished from quality), that of weight, is not realisable without experiment. No person could tell the weight of a specific body with which he was not familiar—say in such a case as that of a newly discovered metal—without actual experiment. No one can predict the chemical affinity of any newly-discovered element or compound.

The forces of which we thus take indirect cognisance are no less subtle than universal. Of their original, or actual cause, we have no knowledge. The general attribute of aggregative tendency characterises one great group of these forces. In cohesion, chemical affinity, capillary (or molecular) attraction, and the general or resultant action which we call gravitation, we trace the action of a certain centripetal or aggregative force, under a great variety of modes. Indeed, in the case of the elective attractions of chemistry we see a phenomenon very closely resembling those which we speak of as mental. A choice is made. Sulphuric acid will break its union with silver, if at the same time it can enter into union with copper. Distinct preference appears to be exercised by one element towards a second rather than towards a third; and the only thing that science can determine with reference to such preferences is their invariable and ascertainable action under given conditions.

The dispersive or centrifugal forces, by which the forces of aggregation are balanced and directed, are even more distinctly removed from the character of being essential properties of elementary matter. In fact, these dispersive forces either are, or are capable of resolution into, motion. They have a direct and intimate relation with the aggregative forces; whether it be that of opposition, as in the case of the increased volume (and decreased cohesion) caused by the access of heat, or apparently generative, as in the case of the production of magnetic attraction in a bar of soft iron by the circumduction of the electric current. But even if we come to speak of all such forces as nothing but modes of motion, we are no nearer to conceiving of them as mere attributes of matter. So far as we can detect, the general tendency of matter is towards concentration, cohesion, and rest. Motion and motive forces do in point of fact exist, and are capable of experiment and of human direction. But, though thus capable of direction, the problem of their origin is unsolved. All that we can say with certitude is, that motion does not originate in matter, so far as we have any knowledge of the subject. Motion, once commenced, may be eternal; but what commenced it? We can conceive of no possible material origin for dispersive force. It is a counteraction of the inherent aggregative forces of matter.

We have been told that it is a property of protoplasm (as it is found in vegetable, but not as it occurs in animal, organisms) to increase by the association with its bulk of certain external substances. These, however, are useless for the purpose if presented in any other form but that of the three compounds, water, carbonic acid, and ammonia. The latter substances

rarely occur excepting in consequence of organic action, and, as invisible, escape any but chemical investigation. It is otherwise with regard to water.

If protoplasm be the basis of organisation, water may with equal justice be regarded as the basis of protoplasm. It constitutes the greater part of its bulk; and the association, or consumption, of the elements which form the remainder of vegetable tissue, cannot take place in the absence of water. And thus, as was indistinctly perceived by a very ancient philosopher, water, as at once the cradle and the nutriment of organic life, occupies a position peculiar to itself. It is, as it were, intermediate between crude and organised matter. *Ἀπύκτων μὲν ὕδωρ* is not a merely poetic phrase.

In accordance with this intermediate position we may regard the fact that, of all inorganic substances, water appears to be most powerfully influenced by the dispersive forces. Water is the very home of movement.

Were our planet conceived of as devoid of all forms of organic life, but in other respects conditioned as at present, a constant change and movement and variation of physiognomy would be kept up by the agency of water. The annual circuit and the daily revolution of the earth are sufficient to cause this elastic substance to pass through the three chief forms or states under which matter is cognisable by our senses—the crystalline, the liquid, and the gaseous. The force of gravitation raises the ocean in tides, whirls it along in currents, drives it to melt the icebergs of the Pole, or to fret away the mountain barriers which deflect the beneficent Gulf Stream. The noonday heat of the sun evaporates more than an inch of water daily from the Equatorial seas. The

invisible vapour, borne on the steady wings of the wind, condensing into cloud as it rushes into colder temperatures, and squeezed out as if from a sponge by the attractions of lofty mountain chains, descends, in a mean annual rainfall of five feet in depth, over the entire surface of our planet. The constantly emitted heat of the sun, the motion of the earth in its orbit and on its axis, the physical form of the surface of the earth, as diversified by sea, by plain land, and by mountain chains, and the capacity of water for heat, with the changes in the physical condition of the fluid due to each different dose of heat: these are all the simple elements of a problem, to the solution of which we seem to be little nearer than were the race in the time of Aristotle—the comprehension and the prediction of the changes of the weather.

In the phenomena of water—rain, rivers, currents, tides—we observe the action of physical forces, each of which independently is calculable, but the changeable composition and blending of which, simple as they are, eludes the reduction of science. In the incessant variety which the action of clouds, storms, and rain gives to the aspect of the globe, we trace a something intermediate between the passive repose of crude mineral matter and the yet more incalculable variety and activity of organic life. But while water is thus the medium by which a constant change and movement is carried on—a change and movement which would be impossible in the absence of water—what would be thought of the man who attributed the phenomena of the weather to the “result of the molecular forces of ‘the element’” which displays them, taking no heed of the cosmical forces which modify the molecular action? The word

"vitality" may have no better philosophical status than "aquosity." But the fact that the latter word is barbarous and unnecessary is no argument against the use of a term that may be taken as a conventional summary of certain known qualities. It may be true that, in all the rapid and subtle changes of condition which give variety to our aquatic and aerial oceans, we fail to trace the presence of a "something which has no representative or correlative" in the mere solid constituents of our earth. But we find an instant and easy obedience to the impulse of external forces, which may be regarded as in some way intermediate between the phenomena of anhydrous existence and the phenomena of life. We find a new set of phenomena displayed by, but by no means resulting altogether from, the chemical composition of water.

When we take the next upward step in the series of material forms, we find a yet more noticeable change. As in the former case chemistry has its function of interpreter to discharge, no less certain is it that we have now arrived at the consideration of phenomena which chemistry is impotent to explain. The fundamental distinction which exists between inorganic and organic chemistry may be reduced to this—that in the former the ascertainable action of molecular forces will account for all phenomena; in the latter it will not. An entirely new order of phenomena is observable—phenomena which, so far from resulting from, are to a very great extent antagonistic to what is otherwise known of the results of molecular forces.

Leaving aside any question of those simple forms which dwell on the marches between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms—ad-

mitting that any precise and adequate definition of an animal at which we have yet arrived, will include *fungi*, and yet that we do not consider *fungi* to be animals—we cannot err in appreciating the main and customary attributes of the two forms of terrestrial organisation, as they ordinarily are apparent to the senses. Our difficulty as to the classification of a toadstool does not produce any confusion in our minds between the idea of an oak and that of a horse. We know that, apart from the mineral elements which, in small proportion, find their appointed and appropriate place in each of those organisms, the material of both is the same. We find it to be that protoplasm of which we have spoken—a chemical fact as certain as, and neither more nor less important than, the fact that this protoplasm was originally built up of water, carbonic acid, and ammonia, or as the further fact that these combinations themselves are built from, or are resolvable into, oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen. And what then?

That the form, the mechanism, the temper, the pride, the capacity for enjoyment or for suffering, displayed by the organism which we call the horse, is "the direct result of the nature of the matter of which it is composed," is an hypothesis directly at variance with the fact that this matter is chemically indistinguishable from that which composes the very different organism which we call the oak. Nay, further, the material of the latter organism—or at least that portion of it which the "molecular forces," in their unintelligible caprice, have not subjected to that form of self-originated action which we term lignification—may be converted, by the action of the equine organisation, into a part of the matter constituting the horse.

Analyse the protoplasm forming the bud and leaf of the oak. Analyse the protoplasm forming the muscle of the horse. Chemistry tells you that they are analytically one. Observation tells you that they were historically one. But try to reconvert horseflesh into wood, and you will find the result unattainable by any direct process. How can these anomalies be all "the direct results of the nature of the matter of which the organisms are composed?"

It is impossible to deny that, the moment on which we first cross the line that divides organic from inorganic existence, we become conscious of a something in the former province which was entirely wanting in the latter. One characteristic of that something is individuality. It is easy to attempt to escape from this truth by a logical subtlety, and to say that the Kohinoor, for instance, has an individuality, or that one iceberg is not another iceberg. But such trifling can deceive only those who choose to be deceived. The fact that organisation implies the presence of a special centre in each organism, to which we have no parallel in inorganic matter, is an assertion which cannot be contradicted. With the presence of this centre (a presence known, like that of chemical attraction, only by its results), occur phenomena of which we have not the faintest indication in inorganic matter. While through the molecular structure that forms the matter or basis of organisation, there goes on a constant movement and change, as varied and as active as that caused by the action of moisture in the atmosphere, there occurs for the first time an action of another order, which is not traceable to molecular force.

In fact, so far from its being

correct to state that there is no justification "for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter which gave rise to it," the direct opposite is the truth: the opposite, that is to say, if a precise and intelligible expression be made use of in place of the vague and ambiguous phrase "in the living matter."

As far as the "properties" which chemistry can detect as being always present in the substance termed protoplasm, no reason can be alleged for stating that they differ in kind from the "properties" of water, or of other elements.

But the essential distinction cannot be lost sight of, that protoplasm is only found to exist under conditions peculiar to itself. It is never found in an amorphous form. It is not, like water, or like a portion of crystal, earth, or metal, capable of indefinite aggregation. It is only found as a constituent element of what we call a specific form, however simple or however complicated that form may be. And, when we regard animal or vegetable species, we become at once conscious of the presence of a law, or a force, or a something, which has no "representative or correlative" in inorganic, or rather unorganised, matter.

The naturalist is aware of the existence of a very large number of forms, which he terms species, which are regulated by very special laws. Each individual of each group is a member of a series; assumes, during the course of its existence, certain serial forms; and has a definite period of that existence which we term life. The animal or vegetable is produced by a progenitor similar to itself. It undergoes certain stages of growth,

of maturity, and of decay. It has a power of producing, or of contributing to produce, other forms similar to its own. And it undergoes a final change, which we term death, on the occurrence of which, whether from natural decay, from violence, from poison, from electric agency, or even from mere mental emotion, the central associative force disappears, and the protoplasm of which the framework is built up, being left to the unchecked operation of molecular force, returns to the condition of unorganised matter.

Neither anatomy nor chemistry, nor physical analysis of any kind, has succeeded in arriving at any knowledge of the nature of this new force or group of forces, the presence of which distinguishes organised from unorganised forms, otherwise than by its results. Whether any other mode of scientific investigation of the subject be or be not possible, it is not now proposed to inquire. This force, be it what it may, is known by the name of life. The extreme variety of its energy, no less than its occurrence under two very distinct modes of development, are qualities which still further distinguish this force from all other known and measurable forces. It is no more unphilosophical to characterise this group of forces by the term *vital*, than it is to call molecular forces *chemical*. Purely physical investigation teaches us the existence of vital force, as it teaches us the existence of magnetic force, or chemical force, or the general force which we term *gravitation*. It gives no explanation of the origin, or cause, or *why*, of the one, any more than it does of those of the others.

Can anything, then, be more, not only unphilosophical, but anti-philosophical, than to speak of a particular chemical compound—the

chemical affinities and molecular forces of which are entirely subservient to the vital force during life, and which commence an entirely different, and perfectly foreseen, course of action the moment when life ceases—as the physical basis of life? Can any thing be more anti-philosophical than to state that “all vital action is the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it”? Such a statement is, purely and simply, a negation of fact.

It is not, therefore, as a mere question of terminology that such an expression as that of the physical basis of life merits condemnation. A “union of materialistic terminology with the repudiation of materialistic philosophy” is a species of sophism which can commend itself to but few earnest minds. Such a dialect must be singularly clumsy and imperfect; and, however honestly a person might attempt to use it, would hardly fail to involve endless confusion. And, considering the limited capacity of the human intelligence, and the powerful effect which language has on the mind, especially on the uneducated mind, few can doubt that the results of the adoption of the terminology would be the spread of the philosophy, or of that congeries of opinion which is classified by the name.

But, above and before the question whether a mode of expression be materialistic or spiritualistic comes the question of whether it is true—whether it accurately, or even approximately, represents the facts of the case.

To speak of protoplasm as the basis of life is, as we have said, vague. But the meaning of the sentence is rendered clear and precise by the denial that there exists in the living matter a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter

which gave rise to it. Indeed, the explanation is itself vague, and the expression "gave rise to it" is indefinite. Still, going on from statement to statement, no doubt can exist of what is meant. For "gave rise to it," we must read "out of which it is chemically combined;" for "in the living matter" we must understand, in the form which is built up of protoplasm. Stated thus clearly and broadly, it is impossible to doubt that the writer confuses histology with physiology, and bases his logic on the negation of fact.

Let us regard the subject from the purely scientific point of view. Let us lay aside any thought of religion, ignoring the certain testimony which is borne by philology as to the primæval belief of the ancestors of all the Aryan races in an invisible power; disregarding at once the faith of all preceding generations, and the instinctive conviction of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of our contemporaries. Let us decline, with regard to this question alone, the historic method of investigation as inappropriate. Let us admit that the consideration that morality, in the absence of any immortal individuality, sinks into a series of sentimental platitudes, of a feebleness entirely incompetent to control the passionate fierceness of the unfettered will, has no bearing on a question of zoology. Let us forget, or even share, the impatient and petulant terror with which even such men as Professor Tyndall meet any invitation to investigate calmly certain asserted phenomena, no matter how vague and obscure, that men of equal standing with himself attribute to an immaterial, spiritual cause. Let the physiological question be examined on its own merits alone.

On this restricted ground we find it to be an undeniable fact that

Life, whatever it be, so far from being explicable as a result of molecular action, is something that altogether dominates and modifies molecular action. It is not a force inherent in chemical elements; for the chemical action of those elements is altogether different when this central force is present and when it is absent. We find that the world of life consists of individual forms, each one of which is informed by, and built up around, a distinct, independent, automatic force; under the influence of which alone the phenomena of plastic formation, of waste and nutrition, of motion, of sensation, and of intelligence are manifested. Inorganic matter of certain descriptions, when brought within the range of this nutritive and plastic force, obeys laws to which it is not otherwise subject, and from the action of which it is immediately released by the cessation or departure of the central individual force, on the occurrence of that phenomenon (which is producible at will) which we call death. To deny the existence of this species of independent force, is to contradict the simplest statements of physiological or of chemical truth.

If life be spoken of as a function, it is a function of that which lives. This living something is not the body—for it can leave the body. Organic life may be spoken of as the function of the living, organised body; but the organising force is that which produces organic life. Phenomena of two distinct orders present themselves readily to our investigation. We can examine the properties of inorganic matter. We can examine the widely different behaviour of organised bodies during life. Is it *à priori* so unscientific to imagine that there may be phenomena of a third order not altogether beyond the investigation of science?—that it may be possible.

by the adoption of an appropriate method, to know something of that invisible force which we call spirit? At all events, it must be admitted that any language, still more any theory, which would refer the phenomena of life to a material origin, is not only unscientific, but misosophic.

With the attainment of this conviction, as a purely scientific deduction from unquestionable data, the main interest of the battle that rages around the hypothesis of natural selection becomes dim and feeble. In presence of the great fact that the central forces of living forms are spiritual forces, the attempt to exalt molecular action into the source of life becomes as idle as it is unmeaning. There is no longer any inducement for the mind to arrive at the acceptance of the largest demand ever made on human credulity, the hypothesis of pangenesis. The question of genealogical descent, incapable as it is of direct solution, shrinks to its natural dimensions among the curiosities of guesswork. The theory that the ever-present spiritual forces may be controlled and directed by some supreme spiritual force becomes not only the simplest, but to some extent the necessary, idea accepted by the mind. The endless contradictions resulting from any theory of chance drive the mind irresistibly to the acceptance of the theory of order and of design.

Failing, as it utterly does fail, to displace God by the unerring action of vagary, Mr. Darwin's theory must take its place among its fellow-descendants of the system of Lamarck. That it will become, among those who have elaborated those wonderful historic and philosophical discoveries which would be admirable if only true, a halting place for a time, is highly probable. That it will share the fate of all

theories "developed from the inner consciousness," is no less so. The wonderful order, beauty, and harmony of the kingdom of organic life is in no way more admirable than when we consider the interest with which any theory becomes invested which leads to the intimate study of nature, no matter with what purpose. In that Book none can read without profit. Mr. Darwin's teleiology shares the merit of the earlier form of the same doctrine, inasmuch as it tends to induce the student to inquire into the actual utility of every detail of organisation. But a theory which hangs upon an assumption that denies the existence of such a thing as type, and that utterly fails to account for, or almost to recognise, the difference between the great leading divisions of animal and of vegetable structure, which are those not of degree but of kind, can never be expected to serve any purpose but that of inducing a more careful study of detail. To that extent the works of Mr. Darwin will do good service to natural history.

The importance of Mr. Darwin's theory has been extraordinarily exaggerated. We do not mean alone its value, or utility in furthering the progress of science, but its actual merit as an hypothesis, no matter whether true or false, in serving to co-ordinate a certain number of phenomena for the purpose of mutual illustration. If we analyse the theory to its elements, we find them to consist in two separate and unconnected hypotheses. The first of these is, that specific, generic, and tribal relationships represent actual degrees of consanguinity. The second is, that philosophy refuses to acknowledge the idea of design, of the adoption of type, or of the exertion of superior directive power, as any way concerned in the production of biological forms.

As regards the first supposition, it has long been familiar to the philosophic naturalist. There is much which militates in its favour. With regard to the smaller groups of living forms, as to which it is difficult to know whether to term them varieties, breeds, or species, it may almost be taken as an accepted fact. How far back the same rule may apply, is a question for the solution of which data are almost wanting. On this, the most philosophically interesting part of the subject, Mr. Darwin has thrown no light, having substituted for any scientific induction the mere assumption that the rule is universal. Even with this assumption we have no mind to quarrel, so long as it is regarded in its proper light, as a mere tentative hypothesis. But when, as in the extravagant little volume of Fritz Müller, it is set forth as a scientific truth, it is liable to the gravest objection; nor does it fail to land the credulous disciple in open absurdity.

But it is the second and entirely gratuitous portion of the theory (which is also that which has chiefly attracted the attention of the uninstructed, no less than of the instructed, reader of the works of Mr. Darwin and his supporters) that surrounds the results of the former hypothesis with insuperable difficulties. Vagary, according to this view, is the efficient cause of Form. Design is excluded. The casual caprice which induced an ancient crab to leave the water, in order probably to ascertain what dry land was like, became hereditary. The hereditary taste thus formed modified in course of time the breathing organs of this particular family of crabs, until the original habit was entirely changed; and different crabs, at very different periods of their existence as a race, having experienced this philo-

sophic whim, have founded the very differently organised families of air-breathing crabs which are known to exist on our planet.

May be so. But we have only Mr. Darwin's word for it. It may be a very ingenious guess; but it is only a guess. No shadow of a proof, or even of a reason, has been adduced to support it. Of the two theories, therefore, the simpler and the more satisfactory would seem to us to be that, in the perfect order of nature, the existence of air-breathing species among tribes chiefly aquatic was a harmonious portion of the entire system, and an instance of the admirable variety with which the same type is wrought out under different variations. The land-crabs, the air-breathing Mollusca, the *Cetacea*, and similar examples are comparable, in our view, to the variations which a great musician will weave upon a noble theme. According to Mr. Darwin they are but a series of cries of distress. The two views being alike hypothetical, we prefer our own.

But this set resolve to hunt God out of the world, and to substitute the plastic power of persistent whim for the wise design of a Supreme Architect, lead to consequences which partake of the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*. Not the least striking of them is the assertion that all forms of vertebrated life have descended from a single ancestral pair. Whether that pair were lancelets or trunk fish is as yet doubtful. But the entire failure of all the descendants of all the contemporaries of these venerable patriarchs—a failure occurring over and over again at each new division of genus or tribe, is a catastrophe without parallel even in imagination. In order to trace all varieties of form to the action of the power of variability, Mr. Darwin has been obliged to borrow

from the very straitest sect of the orthodox opponents, at whom Fritz Müller so condescendingly sneers, a theory of unity of origin which no previous writer has so remorselessly ridden to death.

Again, in opposing that teleology which, after all, is but an assumption that, in the execution of a design which is, manifestly, perfect in so many particulars, the portions which we do not as yet understand are most likely to be also well adapted to serve definite purpose, Mr. Darwin is driven to rely on a teleology which is far less elastic. A naturalist who believes that there is such a thing as type, or design, or scheme, in creation (using the term merely as a collective name) is not troubled, for instance, by the existence of the mammary glands in male animals. He sees in it an instance of the presence of the general design, although there is no direct utility to the male animal himself in that particular detail. But the believers in natural selection are bound to account for the fact by the positive utility of those glands to the male animal or his male progenitors. We take merely, out of thousands of

such cases, an instance familiar to every one. Under the weight of such a self-imposed task what system will not hopelessly founder?

For these reasons we hold that the service which Mr. Darwin, in common with all enthusiastic naturalists, might well have rendered to the cause of science and to the progress of mankind, by directing attention to what, with his permission, we will still make bold to call the wonderful works of God, is reduced to a minimum by the action of a powerful bias towards a materialistic hypothesis which is as barren as it is gratuitous. Science tells us that the origin, the force, and the centres of life are something perfectly distinct from the properties of matter. In the endeavour, therefore, to explain the phenomena of life by material causes alone, failure must always ensue. How hard is it for the human intelligence, even under the most favourable circumstances, to seek truth for itself alone, and in accordance with true scientific method! How infinite is that credulity which prides itself on the mockery of faith!

AGITATION IN IRELAND FROM A LANDLORD'S
POINT OF VIEW.

THE events of the last few months have again succeeded in attracting public attention in a marked degree towards Ireland. It is to be feared that to most Englishmen that country is a painful subject, and one which is apt to be viewed from an extreme stand point, according to the political bias of the spectator's mind. Sweeping condemnation of one class or another may alternate with a not unnatural wish that the island itself could be quietly transferred to the most remote and inaccessible portion of the globe. Still, as its existence and consequent embarrassments cannot be so summarily disposed of, I venture to offer a few remarks upon certain points that have been somewhat overlooked. I feel the less reluctance in entering upon the subject on account of the numerous speeches and articles in magazines, which have been put prominently forward, having been for the most part directed from the same quarter, and aimed at the same mark. Even the *Times* has lately added its voice to the choir that have been so loudly charging the landlords of Ireland with wilful neglect or culpable mismanagement of their property. The unanimity of the attacks upon the present unhappy proprietors in Ireland might also, if left unnoticed, help to produce an erroneous impression upon impartial observers, who might perchance recollect that unity and concord have not hitherto been

strongly characteristic of the Irish Nationalist party. If the remarks I now propose to advance from a landlord's point of view should in any way help to show forth some of the numerous difficulties (and dangers) that are so widely scattered in the paths of the landlords in Ireland, my object will have been fully attained.

The agitation that was carried on so actively during the past season, and which still flickers up in places with a spasmodic flame, may perhaps have served one good purpose, though one little intended by its promoters. It must have shown how extreme and impossible were the demands of those who conducted it, and how vague and illogical were the purposes aimed at. It must have occurred to those who watched its progress that the resolutions usually passed at the various land meetings were of a truly Hibernian, and therefore contradictory nature. They were generally of two classes, those directed against the State, and those directed against the landlords. The English Government was first denounced as wholly incapable to manage Irish affairs at all; it was then widely appealed to to save the greater part of the population who must perish without its aid. The landlords were to be exterminated morally, and often physically; their generosity was then implored to save their traducers from ruin. Amongst the merits of this agitation the pro-

motors claimed for it that it had "checked every disposition to violence," and that "outrages had been fewer than could have been expected." It is scarcely to be supposed that Englishmen who have kept themselves informed of the state of affairs in parts of the west, and which for some time almost amounted to an insurrection, should be found to endorse this view. The increased forces of military and police, and the iron police barracks hastily erected in many places, and the organised resistance and outrages offered to men employed in their duty of enforcing the law, tell a different tale. The charges of the judges at the recent spring assizes in almost every county that has been the scene of frequent land meetings, would alone clearly prove the effect that the agitation has produced on the general peace of the country. When, moreover, the outrages that were committed are found to be chiefly confined to those counties that were the scenes of numerous land meetings, and to diminish or increase in number in proportion to the area embraced by the agitation, few will be content to accept Mr. O'Connor Power's recent statement that the tendency of the agitation had been "to check every disposition to violence."

The charges brought against Irish landlords are almost too numerous to recapitulate. Want of capital, want of enterprise, extortion, undue interference with their tenants, eviction, absenteeism, form the general refrain of the chorus of denunciation. There was at one time a danger that judgment might have been given by default against the Irish landlords as a class. Few came forward publicly to rebut any charges brought against their order, and, whether from contempt of their adversaries or from reluctance to

put themselves forward in their own defence, their voices were seldom heard.

When Mr. Parnell's campaign in America began this want was to a certain extent remedied, and in the *New York Herald* appeared a most able and comprehensive letter from Mr. A. Kavanagh, M.P., dealing fully with the various charges that the land agitators were trying to establish. This was quickly followed by others, amongst them one by Lord Dunraven, and the effect was at once apparent by a change in Mr. Parnell's tactics. These letters have been further followed by an able defence and contradiction of the charges brought by Mr. O'Connor Power, which was written by the Knight of Kerry in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*. A still more unanimous and better organised plan of defence was, however, thought necessary, and a committee of the majority of the chief owners of land in Ireland was formed for the purpose of collecting full information to show their habitual dealings with their tenants. The evidence that this committee can produce will probably be brought before the Royal Commissioners on agricultural distress when they hold inquiries into questions relating to agriculture in Ireland. That this evidence will prove a complete and thorough answer to the charges recklessly brought against Irish proprietors, nobody who has any real knowledge of the management of Irish estates can doubt. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to ask Englishmen in general to suspend their judgment, and to accept with the greatest reserve all statements made by the anti-landlord party until the whole case, charge, and refutation, is before their eyes. The subject thus opened up is a comprehensive one, and the evidence to be adduced almost inexhaustible. If I may be

allowed to touch lightly upon some of the points contained in it, it must be to endeavour to show, however imperfectly, some of the difficulties to be encountered in Ireland alone, by one who, as an improver, wishes to develop his estate to its fullest extent.

Amongst the many causes which hamper and embarrass an Irish proprietor, none is perhaps more fertile in mischievous results than the doctrine repeatedly instilled into the people, that all their ills are directly to be traced to the system of land tenure imposed by conquest. By this teaching they are led to infer that in the "good old times" the state of the tillers of the soil in Ireland was far happier and better than it now is. Therefore, it is argued, if you get rid of the owners that conquest introduced and maintained, the people will revert to their former happy condition. What condition that was can be discovered by even a very few references to authentic history. Few real well-wishers of the country could desire its revival, or maintain that the nation has *fallen* into a state of starvation and misery. In the annals of Ireland, as it was before the English invasion, there is little to be found descriptive of the social and domestic habits of the people. No evidence of national union or national strength can be discovered, while proofs of intestine broils, battles, and feuds are patent in every page. "The ancient condition of the common people of Ireland," says Sir James Ware, "was very little different from slavery."

"We must give little credit to the fanciful pictures of prosperity and happiness in that period of aboriginal independence which the Irish, in their discontent with later times, have been apt to draw. We find by their annals that, out of

200 ancient kings, of whom some brief memorials are recorded, not more than thirty came to a natural death. While, for the later period, the oppression of the Irish chieftains is the constant theme of history. Their exactions kept the peasants in hopeless poverty, their tyranny in perpetual fear. The perpetual warfare of these petty chieftains had given rise to the employment of mercenary troops, partly natives, partly from Scotland, known by the uncouth name of Kerns and Gallowglasses, who proved the scourge of Ireland down to its subjection by Elizabeth." (Hallam Const. Hist. of England, vol. iii., ch. xviii.)

Three centuries ago Ireland was covered with forests, bogs, and morasses. It had not been reclaimed from that condition by the cattle farmers, who lived and slept with their cows and pigs in dark and noisome dens; whose nationality demanded desolate tracts of pasture land for their cattle to the exclusion of civilised men. Partiality to cattle and a pastoral life was one of their characteristics. Hence, what Spenser observed of them in the sixteenth century "that neither landlords would give, nor tenants take land for any greater term than from year to year or at will." Hence we infer one of their habits, viz., "the landlords there used most shamefully racke their tenants, exacting of them what he pleaseth." (View of State of Ireland.)

These exactions were countenanced, not by English Government or English laws, but formed a part of ancient *Irish* dealings of landlords with their tenants, and were protected by native Irish laws until restrained by a statute in the 10 & 11 Charles 1, c. 16, entitled "An Act for the Suppression of Cosherers and Wanderers." "These practices had been borrowed from

those native chieftains, whom our modern Hibernians sometimes hold forth as the paternal benefactors of their country." (Hallam Const. Hist. ch. xviii.)

Again, Mr. Froude says: "The Irish, when the Normans took charge of them, were scarcely better than a mob of armed savages. They had no settled industry and no settled habitations, and scarcely a conception of property. The poor spirited and the weak were told off for such wretched tillage as could not be dispensed with. The only occupation considered honourable was fighting and plunder, and each tribe roamed within its own limits, supported either by the pillage of its neighbours or the wild cattle. Their chief characteristics were treachery, thirst for blood, and inveterate detestation of order and rule. To such a people, needing bit and bridle, liberty was only mischievous, and the Normans came to take direction of them." (Froude's *English in Ireland*, vol. I., ch. 1.)

Macaulay, speaking of Ireland in 1686, says: "The English settlers seem to have been, in knowledge, energy, and perseverance, rather above than below the average level of the population of the mother country. The aboriginal peasantry, on the contrary, were in an almost savage state. They never worked till they felt the sting of hunger. They were content with accommodation inferior to that which, in happier countries, was provided for domestic cattle. Already the potato, a root which can be cultivated with scarcely any art, industry, or capital, and which cannot be long stored, had become the food of the common people." (Hist. of England, vol. ii., ch. 6.) Swift, again, at a later period, reciting the wishes of the nation, says, "That some effectual methods may be taken to civilise the poorer

sort of our natives in all those parts of this kingdom, where the Irish abound, by introducing among them our language and customs, for want of which they live in the utmost ignorance, barbarity, and poverty, giving themselves wholly up to idleness, nastiness, and thievery, to the very great and just reproach of too many landlords." (Letter VII., *Draper's Letters*.)

Volumes of similar extracts throwing light on "Irish Ideas" when carried out unhindered, could easily be collected. Those who study them can scarcely fail to perceive that many of the characteristics that tended to produce and encourage this state of things still exist. The Irish are, above almost all other people, attached and blindly devoted to old customs and traditions. Unable to discriminate between facts and falsehoods, they are ever ready to listen to those who represent to them their present condition as intolerable. Taught to regard all the owners of land in the country as aliens and oppressors, it follows that they must regard all the incidents of that ownership with suspicion and dislike. All improvement and all change must be based on harshness or oppression. It is this utter want of judgment that produces such a fruitful crop of agitators upon Irish soil. It is everlasting agitation that tends to prevent the people striving with industry and energy to attain real and practical good. This is also of no modern origin. We find that Swift complained of the evil done by political agitation. "Few politicians, with all their schemes, are half so useful members of a commonwealth as an honest farmer, who by skilfully draining, fencing, manuring, and planting, hath increased the value of a piece of land, and thereby done a per-

petual service to his country, which it is a great controversy whether any of the former ever did since the creation of the world; but no controversy at all that ninety-nine in one hundred have done abundance of mischief." (Letter VII.) Incessant agitation from that day to this has been a prominent feature in Irish affairs. It is not to be wondered at that in a country liable to this disease few should be found willing to invest their capital, to promote manufactures, or to embark in any enterprise. That great material progress should have still been effected in spite of the insecurity of life and property, caused by these perpetual eruptions of discontent, is perhaps one of the few hopeful signs of future advancement. The chief material evils of Ireland, want of capital and want of a wealthy middle class engaged in trade and manufacture, such as England possesses, are clearly to be traced to the general insecurity consequent on this never ending agitation. That the elements of prosperity are not wanting is evident. The country possesses harbours, and water power in abundance, countless wealth might be earned from its fisheries, minerals are not wanting, and in few countries in Europe is a greater supply of labour to be found. Still an excessive population is reduced to support itself exclusively by agriculture, and that of a most backward style. Even a partial failure of the crops is found to produce periodical famines. Clearly since a field for industry exists there must be something in the character and habits of the people to prevent them availing themselves of it. On examination we may see that ignorance and indolence are marked characteristics of the inhabitants.

One who cannot be accused of ignorance of his countrymen was

fully aware of this. Bishop Doyle (Pastoral Letter on Tithes, 1832) was found to upbraid them: "Your situation never can or will improve until unceasing industry succeed to idleness; until obedience to the laws and self-respect become the character of the Irish people. All the laws that ever were enacted would not render an idle or a vicious people rich or happy. And if men become sober and industrious, abstaining from evil and doing good, such a people without almost any aid from law or government would enjoy comfort and happiness." This letter, written nearly fifty years ago, might well be commended to the notice of those who deduce all the evils and poverty of the present day from an oppressive system of land tenure. That the small farmers of Ireland are as a rule ignorant of their business, can be seen fully shown by the evidence of Professor Baldwin in his *Book of Small Farm Management*. This book was written for and specially addressed to the very class now suffering most from the losses of last season. All through this book he endeavours to point out the losses annually incurred by most Irish farmers through ignorance or carelessness, and the manner in which they are to be remedied. His description of the manure used by them is instructive: (P. 8.)

Again, with regard to sheep, p. 164: "We know excellent sheep pasture, the letting value of which would be 27s. 6d. an acre, the occupiers of which are satisfied if they keep three sheep and their lambs to the acre." The low price of Irish butter is now frequently put forward as a claim for reduction of rent. We find this price accounted for by Professor Sheldon, in a lecture lately delivered at the Royal Dublin Society's House, when he showed that, "by greater

care and skill in management, this butter (now worth 1s. per pound) could be made worth 2d. per pound more. The farmers of the Cork district alone would thus pocket annually 233,000*l.* more than they do, and the farmers of the whole of Ireland would be benefited to the extent of upwards of 1,000,000*l.* a year." Mr. Baldwin, in the same work before alluded to, corroborates this, and says (p. 143): "We are quite safe in saying that if the dairy were well managed it would increase the average value of the butter produced at least 1*l.* a cwt., and add to the wealth of the country at least 1,000,000*l.* a year. In this country the milk is frequently kept in a bedroom, or some other apartment equally unsuited to the purpose. When we bear in mind the state of the apartments in which milk, cream, and butter are kept by the small farmers of this country, we need not be surprised at the enormous quantity of inferior butter produced." Again (p. 139): "There are nearly 1,000,000 of milch cows in the possession of small farmers." By proper management he estimates an increase on the produce of these cows on the small holdings of Ireland of not less than 2,000,000 sterling. The careless and slovenly tillage usually practised were lately pointed out by the Knight of Kerry in his address to his Valencia tenantry, who demanded an abatement of rent: "You should also ask yourselves if you had it in your power at any time to obtain a substantial abatement without any appeal to your landlord, if you had chosen to devote a reasonable time and effort to the destruction of weeds. It is not too much to say, that we frequently see one-third or more of the produce of a field consisting exclusively of weeds, and you are bound to remember that in such case you are paying one-

third of your rent, one-third of your taxes, and one-third of your labour for weeds and nothing else."

When we consider these descriptions of the management on the average Irish farm, and recollect that out of the whole number of farms in Ireland (about 586,000) 304,628 are of from five to thirty acres, and held by men to whom these descriptions might apply, we can easily perceive at what a disadvantage the Irish owner is placed in respect of the men he has to deal with. The English public seem to believe that it is the fault of an Irish landlord that the tenants and cottiers on his estate are not as comfortable as the farmers and labourers on an estate in England or Scotland. They forget the capital of the English or Scotch farmer, and the skill, and industry, and submission to law both of farmers and labourers, all of which are so signally wanting in Ireland. Take away these elements of comfort, abolish the thriving towns, and distribute an excessive population over country districts, deprive them of diligence and skill, incite them to perpetual disturbance, and then see what an English landlord can do for them. With an estate sub-divided into farms, not only minute but often scattered about like squares on a chessboard, what must be his most necessary step to improve the condition of his tenants? Surely he must eject and consolidate. Yet for adopting this course he is denounced by the agitator as an exterminator, he is dogged by the Ribbonmen, cursed by the priest, and mulcted in compensation by a land Act. If he leave his tenants alone he is accused of being listless, wanting enterprise, and responsible for the miseries of his tenants. Execrated for harshness if he be vigilant, for neglect and carelessness if he be lenient, the

position of an Irish landlord is indeed an enviable one. An Irish agent once said, when enumerating the difficulties of managing an estate, "there is one thing you must *not* do; you must not be what is called an improving landlord, you must not throw farms together, you must not add to your demesne, in short you must not diminish the number or the extent of the holdings on your estate." An English liberal, the late Mr. Senior, after some experience of Ireland, and its ways and ideas regarding the management of land, thus expressed his opinion: "There are three ways of dealing with land in Ireland. One is the *laissez-aller* system, to take the old rents, submit to the old arrears, and leave the tenants to themselves. It ruins the property, and it degrades the people, but it is the only popular one. Another is to exact as high rents as you can, and to require them to be punctually paid, but subject thereto to let the people treat the land as they like. This conduct is not popular, but it is tolerated. The third course is, to stimulate the tenants by exacting the full value of the land, but to return to the land a large part of those rents in the form of road making, drainage, lime burning, consolidation of farms, building houses, and the introduction of good breeding stock—in short to be an improver. This is *not* tolerated." (Journals, &c., relating to Ireland, vol. 2, 1868.)

Yet from tenants such as this, averse to all improvement, we are told by "their friends" that wonders are to be expected if they only had security for their improvements. What these improvements are likely to be, those brought into daily contact with Irish peasants, are too painfully aware. We are told that on Eng-

lish estates all the improvements are done by the landlord, whereas in Ireland they are the work of the tenant. It is no doubt true that on many estates tenants have built houses and offices—such as they are—though usually (before the Land Act almost invariably) assisted by the landlord by aid in the shape of slates, timber, or allowances.

A moment's consideration would prove how impossible it would be under existing circumstances for a landlord to do much more. On an English estate, on an average, the farms would be probably of not less extent than 200 acres; on an Irish estate they are too often of less than twenty. So that, where in one country one farmhouse and offices, together with a labourers' cottage or two, would suffice; in the other ten farm houses and offices would be required. It is clear that to build and maintain all these small farms in a satisfactory state little short of the fee simple value of the land would be required. The want of security for improvements can however no longer truthfully be urged as, by the Land Act of 1870, full compensation for his improvements can be awarded to an outgoing tenant. So far from being in an inferior position, in this respect the Irish tenant is at an advantage compared with the Englishman. Nor are his legal advantages confined to this alone. In England the tenant pays the whole poor-rate. In Ireland he pays only half. In the case of tenancies created since the Land Act, he possesses the same advantage with regard to the county or grand jury cess. Preservation of game is often alleged as a grievance by an English farmer. In Ireland game is comparatively scarce, and it is not long since a measure for the preservation of hares was intro-

duced, which were becoming nearly extinct in some districts. Moreover the tenant possesses a concurrent right with the landlord to kill game in Ireland, unless the sole right has been specially reserved to the owner by deed or lease. It certainly appears that in some respects the Irish tenant is exceptionably favoured in comparison with his brother in England! Eviction is another well worn cry. It is greatly to be desired that an accurate return could be obtained of the number of actual evictions carried out in Ireland during the last ten years. Such a return, if properly prepared to show the cause of eviction in each case, whether for non-payment of rent, subdivision, or other valid reason would, there can be little doubt, show that cases of capricious evictions are extremely rare. It would be also interesting to know in how many cases evictions are carried out, not by landlords, but by tradesmen or money lenders who have obtained power over the tenant. Even if a landlord now wished to evict a tenant without substantial cause, the desire is too costly to be carried into effect, and the compensation might in many cases exceed one-third of the fee simple value of the holding. Nor can it be truthfully said that land in Ireland, as a rule, is too highly rented—on many estates rents have been rarely raised for thirty or forty years. The poor law valuation, which at anti-rent meetings is invariably held to be the highest rent that a tenant ought to pay, all contracts to the contrary notwithstanding, was never intended to be any criterion of the letting value of the land. It was made solely as a basis for taxation, and about 25 per cent. below the fair letting value at that time. It was, moreover, based on a scale of prices of agricultural produce far lower

than those which now prevail. As a positive proof of this we find in the valuation reports, published in 1844, that Sir R. Griffith states in the "outline of system of valuation," issued from the Valuation Office in 1844. "In regard to the difference between the valuations of land adopted by me under the Act and the actual letting value, I have to observe that our valuation is generally about 25 per cent. under the full or high rent value, but very near that of many of the principal landed proprietors of the country. To bring it to a rent value, if one-third be added, the result will give very nearly the full rent value of the land under ordinary proprietors." Since the prices of agricultural produce are now from 20 to 50 per cent. at least higher than they were at the time this valuation was made, the absurdity of claiming abatements on all land let at rents exceeding that valuation is too apparent. If further proof however were wanting, the evidence of Mr. Lecky can show that "land in Ireland as a matter of fact has never generally been let at the extreme competitive price. Of this fact the great place which the middle men occupy in Irish agrarian history is a decisive proof. The land was chiefly let at moderate rents on long leases. The tenant usually sublet his tenancy, the sub-tenant usually took a similar course, and the same process continued till there were often four or five persons between the landlord and the cultivator of the soil. The peasants, accustomed to the lowest standard of comfort and encouraged by their priests to marry early, multiplied recklessly. Many landlords bound by their leases were unable to interfere with the process of division, while others acquiesced in it through laxity of temper or dread of un-

popularity." (Leaders of Irish opinion, Daniel O'Connell.) So far, therefore, from the custom of rack-renting forming a tangible ground of complaint against the Irish land owner, it would seem that he has rather erred on the side of over indulgence. The effect of this has been to facilitate subdivision and consequent over-population, the results of which have been unfortunately but too well known. Want of capital or enterprise cannot fairly be charged against Irish land owners. Immense sums have been borrowed from the Board of Works and spent in improvement of estates, besides much more drawn from private resources. It must also be borne in mind that (according to the evidence of Mr. Nassau Senior) most of this money has been laid out in improvements, not, as in England, with the cordial co-operation of the tenants, but in spite of their opposition and dislike. Absenteeism forms another frequent and in some instances unfortunately a just ground of reproach. Still in this quarter until lately there was a ray of hope. It can be found, on reference to Arthur Young, that a long though incomplete list is furnished by him of the names and rentals of the chief absentees at that time. Out of the sixty-eight names at the head of the list with rentals of 4000*l.* a year and upwards, we find that the representatives of thirty-four with a gross rental of 293,000*l.* are now well known to be constant or frequent residents. Many of these have built residences, and the great majority are now known to be amongst the best and most improving of Irish landlords. Of the remainder of those returned as absentees, in several instances the estates have been sold, and it is to be presumed that at least a portion has gone to residents. Many of the remainder I am unable to trace.

It is idle, however, to expect further improvement in this respect while hatred and violence towards their landlords are inculcated as the primary duties of the patriotic tenant; and while cries of "lead" "lots of lead," "shoot them," are the echoes in response to incendiary platform orators. The foregoing are some of the chief charges usually reiterated with slight variations against the mass of Irish landlords, and fully expatiated upon by the nationalists during an electoral campaign. The remedies suggested seem to be broadly reduced to two,—reclamation of waste lands by the State, to be parcelled out to small occupiers, and the substitution of peasant proprietors for the present owners. The former subject has been often treated of and by innumerable writers, from Mr. Mill and Mr. Thornton down to Mr. O'Connor Power. Few, however, seemed to consider how small a proportion of the 2,000,000 acres of waste, bog, moor, and mountain could be really reclaimed and cultivated at a profit. The great expense of reclamation, even assuming that the purchase from the present owners would cost but little; added to the cost of building farm houses and offices, and of starting the tenant proprietors to be settled there with seed, implements, stock, &c., would be found to be a costly philanthropic experiment. It is, moreover, entirely a mistake to class the bogs as waste land. The turf produced on them is most valuable and necessary for fuel, and the threatened scarcity of that turf, owing to the wet summer, formed during part of the autumn a very grave cause of anxiety.

The latter remedy of a peasant proprietary seems, however, to be the most generally popular, probably because it seems to be the most difficult to realise. Few

popular orators have as yet endeavoured to prove why a man, having failed as a tenant, should succeed as a landlord. Nor is it clearer why, after having found it inconvenient to fulfil former engagements, he should be ready and willing to pay the interest on his purchase money to the State. The subject is one which can hardly be meant for serious discussion. The experiment of peasant proprietors, moreover, is one not totally untried in this country. The condition of the peasant proprietors in the parish of Templecune in Donegal was not long since noticed by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the Commons of Ardfert have been lately commented on by the Knight of Kerry. That the state of the small farmers in the poorer districts in Ireland generally would be one bit better if they were the actual owners of their patches of land, nobody can really profess to believe.

Yet it is precisely from these districts that the cry is loudest for relief and for peasant proprietors. In one of his appeals for aid, Mr. Mitchell Henry put prominently forward as a plea, "We have no landlords in Connemara." What a mockery of Irish ideas to find the absence of landlords pleaded as a reason for assistance, while their existence is equally asserted to be a cause of destitution!

But if proof were wanting as to the absurdity of this cry for peasant proprietors, it is to be found in a remarkable document lately issued. The people of Liverpool resolved, before distributing the funds they had collected or subscribing more, to obtain testimony as to the state of the country from persons upon whom they could rely. They accordingly appointed a deputation, of whom the Rev. Father Nugent was one,

to come over and examine. In their report as to the condition of Donegal and the north-western districts, they attribute the misery of the people to the excessive population which has to be supported upon wretched holdings of from three to five acres. They observe, "It is all very well for agitators to abuse landlords and land laws, but if the land were given to the people for nothing, they would be in a worse plight ere long, because the check on the sub-division of their holdings which the landlords now exercise would be withdrawn. In many of the poor districts a man, when asked how much land he holds, says 2*l.* 10*s.* or 3*l.* worth. How much further from the brink of starvation would the abolition of the rent place him?" That is a pointed and practical question for the advocates of small holdings to answer. The true remedy for the evils which the deputation saw is also clearly stated. "The foundation of any improvement in the condition of such a population lies in emigration, which would benefit those who left the country and those who remained." From this source alone can we hope for any real improvement. If the number of farms in the country can be reduced so as to afford to those who remain sufficient land to maintain themselves and their families in comfort, then the time for the establishment of peasant proprietors will be near at hand. But attempts to "root" in their holdings a class of occupiers, such as the Liverpool committee describe, can only serve to perpetuate misery and poverty. It seems strange that nobody has yet been found to propose a scheme of emigration assisted by Government. It could not require any very great amount of legislative ability to frame a measure which

would enable boards of guardians to offer assistance towards emigration to many of the applicants for relief in distressed districts. Combined with the advantages already offered by the Canadian and one or two other Colonial Governments, in the shape of assisted passages and free grants of land, many might thus be induced to avail themselves of the opening afforded to them.

Much misconception prevails in Ireland as to the prospects opened to an emigrant, and this coupled to the tenacity with which an Irish cottier or small farmer clings to his native soil, does much to hinder many from leaving the country. It is not too late to hope that the coming summer may find numbers, who are now in the depth of hopeless poverty, induced to emigrate. The recurrence of another bad season would produce a state of destitution too frightful to contemplate.

But perhaps the most serious evil that could be inflicted on Ireland would be a measure that would help to withdraw her more wealthy and intelligent classes from the island. It is characteristic of the country that while absentees are denounced, and rightly so, measures that must tend to increase absenteeism are loudly demanded. Those districts in Ireland most notorious for the want of resident owners are precisely those where want, outrage, and ignorance are most prevalent. What is really wanted is not an increased number of small farmers or starving cottiers, but a greater number of persons of education and property resident in the country. Men of that class not afraid of unpopularity and able to be good jurors, poor law guardians, and magistrates, are urgently required. How a body of peasant proprietors, isolated and unaided by advice,

example, or assistance, are to be elevated to that station is a problem hitherto unsolved. It is highly probable if a measure that would enable the present owners to part with their property on fair terms could be devised, that it would be eagerly taken advantage of. In certain districts the country would be left almost entirely to the newly created peasant proprietor. He would be at once grand juror, magistrate, rate collector, poor law guardian, and sheriff. The priest would in many instances be the only person in the parish with any education. It would be hard to find a medical man to undertake the care of some districts where there would be no hope of private practice. One person certainly might remain. The local money lender's trade would flourish, and he would soon obtain complete command over the district. Foreclosing of mortgages and evictions would again soon result.

A very slight encouragement to present owners to get rid of their estates might have the effect of producing a general exodus of the intelligence of a whole county. There is little attraction in Ireland to induce those to remain who might leave without serious loss. One of the most discouraging features of the time is the facility with which any adventurer, if his tongue be glib and his promises profuse, can succeed in obtaining the representation of a county. No matter how respected or constant a resident, in spite of a fortune spent for the good of his tenantry and his estate, few candidates with any stake in the country can now expect to be successful in any constituency in the South of Ireland.

The multitude of "carpet baggers" now courting Irish support whose only recommendation consists in letters of introduction from the London Home Rule

League, and whose antecedents show them only to have been conspicuous for socialistic or seditious speeches, is a proof of this. How far it will still more tend to discourage those who have striven and still strive in spite of all opposition to effect real good in the country, remains to be seen. It is, however, certain that amongst the better classes a feeling of disgust and indignation is gaining ground. After bearing for years of turmoil and strife the first brunt of outrage and disaffection, each subsidence of the wave of agrarian violence leaves them only to be harassed by legislation tending to injure them still more. Every concession to clamour and agitation has been made at the expense of those who have proved the most loyal. Every sop thrown to the Irish Cerberus has been wrung from those who alone have made Constitutional Government in Ireland still possible. The comparison of the relative value of life in Ireland and in England is most striking. The murder of an Irish landlord or bailiff is scarcely noticed in a newspaper. A murder in England is commented on by the whole Press. To no class in the country is less protection for life and property afforded than to the Irish landowners. It is certain that no class in the kingdom has been more injured by class legislation. All concessions have been granted directly at their expense. Seventy millions of property were said to have been transferred by the signing of the Land Act alone from landlord to tenant. If a few years have effected so much, what wonder, as Mr. Lowther lately said at Kendal, that the demand should still be "give more," and

that part having been granted it should be asked "where is the rest." It seems hopeless to expect that Englishmen will ever recognise the futility of concessions to Irish demands. It is not, however, too much to expect that in common justice a class in one country should not be granted privileges from which a corresponding class in the other is debarred. Because an Irish tenant is poor and ignorant, and too often indolent and disloyal, is he, therefore, to be placed in a position superior to that of the Englishman, who has shown skill, energy, and respect for law? Because the owner in one country has to contend with difficulties and dangers from which in the other he would be exempt, is he to be placed at a still further disadvantage because of those difficulties which he did not create? Because he tries to remove and overcome those difficulties, is he therefore to be still further hampered and discouraged?

Stability and order are the real wants of Ireland. True grievances have been long since redressed. Equal laws firmly administered without favour or affection, and a stern denial of all demands based on injustice and supported by violence, can alone put an end to visions of confiscation. A thorough conviction that from no English party, be it Liberal or Tory, are concessions to be won by menace or violence can alone put an end to strife and agitation. That party which in the future can most effectually and firmly restore confidence and establish a reign of law and order, will surely merit and receive the thanks and gratitude of all Irishmen.

THE RELATION OF UNIVERSITIES TO RELIGION.

To appreciate the attitude which a University should assume towards any study or branch of knowledge, it is necessary to consider the ends for which a University exists and the duties which it is called upon to discharge.

To educate youth and to lead the progress of mankind, would seem to be the two great ends which a University should strive after. In more popular language, teaching and original investigation are its two departments of labour. To a certain extent these two imply each other, for he must be a poor teacher who never indulges in original thought, and a discoverer is generally desirous of imparting to others the result of his investigations; still the greatest discoverers are often indifferent teachers, and very admirable teachers frequently discover but little.

The great desideratum in teaching, looked at from an educational point of view, is the production of skilful and vigorous mental energy, and the highest duty of a University, in its educational department, is to put its alumni in the way of bringing their various powers to the greatest possible degree of perfection. It is, however, in general advantageous that a University should engage in teaching for another purpose also—viz., to impart the skill or knowledge required for the carrying on of some particular profession. A really great University will always make this kind of teaching subordinate

to the other, which belongs to education in the highest sense, and it will not rest satisfied with teaching alone, but will encourage and foster every aid to spontaneous energy and mental and bodily development.

I cannot help remarking here that constant intercourse with the highly educated is one of the most efficacious modes of acquiring education, and that this intercourse can be best brought about by the concentration of the alumni.

From the rapid glance which we have taken at the proper functions of a University, it is plain that it should neglect no department of thought which largely exercises and influences the minds of men, and no class of motives which powerfully sways their actions.

For more than 1800 years, perhaps for a much longer period, religion has been one of the most potent forces in the world. It has produced much of evil, but far more of good.

To some it may seem that the power of religion has passed away, and to others that whatever good may be brought about by its influence can be better effected by a philosophical utilitarianism or a refined culture.

The power of religion for evil has undoubtedly diminished, and there is not now the habit which prevailed formerly of appealing to its sanction on all occasions, but its efficacy for good seems to be as strong as ever, or stronger.

The question as to whether re-

ligion can be replaced by culture or utilitarianism cannot be entertained till it is first decided that the weight of evidence preponderates against the objective truth of any positive religion. No example has yet been given of any other force having produced the same advantageous moral effects on the masses of mankind as have been and are brought about by religion. Religion has therefore a paramount claim on the attention of those who seek to direct the progress of man.

Assuming then that a University which wholly neglects the study of religion is very incomplete, we come to the main question before us, How is that study to be cultivated?

To arrive at any satisfactory answer, we must consider a little more closely what we know about religion.

The basis of positive religion is belief in a personal God, and in the existence of relations between him and man. Positive religion consists, then, of a certain set of supposed facts, of theories about these supposed facts with their consequences, and finally of certain rules of action and conduct based on the facts and theories.

The evidence on which it rests is very various, being partly metaphysical, partly psychological and moral, and partly historical. Again, the historical evidence on which the various existing religions of the world depend bear witness to two very different classes of facts, and gives them a very different degree of certainty. No one doubts that Joe Smith and Brigham Young really existed, but many are incredulous as to the divine authority of the revelations which they professed to receive. The former historical fact is no proof whatever of the truth of Mormonism. With the latter, the truth of that religion

must stand or fall. Precisely similar remarks may be made in reference to every other system of religion. The supposed historical facts on which the religious system essentially rests are doubted by many, whilst those which cannot be denied are quite compatible with the falsehood of the religion. The metaphysical, psychological, and moral considerations which have to do with religion can scarcely be regarded as evidence for any specific form of religion, but are, especially the moral, most valuable as affording a basis for criticising the various existing systems of religion, the various supposed but more or less uncertain facts which they put forward, and above all the various theories and rules of action which they propound.

From what has been said of the nature of religion it may, I think, be concluded that there is no subject about which the human mind is exercised which has to do with a greater variety of evidence or with evidence of a more uncertain kind. Possibly some might suppose that the conclusion to be drawn is, that we should have nothing to do with religion; but this conclusion is not only most erroneous, but absolutely incapable of being carried out in practice. For a total disregard of all positive religion amounts to an assertion that all positive religion is false—a proposition very difficult to prove, and to most minds highly improbable.

The results we have arrived at may, I think, be thus expressed. Some religion, positive or negative, must be held by every one, but the system to which he adheres and the doctrines which he holds or rejects rest on the estimation of counter probabilities. Still these doctrines are by no means unimportant. It is of the utmost consequence, both to the individual and to society, to

arrive at the most correct conclusions possible, and by no means to neglect any class of considerations which assist in promoting this result.

If my view of the matter so far be correct, it is now easy to see the position which a University should assume.

She should by all means cultivate the study of religion, but not religion as taught by any particular church, sect, or party; for it may be regarded as certain that the doctrines of every church and sect are more or less erroneous, though containing also in many cases valuable truths.

By a cultivation of the study of religion absolutely untrammelled; by a free search after truth; a closer and closer approximation to a perfect system seems attainable.

In every other subject this method is the only one which would be tolerated. What would be thought of a University which would require its professor of mental philosophy to make a profession of faith in Kantianism and abjure the systems of Hume and Berkeley and Mill, or *vice versâ*? Would it not be thought monstrous to oblige a professor of natural philosophy to take a vow that he would never call in question the usually received atomicities of the various elements, or presume to harbour a doubt as to the eternal stability of the planetary system? If such methods of procedure would not be tolerated in subjects where far greater certainty is attainable than in religion, why should the progress of religious knowledge be stunted or destroyed by binding its study hand and foot to some more or less defective system?

It may be said that it would be impossible to find a professor able and willing to cultivate the study of religion in the mode which I

advocate, that the professor will either be the partisan of some particular system or the enemy of all positive religion. At present there might perhaps be some difficulty in finding a professor with a simple unprejudiced desire to attain the truth, though even now it would, I believe, be quite possible; but this difficulty, so far as it exists, is a consequence of the defective method of procedure which has prevailed up to the present, which leads people to believe that religious truth exists in connection with some particular church or sect, or else not at all. If an improvement is to be effected, there is no place where it can originate so fitly as in a University.

The results at which I have arrived, in reference to the uncertain character of the evidence in religious matters, and the probability that every received system of religious doctrines is more or less erroneous, were reached by considering the nature of religion and of its evidence. The validity of these results is confirmed if we examine the records of the past. Not to speak of the various religions which in addition to Christianity have swayed large portions of the human race, if we confine ourselves to Christianity alone, how innumerable have been the sects and parties and systems of opinion which have existed since Christianity was established by Constantine. One party prevailed and was called orthodox, another party was defeated and was termed heretical. During the deep night of the early middle ages, something approaching to uniformity of opinion prevailed perhaps in western Europe, but such uniformity was simply the result of ignorance. With the great intellectual movement of the Renaissance diversity of opinion in religious matters arose once more, till it

culminated in the earthquake of the Reformation.

Since then, wherever there has been real religious thought capable of affording any satisfaction to an intelligent mind, there have been diversities of religious opinion, and this in spite of opposition of a political character. Wherever that opposition has been so overwhelming as to produce an apparent uniformity, the result has been the destruction of positive religion altogether, or the substitution in its stead of a mere superstition.

The truth of this statement will, I think, be apparent if we compare the position in different countries of that great Church which once ruled supreme over western Europe. In Great Britain and Ireland and the United States of America sincere and intelligent Roman Catholics abound. In France and Italy, where for centuries religious freedom was suppressed, infidelity, a denial of all positive religion, is the prevailing faith among the educated, whilst in the Republics of South America, those off-shoots of cruel and bigoted Spain, a degrading superstition has for the most part supplanted intelligent belief. It appears then that a study of history confirms the conclusion previously reached from a consideration of the nature and evidence of religion, viz. :

That, in order to prosecute the study of religion in the mode most conducive to truth, and most advantageous to the progress and enlightenment of the human race, that study should be altogether free, and not tied to any church, sect, party, or system whatever.

If a doctrine or theory be true, the fuller and the fiercer the light which is shed on it the more certain it is to emerge victorious and to influence the minds of men ; if false, the sooner it is abolished the better.

When the positive arguments in favour of any mode of action are so strong as those which I have mentioned, and the mode of action is yet not generally approved of or adopted, it is plain that some widely diffused objections against it must exist. What these objections are in the present case I shall endeavour to state.

Men may be divided into two classes, those who disbelieve all positive religion and those who do not. Men of the former class consider that, so far as the elicitation of truth is concerned, the study of religion is as vain as the study of astrology. Some would reject it altogether. Others think that the time for this has not yet come, and that mankind in general may be advantageously amused or cajoled by the study of the doctrines of the particular sect to which they are inclined to belong.

From the opinions of this class I dissent, not only because I do believe in the truth of positive religion, but also because it seems to me that if positive religion were wholly false, the modes of dealing with its study which I have just mentioned would be quite incorrect.

If positive religion were indeed wholly false, this falsehood and its consequences should be clearly made out and fully developed. It is plain that a complete revolution in many things would be the result, and we should be delivered from various evils which are now patiently endured by the human race, and rightly and wisely endured if there be any truth in positive religion, but most foolishly and unnecessarily if there be none. Why, for instance, should the life of a person afflicted with a painful and incurable disease which makes life a burden be prolonged? A little prussic acid would, if all positive religion be false, be a

ready cure for many evils. It might be applied with success in the case of famine and severe outbreaks of infectious diseases, care of course being taken that all persons of the same family who were fond of each other should be put out of the world together, so that all unnecessary suffering might be prevented. Suicide would become a grand resource to be adopted by any one who found life at all wearisome. It appears then that, so long as positive religion largely influences mankind, it will be requisite for those who aspire to lead the human race to study its doctrines, whether those doctrines be true or false, in order to determine this very question of truth or falsehood, and to elicit the consequences of that determination.

Men of the second class believe in positive religion, but they are in general opposed to cultivating its study in the mode which I have been advocating, because in the first place they believe that the particular church or sect to which they themselves belong is altogether right, and that they are themselves in possession of infallible truth in religion; and secondly, because they often think that a mistake in religious doctrine is in the highest degree culpable, and are therefore afraid to investigate or question the truth of any doctrine they have been taught. I do not know that any Christian church except one openly and avowedly lays claim to infallibility, though in the case of all it is very generally tacitly assumed. It is plain that the evidence on which the claim to such supposed infallibility rests can be at best only of a probable character (that is, fallible), and therefore that the assumption of infallibility is untenable. But even if infallibility were conceded, it makes practically less difference than one might suppose, for the infallible person or the

infallible church only claim infallibility under certain conditions. It has then to be determined whether these conditions have been fulfilled. If they have, the interpretation and application of the sayings to particular cases remains for consideration. And as the infallible utterances are comparatively rare, practically each person has in general to rely on his own judgment, or on that of some spiritual adviser; but, so far as I am aware, no church whatever asserts that all its ministers of religion are infallible in all their utterances of a religious character.

Any assumption of infallibility on the part of Protestants is in the last degree absurd; for what is Protestantism in its simplest expression but an appeal from all authority to the unfettered reason? It may be said, indeed, that if we have not now arrived at a full knowledge of religious truths we never shall do so, as no new data can be supplied. As regards data this is not altogether true, for all kinds of knowledge throw light on each other; but, even if it were true, to conclude that any particular church is altogether correct in its opinions, is quite unwarranted. Religion, except perhaps by the early Christians, has never been studied in the manner best calculated to elicit truth. The strife of parties has in general been so violent, that the man who overthrew errors of one class fell into those of another; and nearly all, fancying that they had some external infallible guide, neglected too much the nearest approach to an infallible guide which man possesses, his moral faculty, "the voice of God within him."

Most of the crimes and atrocities by which religion has been disgraced resulted from this cause. Neglecting the simplest principles of justice, the Inquisitors of Spain

burned heretics, fancying they had the authority of an infallible church, and the Scotch Presbyterians burned feeble women as witches, fancying they had the authority of an infallible book.

From the same cause result some of the most baneful theories which still cast their dark shadow over Christianity.

This exaltation of one kind of evidence to the neglect of another kind would never be permitted in any subject in which truth is habitually sought.

But religion has never been fairly dealt with. It has always been a matter of party, and to maintain or overthrow some particular doctrine, not to ascertain the truth, has ever been the great object.

This state of things is greatly promoted by the fact that most of those who devote themselves to the study of religion are attached by strong and especial ties to some particular church or sect, and are bound to defend its doctrines, generally by their vows, always by a feeling of honour, and sometimes from a regard to their own interests.

Were the study of religion pursued in Universities apart from all churches, sects, and systems, a new class of religious teachers would arise, desirous only of attaining the truth, and whose investigations and opinions would, with the educated and intelligent, have a weight and a value rarely belonging to those of the professed champions of any particular party.

If it were indeed true that a mistake in religious doctrine is in the highest degree culpable, an additional reason would exist for using every exertion to attain the truth, and therefore for adopting the method of religious study in Universities which I advocate.

I do not myself believe that an

honest mistake can ever be culpable, but, though not culpable, it must always or almost always put the mistaken person in a disadvantageous position. No one would think it culpable not to know how to read, or consider a man deserving of punishment because he had selected a trade or profession to which he was unsuited. Yet he would thereby undoubtedly be placed at a disadvantage. So mistakes in religious matters, if honest and not the result of carelessness, cannot be culpable, but I doubt not they will produce disadvantageous results.

I have now considered, and as I believe answered, the chief objections to the principle of the method of religious study which I propose.

It remains to consider briefly how this method can be carried out in practice, and applied in the different departments of University labour. Here we must bear in mind that a purely theoretical investigation of principles should aim at perfection, but that the problem to be solved in a practical application is how to arrive at the best result possible under existing circumstances.

In the first place, then, a University should possess a professor or professors of divinity who are not the avowed champions of any particular church, sect, or party, but simply devoted to the investigation of truth. These professors in their lectures should lay the arguments on the different sides of disputed questions fairly and impartially before their classes. Degrees in Divinity should be conferred without any reference whatever to the religious belief of the candidate, but simply as indications that a certain course of study had been pursued, and a certain degree of knowledge and aptitude manifested.

In this way a University would

provide for leading the progress of the human race in the investigation of religious truth. It would likewise provide for the education of its alumni in religious knowledge. Religious education has, however, to do with practice as well as with knowledge, and the practice again is of two kinds: that which is enjoined by those moral principles of action which are to a considerable extent independent of all religion, and in which all religions of high character pretty nearly agree; and that which has to do with special duties or observances enjoined by positive religion in general, or by some of its particular churches or sects.

With respect to the cultivation of practice of the first kind there is no difficulty. If the progress of investigation should lead to the result that all positive religion is false, the rules of practice should no doubt, as I have already stated, be altered in some important respects, but at present we must proceed in accordance with what seems the higher probability, and with what is in conformity with the general opinion of mankind.

The course to be adopted in reference to practice of the second kind is not so easily determined. If the impartial and unprejudiced study of religion which I advocate be consistently carried out, it may, I think, be hoped that in time persons differing in their religious beliefs will be willing to unite in common religious worship. At present, unfortunately, the mass of mankind are too prejudiced to do this themselves, and are still less inclined to permit it for their children.

Under these circumstances the only plan which seems feasible, and at the same time deserving of adoption, is that different places of worship should be established for students of different churches or

religious beliefs by the governing bodies of the different religious parties, and that they should be under the supervision and general control of the governing body of the University. The students should be encouraged to attend these places of worship, and also to study religious knowledge under the University professor or professors, but no compulsion whatever should be employed in either case.

Only one special, and, as I am of opinion, subordinate department of University labour remains to be considered, viz., the special education required by those who intend to become professed ministers of religion.

I might here again say something as to what may be hoped for in the future, but shall limit myself to a consideration of what seems best under existing circumstances.

In order then to educate in the best manner possible ministers of religion who will be regarded as satisfactory by the various existing churches, facilities should be given to every church which so desires to have a School of Divinity in connection with the University. All the students of such a school should be students in Arts of the University, and should be required likewise to pursue the course of study requisite for obtaining a University Degree in Divinity. The special courses of study to be pursued by the students belonging to each particular School of Divinity should be regulated by the governing body of the church with which such school is connected, and the teachers or professors should be appointed or nominated by that body with the approval of the governing body of the University.

A student who had completed his full course would then be

entitled to be called Bachelor of Divinity of the University of A., and Divinity Testimonium man of the School of Catholic, or Anglican, or Presbyterian, or any other description of theology of that University.

As stated before, a student might take his Divinity degree without having anything to do with any of these schools, and I should hope that this class of students would be continually on the increase.

FRANCIS A. TABLETON.

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

No. V.

"HALF-PAST seven means 7.30 with you, does it not?" I inquired.

"Seven twenty-five at the latest," replied Lady Macington. "The less Sir Hercules is able to move about, the more rigidly accurate does he become as to the measurement of time. He seldom comes into the dining-room now, but he has had an arrangement attached to the clock by which the dinner bell is rung automatically."

"Shall I see him to-day?"

"I fear not. But you need not fear the embarrassment of a *tête-à-tête* with me. You will meet some one who will charm you."

"Not that pretty Miss O'——O' something," said I (I am afraid rather brightening up), "that charming Irish girl."

"Charming Irish girl!" replied Lady Macington. "No, sir, it is company which I venture to suggest is more suitable to your age and discretion."

"Or to as much of the last as you leave me," said I; "only enough to surrender at. Yes. I will be punctual."

Lady Macington was a distinguished person. If she ever was a beauty, it must have been before I knew her. Her history had not been without romance: Left a young widow in India by the death, in action, of her husband, she had, after a time, yielded to the assiduities of a very

wealthy, but also a very stupid wooer, high in the Civil Service, over whose house she presided, with unimpeachable propriety, for fifteen years. Why, when left a second time a widow, and this time a very rich widow, she should a third time have changed her name, it was not my business to inquire. But Sir Hercules gives her position; and the advance all along the line which his triumphant enemy, the gout, made on the general's return to England, left his wife fully as much the mistress of her own movements as if she had remained a widow; while at the same time more independent of any comment, and freed from any troublesome suitors.

Lady Macington was as far as possible from being a lion hunter, in the usual sense of the term. She had not the slightest weakness for displaying celebrities as her guests. She sought, and eagerly sought, the society of those who were most famous in whatever happened to be her own favourite pursuit for the moment. But she sought them only for what she could get out of them in the way of information. It was said of her, by a lady, whose wonderful charm of disposition did not prevent her from occasionally making a remark that was rather epigrammatic than just, that she had the head of a man and the heart of a fiend. The latter was not just;

for I doubt whether any one since those distant years that closed on an Indian battle-field, had any knowledge as to the state, or even the existence, of any such organ in Lady Macington. Still she was a woman whom it was well to know, and one who managed to have her own way pretty generally whenever she cared to do so.

I reached the house at five minutes to the half hour, and found that I was preceded by one guest, and immediately followed by another. "Sir Hercules sends me word that he is not strong enough to come down to dinner to day," explained her ladyship. "Dr. Smith, if you will follow with Mr. Vernon, General Roade Wolfe will give me his arm." So we had a real *parti quarré*—the most perfect number, if well matched, for a dinner.

It was the chief delight of Lady Macington to provoke, and assist at, an intellectual duel, and many had taken place under her auspices. As it turned out, the present evening afforded a very favourable occasion for this entertainment; one of the guests being as distinguished for his habit of inquiring into many obscure branches of study as the other was for his firm defence of his own foregone conclusions on the same subjects.

We were not long together before Lady Macington threw down the apple of strife. "Mr. Vernon has been telling me a new ghost story," said she—"a positive, authentic, contemporary story; I should like to hear how you agree about its verity."

Dr. Smith gave a sniff, and applied himself to his plate. General Wolfe, a strikingly handsome man, with clustering hair, and the courtly manner of an earlier time, turned on me with an inquiring look.

"It is not in a state to admit of verification, or the reverse," said I, "as far as I know yet. I have heard of it in various places, but each attempt to trace it to a source that can be tested has been foiled."

"The usual case," said Dr. Smith.

"Will you give the outline?" said General Wolfe.

"It is very simple," said I. "It attaches to Morescote, in Surrey—a fine old, or rather the remains of a fine old Elizabethan house.

"Yes?" said General Wolfe, with evident interest.

"All that I have heard," said I, "is, that on a certain day of the year a figure is seen or heard walking in a certain part of the house or grounds. One thing, I believe, is true; the family always avoid the house at that season of the year."

"I have stayed in the house," replied the General. "I never saw or heard anything out of the way. But I know as a fact that in the time of the late owner a brother officer of my own, who had come when the house was full, and had been put in what they called the haunted room, went away early the next morning without taking leave, and never would speak to Sir Claude again. He would not tell what he had seen or heard, but he was very much affected by it, whatever it was."

"We are familiar with such cases," said Dr. Smith. "The explanation is very simple. The most potent cause of self-deception is expectancy. Tell a person that an extraordinary thing will happen at a certain time, and you create an expectancy in his mind which is very likely to cause it to occur subjectively."

"But Major——, my friend, had no expectation of the kind," said the General. "He had never heard

that the house was said to be haunted; and would not have troubled himself in the least if he had been told so."

"So he no doubt thought," replied Dr. Smith. "But the general verdict of the medical and scientific world is to the effect that no supposed evidence of the senses can establish what is opposed to common sense. It is only when inquiry is directed, and its results recorded, by sceptical experts, that any results have the least claims to scientific value. No doubt your friend's expectancy was aroused, unconsciously to himself. The usual result followed, and the effect was such as to destroy the memory of the previous expectancy."

"I hope I am not credulous," said General Wolfe; "but it certainly appears to me that the credulity of incredulity is sometimes far in excess of the credulity of credulity. Here is a soldier who has looked death in the face on many a field of battle, positively frightened by something that he saw or heard, and you quietly insist upon it that it was only in his own imagination; and, further, that he is not a reliable evidence as to never having heard anything that should arouse his imagination."

"So it is, however," replied the doctor. "Why should I believe the accounts of every professed believer in the supernatural, when I know that in every single instance where I have been able to test the source of such belief, I come upon some egregious deception?"

"But," said Lady Macington, who had been regarding each speaker in turn with fixed attention, "is not, I need not particularise Christianity, but is not every religion based on the belief in the supernatural?"

"And what then?" quietly asked the doctor.

"Then?" ejaculated our hostess,

"Why does it not follow that if the supernatural is not, under any circumstances, credible, there can be no such thing as religion in the world? Is that your Gospel of the nineteenth century?"

"My dear Lady Macington," replied Dr. Smith; "the world will gain when it recognises the true character and source of what are called religious dogmas, and resigns its inheritance from the Age of Miracles. For, although we lose a faith which has long been our guide in the past, we need not now fear to walk boldly with Truth in the future. Which is more probable—that a few enthusiastic persons have been deceived, or if you like, have told lies, or that the whole course of nature has been set aside?"

"But," said General Wolfe, "before you can put that alternative, you must be in a position to know definitely what the course of nature is. It seems to me that is just the question that you beg."

"Look at the plain meaning of language," replied Dr. Smith. "What is the supernatural? That which is not natural. In other words, that which is not true."

"That argument might suit the schoolroom," said General Wolfe, "or the Rabbinical writers. It seems to me on a par with the explanation that the reason why two parts of one Hebrew letter do not touch, is to show that the door of mercy is left open for the penitent. Such high *à priori* views may be all very well for those who are satisfied with their own command of the sources of wisdom. I am one of an humbler group. I never venture to say what must be. I find it more than I can well do to learn what is."

"The physical world is," said Dr. Smith. "It is before us and around us. We see it, and study it, and analyse it, and by degrees

understand it. *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.* What is unseen is not; as far as we are concerned."

"Like the Antipodes," I could not help saying. Dr. Smith glared at me wrathfully, but Lady Macington laughed. "A few years ago I was in India," said she, "I was then unseen—as far as Dr. Smith was concerned—as far as all persons here were concerned. Nay, more, I was unknown. None of you had ever heard of such a person most likely. But I certainly *was*. Your ignorance of me made no difference as to my self-consciousness or my actions."

"Not at all the same thing," said Dr. Smith, taking refuge in watching the bubbles in the hollow stem of his champagne glass.

"I am not so sure of that," said General Wolfe; "at all events we cannot, with due regard to Lady Macington's illustration, call that which makes no difference between the non-apparent and the non-existing—reason."

"The fallacy lies in the use of the use of the word apparent," said Dr. Smith. "Lady Macington has been perfectly apparent for thirty or forty years or more—to whoever came within a certain distance of her. That you and I did not makes no difference as to that."

Dr. Smith probably spoke more like a philosopher than a man of the world in this ungallant arithmetic. True as it was, I saw that our hostess carried a small item to the debit of his account for his remark. "I quite agree that it could have made no possible difference for you to have seen me thirty, or forty, or seventy years ago," said she. "What I want to know is, on what ground anyone is entitled to assert that whatever he don't see, or can't see, or won't see, therefore is not."

Dr. Smith was for the moment out of countenance. When a man has been accustomed himself to lay down the law, such a remark as "So that is your opinion, is it?" is apt to be disconcerting. "Perhaps we are losing ourselves in words," said he. "The English language is not so well calculated to express exact thought as the German. Invisible, for instance, has two meanings, that which is not seen, and that which cannot be seen. Everything is, in the first sense, at times invisible. I only use the word in the latter sense. It is what cannot be seen, what no one has ever seen, that we cannot assume to exist."

"Shall I move the screen for you?" said I to Lady Macington, for I thought she glanced at the fire as if she was too hot. "But is this really a screen, or is it some artistic appliance, which I mistook for one?" for in a plain, though elegant, frame was nothing but a sheet of plate glass.

"It is a perfectly efficient screen," said Lady Macington, with a smile. "How is it, Dr. Smith, that while it does not hide the fire, but allows me to please my fancy by watching its flicker—it keeps off the heat altogether?"

"Transparency," said Dr. Smith, at once on his hobby, "is not the same thing as diathermancy. The glass arrests the calorific rays, but not the luminiferous rays. It is one of the beautiful discoveries of modern science. Some bodies are readily permeated by heat, some by light, although the latter are few in number. The plate of glass before you transmits the luminiferous rays. It is transparent. It reflects or absorbs the calorific rays. It is not diathermanous."

"I suppose," said I, "a round piece of glass is diathermanous, and a square piece of glass is not."

Dr. Smith looked at me with

much disdain, but vouchsafed no reply. "How do you mean?" asked Lady Macington.

"You remember the noonday gun at the Invalides," said I; "that goes off without hands!"

"Fired by the sun?" assented Lady Macington; "oh, yes. How is that, Dr. Smith? There must be heat there."

"The rays of the sun," explained the philosopher, "contain not only light, in all its species, but heat and actinism, or chemical agency. These are invisible rays. By the refraction obtained through a convex glass they are made to converge to a point, and the heat of combustion is thus developed."

"Then heat does go through glass?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "under certain circumstances. You see the heat in a ray of the sun is much greater than that in a ray from the fire."

"Then heat is invisible?" said I.

"I said that the calorific and actinic rays were different from the luminous rays," replied the doctor, loftily; "they are found in different portions of the spectrum."

"Then glass transmits much heat and not little heat," insisted Lady Macington. "How do you find out all these wonderful things?"

"Empirically," replied the sage, "or rather say, inductively. Glass is of different composition. We have flint glass, crown glass, sheet glass, plate glass, bottle glass. Each kind has its own index of refraction—each yields a different spectrum. Iceland spar, which somewhat resembles glass, has quite a special effect on transmitted light. It splits a pencil of light into two rays—polarizes the beam, we say."

"You say heat is invisible," said Lady Macington. "How does iron become red hot?"

"Heat," said the doctor, "is perhaps best conceived as a mode of motion. When the motion becomes very intense, it raises the temperature of certain bodies so that they become incandescent."

"Shine, in fact?" said our hostess. "Then heat is sometimes visible, sometimes invisible!"

"Rather say that it produces a physical change in other bodies, in proportion to its energy."

"And how do you ascertain its energy?"

"By the thermometer," explained the doctor, "that means the measurer of heat. We take the difference between freezing point and boiling point, and divide that into a certain number of parts, 100, or 80, or 180, and call them degrees. We measure those degrees very readily by the expansion of mercury, which goes on in proportion to the heat that the metal absorbs. Then for higher temperature we use more refractory substances, such as clay, and call them pyrometers."

"Then you can always measure the energy of this invisible force by the thermometer till it becomes visible, or makes something else shine?" asked Lady Macington.

"Not always, by any means," put in General Wolfe. "What do you say about latent heat? You find a certain amount of heat absorbed when water is converted into steam, of which the thermometer gives you no indication."

"It is converted into energy," explained the doctor, "You see heat may be either sensible, when you measure it by the thermometer, or otherwise. When it is doing work it is not felt as temperature."

"After all, then," persisted Lady Macington, "What is heat? What originates it? We get it from the sun, we get it from the fire, we get it from friction, or from striking

things together. What do you call that?"

"Impact," said the General, "we call it impact. You find it sensible—you find it cease to be sensible, and then you call it latent, or doing some work which you can't explain. You find it luminous, or making things luminous. You find it not luminous. What is it?"

"A mode of motion," replied the Doctor.

"Then is light a mode of motion?"

"All physical forces," said Dr. Smith, "are now regarded as mutually convertible."

"Still you don't explain the source—the origin—what makes heat?" persisted Lady Macington.

"Dr. Smith has already told us that there is no such thing as heat," I remarked. "It is a mere scientific hallucination, so it is easy to understand why there should be so many contradictory things in its nature."

"Pray oblige me by stating where I have said that?" asked the Doctor, very stiffly.

"At this table," said I. "Did you not say, not half an hour ago, what is unseen is not, as far as we are concerned?"

"Yes; but don't you understand that visibility is only one of the modes by which things are perceptible," said the Doctor. "If you receive a blow from a bullet, for instance, you may not see it, but you feel it."

"Then there may be a mighty energy which is invisible, but which manifests itself in various ways: at one time by increase of temperature, at another time by producing change in physical condition, from a solid to a liquid, or from a liquid into a gas; at other times by producing colour, as in the gradual heating of iron; at other times in producing intolerable light—a something that

you only can trace by its effects, and these are extremely varied."

"Of course," replied Dr. Smith, shortly.

"Not only so, remarked General Wolfe," but a great part of the effects of light and of heat which we do perceive is due to our atmosphere. As we ascend lofty mountains, or rise in a balloon, we ascend into darkness as well as into cold. At the edge of our earth's atmosphere, if we can imagine such a thing as an edge to it, we must conclude that there is absolute darkness; and if not what physicists call absolute cold, yet an extremely low temperature.

"Then you have a force which is, by itself, invisible, and, as far as you can tell, imperceptible to any sense," said I, "which, under ascertained conditions, becomes sensible, or visible, or capable of calculation as motive energy; which is not very far removed from being ponderable." You become aware of its presence. You detect the moment of its flight, as in the case of the crystallisation of fused metals. We cannot observe it, except when it is acting in, or on matter. We call it immaterial and imponderable."

"But may not exactly the same language be applied to the force producing the phenomena of life?" asked Lady Macington. "And, if you call that force 'spirit,' after all, is not the word a high scientific generalisation?"

"Used in that sense," said the Doctor, "I do not see that the expression can be condemned in itself; but it is objectionable as leading to fallacies—the idea of independent spiritual existence, and so on."

"Is that necessarily a fallacy?" said I.

"What is the use of science, if it

is not?" answered the Doctor, rather testily.

"Nay," said General Wolfe, there we part company. We have talked about heat as a mode of motion. I do not think the expression a scientific one, but it is used to intimate, and indeed to group together, known phenomena. Then we come to another range of science, that of animal life. We find that there is a force, which is not heat, that is as active in the organic, as we find heat to be in the inorganic, chemistry of nature. Of course we require the presence of a certain degree of heat as a condition of life, but that heat is not the central energy of life. All that you say as to the detection of heat, not by itself, but by its effects, applies to the vital force, whatever that is. Then we say, "is there any evidence of the existence of a source of life—apart from the animal body? Can we track the soul in its flight? You reply, in effect, that only old women trouble themselves about such matters. Now I do not think I quite come under the category of old women, and I confess that I do consider this particular question to be one which ought to be submitted to vigorous and exhaustive inquiry."

"It has been inquired into, over and over again," said the Doctor, "always with the same result."

"I should very much like to see any attempt to treat the subject philosophically," said the General. "I never have yet done so. Can you direct me to any work on the subject? Not mere general disquisition, but something pointed and logical?"

"It is not for me to say which are the best books on physiology," said Dr. Smith, rather grandly.

"Your own excellent works I have read," said the General, "of

course—and to my great advantage. But I cannot recall any passage in them that takes up this point."

"Oh, you must excuse me from commenting on my own books," said the Professor.

"Then your interest in ghost stories arises from your wish to ascertain if there is any scientific, any positive, evidence of the existence of the soul, to be collected from them?" said Lady Macington.

"Yes," said the General, "you have gone very straight to the point; in fact you have put it more clearly than I have done. The question is, have we evidence, or not, of spiritual action apart from the action of living animals? That such evidence is attainable, is the verdict of all antiquity. It does not follow that it is true, but it does follow, in my opinion, that it is not to be assumed to be untrue without very much more reason than has as yet been offered for the disbelief."

"You can't prove a negative," replied Dr. Smith.

"No doubt it is easier to take one for granted," said the General. "But I don't call that reasoning."

"No," said Lady Macington, decisively, "no more do I. But how can you expect to obtain any evidence of the independent action of the force which I have called spirit?"

"Of course the question is one of grave delicacy and difficulty," said the General. "The more reason for exhaustive research. Let me tell you an incident that occurred in my own house, as illustrative of what I mean."

"By all means," said Lady Macington.

"A few years ago," said General Wolfe, "I was commanding a district in South Wales. I took a house which belonged to an old

county family. The proprietor, Captain Lloyd, now Admiral Lloyd, as you know a distinguished naval officer, was then in Australia. The house was one that had been built at different times; and, as I subsequently heard, had a bad repute for being haunted. But I did not know that at the time. It was much overrun with rats, and all the odd noises I heard I naturally attributed to them."

"They are the usual godfathers of ghosts," said Dr. Smith.

"Well," continued the General, "one morning my sergeant came to me, looking rather queer. 'Beg pardon, Colonel,' said he, 'hope your honour won't be cross, but feel it duty to make a strange report. 'What is that, Sergeant?' 'Last night, Colonel, about half an hour before dinner time, did your honour hear a knock at the door?' 'Can't say I did, Sergeant, what about it?' 'Betty Oakley, colonel, the parlour maid, she did, and she went to open it; and there stood Mrs. Lloyd. She said never a word, but walked into the hall; and when Betty Oakley put the door to and turned to follow her, she was nowhere to be seen.' 'What Mrs. Lloyd?' said I, for the name is a very common one in those parts. 'The Captain's lady, Colonel, the owner of the house—she that's in Australia,' explained the Sergeant. 'But if she is in Australia she could not have been here,' said I. 'That's just it; you never!' says the man. 'Betty Oakley, Sir; she turned that faint that I thought she'd have died. She came right straight into the servants' hall, and told me. I never see a young woman more frightened.' 'Well, Sergeant,' said I, 'it must be some mistake. Very likely the girl was ill, and fancied the whole thing. It is not worth while to say any more about it.'"

"With which sentiment I quite concur," said Dr. Smith.

"Yes," said General Wolfe. "But I made a note of the statement. After a day or two I thought no more of it. Between three and four months afterwards Captain Lloyd's cousin, who received the rent for him, called on me. 'Sad thing,' said he, 'my cousin losing his wife so unexpectedly. We have only just heard of it.' 'Whom do you mean?' said I. 'Captain Lloyd,' said he; 'quite a young woman too.' 'When did she die?' I asked. He turned to a letter in his pocket, and gave me the date. When he was gone I turned to the note of the sergeant's statement. Mrs. Lloyd died on the very day of the knock at the door, and, as far as I could calculate the difference of longitude, about half an hour before the time."

"And then?" asked Dr. Smith.

"What do you call an occurrence of the kind?" asked the General. "One in which there is no room for expectancy, or for collusion, or for mistake?"

"Coincidence," replied Dr. Smith. "Coincidence and hallucination."

"Of course there was coincidence," said the General. "I can tell you that. But that word gives no explanation of the occurrence. Nor does it make it at all more intelligible to me to call it hallucination."

"What do you call it, then?"

"It looks to me like evidence of the existence of a spirit apart from the body," said the General.

"I have no doubt," said Dr. Smith, "that the whole matter is capable of a simple explanation, if we are shown all the facts."

"I have stated enough of my own previous knowledge," said the General, rather stiffly, "to make such a remark rather gratuitous. Nothing was left to memory."

I noted the sergeant's account at the time, date and all. You may say you can't understand it. But don't propose to explain it away."

"Positively you make me half afraid to go into a room by myself," said Lady Macington. "General Wolfe, let me recommend my fellow

traveller to your notice. This Madeira positively came from India with us. I told Sir Hercules that if we were wrecked he would think of saving the wine before he remembered me. Come into the drawing-room as soon as you like. I shall not send you coffee here." And Lady Macington left us.

TOO RED A DAWN.

BY MABEL COLLINS, Author of "An Innocent Sinner," "In this World," "Our Bohemia," &c.

(Continued from page 569.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE morning dawned gloriously. Merry opened her eyes upon a blue sky and a blue sea; and she sprang from her bed to look out of the open window and drink in the fresh sea-air. As she looked down she caught sight of a familiar figure striding away from the hotel along the beach. It was Arthur; he flourished a couple of towels in his hand.

"Oh! he is going to bathe," cried Merry, "and round that horrid cliff!" and she clasped her hands in a sudden horror. But the morning was so bright, and the sea so smiling and smooth, that she instantly afterwards laughed at her own fears. The water wore a very different face from that which terrified her the evening before; instead of its frowns, now there were dimples upon it. Everything was bright—why should she anticipate anything but brightness?

And so she laughed at herself, and set about dressing. She was out on the beach before her father and mother were down, and was presently joined by Arthur, who looked fresh and seemed in very high spirits. Merry regarded him with some wonder. She was more and more surprised to find how long this happy mood lasted. She felt a certain vague sense of misgiving when she met him this morning. With all his gaiety and high

spirits, there was something in his eyes which disturbed her. It was a restlessness, and more than that, an apparent inability to meet her gaze. She did not analyse it sufficiently to know what it was in him that troubled her, but she was dimly conscious of a difference in his expression. It had struck her a little the day before, but now it was much more evident. But poor little Merry was just now in such a cloud of emotions—such a whirlwind of new sensations—that she could not attempt to understand them all. She felt herself to be changing with every breath she drew—expanding and dilating with the new life of womanhood. It was a thing she did not wonder at, that her lover's eyes should have a dawning difference in them, nor was she puzzled because she did not understand this look. All the world just now was strange, mysterious, fascinating, yet very unintelligible to her.

"Shall we go up after breakfast to the top of the cliff where that great crucifix stands?" she said, as they stood on the beach. "How awful it looks, so high above us! I should like to go close and see it from there. I suppose it will be as foolish as those that we saw on the wayside, but there is a certain grandeur in it viewed from here which attracts me. Perhaps it is only the solitude of the great

figure which impresses me; and it is so high above us too! It seems to bless us with those outstretched arms!"

"There'll be a fine breeze up there," remarked Arthur. "We'll go up after lunch. And now come, Merry; the people are going in to the *table d'hôte*, and I for one have had a swim, and am awfully hungry."

The two went quickly up to the hotel door, and straight into the dining-room, for they had seen through the wide windows that Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton were already at table. It was a very pleasant dining-room, with a number of windows reaching to the ground, and opening upon the beach. The people were most of them gathered round the long tables, and many turned to look after the handsome young couple. Frenchwomen always declare they would die of despair if they had colour like that of an Englishwoman; yet the swarthier race has generally a look of admiration for a bonnie girl out of the island country, with genuine roses in her cheeks.

After the breakfast was over they all went out on to the beach again into the brilliant sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton intended to go and bathe in the correct Tréport fashion, walking down a narrow plank to the sea in a wonderful costume. Merry hesitated about the bath when she found that Arthur seemed inclined to climb the cliff, and very soon decided to go with him. The history of her love was still so young that in his society she was prepared to go anywhere, to surmount any difficulties, to climb, to bathe, or undertake anything he might propose. In this instance it was she who had desired to go up the cliff and look at the crucifix; but when she came to the actual climbing she found it very hard

work, and would soon have given up her idea of reaching the summit but that Arthur wished to go on. We can do easily only that which we are accustomed to. Merry had within her all the indomitable vigour of youth and pure health, but her walking exercise for some months had been limited to a daily stroll in Kensington Gardens, and she found ascending a very steep cliff no easy task. But it was glorious, even though difficult, to climb over the short, sweet grass, and breathe the sun-gladdened air from the sea. What a generous world this is to the young and happy! Every sensation is one of delight—they are grudging nothing.

At last, amid laughter and some stumbling, they reached the very summit, where stood the ghastly crucifix. The view from here was magnificent—the air was splendid. Arthur stood a moment looking along the line of the coast, and then he uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"It's a grand thing," said he, "to feel oneself up here, free as the air, with no one to criticise or condemn. You are tired, Merry," he said, turning to her, and speaking before she had time to question the meaning of his last words, "Come, sit upon the ground, and let us tell sad stories of the deaths of kings. The deaths of kings! It seems to me that the deaths of ordinary mortals are sufficiently sad stories without need of any grander element. Oh! how I hate death—'our white mother Death,' some one says; to me it is the one utterly black blot upon the universe. And only picture to yourself how that greedy sea, which looks so harmless now, will suck a hundred lives away and say no word about it."

"Ah!—don't suggest it," cried Merry; "the sea is so beautiful

—it looks so innocent and gentle. It is hard to believe in its cruelty.”

“And yet there is a still deep at the bottom of the great oceans too cold and frightful for any form of life. At least so it is said. And if a dead body should sink so far, by favour of the sharks, it would lie there rocked to and fro above this icy depth, and yet be never disturbed by the wild storms of the upper ocean. It is a strange picture, is it not?”

“An awful one,” said Merry. “How can those waters come up over the beach with those bright curling waves, which are like smiles, and yet hide such hideous secrets?”

“Human beings do the like,” said Arthur, indifferently.

“Oh, no, no, that cannot be!” exclaimed Merry in a sudden horror. “I have seen it said in books that there are people who can appear so charming and amiable and yet have a capacity for cold cruelty and for treachery as horrible as the chill centre of the deep sea! But it cannot be true, we cannot be so deceived—at all events, I hope and pray I may never have known such a person!”

“Do you?” said Arthur with a curious half smile upon his face. “You will probably find a complete recompense for any injury that person might do you in your own consciousness of superiority. We are all tarred with the same brush; we are men and women gifted by nature with an instinct of self-preservation. We all think of ourselves first, either consciously or unconsciously, and I am not sure but that the unconscious egoists, who fancy their motives are unselfish, are not by far the most disagreeable.”

“But what makes them able to fancy themselves unselfish,” asked Merry with her peculiar earnest

look of perplexity, “if they really are not?”

“Oh, because they are refined into a peculiar state. People who like doing good imagine they are unselfish; not at all, they have merely refined themselves into a state when they no longer care for healthy pleasure, but find a gratification in preaching in Sunday schools, or experience a thrill of delight when they have obtained the hypocritical gratitude of some pauper or other whose one fixed idea is another bottle of port. Bah!—It is a sickly self-delusion, that one of doing good. Artists or scientific men are much more agreeable because they don’t set themselves above their fellows. Their worshippers may devoutly believe that they are sacrificing themselves in their studios or laboratories for the good of mankind, but most of them would have the sense to say, I prefer working hard, or, I do so because I want money. We all do what we like best, that is the long and short of it, down from what are called the benefactors of the race to the beggars who sit in the sun all day.”

“It is very perplexing,” said Merry.

“Is it?” answered Arthur indifferently; “never mind, you need not trouble about it. You are one of those fortunate persons whose natural instincts lead them to please other people, so that you will always have the reputation of being good and unselfish.”

“A poor consolation,” said Merry ruefully; “I must think it out for myself.”

“Oh, don’t attempt anything so foolish. It is sheer waste of time. To enjoy every available moment is the first duty of man. Don’t bother your head with such useless speculations, but just accept the fact that everyone is equally selfish whether they know it or not. It

will assist you not to misjudge your fellow-creatures sometimes when they are selfish in their own way instead of in yours. Dare you come nearer the edge and look over the cliff? See how beautiful that water is now. I should like a dip there, but it is a long way down! It is too much trouble, in fact, to go, and it is charming here." He drew back and flung himself upon the short grass. Merry, too, sat down and put the palms of her hands upon its surface. Probably only a person who has actually lived for months amid the pavements of a city's streets can understand to the full the vivid charm of touching the earth's face. That face unveiled and unscarred has a peculiar magic, a silent strength which penetrates to the hearts of her children. On this grass-covered cliff, though the hot sun had made the grass warm to the touch, there was yet the fresh moisture of spring at its roots.

But somehow half the charm of that delicious day had gone for Merry. She was chilled, yet she knew not why.

"What is it makes you so silent, Merry?" asked Arthur, at last.

"I hardly know," she answered, two great unbidden tears suddenly rising in her eyes and gleaming in the sun like morning dewdrops. "But I think it is because you have made me feel so afraid of that beautiful sea. If that is indeed so treacherous, why there is no truth in beauty!"

"Of course not," said Arthur, contentedly.

"Oh, but there is!" cried Merry, with a sort of impassioned cry. Beauty had a shrine in her heart at which she worshipped devoutly. It was sacrilege in her ears, this kind of speech. "How I wish I knew more, that I might speak better," she said sadly, plucking the grass at her side and

flinging it from her with the quick, impulsive, irrelevant action of a hurt child. "But oh, Arthur, she went on, suddenly, with a change of tone, "how I wish you would not bathe at that terrible deep place under the cliff! See, where the bathing-houses are they have two men in a boat all day."

"Yes, to help people who can't swim," said Arthur, contemptuously, "Pray why aren't the herrings drowned? Don't distress yourself about me. I was never born to be drowned."

"But Arthur," she persisted, urged by her heart to speak on, though she knew she had nearly run out her tether with him—for he would never endure being worried—"if only you would come nearer the regular bathing-place, where there would be chance of help. I daresay it sounds very foolish for me to speak like this, but if that treacherous sea should suck your life away it would take mine too."

He sat up suddenly, put off the hat which had been tilted so as to shield his eyes, and stared at her.

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked, as in amazement.

She flushed a vivid, brilliant colour; a colour that rushed straight from her quick heart to her face.

"I only mean," she half stammered, and dropped her eyes under his astonished look, "that I should die if you were killed!"

"Oh, you dear little sentimentalist," exclaimed Arthur, in a tone of mingled pity and amusement, "Believe me you would do nothing of the kind; you'd be sorry for me, I know, because you are so foolishly soft-hearted—but you'd be engaged again in a couple of months."

"Don't speak like that," said Merry, in a low voice that showed she was really hurt now.

"Forgive me," he said, with the charming manner that he could command at will; "I did not mean to hurt you—but I fancy I know more of human nature than you do, and I am sure you would not be so illogical as to throw away a beautiful young life like yours just because mine had been lost. The instincts of nature are too strong for that—they would teach you to recover your balance. And now I think we had better begin to make our way down the cliff—this glorious hill-top has not inspired us with very lively ideas. Shall we go?"

"Yes," answered Merry, with a weariness in her voice. It was a weariness which came from her spirit. Her love, her passion, her instinctive feelings, all had been repressed and shut back into herself. She rose and moved at his side, but with less of the buoyancy which made her walk a beauty in itself. Arthur heard the dull tone, and noticed her lingering movements. The fact that he saw this effect of his words did not make him long to contradict them, as it must have done a man who had really loved her; it only made him shrug his shoulders a little and move on in front of her down the difficult pathway, whistling softly to himself. But some reflection in his own mind made him pause ere he had taken many steps, and look back smiling at the fair drooping face behind him. Whatever that reflection was it had enabled him to do what was a very unusual thing for him, and that was to recover his good-humour of himself.

His pleasant smile brought an answering one to Merry's face. She could not resist its magic. He had the power to make her flash into happiness.

Probably he would have cared a great deal more for her had she

cared less for him. This love of hers which rose or fell before him like a living flame was only a trouble to one of his superficial temperament.

But now, by an effort, he recalled the gaiety which he had been full of ever since they had started on this happy holiday; and taking Merry's arm in his he led her quickly down the steep hill. She was a little scared, and clung to him, flushed and laughing. They passed a villa built on the slope, where a wide-opened window showed them a family group, sitting just within. That window commanded the whole wide stretch of blue, blue ocean.

"Oh!" cried Merry, "how lovely to live there—with that sea before one's eyes all the time. I believe I should get quite different if I had always the sea to look at."

"What an awful idea!" exclaimed Arthur, impatiently; "three days is as much as I can stand of the sea. I am sick of the sound of its waves, sick of the great sameness in front of one. Three days is quite enough—then let me have Regent-street, or a Paris boulevard."

"Why, Arthur," said Merry, with a look of surprise, "and you wanted to come here—and you said you would enjoy being here for a whole week, or even a fortnight. Shall you really want us to go to Paris so soon?—because we had better tell papa to-day."

"Oh, no," said Arthur, with a laugh which was strangely harsh and forced, "I am perfectly contented here. It will take us a week to wear out the beauties of a jolly place like this. It was only the idea of those people living there all the year round that afflicted me with such a horror. Now—do you think we can go down these steep steps?"

They had got into part of the original fishing village where the peasant life was untouched, where the brats sunned themselves on the pebbles, the women all talked to one another across the narrow way, and perpetually through open doors there were visions of women in white-frilled caps, ironing linen. The steps were steep, and there were a good many; they were very old, too; but it was the only way of getting from one village street to the other. At the base of the steps was an old ruined archway, and in the foreground the inevitable artist whose sketching easel and white umbrella are nowadays invariable features in any picturesque scene. The artist in this instance found the two figures coming down the old steps to form too pretty an addition to his subject to be altogether lost; he hastily indicated them in his sketch, and then as they came nearer paused in his work to look at them more earnestly. "Lovers, of course," he said to himself as he noted Merry's sparkling face. Advancing towards them in the brilliant sunshine they seemed to him like a part of it, all radiance and glow.

And indeed Merry was as happy as a sunbeam now. Arthur had chased away the melancholy which had been left on her face by their dull talk upon the hill-top.

And before they reached the hotel-door they were laughing like two happy children. Arthur had fully flung himself once more into the wild mood of gaiety which he could assume so well.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton were standing on the broad space in front of the hotel, and they all met with that bright, subdued mirth which means general contentment.

There were no other English people in the place, but many French families, looking so funny in their seaside toilettes because

the men attempt an undress, a thing in itself foreign to them, and appear ill at ease in it. The women, on the contrary, look well, because they follow their instincts and make a special watering place toilette. Our group of four, all thoroughly English in style and bearing, were very noticeable as they walked up and down. Everybody admired the handsome elder couple, so bright and happy-looking, so perfect in manners and appearance. But the two younger ones, so evidently deep in the romance of life, so plainly absorbed in each other, so admirably suited to each other, and separately so charming!—these two fired the imagination and enlisted the sympathies of many an idle seaside loungee on that happy afternoon. Happy it was to Merry, at least, and to her father and mother, who were as much surprised when they found the hour of the *table d'hôte* dinner had arrived as though they, too, were young lovers.

CHAPTER XV.

"WHAT weather!" said Mr. Hamerton the next morning, as he and Bertha stood a moment to look out upon the water from the wide-opened window of their room. *Café au lait* and letters, sent up from the *Poste Restante*, had been leisurely discussed here upon their own particular balcony, where the breeze from the water made the air delicious. It was nearly time for the *table d'hôte* breakfast, and they were thinking of going down.

"What weather—perfect! It makes me feel a boy again—a very Romeo."

"You have never been much else, my dear Gerald," remarked Mrs. Hamerton.

"'My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,'" quoted Gerald, as he stepped out on to the balcony to look below.

"Oh, Gerald! What an unfortunate quotation! Why, all Romeo's misfortunes gathered round him the very day he was so unreasonably happy! Come in, Gerald—that balcony will give way, or something dreadful will happen!"

"You superstitious child!" said Mr. Hamerton, stepping softly back into the room. "I was looking down on to the crown of Merry's hat. She is standing there all alone. We had better go and join her. I quite thought Arthur was back from his bath, and was with her."

"Oh, did he go again this morning?" said Mrs. Hamerton.

"Yes, I saw him go, rather earlier than he went yesterday. He went away over the beach, and was swinging a towel in each hand, so he must have been going to bathe. But he must have taken a very long swim, not to be back yet."

"Perhaps he is in his room," said Mrs. Hamerton; "let us go down to Merry if she is alone."

They went down, and found her alone on the space in front of the hotel, and being much admired by a group of cigarette-smoking loungers on the steps. But Merry was walking up and down, with the ease, born of unconsciousness, which is peculiar to the well-bred English girl. She was waiting here, because here Arthur had said he would join her; and she would have stayed on there without thinking of doing anything else. But Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton suggested that, as breakfast was ready, the breakfast-table would be a better meeting-place.

"Come along, Merry," said Mr. Hamerton, "the boy will be there as soon as we have got our chairs."

"It is not quite ready yet," said Merry, "see, the waiters are only just taking the dishes in. Let us just walk once across the beach." She was loth to go in because she

had told Arthur she would meet him here. The others humoured her, as they loved to do, and walked across the beach and back again. But he did not come, so there was no resource but to go into the hotel and sit down to breakfast.

After some two or three courses were over—and still Arthur had not come—Merry began to look paler. She could not swallow easily, and she felt so nervous that she dreaded lest some foolish tears should rise beneath her heavy, quivering eyelids. Her heart was heavy with the quick presentiment of danger or misfortune which is so familiar to souls too full of love. That sullen cliff—those heavy waves!—ah, why did not Arthur come?

Both her father and mother saw all this, but they made no sign of noticing it. At last Mr. Hamerton said cheerily—

"Arthur was talking yesterday about a long walk round the coast. He must have started off and forgotten all about breakfast. These young fellows think they can do anything."

"I daresay he had some coffee before he started," said Mrs. Hamerton, quietly.

Merry kept her eyes upon her plate, and said no word. But the commonplace comfort of these suggestions stole into her mind. How much more likely they seemed, after all, than the horrors which had been afflicting her imagination!

She was compelled perforce to accept the suggestion as final, after a little while; for Arthur did not come, and there was nothing else he could do in a place like this but go for a walk. Yet it did not altogether satisfy her. But it was evidently useless to think any more about it, so she agreed to go down to bathe in orthodox fashion, with Mrs. Hamerton. Gerald

would not go; it was less crowded later in the day, he said, and he would go then, or perhaps find a place to swim out from, as Arthur had done. So he lit a cigar and strolled away to the front of the Casino, to walk up and down upon the raised ground there until he was rejoined by the others.

The bathing huts were all full but one. Merry said she would prefer to wait; so Mrs. Hamerton went alone.

Merry turned back and went up to the higher ground, intending to join her father and watch until a hut was empty. But a great tug at her heart-strings made her turn abruptly in the other direction. Why might she not at least walk towards that cliff while she was waiting? Why might she not even go to it and perhaps look beyond it? She hesitated after a few moments and looked back to ascertain whether her father had seen her. She had a feeling that if he saw her he would wonder why she should run away by herself, and that if she told him why he would think her very foolish. But she was quite unobserved—and she felt now, that having gone so far she must go on.

She did not quite acknowledge to herself what led her on, but it really was the idea that Arthur must have walked in that direction, or she would have seen him pass through the village. Therefore he would, if he were perchance returning, be coming back this way. She remembered that he might climb the cliffs further on, and she glanced up with a half-hope of seeing his figure against the sky; but she could not go both ways, and as he was most likely to have gone round the coast, she decided to keep on the way she had chosen. She gave a glance back at the crucifix on the height before she went round the point of the cliff,

thinking he might have gone up to enjoy the view which had so delighted him yesterday; but no, the terrible figure was solitary.

So she stepped gingerly over the rough rocks round the point and surveyed the coast line beyond in hope of catching a glimpse of a loitering figure.

She stood still there, in the breeze, looking the very embodiment of youth and health and beauty. She was in the dark travelling costume which Arthur had admired; it fitted her figure, which abounded in rich curves, to perfection; the dark-blue gauze veil was loosely knotted round her throat, and its deep colour heightened by contrast the brilliance of her face, into which the sea-breeze had brought the lovely glow of pure health. Her eager eyes devoured the distant coast; and then fell gradually until suddenly arrested by an object close at her feet, just round the point, within the shelter of the projecting cliff.

In an instant that glowing face was white as that of Guido's Magdalen—blanched to the lips with the whiteness of agony. A whiteness which is more terrible than the pallor of death. She stood there for one long instant, an instant in which she realised the whole horror of what she saw.

Then she turned and tottered back, with the hurried gait of an old woman. She cast a glance up at the figure on the crucifix and tried to move her lips in but a word of prayer, but they would not move.

The blooming face had gone, and gone for ever; never again did it wear the brilliance of utter youth.

Her early, perfect youth was dead—in that instant's agony, dead.

She almost flew, though trembling, and tottering. And it was but two or three moments after

she had looked round the point, that her father was startled by a touch on his arm. He looked, and saw at his elbow—Merry; yet he hardly recognised her. He held his breath in amazement and stared at the white face and wild eyes. An instant after he flung his arms round her and held the shivering form against his side.

“My child!—my little girl—what has happened?”

At first she could only gasp—and gasp—with dried lips and throat—but suddenly she forced out the words. She lifted her hand and pointed towards the cliff.

“His clothes are there!—he must be—drowned!”

There were chairs in front of the casino, where people sat and drank coffee sometimes. Gerald lifted her bodily in his arms and put her into one of these. He knew not what to expect from that strange white face, which appeared to grow more unnatural in its pallor, before his very eyes. But she only sat still, and looked at him.

“My God, child, don’t look at me so! What can I do?—how can I leave you like this—I will go and see, when your mother comes—I will find him—why, he swims like a fish, he cannot be drowned—what can I do with you, my child?”

He was in despair. Mrs. Hamerton was not out of the water. Merry looked so terrible he dared not leave her. Yet it seemed inhuman, with those agonised eyes upon his face, not at once to go and see about Arthur. At last he hit upon what seemed to him the only possible course of action.

“Can you walk?” he said. “If not, I will carry you;—can you come and show me?”

She understood him, and rose feebly; they moved on, he with his arm about her waist, she tottering at his side. They went thus for

about half the distance. There were seats placed along the walk, and as they passed one of these, she paused. He let her sink upon it. She did, indeed, sink rather than sit down, as though her limbs were lifeless.

“Go on,” she said, speaking with the same difficulty; “I will wait.”

There was nothing to be done but leave her; and the distance was not much, now. He sprang on, with bounds, rather than steps; and soon reached the place where so little a while ago Merry had stood, that lovely Merry, full of hope. He quickly saw the same object—the clothes lying heaped, and the towels by the side of them. One long, earnest, keen gaze he gave all round, even over the surface of the sea. No boat, even, was in sight!—nothing which could suggest a gleam of hope. And the time was so long now! Oh, hopeless, barren ocean!

There was nothing that he could do here. He must help the living, not look vainly for the dead. He turned and rushed back to where Merry sat. She was there—yes, she sat there, in the same attitude in which he had left her. Yet, as he came close, he hardly knew her face. The expression upon it, of crushed life and entire despair, made the dimpled delicate face seem like the face of a stranger.

Just then, Mrs. Hamerton emerged from the group of bathing huts. She stood a moment and looked round, and immediately catching sight of them, for they were alone at this end of the promenade, began to walk towards them. Gerald went to meet her, leaving Merry sitting there still, apparently frozen into one position. He left her but an instant, in which he managed to hurriedly explain something of the awful situation to Mrs. Hamerton. A word was almost enough for her—

she flew to Merry's side, and saw that face which seemed as though no smile could ever again come upon it.

"Can you take her in, Bertha?" said Gerald, "because then I will go at once, get these life-boat men, and some of the fishermen, and make every inquiry and search. Don't let her despair—we may find some hope."

Mrs. Hamerton put her arms round the girl, and almost lifted her up.

"Let us go, Merry," she said. Mr. Hamerton hurried down the beach to call to the men in the boat, stationed to help the bathers if necessary. Some of the village fishermen had already scented an event, and were coming on to the beach. Mrs. Hamerton tried to hurry Merry away—she dreaded every instant that some remark would be made in her hearing about the hopelessness of the affair. She felt no hope herself—she knew that Merry had no hope—and yet she dreaded the sound of the words.

It was really but a very short distance to the hotel, and it was soon accomplished. Merry walked automatically wherever she was led, without a word; and her mother, appalled by the silent agony of the girl's face, dare only whisper words of love which seemed unheard.

The people in the hotel had caught sight of the excitement now evident on the beach; there were several coming out to see what had happened. Mrs. Hamerton shrank back, feeling it too horrible for her child to meet their inquisitive glances; but Merry seemed absolutely unconscious of any passer by. Mrs. Hamerton looked at her face in terror. What would be the end of this stony apathy?

They were just up the steps and

entering the hotel door, when a man came hurriedly up behind them, passed in front, and deposited something in a chair just inside.

It was Arthur's clothes.

Merry saw them; and suddenly there rang out upon the sunny air a shriek so awful that it made the very people in the street and on the beach pause and turn pale.

Every one in the hotel rushed into the hall to discover the meaning of this terrible shriek—the more terrible that after it came silence.

They only found there the figure of an unconscious girl, whose face was death-like in its pallor, and, hanging over her, an agonised mother.

Everyone was kind and most gentle towards the poor English girl, who, but an hour ago, had been so beautiful with her bright colour! They carried her into the little sitting-room of the hotel manager, which was close by, and there applied remedies to bring her back to life again.

"God be thanked for this unconsciousness!" cried the mother.

But it was one of those hysterical swoons which end as suddenly as they commence. Merry opened her eyes almost as her mother spoke. She started up and put her hand to the throat of her dress.

"I am choking!" she cried.

"Leave me alone with her," Mrs. Hamerton entreated of the others. The manager cleared the room, and then went out himself, and stood guard over the door to keep back those inquisitive people who long to pry into all joys or sorrows.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

ON the morning of the day after this terrible event at Tréport, Richard Hamerton was sitting

alone in his rooms at Paris, thinking, when his servant brought him a telegram, which changed the entire current of his thoughts; not only that, it changed the entire current of his life, it altered his whole future, it brought new possibilities and new hopes, in a hurried, burning throng to his heart. But these were all banished, as suddenly as they came, by one overpowering thought.

And that thought was—What did this mean to Merry?

Richard was one of the two or three people in the world who could even guess what this meant to Merry. Perhaps he knew even better than anyone else. Even her parents did not understand that her intensity was as great for sorrow as for joy, until the fact was actually before them.

But Richard had always known this intuitively, because he had a talisman with which to test Merry's character that no one else possessed.

And this telegram, which at first made his heart leap as if someone had covertly whispered a hope, left in his mind only the thought of Merry's pain.

The telegram was from Mr. Hamerton, telling him, in the simple words in which such things are told, of Arthur's death, telling him also that they would be at Boulogne that night at a certain hotel, and that they would cross to England in a certain boat the next morning.

Richard read the telegram over more than once before he could realise the news that it contained. Then he rose from his chair straightway to pack his portmanteau, and proceeded to have the rooms shut up, and to put out of sight all the many details of domestic comfort and artistic beauty with which he had been surrounding himself. Many little

things had he been doing whilst alone here, but they were not for himself. His one idea had been that he would be joined in Paris by the others, and that Merry would come in and out of these rooms, and leave an impression in them, an atmosphere of sunshine, which would linger there long after she was lost to him for ever.

He had looked forward to this with something of that pale pleasure which people feel in pleasant autumn days, when the iciness of winter is close at hand. But now he was suddenly plunged into one of those emotional states which have no season; which are like nothing we know of in this world, and which, in fact, by their very fierceness, take us out of the world of every day. He felt as though his soul were scorched upon one side, while upon the other it touched an iceberg.

That evening, when the Hamertons drove into the courtyard of the hotel at Boulogne, Richard was standing back in the shadow of the wide entrance. Gerard got out first and went in to see that the rooms they had telegraphed for had been kept. He passed Richard, but did not see him; his mind was absorbed, he realised as he passed through that courtyard how the long hours of the last night and day had removed their happy stay at this hotel into a bygone period which seemed like another life. He came back in a moment, and lifted Merry from the carriage. Richard shrank further back into the shadow with a kind of dread that he might be seen. But Merry had wrapped her dark gauze veil over her face completely so that she could neither see nor be seen.

She walked into the house leaning upon her father; she seemed to be only just able to walk, and the weariness of her step, the languor

which was expressed in her whole figure, even in that momentary glance fell like a heavy chill to Richard's heart.

Mrs. Hamerton lingered behind a moment, seeing that the things were taken out of the carriage. Richard went up to her and, with hardly a word of greeting, began to burden himself with her shawls and wraps.

He took them inside, and then came back to her in the courtyard.

"They are gone upstairs," he said; "but before you follow them tell me just a word of how she has borne it."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hamerton; "I can't understand; it seems as if it had frozen her."

"What do you mean?" said Richard. "Tell me what you mean! don't torture me."

Mrs. Hamerton seemed scarcely to notice his extreme agitation; she was thinking of Merry, and trying to find words by which to make her meaning clear.

"She is shut up," she said, "frozen. She has scarcely said anything except 'It is impossible, it can't be true,' and then she began to say, 'Take me home.' But I thought I knew Merry; I thought she would have thrown off even such a sorrow as this by passionate tears. I thought she would have spoken it out, that it would have come to the surface; but no, there has hardly been one tear yet, only dry sobs that seem as if they tore her heart; if it is the same to-night I don't know how I shall bear it. I must go now, they will want me. You are staying here to-night, I suppose?"

"I will not leave you again," said Richard; "I may be able to help you, and she shall not see me."

"Not see you," said Mrs. Hamerton, pausing as she was turning away; "why should she not see you?"

"I think it would be better not," said Richard; "don't tell her I am here."

Mr. Hamerton came down again in a few minutes and found Richard standing still in the open courtyard. Mrs. Hamerton had whispered to him that he was there. They went outside and walked towards the sea. It was late now, and decidedly dreary under the dark sky, but they both felt as if the hotel or its courtyard were not big enough to breathe in. They walked on, Mr. Hamerton telling Richard that simple, awful story of yesterday; of Merry's discovery, and of how the blight of hopeless loss descended upon her in the midst of her perfect happiness.

Richard said nothing; he walked on, glad of the darkness, glad that his face could not be seen; for to him the story of how Merry had suffered was something especially terrible. He realised, in the picture which the others had given him of her silence and tearlessness, that for the first time in her life Merry felt herself to be alone. She had met with one of those shocks which come to us all sooner or later, and which force us to feel that in fact we are isolated, and must, by our own strength, bear our sorrows. He filled in the picture from his own intuitive consciousness of her character. He had always looked forward, since he had learned to love her, with a peculiar awe to that time when first this vivid intense emotional development should be roused and stung by pain instead of soothed by pleasure. Come it would, he knew, because it always comes in the course of human life. But so early and with such terrible suddenness! "It seemed impossible," as Merry herself had said, that this thing could be; but it was. There was no escaping from the fact that in that hotel, which they had left

behind them, Merry was struggling alone with the darkness of a first and overwhelming grief; a darkness so great that her father and mother felt it had hidden her from them. But they at least might soothe her, or attempt to soothe her—they could try to break that frozen surface beneath which her grief held her bound.

But he felt keenly, with a cruel keenness, that the one thing which he could do was not even to let her see him.

He had already asked Mrs. Hamerton not to mention his presence. And as they entered the courtyard again, after a silent walk back, he made the same request to Mr. Hamerton. Gerald understood him more readily. "Perhaps you are right," he said. "At all events I can give no advice, for I do not know what is best for her. I am quite confused by the way she is suffering."

He went in, leaving Richard to struggle with a horrible sense of isolation. But he knew he must submit to that as cheerfully as might be. Her isolation was more cruel, because she was so young, so tender, so unused to pain. He had become accustomed to be shut out of Merry's life; he was used to being an onlooker. But it was harder to be shut out of her sorrow than her pleasure. Though she was stunned like this by the loss of his rival, yet he felt as if it would be right that he should be at her side to support her.

And why? For no reason, but that he loved her so dearly. How could anyone else, father or mother, comfort her as he could, out of the depth of his love?

But against this natural feeling there fought the consciousness that it would be an insult to her grief to bring his love so near it. Full as he was of the desire to

protect and comfort, yet it was impossible to hide from himself that his love was a passion.

He had enough true sympathy in his nature to know that the greatest kindness he could do to Merry was to keep this fire of his heart away from her. Wounded as she now was, it would scorch her!

He watched the light in her window as he walked up and down the courtyard. Half the night passed while he wandered up and down, wondering if indeed that light was to burn all the long, dark hours—whether no gentle sleep was to solace those grief-bound eyes.

At last he stole into the house, past the night porter, who welcomed him with a sleepy grunt of recognition. He went softly up the stairs to the door of Merry's room. There was no sleep there, though it was very quiet. He could hear Mrs. Hamerton's voice. Then someone came and opened the door gently. He drew back into the shadow.

He could hear Merry now; he heard her sob—a quick, convulsive, dry sob. Then she spoke in a voice that seemed to stab his heart, it was so bitterly pathetic.

"He cannot be dead—oh, it is impossible! Arthur, Arthur, where are you?"

Mrs. Hamerton came to the open door; a moment after Gerald came down the passage; he had heard the movement, and had come from another room. Bertha came out to him.

"Go in for a few minutes," she said. "I can bear it no longer."

She crept away, the tears running down her face. Mr. Hamerton went in and shut the door. But not before Richard had caught the sound of another of those terrible tearless sobs.

This is the kind of grief that

kills, thought Richard, to himself, as he stood silently there in the darkness. Merry's physique was full of rich life, but frail as are all things beautiful. Could it endure this strain and not yield? Would she not be starved to death with this drought of dry grief?

He stood there full of torment, and lost in wonder how to break this spell, which he did not know how to touch.

CHAPTER II.

How different a crossing of the Channel waters was it to Merry this gray morning when they started homeward, from that recent happy one. But she was too deeply buried in the stupor of unbelieving despair to be conscious of any such contrast. She only knew dimly that the sea-air came upon her face, and that the sound of the engine-wheel was at first almost an agreeable distraction. When one is wearied out with an unceasing physical pain, a new phase even of torment is welcome. The dull thud-thud of the steamer seemed to Merry to echo the intolerable beating of her brain. That was all she noticed; there was no difference to her between the boat or the hotel, the water, or the land.

She had no idea Richard was with them, although he seemed omnipresent to the others. He relieved them of all the thousand and one small cares which inevitably fall upon travellers, and left them quite free to watch and care for Merry. They had taken her into one of the covered places on the deck, and there she lay, covered with wraps and with her blue veil over her face. She seemed not to notice where she was, or to care; and they hoped the fresh air might give her some strength. She lay quite still, only that now and then

a kind of convulsive shudder passed over her. This Richard could just see from where he stood at the side of the boat. Fortunately for him he could not hear the dry sobs which always burst out after this shudder.

He could not help contrasting the two journeys, as he stood there. Knowing her so well as he did, he knew the charm of travelling with her. Everything she encountered was to her fresh spirit a new delight. Arthur had been with her; he was the centre of her universe. Following the law of her being, she had lavished the whole of her wealth upon the man she loved. Richard knew all this as though he had been with them. And now the man who loved her, better than all the world besides, stood there like a culprit, his collar turned up, his hat pressed over his eyes, to prevent any chance of his presence being detected.

He could do nothing for her but watch over her. But his pity was so great that it enabled him to stand aside patiently. He knew too well how much she suffered; had it not been so, he could scarcely have borne to exercise this great restraint. It seemed as if it would have been so natural to take her in his arms and nurse her. But the dry-eyed despair which had taken possession of her separated her more completely from him—indeed, from them all—than anything she could have done. There was something sphinx-like and awful in the stillness of the girl's figure.

At last the boat was in, and it became necessary to disturb her. They found she could scarcely stand. These two awful nights and days, in which her spirit had been driven into its own fastnesses, had at last broken her strength. All her forces had been exhausted in this battle of her soul with despair.

"Oh, Merry, my child, what can I do?" exclaimed Mrs. Hamerton. She was alone with her, as she thought; for Gerald had gone on with an armful of shawls. Merry sank back upon the seat; she hardly realised what was expected of her; but, whatever it was, she could not do it, that she knew.

Suddenly someone bent over her, and she was lifted in a pair of strong arms. It was Richard, but she did not know who carried her. She only felt that someone was helping her.

Richard was not tall, but he was broad-shouldered and strong; he seemed now to be a perfect Hercules, and to carry Merry as though she were a little child.

To Mrs. Hamerton, who followed them close, the distance they had to go appeared immense. She, too, was all but worn out by anxiety and sleeplessness. To Richard the way seemed nothing—he was as nearly happy as it was possible to be at such a moment. He walked on air, with this burden in his arms.

He felt a quick pang of disappointment when they met Gerald hurrying back to look for them. Acting on the natural impulse of the moment, Mr. Hamerton came and took Merry himself. Richard gave her up instantly, and with no hesitation. But there was an expression in his face which Mr. Hamerton caught as he turned away. It brought back to his memory that brief love episode—that confidence which Richard had given him, and which he fancied Richard himself had been the first to forget. But it was indeed not forgotten; the fire that smouldered in Richard's eyes told that. Mr. Hamerton recognised then the full value of Richard's careful suppression of himself since he had joined them.

Would Merry understand, or

wonder, who had carried her? No. Mr. Hamerton soon saw that he need not fear any question. Curiosity or conjecture were as dead in Merry's mind as though they had never been there. One great black cloud had swallowed up her past, present, and future; she was aware of nothing with any distinctness, but of the presence of this horrid veil.

Richard travelled to London in a different carriage from the others; he was determined not to thrust himself upon Merry's notice. But at Victoria he was there, close at hand to help Mrs. Hamerton out. Merry stepped down after her without any help; she seemed to have regained some strength. And Richard shrank back among the crowd when he saw her, for she had pushed the veil off her face, which until now she had persistently kept over it. The sight of that face was almost more than he could bear; he did not think it possible that Merry—the brilliant Merry—could have so changed in this brief time. She seemed like a spectre, with that white, drawn face, and those sad, unseeing eyes.

With all his intense sympathy, he had not understood till now how heavy the blow was which had fallen on her. Would it kill her? he found himself wondering!

CHAPTER III.

MR. HAMERTON had not had the courage to telegraph to the Wansys. It seemed impossible to convey the news in the words of a telegram without a kind of inhumanity. Twenty times he had written the message in his mind—had gone irresolute towards a telegraph office—and had turned back, resolved to bear the burden and carry the news in person.

Now that he was in London he began to wish he had telegraphed,

He wondered what his first words should be—but he could not frame them. What would a man say who came to tell him *his* only child was dead? He could not tell; he determined to wait the inspiration of the terrible moment.

Then it occurred to him that the story might already be in the papers. What could he say, if he found that he had let the unhappy father learn his loss from the public press? He stopped the carriage as they passed a news shop, and buying some papers, looked hurriedly for the accounts of accidents. Mrs. Hamerton saw what his mind was full of, and she dared not speak. She dreaded this going home so intensely that if Merry's one prayer had not been "Take me home," she would have urged postponing it. It seemed to her to be an awful fate that they must face these people, and tell them of the death of their only child. She knew well enough that Arthur had been as great an idol in his own home as was Merry in hers. Mrs. Hamerton could not resist a vague, horrible sense of responsibility. She knew quite well that Arthur's death was as little any fault of theirs as if he had been run over in a London street, or been thrown by his horse; yet she could not help wishing bitterly that it had not happened in their company. It was impossible but that these people must connect them in their minds with their awful loss. But surely they would forgive when they saw Merry! "I am only a little better off than they are," said Mrs. Hamerton to herself, as they drove up to the house and she looked, trembling, at the Wansy's windows. "If their child is dead, ours is but just alive!"

But she was cheating herself and her heart told her so. She was a whole world better off than they were, for she still had her child to

love, however she were buried in her grief.

Merry got out of the carriage by herself, and stood an instant looking round her at the familiar scene. There was not a single thing within sight that had not been imprinted in her mind with the clearness of childish impressions; and Arthur was associated with everything she saw. To her, the air seemed full of him here in the old home. From her very babyhood he had been part of her life, and part of her home surroundings. For the first instant when she looked round her, the sight of the place so intimately associated with him appeared to lift the awful sense of desolation which lay on her soul. It seemed that she had come back to the world of reality, and that her grief was all a lie — a hideous dream.

As she stood there, under the strange influence of this momentary sense of bewilderment, and before there was time for the others to lead her in, the Wansys' front door opened, and Mr. Wansy came hurrying down the path to the gate. He flung it wide and came out. Some one was with him—had followed him out of the door, but remained standing on the step of the house.

Mr. Wansy came quickly to the carriage. Mrs. Hamerton was but just getting out, the others stood at the gate. He came close to them before he spoke. He had no hat on, and his hair, blown in the wind, was scant and gray. He looked strange and old.

"This gentleman," he said to Mr. Hamerton, in a low, hurried voice, "has been telling me something about Arthur that I can't believe!—Tell me, is it true?"

He had been going to say more, but the words died on his lips. Merry had turned and looked at him. She had not heard anyone

utter Arthur's name since that ghastly morning on the Tréport coast. True, that was but two days ago, but it seemed to her years. She turned to him and gave a low cry, and he, the only one who saw her face, started forward and caught her in his arms. He said nothing more—her face had answered him. Mr. Hamilton took her quickly from him, and carried her into the house.

"Has she fainted?" said Mr. Hamerton.

"Yes, fainted," said Mr. Wansy, who stood there as if he did not know where he was; "but the look she gave me told me the truth. He is dead, then, my boy."

"Come in with me, Mr. Wansy," said Mrs. Hamerton, putting her hand on his arm. She led him into the house and across the wide hall into the library. She did not know where Merry had been taken. She wanted to go to her straight, yet she felt as if she could not leave this unhappy man to bear the brunt of the blow alone. She had always disliked Mr. Wansy entirely; he had not a characteristic which she could do more than tolerate; but now she would have done anything to soften his inevitable agony. She lost sight of her dislike,—of everything but her intense pity.

"Who is the man that he should come to you with this?" she asked, a sense of wrong rising in her heart, as she thought how terribly true the proverb is that ill news travels a-pace.

"I don't know," said Mr. Wansy. "He has been telling me something—I really don't know what—I did not listen after he made me understand that he had heard a report of—of this. But I don't believe it now—I told him it wasn't true. It seems so unlikely,

Arthur, a great, strong fellow like that! What should hurt him?"

Just then Mrs. Hamerton heard a step in the hall. She turned to see who it was. Richard was standing there. He had driven up to the house alone. She went to him where he stood.

"Can you stay here?" she whispered. He nodded, and advanced into the room, leaving her free to go. Mr. Wansy hardly seemed to notice her going, but he seized upon Richard.

"Mr. Hamerton, do you know anything about this? Is it true? No one seems able to tell me anything!"

"I cannot tell you much," said Richard, "for I was not there; but the others were."

"But they have not told me yet whether it is really true!" he said, with a feverishness which seemed strange in a man of his sturdy physique.

"Have you not seen Merry Hamerton?" asked Richard, significantly.

"Yes, I have," he answered, with a change of tone that was heartrending to hear. "She must have cared for my poor boy!"

He asked no more questions for a few moments; said nothing indeed, but stood still as though stupified by the conviction he had at last arrived at, of the reality of his loss. Then he turned again to Richard, and said, in a low, strained sort of voice, resting one hand on the back of a chair while he spoke, "Then it is all true, what they say, I suppose? Was he drowned bathing?"

"That is what I heard," said Richard. "Mr. Hamerton told me how they discovered it—at least how Merry herself discovered it. Shall I repeat it to you or not? Can you bear it?"

"Tell me all you know, please," said Mr. Wansy, with the strange

manner resembling humility, which great grief will sometimes produce in men accustomed to bully. It has a pathos all of its own. Richard felt it, and told his story as briefly as he could. He told it all, for he knew that by doing so he spared Mr. Hamerton one trial. Mr. Hamerton came into the room just as the story was ended; he had no idea that Richard had been taking such a burden off his shoulders. He saw that it was so immediately, for he heard Richard's last words; and a look at Mr. Wansy's face was enough to assure him that all had been told, and that the father was at last convinced altogether that this terrible thing had indeed come to pass. A greyness had come over him and conquered the redness of a sturdily strong man; he looked old and shattered as if in a moment. Our commonplace figures of speech have a remarkable symbolism in them. A shock such as was this is called a heavy blow, and how aptly! It seems sometimes to knock half the life out of a man's body.

Mr. Hamerton came up to him and took his hand. He replied with as hearty a grip, and then went towards the door.

"Are you going away," said Mr. Hamerton.

"Yes," he answered, "I must go to his mother."

Mrs. Wansy was not, at this moment, the woman whom he had despised and wearied of, worried, and ignored, through half a lifetime. She was the mother of a dead son. The size of the loss made the loser look large.

Mr. Wansy was naturally predisposed to believe in the truth of the Agnatic theory. He never regarded women as of any account in themselves, only in reference to the men with whom they were related. They were hardly individuals in

his eyes, for their glory seemed to him to entirely depend on their male relatives. He had never thought much of his wife; but now he felt a sudden and very real pity for her when he remembered that she, too, had lost her only son. She was his mother, and he was dead. What was left for her? It seemed as if there was nothing.

"You say you left men stationed along the coast?" he said, turning back at the door.

"Yes, with orders to telegraph at once if it—if the body is found."

"I wonder," said Mr. Wansy, "whether they know where it is most likely to be washed up? Those sort of men are stupid. I must have my boy buried at home. I shall go over to-morrow and see about it."

So saying he went out, closing the door behind him.

"That man will be comparatively happy now that he has found something practical to do," remarked Richard, a little tone of contempt making itself just visible in his voice. He was not such a saint as to be able, in a moment of pity, to overcome his detestation of the Wansy breed. Mr. Hamerton did not quite respond; his sympathies had really gone out to the father in Mr. Wansy.

"You must remember that he is a practical man," he remarked. "Grief does not change a man's whole nature at one blow. He is terribly crushed by this—you will see it more in a few days, 'Ah—,' as a knock sounded at the door, 'there is the doctor.'"

"The doctor!" exclaimed Richard, in a voice of horror. "Not for—for Merry?"

"Yes; thank God he has come!" was all Mr. Hamerton's answer. and he hurried out into the hall. He was not superior to that little

weakness common with most persons, of believing absolutely in his own physician. If, in the happy intervals of entire health, he sometimes remarked that "Brant was a clever fellow, but like the rest of them nothing but an experimentalist" — when it came to actual illness the experimentalist was quickly sent for, and listened to with a confiding humility. The doctor is master of the position when he enters a house where there is serious illness, and, as a rule, he rejoices in his power. Cultivated Englishmen, in moments of anxiety, bow as humbly before the man of technical education as any ignorant Indian before the medicine man.

Richard had come alone, in a cab, after the others. Thus he had not seen Merry carried into the house, and no one had thought to tell him she had fainted again. Thus he was left to conjecture vaguely and with horror what might be the reason for Dr. Brant's immediate arrival.

The house seemed like a palace of the dead. Everyone was in or near Merry's room, which was remote from the wide central stairway, and shut off by heavily curtained doorways. Richard wandered about like a lost soul. Presently he met a maid. "Is Dr. Brant here still?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the woman, who looked frightened. "Miss Merry is very ill," and she ran on downstairs upon her errand. So Richard, with this atom of news, alarming enough, had to return to his solitary vigil.

He turned into the drawing-room, but came incontinently out again. It was in its undress of brown holland, and looked to him as though it wore a sort of mourning. All the beauty and life of the room was veiled and hidden away. Can anything be more desolate or

dispiriting than a room in that condition?

Eventually he sat down in the wide seat upon the stairs under the shelter of the peacock's tail; at least he could not fail to see the doctor go out if he staid here. Could there but have been some power of speech in that stately, gorgeous bird, how might his words have cut Richard's heart in twain. Not long ago Arthur and Merry had sat there like two gay children, and Merry had shrunk from going up into the drawing-room, because she said it seemed like leaving the sunshine outside. And when they had reached the drawing-room the sun had gone, and Richard stood there — and Merry, with the jealous feeling of a genuine lover, had doubted which circumstance chilled her the most.

But the peacock told no tales of the lovers' gossip held beneath his resplendent shelter; and Richard had no thought of his dead rival — one person alone was in his mind, and that was Merry. He could forget any love of hers in the past if she would but live and keep her radiance in the future. How would the world look without her? A blank and lifeless sepulchre. A place impossible to live in!

Just then he heard a quiet footstep on the stairs. He looked up. Dr. Brant was coming down alone. He had left the others with plenty to do; and he was a man who always made himself at home in any house he entered. He was passionately fond of art; and he came slowly down stairs looking at the pictures and busts, which made the stairway a place to linger on. It seemed to Richard that the man was a kind of brute, when he could take an interest in pictures though he had left Merry's side but a moment since, and had seen her

agony. He forgot that this was the most likely indication of a sympathetic nature. A man without sensibilities can continue to contemplate suffering with the cool interest of a vivisector; but a doctor who has the gift of sympathy is obliged to cultivate the power of rapidly removing his mind from one idea to another. Imagine a photographer who perpetually reproduced scenes of agony and suffering, and who never left his workshop!

Dr. Brant seemed so absorbed in looking into some of the works of art which pleased him on the way, that Richard rose and went to meet him. Every instant was an age to him in his present state of uncontrollable anxiety.

"Is she very ill?" he asked.

Dr. Brant, meeting those earnest eyes, dropped his interest in art, and became the medical man all over, by a sudden and instantaneous change.

"Miss Hamerton? She is not ill at all. Never have I seen a more perfect and splendid physique! Even this shock has simply prostrated her. But she is as fragile as a flower, and it will take some skill and care to raise her up after this blow."

"Does she suffer?" said Richard.

"Yes — from mental agony, which is far worse than any physical pain. But I shall give her an opiate this evening, and a few hours' sleep may change her state. Good-bye; I shall be back some time to-night," and Dr. Brant, who had a habit of abruptly ending such interviews as this, hurried downstairs and left the house.

"So Dick Hamerton is in love with her!" he said to himself as he lay back in his brougham. "It is a pity when a man cares like that for a woman whose heart is broken!"

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK VERNON had been very much puzzled by the fact that Arthur put in no appearance, either at Park Street or the *Early News* office after the evening of their memorable interview when he had gone away apparently with some hope of help from Mr. Wansy. He quite expected to see him early the next morning; but he did not come. In the afternoon Frank went down to the office; but he had not been there.

On the second day he went to Arthur's club, but he had not been there since the evening Frank had seen him; there were letters awaiting him, and that was all the club-porter could tell him.

This began to look so strange that Frank, pulling furiously at his great yellow moustaches, got into a hansom and drove straight away to the Wansy's house.

A very prim maid-servant opened the door and in answer to his inquiries said that "Mr. Arthur" was out of town.

Frank professed to understand women thoroughly, from princesses to scullery-maids; he tried his power now. Most people would have been afraid of Mrs. Wansy's stern-looking house-maid; but Frank tempered his wink so adroitly and offered his tip so discreetly that he won even her to his wishes. She smiled a little, when Frank asked her if she knew where Arthur had gone, and said in a low voice, "I heard Mr. Arthur speak of 'crossing to Boulogne,' sir, and he's travelling with Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton that lives next door, and Miss Hamerton, that's his young lady."

"Oh!" said Frank Vernon rather taken aback, "When did they start?"

The girl told him. It was the very morning after his last interview with Arthur, and this

looked to him, very queer indeed. The prim maid showed signs of closing the door—and Frank hastily asked another and more daring question.

“Was it suddenly arranged or had they been talking of going?”

“Oh, talking of it for some time, sir,” she answered, and then shut her mouth with a peculiar expression which Frank understood to be final. He thanked her and took his departure.

“Most extraordinary!” he said to himself, as he walked down the path. “If the man has bolted he has covered his escape admirably. But can he have run away in company with papa, mama, and the young lady? He will be so easily traced that it is no escape at all; and, besides, he must come back with them.”

He told his cabman to find the nearest telegraph office, and from there he sent a message to a friend at Boulogne, asking him to communicate with the police or take any available means of discovering where Arthur had gone.

He got a reply from his friend that evening, merely saying he would make all inquiries, and he got no more news until the afternoon, when a telegram was brought him, in which he was told that Arthur had been drowned at Tréport while bathing.

In consternation Frank immediately started off, intending this time to pass by the prim maid and see Mr. Wansy himself. This he succeeded in doing, for Mr. Wansy had just come home from business when Frank arrived at the house.

Mr. Wansy was standing by the drawing-room window listening with a kind of stupefied air to what Vernon was telling him, when the Hamertons' carriage drove up. Seeing them get out he rushed from the room with an excited exclamation, without giving

Frank any clue as to the meaning of this extraordinary conduct. Frank followed him to the hall door, wondering for the moment whether he had gone out of his mind; but, seeing the carriage, and recognising in Merry's pale face a shadowy likeness to the beautiful girl whom he had seen with Arthur at the Academy private view, he guessed the meaning of the scene he was watching.

He retreated into the hall when he saw them all go into the Hamertons' house, and he stood there awhile hesitating what to do. But his mind was not difficult to make up. We generally do what we want in the end, however much we may hesitate about it. He wanted to see Mr. Wansy again, and therefore he accepted the prim housemaid's invitation to walk into the dining-room.

It was some little time before Mr. Wansy came back into the house, and Frank had ample opportunity to look round him and study the “effects” in this interesting room. He had been struck with wonder at the blue drawing-room; he surveyed the red dining-room with real amusement. Out of this house Arthur Wansy had come!—amid these solid, hideous, atrociously handsome surroundings his home life had been passed! Frank felt himself to be getting momentarily more enlightened about Arthur; he began to sympathise with his singular temper as he had never done before. “Poor fellow!” he said to himself; “it is enough to make a man's back straight as a poker, literally and metaphorically, to sit in these chairs every day at dinner! No wonder he found the free air of Park-street agreeable. And what a queer generation this is, in which an irreproachable young swell like Arthur is the product of a quiet, money-making machine such as old Wansy.”

The recollection of "Old Wansy" plunged him into more serious thoughts. He rose restlessly and walked to the window. He was just in time to see Mr. Wansy come in at the gate and walk up the path with uncertain, hurried steps, looking, for the first time in his life, really an old man. Frank opened the dining-room door, and went to meet him. Mr. Wansy looked as if he did not remember who it was that was standing in his hall, or how he came to be there; but, after an effort of recollection, he said, "Oh, do you want to see me? I am sorry I have been so long and kept you waiting!"

"I waited," said Frank, with a very admirable manner, as of respectful sympathy, "because I was anxious to hear if this terrible report is true or no."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Mr. Wansy, hurriedly, pushing some hairs off his forehead as he spoke; "it is true, quite true."

Frank looked at him, wondering if that ashen gray colour was natural to his face?

"May I have two or three minutes with you in private?" he said, "I hardly like to ask it at such a time, but it is really of importance."

"Come in here," said Mr. Wansy, leading the way into his "library," "no one will interrupt us."

Frank found some difficulty in making his little speech, now that he stood face to face with this gray old man, whose keen eyes seemed blinded by the film of a new, appalling grief. But he at last succeeded in making him remember that they had been talking of this newspaper of which Arthur had been proprietor, and of a certain libel case.

"Well, what of it?" said Mr. Wansy, drearily. The thing would have astounded him utterly a little

while ago—only a few hours ago—but in the presence of the news of Arthur's death it faded into nothing.

"Of course now—under the present circumstances," said Frank, "we should like to screen your son's name as far as possible. No doubt this affair preyed on his mind, and he must have more easily lost his nerve than usual—for I believe he was a bold swimmer—and of course people are very ready to forgive anything in a man who has met so unhappy a fate. But still if it were possible to buy these people off, so that it should never get into the papers at all that he had left England at such an unfortunate time with all the appearance of evading the law—it would save any disgrace being attached to his name."

"I begin to understand," said Mr. Wansy, and he sat down heavily in his chair. He opened his bureau and took out his cheque-book.

"Do you believe," he said, pausing and speaking with some of his habitual caution, "that you can prevent anything of this getting into the papers?"

"I think so," said Frank, "money can do a great deal; and I believe I know just the quarters in which to place it. I will use every exertion to screen your son's name in this unfortunate affair."

"How much do you suppose you will want?" asked Mr. Wansy.

"Five hundred pounds," said Frank. "I will endeavour to arrange matters with that."

Mr. Wansy wrote the cheque, and handed it over to Frank with a sigh of relief. It was a smaller demand than he expected.

"Your address is—Park-street? is it not?" he said, rising with an air which made Frank very clearly understand that the interview was ended. "Let me hear from you

again soon, as I should like to enter into the details of this matter when I am more at liberty."

Frank, considering himself dismissed, departed with a sad countenance and an internal sense of self-congratulation. He really felt the sadness of the situation, but he would have risen above his humanity had not that cheque in his breast pocket warmed him a little.

"Curse my modesty!" he said to himself as he went out at the gate. "I believe he would have given me a thousand to get rid of me!"

But after all he did not altogether regret what he called his modesty. He had something which stood him in the stead of a conscience, or which perhaps was a conscience made after a peculiar pattern. Not many people would have owned to the possession of such a queer specimen of its kind, but Frank was rather proud of it. It is common to find men ashamed of their best traits of character and vain of their weakest points; perhaps it was on this principle that Frank prided himself on his conscience and his good heart. He really fancied himself a very good fellow because he had only fleeced Mr. Wansy moderately, and had not worried or frightened him much.

It was impossible for him to guess what he had left behind. Mr. Wansy bowed him out as he would have bowed out a well-dressed pickpocket. He was not so blind as he seemed. Frank Vernon's "haw-haw" style and fine airs could not deceive so shrewd a man as Mr. Wansy. He put him down at once as one of those "newspapers fellows who live from hand to mouth, and as often as possible with their hands in other people's pockets." With his creed of respectability it was bad enough to know Arthur had ever formed intimacies with such people as this. He would

prefer to have heard one of the more ordinary "wild oats" stories than have to meet a man of Frank's stamp claiming to have been one of Arthur's friends. And Frank's disclosure that Arthur was the responsible proprietor of a scurrilous, libellous journal—liable at any time to be dragged before the public or summoned in a police court—he could not easily contemplate or understand this. Men of business like their own and their son's follies and vices to be conducted in a business-like manner, and kept well out of sight. A good income, a good house, and good wine—these are the only sort of things which they may openly confess to. It is the old story that the worst sin of all is that of being found out. A police court scandal in such men's eyes is worse than an habitual quiet frequenting of the bye-ways of life.

Literally Frank left behind him a cloud of shame and disgrace which gradually, in Mr. Wansy's mind, mingled indistinguishably with the intolerableness of grief. It seemed to him that he was moving in a darkness which might be felt. He shut his eyes as he sat there in his study chair, and wondered whether, after all, God paid no heed to the upright man.

As he sat there, feeling all the bitterness of an emptied life rushing in upon him, there was a sound at the door—the rustle of a silk dress—and Mrs. Wansy was in the room.

"Do you know dinner has been waiting a long time?" she said, "Is there anything the matter—oh!" as he rose and faced her, "what is the matter?"

"Dinner!" he said, mechanically, "we don't want any dinner. Come and sit here, Alice; I have something to tell you."

She came, with a scared face, and she trembled as he spoke. He

had not called her Alice for years. She knew that something extraordinary had come into their lives.

He tried to tell her, slowly, and with a gentleness of manner that to her was inexpressibly alarming. Women who are stupid in other things often have all the passion of instinct with regard to their children. She suddenly caught at his meaning.

"Arthur is dead," she said, quickly, "tell me, do you mean he was drowned? Has his body been found?"

"No," said Mr. Wansy, "I am going over to-morrow to see about it."

"Oh, yes," she said, "he must be brought home—we must have him buried. To think of it, my Arthur—so soon to be married, too—that it should be his funeral, and not his wedding, to leave our door!"

Mr. Wansy winced. This realism hurt even him, accustomed as he was to look at life from the detail point of view. Mrs. Wansy's eyes were streaming already—the picture she had called up was the most pathetic possible to her. Some mothers would have thought with agony of that drowned form tossed about in the ocean waters; Mrs. Wansy's mind immediately conjured up the vision of the funeral hearse. It is possible to feed upon husks until we think of nothing else. Her thoughts flew back to the beautiful dress she had intended to wear for the wedding—and then she conjured up a vision of the heavy crape she would wear instead. She was not insincere or vain because these things suggested themselves to her first: they really helped her to realise the position. There are people to whom death is no pale wistful shape, breathing strange whispers of immortality, but a dark presence made decent by

plumes and mutes. Their sense of irreparable loss is none the less heavy, perhaps; only they require these things to help them understand it.

Very few people of Mrs. Wansy's order would have the courage to confess what first they think of at such a time as this. She was just sufficiently refined to know that it might shock even her husband if she spoke of the images which rose before her eyes—the household in its deep mourning, herself regarded with a kind of awed sympathy—the visits of condolence, the air of dignified sorrow which would be over the house. It was an event—something which made her of importance. But suddenly, as she sat there, she realised the difference between this great event and that other which it would supersede. She had been told that she looked better in heavy black than in colours; and she liked deep black-edged note paper; it has a respectable, dignified air; but Arthur, the best ornament of her pomp and state—he would not be there!

Her tears suddenly ceased, and she turned to her husband with a kind of gasp.

"Is it possible you mean it?" she said. "Is Arthur really dead?"

Mr. Wansy had bent over his desk and buried his head in his hands. He made some kind of effort to answer her, but the result was nothing more than a groan.

She was frightened, and touched him. "Let me be quiet," was all he said, without raising his head. She got up and went away, crying as she went. The thing was penetrating her mind now, and her tears grew more and more plentiful. Her maid met her on the stairs and went with her to her room. In ten minutes all the servants knew what had happened, and half of them were gathered round Mrs.

Wansy. Servants love an event even if it is a gloomy one; and they delight in a grief that shows itself in tears and cries of anguish.

They had enough of it with Mrs. Wansy. Her face grew swollen with weeping. In a couple of hours the features looked as if they were becoming indistinguishable; she cried out and appealed to the servants, one after another, to know how she was to bear it. The poor woman really suffered terribly, in her own fashion.

While all this was going on upstairs Mr. Wansy sat alone and silent in his study. He could not rouse himself yet.

The old fairy tale of the gold which changes to dead leaves in our hands is truer than we know. Mr. Wansy was discovering, as the sad moments passed, that it was possible for one loss to make his whole wealth worthless to him.

CHAPTER V.

CLOTILDA STRETTON was sitting alone in her shaded drawing-room in the afternoon, the day after the Hamertons' return home.

She was doing nothing. An open volume lay in her lap, but she was not reading. She had thrown back her head in her habitual attitude of beautiful weariness.

A visitor had just left her, whose last words had set her thinking.

"Mrs. Stretton!" this lady had said, in a moment of outspoken enthusiasm, "who can help wondering at your evident weariness of life! It comes out in your poems and in yourself. It seems so extraordinary, when you have everything to make life precious and desirable. You have gifts—great gifts—you have the most charming husband, and an exquisite home."

Clotilda replied to these compliments with a pretty smile and a superficial answer; but she remembered them, and when her visitor was gone, fell into a reverie over them. She looked round her drawing-room. "It is exquisite," she said, to herself. She thought of her husband, and there came a dull hard throb in her heart. "Why does he look different to me now from what he looked in the old days?" she asked herself. "He was charming to me then. What is it that rebels within me and makes me feel like a caged bird?"

"Marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives."

She said the lines aloud, in a low voice—the voice that comes so naturally to one whose very pulses beat to the music of words.

"Why do those lines cling to my mind?" she whispered to herself; "they are mere clever froth, sprung from a childish bitterness. Yet there seems a horrible half truth in them—at least in ordinary life. I have come under some curse—a curse that hangs over half the world—if I can recognise this horrid half truth, and feel it sting me as it does!"

"Gifts—great gifts. She put that first in the list of what should make life so precious to me. Why, yes, I have some burning of the poet in my blood. I am but a young sister among the great souls, yet I have sometimes drawn in breaths of that exhilarant ether which fills their lungs. I have tasted of the passion of art; I know the intoxication of sweet sounds, and something of the ecstatic madness which is the deepest sanity. Yet, does this gift make life itself more precious?"

She lifted the volume that lay in her lap and read aloud a verse from the page at which it was open:

"Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
"To laugh as he sits by the river,
"Making a poet out of a man:
"The true gods sigh for the cost and
pain,—
"For the reed which grows never more
again
"As a reed with the reeds in the river."

She shut the book and put it aside, when she had dropped every word lovingly from her lips. The whole poem was more familiar to her than her own thoughts, yet she loved to read it from the page as many musicians like to have the most familiar score before their eyes.

"Never more again!" she said to herself. "I have been cut from my stalk in the river bed, and I find myself alone in the midst of life. Those words were written by one who understood the full passions of her sex, and passed through all the strange mysterious experiences of a woman's existence. Her gifts were so great they raised her above her sex and out of her generation; yet she acknowledged there was 'cost and pain,' in making a poet out of a man. But I would not be a reed with the reeds in the river, full in the tide of simple emotions, as our beautiful Merry is. She is hurrying to her doom of disappointment—she is flinging all the sweetness of her soul upon the bosom of that deep river of love which surrounds her and makes her life—is the very sap of her life indeed. But there is none to gather up that sweetness."

She had wandered away from her thoughts of herself now, and dropped into a reverie. She had grown lately even more into the habit of wandering into a fair dreamland of her own. Half her life was lived in this choice country, and from there she brought some sweet fancies "piercing sweet;" but as often she rose from them with a sigh,

and let the loveliness she had gathered into her soul slip away from it, because she had to fulfil some social duty that brought her back too entirely into ordinary life. There is nothing so difficult as to let a vivid imagination keep its full life, and also to sustain a round of social or domestic duties. Man cannot serve two masters, and Clotilda, finding that it was absolutely expected of her to please society, gradually surrendered her art. It was inevitable but that one or the other must give way; and she yielded to fate more readily than might have been expected—the creative impulse had to a great extent died away within her. All she desired was to be allowed to dream sometimes. And indeed she was so deep buried in reverie that she looked a veritable dream-lady when her next visitor came in. Her head was drooped like that of a white lily in the noon-tide heat, and she raised it but languidly when she heard that someone was being announced. But she rose with the swift action of a momentary flame, when she saw it was Richard Hamerton, and sank back into her chair as swiftly. Few callers would have obtained that welcome from her, or brought so nearly glad a smile to hover for an instant on her face. There was something to her refreshing in Richard's presence; it made the world look more honest.

"You are very soon back from Paris, Mr. Hamerton," she said with some surprise.

"We are all at home again," he said. "I have come to tell you all that has happened."

"All that has happened?" repeated Clotilda, looking with her deep, perceptive eyes into his face. "There is some great trouble, I can see that; tell me all you can!"

She did not say what she saw in his face besides trouble—surging

waves of some passionate feeling which she could not name or understand. She wanted the clue; his expression was a riddle to her without it.

The story did not take very long. Clotilda looked up with a strange expression when he spoke of Arthur's death.

"It is a beautiful death," she said. "To go down into the seawater beneath the sunshine, and return no more. It makes his life look different. But tell me about Merry; you have said hardly anything about her. Will you tell me, or shall I go straight and see her?"

"That will be best; I hardly can say anything, for I have only seen her face once. She appears to be stunned by it."

"I will go now," said Clotilda, rising with a quick energy which would have startled many of her friends who supposed her to be only the languid lily she seemed. Richard was not surprised; he had long since penetrated to the sterling reality which underlay that dim æsthetic look and manner.

In a very few minutes Clotilda and Richard were on their way to the Hamertons' house. It was but a short distance from one house to the other, and Clotilda, though as delicate as a spring blossom, loved to travel on her own quick feet. So they walked along under the green trees of the park, and walked almost in silence, for both were full of images and thoughts, which though different, were equally difficult to speak of. The way seemed short, even passed over in this quiet manner; they were too excellent friends to force irrelevant conversation, and were at ease even in the presence of each other's impassioned thinking.

Clotilda's eyes had a strange burning light in them but she kept them on the ground. Her heart was

full—too full for ordinary words, and she was very glad to go on in silence.

The servant who let them in said that Mrs. Hamerton was downstairs in the library.

"I am going into the Egyptian room," said Richard to Clotilda. "If you see Merry let me hear what you think before you go—will you not?"

"Yes," she answered, "I will come in there before I go away."

Mrs. Hamerton was sitting in a large arm-chair in the library, her head leaning on her hand. The position was something new in her; it had a dejectedness in it most unlike any expression of hers. There were large tears dropping slowly from her eyes and she seemed too weary to wipe them away.

Clotilda came and knelt down by her side and put her arms round her. There was a whole world of womanhood in this white lily-like creature—it did but need evoking.

"Have you come to help me?" said Mrs. Hamerton. "You can, if any one can. I have sometimes thought you understand Merry better than I do. And now I am altogether baffled. What am I to do for her?"

"How is she?" asked Clotilda.

"She has grown so still—and when I meet those still eyes, with silent agony in them, I am frightened. I know Dr. Brant is more afraid of her mind than anything else. What can we do, Clotilda?"

"Will she talk at all?"

"Not now—not to day. She only says, 'Thank you' when we do anything for her, as if she were some patient weary invalid. I hate to hear that—I would rather she raved! It is so awful, as if her young spirit were suddenly old and broken."

"No, no, it is not that—it is only

that she is brave to the core, as I always knew she would be when she was tried. You know, Mrs. Hamerton, that Merry has only been a child until now, because there has been nothing to ripen her; she has been ready to be a woman for a long time, and probably this trial has brought out all her strength. She has had all the promise of being a magnificent woman; you must not expect her to give way as if she were a child."

"You little witch," said Mrs. Hamerton, with almost a smile, "you make me look at it in a new way, as I thought you would. But you cannot tell without seeing her. There seems to me to be more than silent endurance in the look of her eyes. And then, too—oh, her face is so changed by these few days of pain! Oh, Clotilda, we made her life too happy, and now we are bitterly punished, as I feared we should be."

"The morning of her life was too beautiful—more beautiful than that granted to the rest of men and women; but, remember, Mrs. Hamerton, that the heavier the storm that comes at noon, the more hope it may pass over."

"Yes, if it were any ordinary trouble I could hope even that, Clotilda; but you know the faithfulness of that child's nature. A loss like this is so heavy to one all unprepared for trial: to tell you the truth, I have little hope that she will live through it."

"Let me go to her!" said Clotilda, spring to her feet, and quickly throwing aside her hat and mantle. "Do you think I may?"

"Dr. Brant said that though he did not want her troubled with small things, or people she did not care for, he would like her to be startled. Anything that would rouse her would do her good. I have been hoping for you, because you are the only person she has ever

really opened herself out to, and I fancy your presence may rouse her. I should like you to go straight in alone. I think Gerald is in the room now. I will go and call him away, so that if she is tempted to speak, by a fresh sympathy, there shall be no restraint."

They went upstairs to the door of Merry's room. It stood open, and there were no sounds of voice or movement in the room. But Gerald Hamerton was there. He was with Merry in the flesh, but it seemed as if some great veil had fallen between their minds and spirits. Merry lay still, her eyes open, yet apparently hardly noticing whether anyone was with her or no.

Mr. Hamerton came out and shook hands with Clotilda silently. She went forward into the room, and they shut the door behind her.

She advanced a little way, and then remained silently looking at Merry's form. She was lying on a wide couch that stood at the foot of her bed; her eyes were turned towards the window, so that she did not see who came or went. It looked almost as if she desired not to see; and yet the position was so statuesque, it had none of the irritability of one who wishes to be undisturbed.

She was wrapped in a dark blue dressing gown, which lay in long folds over her figure and came close to her throat. Her hair was loose, and thrown back over the cushions as if its touch annoyed her. Clotilda could not see her face, for her head was turned aside.

The silence was certainly terrible after a little while. Merry made no movement. There were none of the little restless actions which even in repose are so natural. Her hand hung over the couch like a hand cut in marble. It seemed indeed that it was a frozen figure

which lay there with a dead heart in its midst.

While Clotilda stood silent a moment, there came an almost savage gleam into her dark eyes. This woman, whose whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of her intellect, and who had until lately regarded love as a not to be envied privilege of the reeds that grow with the reeds in the river, felt a sudden power and passion rising within her. "The dead can be recalled to life," she whispered in her mind, "and how?—not by the awe-stricken, tender, timid touches which these others, who love her so much that they fear to hurt her, have given her. Why can I not call her back to life—I have all the elements of love in me!"

Her resolve was taken—her instincts rose with wild courage within her, and flung down at one blow the barriers which cold reason had for years been building over them.

Some people who knew Clotilda very well would hardly have recognised her now. There was a fierceness rising in her face—a vigour, almost a hungry look. For the first time in her life, the powerful, natural woman in her was asserting itself, and was preparing to spring forth, like a beautiful, strong, wild creature.

With a sudden movement she flung herself upon the foot of the couch, wound her arms round Merry's figure instantaneously, and by a quick serpentine action drew herself up along the couch, so that she lay straight at Merry's side, face to face. Before an instant

had passed, before Merry could draw breath, her mouth was suddenly devoured with kisses. Clotilda put her arms around her so tightly, in so passionate an embrace, that there was no escape from her caresses; and she rained kisses upon Merry's face, upon her lips, and eyes, and forehead, till her own lips burned with fire. It seemed as if she held some child in her arms whom she had lost and found again. Her very body seemed full of that vigorous and loving warmth which penetrates and makes itself felt by its keen ardency. It is something different from animal heat: it is a glow which appears to descend from the emotions of the soul into the sensations of the body. Clotilda would not relax her hold: she seemed like one starved who cannot sufficiently devour: she put aside the close folds of Merry's wrapper, and kissed her throat and neck with lips that seemed to bring blood to the pale surface.

At last she felt the breast that lay against her own begin to stir more deeply with every recurring breath—it seemed almost as if some great tide were rushing in and bringing its swell with it—swaying to and fro the body that it laid its hold upon. And then Merry's arms were suddenly put around her with a quick grasp as if of agony and terror; and against her cheek she felt a rush of hot, burning tears.

The still eyes, so terrible in their silence, had lost their dryness of despair; the passion of grief had burst its icy bondage.

(To be continued.)

A CONTEMPORARY OF JESUS.

(Continued from page 622.)

Two conceptions, it is evident from the quotations we have made, were familiar to the Jewish mind in Philo's time. They are these:

That the Divine power is unsearchable in its essence, but may be visible to man in the action of its energies, which are subordinate powers—a manifestation of Deity which is yet one with Him: the Word, or Wisdom in activity, is the eldest son of God, and yet is God.

That an angel or a man who is so far removed from self that he can be inspired with the mission and work of God, is to the extent of that delegation to be regarded as God himself. The Word of God has filled him; and he is therefore one with the Word, as the Word is one with God.

These conceptions probably at first went no further than the philosophic mind, and there remained fluid, a fleeting mirror of the mystery of truth.

It is the ignorant and plebeian mind, the mind without background, the vision without intuition, which demands the solidification of suggestive thought into hard, concrete and contracted dogma. For fear the ethereal vision should be blown away, it must be pegged down. To the inspired soul, on the contrary, such a course is worse than unnecessary; it is to drag down into contact with the soil a wing which would otherwise help the soul to rise toward

heaven. So to act is to be confessedly without the belief that if supernal visions should become dimmed, the source from which they spring remains; it is to be outside the instinctive faith of the truly spiritual mind that any clouds that hide the light are but for a moment, and from below, and that the light shines on for ever from above. A person who really believes in the fact of heaven does not fret himself over doctrines of heaven.

Is there any evidence, it may be asked, beyond an inference sought to be drawn from the gospel writings, that these two philosophical conceptions, that of the subordinate manifestation of Deity, and that of the divinized status of a missionary man, ever converged into one?

In the writings of Clement of Alexandria, we find the Philonic conception of the Word in actual combination with the apotheosis of a man who foremost among men reached to a knowledge of God. The old phraseology is found adapted to either conception, and both become one. In the following passages we may see the actual step being taken from philosophy to doctrine, through the medium of an essentially poetical faculty of sight, and the introduction of the notion of a special providence:—

“A beautiful breathing instrument of music the Lord made man, after His own Image.

And he himself also, surely, who is the supramundane Wisdom, the celestial Word, is the all-harmonious, melodious, holy instrument of God." (Clem. Alex. Exhort. i.)

"The Word of God became man, to educe from man the lesson how man may become God." (Ibid.)

"Our Instructor is like his Father God, whose son he is," "God in the form of man, stainless, the minister of His Father's will, the Word who is God, who is in the Father, who is at the Father's right hand." (Paid. I. 2.)

"Formerly . . . the Word was an angel; but to the fresh and new people has been given a new covenant, and the Word has appeared, and that mystic angel is born—Jesus." (Paid. I. 7.)

"We, too, are first-born sons, who are reared by God, who are the genuine friends of the First-born, who first of all other men attained to the knowledge of God." (Exhort. ix.)

The novel notion of a special providence, as distinguished from the constant and universal beneficence of God, is very marked in the *apologia* for the doctrine of the Word made flesh, to which are devoted the first chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, beginning, "God, having in many parts and in many ways spoken of old unto the fathers in the prophets, at the end of these days, spoke to us in a Son, whom he appointed inheritor of all things, through whom also he made the aeons; who being an effulgence of the glory, and an express image of his substance, and bearing all things by the expression of his power, having made a purification of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

The very term here translated "express image," the stamp from

a seal, is one by which Philo defines the relation of the Eternal Word to the Great Cause.

We may now turn again to the idea of the Word, as we have seen it in Philo, and to its adoption, extension, and application in the new sense in the fourth gospel:

"In the beginning (Archè, firstness) was the Word, and the Word was with (close to) God, and the Word was God." (John i. 1.)

In Philo we find:

"The Divine Word. . . . the closest to God without any distance interposed. (De Prof. § 19.)

There is a curious bit of the subtlety which is so marked a Rabbinical quality, to be noted in this connection of the Word and the Archè. Every jot and tittle of their ancient scripture was wont to be overfilled by the Rabbis with a meaning often not its own. The World is described as created by Sayings, because in Genesis the preface to each creative act is the expression "God said," as in "God said, Let there be Light." One act of creation, however, is described as "*In the Beginning* God created the heavens and the earth." In another place (Ps. xxxiii. 6) is to be found the verse, "*By the Word* of the Eternal were heavens made." To the Rabbinical mind, therefore, the Beginning and the Word appeared to be necessarily very closely connected, and to be as two aspects of one personification. We find Wisdom introduced (Prov. viii. 22) as saying, "The Eternal possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was anointed from everlasting, from the beginning, before ever the earth was;" and in a Talmudic commentary upon Genesis is this speech put in the mouth of Wisdom, "By me, who am Archè, God created the heavens and the earth." (Jalqut 2.) The composer of the Fourth Gospel, in associating the Archè and the

Word, is thus as much at one with the Talmudists, as he is in sympathy with Philo.

The notion of a more or less concrete personification of the Word may be said to pervade the early Hebrew scriptures—"There came unto me the Word of the Lord, saying," is the common preface of the prophet's utterance. "The spirit of Jehovah" is a corresponding expression, and yet carries with it the notion of some individuality of character in the messenger. For instance, where (1 Kings xxii. 24) a false influence has corrupted the speech of certain prophets, one of these taunts another who has spoken differently, "Which way went the spirit of Jehovah from me to speak unto thee?" Or, according to the Septuagint, "What sort of a spirit of the Lord is that which has spoken in thee?" The spirit or Word here is understood as being an individual, and, like the Satan of Job, a servant of God.

But that the powers of God, when viewed as separate, were yet not always regarded as persons, may be judged from such phrases as, in the later writings, "Thy Almighty Hand, which made the universe of formless matter," when compared with "Thy Almighty Word leaped out of thy royal throne," and, "O, God, who madest the all by thy Word, and ordainedst man by thy Wisdom," which are to be found in the same book. (Wisdom ix. 1; xi. 17; xviii. 15.)

The following are frequent expressions of Philo's: "The second God, who is the Word," "the most sacred Word, the eternal image of God," "the eldest Word," "the first-born." "Through the Word," according to Philo, "the entire universe was fashioned." "You will find that God is the cause of the universe, from whom it sprang . . . the Word of God is

the instrument, through which it was fashioned." (De Cherub. § 35.)

According to John, "all things came into being through him [the Word], and no single thing that has come into being came into being without him."

Philo writes:

"The unseen and spiritually apprehensible [or ideal] Divine Word Moses speaks of as the Image of God. And he speaks of the ideal Light as being itself the image of this image, inasmuch as it has come into being as the image of the Divine Word which gave the utterance to its genesis [spoke it into birth: 'Let there be Light, and there was Light.']. The pure and unmingled Light is, however, dimmed in its transmission from the ideal world to that which is discerned by our senses, for no object of sense is ever wholly pure." (De Creat. Mund. § 8.)

John says that in the Word is "Life, and the Life was the Light of men;" it "shines in the darkness, and the darkness took no hold on it."

The spiritual Light, according to Philo, is the efflux of the Divine Word which gives it its being. But these different relations are not to be too literally regarded; it would be mere confusion to attempt to define minutely either the Word, which is Wisdom, or the Light which is "not the phenomenal sun, but the most brilliant and glorious Light of the unseen and mighty God. When this light irradiates the mind, the secondary rays of words [or angels] set." (De Somn. I., § 13.) The Light, or the Word, according to John, confers a child-ship of God, a divine birth derived neither from blood, as ordinary relationship, nor from any will originating in the flesh, or in what is merely human. According to Philo (Quest. in Gen. i. 4) the spiritual part of

man is what becomes the image of the Word which gives the Light.

So far there is a very close accord between Philo the expositor and John the theologian. The latter then diverges. The philosophic conception of the Word, the irradiating Light which shines in many a way from God to the spirit of man, he converts to a special purpose. The change is very slight, but has had a momentous result. Jesus embodies the Word;—Jesus is the Word embodied. Jesus is all unself, is all God;—Jesus is God. The flesh is the nidus of the Divine outpouring;—the Word is made flesh. The difference is scarcely perceptible, yet immense. On the one hand, philosophy; on the other, doctrine.

This mighty bridge, of a hair's breadth, being once regarded as spanned over, the philosophic attributes of the Word are reverted to. Philo says of the Word, the first-born son, "No mortal thing could have been formed after the similitude of the supreme Father of the Universe, but only after the pattern of the second deity, who is the Word of the supreme Being. (Quest. and Sol. in Gen. ii. § 62, and Frag. Euseb. P. E. vii. 13.) "Who would stand to a positive affirmation about the essence of God? . . . We must be content if we can be able to have knowledge of His name, to wit, of the interpreter, the Word. For this is what must be God to us, imperfect as we are." (Leg. Allegor. III. § 73.) John says, "God none hath ever seen; the only-born son that is in the bosom of the Father, he made him plain." With Philo, the son of God acting as paraclete for man with the father of the universe, and for an amnesty for sins, is the very universe itself (Vit. Mos. III. § 14); with John, "If any man sin, we have a paraclete with

the Father, righteous Jesus Christ." (1 John ii. 1.)

As, with Philo, the Word is the nourishment of souls, the God of the imperfect; so, with Clement, Jesus is the "perennial Word," the "eternal Light," and similarly acts as the divine helper of the lowly, represented under the poetic metaphor of the "wing of unwandering birds."

The main injury done by this convergence of the two grand conceptions, is that when the result of the combination had been made a doctrine, it contracted the impression of the infinite divine energies in action in relation to man, by excluding all but one express manifestation. The defined special providence tends to obscure the constant, which if truly infinite is then indeed infinitely special. The figurative representation of an eternal process of divine activity, when converted into the dogmatic statement of a single occurrence, may have gained, by concentration, in its power to appeal to the unthinking; but the acceptance of such a creed as a finality has been a stumbling block in the way of the exploring mind bent on the "divine philosophy," which is "Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, But musical as is Apollo's lute."

If the doctrines which sprang into prominence after the death of Jesus were conversions of older philosophical images, it may naturally be expected that the field of comparison through which we have passed will afford other likenesses.

The following is an allegorised reminiscence of a Mosaic story; and contains a symbol which was afterwards turned to a Christian use:

"God sends forth upon it the stream from his own sheer Rock of Wisdom, and gives the converted soul to drink of unchangeable

health the souls that love God, when they have drunk, are filled also with the most universal manna." (Leg. Allegor. II. § 21.)

The same Mosaic story, in the same allegoric manner of Philo, is made available as the type of another conception than that of the Word or Wisdom—the Christ; a heightened and spiritualised modification of the older notion of Christs or Messiahs, the anointed ones who were the supreme officials of the early Jewish theocracy, the king and the priest.

The two conceptions, that of the personified Word, and that arising from the spiritualisation of the office of the Christ, or Anointed One, were both adopted by degrees and blended into one, as a poetic, a reverential, and afterwards a doctrinal aureole for the head of Jesus.

"Our fathers did all eat the same spiritual food, and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they continued to drink out of a spiritual attendant Rock, and the Rock was Christ." (1 Cor. x. 1—4.)

A further comparison may be made of the imagery of spiritual food. In Philo we find:

"The Divine Word, from which flow all teachings and wisdoms that never fail. This is the heavenly food *"Behold, I rain upon you bread from heaven."* (Exod. xvi. 4.) In very truth it is God who showers down from above ethereal wisdom upon well-disposed and exploring minds." (De Prof. § 25.)

"The most high Divine Word, which is Wisdom's fount if one draw from the stream he finds instead of death life eternal. (De Prof. § 18.)

The corresponding symbolism of bread of immortal wisdom and water of eternal life is to be found in the passages that follow:

"Labour not to earn the food which perishes, but rather the food which abides unto life eternal, which food the Son of Man gives unto you, for on him the Father God did seal approval. . . . They said Our fathers did eat the manna in the wilderness, even as it is written, *He gave them bread from heaven to eat.* Jesus therefore said unto them, verily, verily, I say unto you, it is not Moses that has given you the bread out of the heaven, but the true bread out of the heaven it is my Father that gives you. For the bread of God is the bread that descends out of the heaven and gives life to the world. . . . Your fathers ate manna in the wilderness and did die; the bread which descends out of the heaven is this, that one may eat of it and not die." (John vi. 27, 33, 50.)

"I know that His [God's] commandment is life eternal." (John xii. 50.)

"Everyone that drinks of this water [of the well] will thirst again: but whosoever drinks of the water that I will give him will never thirst; but the water that I will give him will become in him a well of water springing up into life eternal." (John iv. 13, 14.)

There is some obscurity in early Christian compositions owing to a peculiar use of the expression *aeon*, which is variously translated "age," "time," "world," "ever."

"The ages (aeons) which are to come." (Eph. ii. 7.)

"In this time (season) . . . in the time (aeon) that is to come." (Mark x. 30.)

"Worthy to obtain that world (aeon), and the upstanding from the dead." (Luke xx. 35.)

"For ever (for the aeons)." (Matt. vi. 13.)

"For ever (for the aeon)." (John xii. 34.)

The clue to what the Pharisaic Rabbi understood by the word

which in Greek is represented by *aiōn*, and in Hebrew has the root-signification "to hide," we may find in Philo:—

"Aeon is an expression descriptive of life of the universe of spiritual perception, as Time of the life of the universe of external sensation." (De Mut. Nom. § 47.)

A quotation from the Talmud will exemplify this use of the term. "Morning sleep, and mid-day wine, and the babbling of youths, and frequenting the meeting-houses of the vulgar, put a man out of the aeon. (Pirq. Aboth iii. 16.) On the other hand, "He that increases Torah [the Divine-Law as identified with Wisdom] increases life. . . . He who has gotten to himself words of Torah, has gotten to himself the life of the world to come." (Pirq. Aboth ii. 8.) A corroboration of this teaching, and of the meaning of the aeon, is to be obtained from the following: "Search the scriptures, for ye deem that in them ye have aeonian life." (John v. 39.)

The aeon thus has nothing to do with the measures of the movements of our terrestrial spheres, it is a part of the endless flow of eternity, and therefore comes to be understood as representing the state described as "the world to come." The epithet "aeonian," so commonly rendered "everlasting," should never be understood as in relation to duration; when applied to life it means life of the aeon, spiritual, or eternal life.

By an extension of the spiritual sense of the term aeon, it became used by the Gnostics to signify celestial beings.

Another similar expression used in the same expansive way in reference to the spiritual condition, is "the day of the Lord," "the great day," "the day of judgment." With a similar meaning the Tal-

mudic Rabbis spoke of "the aeon of selection."

It is probable that such an entrance into the interior state—a fleeting vision to the incarnate—is signified by the expression of the Apocalypse (i. 10). "In spirit I came to be in the dominical day." That such expressions as 'aeon' or 'day' are inadequate to represent, and only dimly denote, the incommunicable, is confessed in the words, "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." (II. Pet. iii. 8.)

Before continuing the study of Philo's attitude towards the universal problems of philosophy, we may ask the question, What is he—gnostic, mystic, ascetic, or transcendentalist? He is not an extreme ascetic, he is conscious of the beauty of the body, as a part of nature; but he sees in it a dead and soulless thing, if viewed by itself, but assured of a high destiny if ruled and governed by the sovereign principle. There is in the soul, or vital part, an irrational element, the faculties which appeal and do not reason. So far then the soul part ought not to be called dead if taken by itself, but this very life is a kind of life that is but temporary, and may almost be called death. Philo is a mystic, but sane, and not given to superstition. He is a gnostic, but a spiritual gnostic, that is, he keeps close to such realities as are made known to the spiritual instinct or inspiration; he is not a gnostic whose theories have become over-intellectualised, and who has spun out the plain and wholesome spiritual food into the gossamer threads of excited fancy. At first study he may be thought to be as deeply lost in fancy's maze as any theosophical speculator, but this effect upon the practical mind is due, not to gnostic extravagance, but to the Rabbinical methods which he

follows. He says, "Great things are often made known by an outline of smaller things" (*De Abrah.* § 15); a fact which is true enough. But the Rabbinical snare into which he falls is the attempt to make great things reveal themselves by an outline of smaller things with which they have no original connection whatever. His peculiarity is that his thoughts are sane, even though apparently produced by an insane method. This method, at once supersubtle and puerile, he owes to the fashion of his race, and to the fact of the very letter of the Jewish scriptures being held in such reverence that all philosophy had to be drawn through it, and none could meet with attention that professed independence of the canonical law.

Philo is thus not an absolutely independent thinker, his thought being necessarily coloured to some extent by the medium in which he works. His endeavour is to "combine the philosophy of Plato with the sanctions of Hebrew religion,"* but the philosophic expansion with which in that process he can endow the narrowest and most apparently matter of fact sentence of the ancient Hebrew record, is something to wonder at.

The personification of the various properties that make up the complex nature of man forms a not uninteresting parabolic study. And Philo is not alone in the cultivation of such a poetico-philosophical pursuit. If we turn to Buddhism, we stumble upon the injunction (absurd unless it be a symbolic paradox) to the devout disciple to murder his father and mother, and destroy a kingdom with all its subjects. In the gospel parables we find much that is unedifying, unless understood of the constituents of human nature,

when it at once becomes full of suggestiveness. These, however, it is easy to accept as made for fable, not told for fact. In Philo, on the other hand, the almost ludicrous peculiarity is that the mysterious symbols are found so parasitically entwined with the records of time-honoured historical characters, that sober chronicle and occult myth seem to have become one.

We are accustomed to regard Abraham as a patriarchal sheikh who more than held his own in a rude age, against the petty chieftains of his neighbourhood. The accounts of such exploits it is much easier to regard as legendary and semi-historical, than as a deliberate weft of symbol. But in Abraham Philo sees a type of spiritual conquest only :

"Abraham, after the destruction of the nine kings, that is, of the four passions and the five powers of the outward senses." (*De Ebriet.* § 27.)

In a similar manner, Pharaoh himself ceases to be an earthly sovereign, and becomes a quality of soul :

"The king of Egypt, the arrogant mind 'with the six hundred chariots,' that is to say, with the six harmonically arranged movements of the organic body, and 'with the chief men set upon them.' . . . 'The horse and his rider he had thrown into the sea,' because after he had done away with the particular mind which rides away upon the irrational impulses of that four-footed and restive animal, passion, he was becoming an ally and champion of the sight-endowed soul." (*De Ebriet.* § 29.)

The significations here brought out in so singular a manner are strangely akin to the Buddhist doctrines as to "the five aggre-

* Charles Gipps Prowett, "Philo the Jew," *Fraser's Magazine*, Aug., 1874.

gates" of sensual feeling, "the three poisons" of covetousness, anger, delusion, "the five obscurities" of envy, passion, sloth, vacillation, unbelief; and the like numerical modes of classifying qualities.

In Philo's view, the manifestation of man is in harmony with that of the divine powers, the epiphanies of the unsearchable God; the ideal existence comes first, thence follows the more external: "After producing the type of the generic man, in whom they say the male and female sex are contained, God at length works out the species, the Adam." (*Legis Allegor.* II. § 4.)

This may remind us of the traditional saying of Jesus, in answer to the question when the Kingdom of Heaven should come, that it would be 'when the two had become one, and when the male and the female were neither male or female,' that is, when the angelic state, the ideal type and perfection, had been attained or regained.

But while he regards the terrestrial faculties as occupying a comparatively lowly place, Philo is sufficiently rational not to despise them, seeing that they belong to a divine scheme of use. Man is placed by God in Nature in order to learn from it:

"Having settled his reasoning faculty as king in the sovereign part of him, he bestowed upon him as a suite of body-guards the capacities for the apprehension of colours and sounds, flavours and odours, and the like, which in the absence of external sense man would have been unable to get hold of by his own unaided power." (*De Mund. Opif.* § 48.)

As we all know, these sturdy body-guards, the senses, are not seldom found so assuming that the king himself is almost obliterated. Many a cry has gone up from the struggling inner heart of man,

that its birthright and supremacy are being done away; the world presses too closely upon it. The following expressions of the soul's cry both of dismay and of triumph may be compared:

"The corruptible body makes the soul heavy laden, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the much-musing mind." (*Wisdom* ix. 15.)

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are burdened, and I will give you rest. . . . My yoke is comfortable and my burden light." (*Matt.* xi. 28, 30.)

"In this [earthly] tabernacle we groan, being burdened." (*II. Cor.* v. 4.)

Philo speaks explicitly, as is his wont, on this subject:

"They toil to earn and make a system of the things dear to the flesh, with all speed making their own that composite earthy mass, that statue of plasm, that almost house of the soul, which—from birth until death so great a burden—it lays not down, but carries like a corpse." (*De Agric.* § 5.)

"The little housings in the nether world are what bring bondage and disaster and fell humiliation upon the soul. For in very truth the passions of the body are spurious and foreign to the mind, being produced of the flesh, wherein they have firm root." (*Quis Rer. Div. Her.* § 54.)

We are strongly reminded here of the Buddhist view, and of the apostrophe to the lust of the flesh and the pride of life as the responsible authors of corporeal existence: "O maker, thou hast been discerned; thou shalt not build up this tabernacle again."

But Philo goes too far in saying that bodily passions have their absolute origin in the flesh, which rather may be said to give desires their expression. We may correct the thought by the deeper truth

that although in external life they take their form, it is "from within, out of the heart of man" that there come murders and adulteries, lasciviousness and pride.

The following, from Philo, is in close accord with the myth of creation as given in Genesis, but it falls short of giving the whole secret of incarnation. The irrational part is but too truly an integral part of us:

"It is owing to bodily pleasure that men exchange the immortal and fortunate existence for that which is mortal and ill-starred." (De Mund. Opif. § 53.)

"The part of our soul as distinct from the sovereign principle is divided sevenfold, into five senses and the vocal organ, and besides all, the productive faculty." (De Mund. Opif. § 40.)

We are reminded, by the allusion to Genesis, how orthodox an adherent, according to the Pharisaic interpretation, was Philo to the Mosaic scriptures:

"In five ways at first the serpent winds itself round insinuatingly. For truly there are pleasures that consist in sight, and in hearing, and in taste, and in smell, and in touch. But the most vehement and intense are those of intercourse with women." (Legis Allegor. II. § 18.)

In the following passage it is doubtful whether Philo does or does not take a broader view and show a belief that body is not the culprit upon whom alone all responsibility for sin must be thrown:

"Death is of two kinds, the one being the death of a man, the other the peculiar death of a soul. The death of a man is soul's severance from body, but the death of soul consists in the destruction of virtue, combined with adoption of vice. When Moses speaks not merely of dying but of dying the death, he is not denoting common

death, but that peculiar and especial death which appertains to a soul entombed in passions and all kinds of vice. . . . Well did Herakleitos in this respect follow the doctrine of Moses, when he says, 'We live their death, we have died their life.' For now, when we are alive, it is with the soul dead and entombed in the body as it were in a grave-mound; but were we to die, it would be with the soul living its own life, and released from the evil and dead body wherewith it is bound." (Legis Allegor. I. § 33.)

If the soul going downwards finds death, striving upwards it finds life:

"The mind is vivified by God, and the irrational part of the soul by the mind; for the mind is as it were a God to the irrational part of the soul." (Leg. Allegor. I. § 13.) This is a corresponding procession of life to that which is affirmed of the universe of nature as uttered into life by the Word, and the Word by God. These are abstract thoughts, and to most minds it is more congenial to think only of the concrete and the personal. The irrational mass of humanity is vivified by the apostolic few. These few, or the one who is pre-eminent, are regarded in fear or in love as the Light that proceeds from God. In course of time the apostle becomes canonised, and humanity, instead of looking upwards to the radiant source from which all scattered lights proceed, worships at the feet of an image, the original of which perchance was treated with despite.

Plato never uses the word angel to convey his notion of daimonic existences; the Hebrew prophets of the olden time do not speak of souls as disembodied individuals; Philo is a connecting line between Greek and Hebrew. As he ex-

presses it, "If you regard Souls and Daimons and Angels as differing indeed in name, but as one and the same thing in reality, you will remove from yourself that most oppressive burden, superstition. For as men in general speak of good and evil daimons, and in like manner of good and evil souls, so also it is with regard to angels, as being some of them worthy of a good appellation, as ambassadors from men to God, and from God to men, inviolable and holy on account of this blameless and all-comely ministry; while as to others, again, you will not err if you take them to be unholy and unworthy of the appellation." (De Gigant. § 4.)

The following commentary upon Jacob's dream conveys these ideas of Philo's more fully:

"And he dreamed a dream; and behold a ladder was planted solidly upon the earth, the head whereof reached unto the heaven, and the angels of God ascended and descended upon it' (Gen. xxviii. 12.). Admirably does Moses by the figure of a ladder planted solidly on the earth present an image of the air. . . . The air is the abode of incorporeal souls, inasmuch as it seemed good to the Creator to fill all parts of the world with living creatures. . . . Were it not absurd that that element whereby others have been endowed with soul should itself be destitute of souls?

"Of these souls, some descend to be bound up in mortal bodies, such, namely, as are most near the earth and most fond of body. Others soar upwards, being again distinguished according to definitions and times which have been marked out by nature. Of these souls, some yearn for the associations and habits of mortal life, and go back again to it; others charge it with much trifling folly, and pronounce the body to be a prison

house and grave mound; and flying from it as from a gaol or a tomb, have raised themselves up aloft on light wings to the ether, and for their æon engage themselves on sublime things.

"There are others, again, the most pure and excellent, who have succeeded to greater and diviner minds, not ever reaching out at all for any of the things of earth, but being viceroys of the All-sovereign, as it were eyes and ears of a great king, having all things in their view and hearing. Philosophers in general call these daimons, but the sacred word is wont to call them angels, using a name more naturally suitable. For indeed they are angels who convey the injunctions of the father to the children, and the needs of the children to the father. . . . It is the lot of us, subjects of fate, to use words as mediators and intercessors. . . . The ladder was something of this sort; but if we examine the soul which is in men, we shall find that its foundation (the corporeal nature), corresponding to the earth part, is external sensation, while its head, corresponding to the heavenly part, is the purest mind." (De Somn. I. § 22, 23.)

The following fine and picturesque passage is essentially Platonic:

"Those beings whom other philosophers call daimons, Moses usually calls angels; they are souls that take flight by air. . . . However incapable our sight may be of receiving the images of the impression made by souls, it does not follow that souls do not exist in air: but in order that like should be contemplated by like, it is essential that they should be apprehended by mind.

"Some among souls descended into bodies, while others have not deigned ever to adapt themselves to any of the quarters of the earth.

These, once hallowed and compassed by the Father's care, the Demiurge is wont to employ as helpers and ministrants for the charge of mortals. But the others, descending into body as into a river, at one time are carried away and swallowed up by the sweep of a most violent whirlpool, while at another they strive with all their power to resist the current, and at first manage to float up, and afterwards thither to fly off again, whence they started.

"These are souls of those that somehow drew from above a love of wisdom, and from the beginning to the end took diligent care to die to the corporeal life, in order that they might get in exchange the incorporeal and incorruptible life, in the presence of the Uncreate and Incorruptible. But those which are swallowed up are the souls of such other men as disregarded wisdom, giving themselves up to unstable and chancy affairs, not one of which bears reference to the mightiest part of what is in us, soul or mind, but all to our corpse yoke-fellow, the body, or to things even more soulless than that, I mean popularity and money, and offices and rewards, and all such other things as by those who have not fixed their eyes on what is beautiful in real truth, are plastered up and painted into life by the cheat of false opinion." (De Gigant. § 3.)

Platonic though this may be, it is quite in accord with the spirit which dictated the utter subjection of the body, and even a reluctance to escape the supreme trial of martyrdom, with a view of so obtaining "a better resurrection." A truth, enthusiastically distended, was and is the spring of all fanatical readiness for martyrdom; the truth that in spite of appearances which make for the contrary, the soul is really the important part,

the only part worth saving. Philo gives a complete code of ethics in the following pregnant passage:

"The body in the absence of the soul, the soul in the absence of reason, reason in lack of virtue, is by nature bound to perish." (Quod Det. Potiori Insid. § 39.)

The body, in other words, is secondary to the soul, soul-saving is a delusion without reason, and reason is only kept wholesome and true by conduct.

The following passage continues the subject, and is one of Philo's wonderful extractions of a metaphysical meaning out of the letter of his national scripture:

"'Who slays Cain shall suffer sevenfold.' . . . The irrational part of the soul is divided into seven parts—sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch, speech, generation. If, therefore, one were to do away with the eighth, which is mind, that is to say, Cain the ruler of them, he would paralyse the seven also; for while by the stout strength of the mind, all are made strong, by its weakness they are made to suffer in sympathy, and by its decay if brought on wholly by vice they become slackened and dissolved altogether." (Quod Det. Potiori Insid. § 46.)

Etymology shows numbers of alluring similarities between words of different apparent origin. It is a curious coincidence which makes the word *Kain* (here made to represent the mind's sovereign rule) so like the root *Ken*, which means knowledge and the sovereignty derived from knowledge: Sanscrit, *gna*, *ganami*; Greek, *ginosco*; Latin, *cognosco*; Gothic, *kann*; German, *kennen* and *König*; Saxon, *cynning*; English, *king*, *cunning*, *canny*, *ken*, &c.

Whether, or not, there be in the letter of the ancient Hebrew scriptures any hidden original root of parable, Philo finds no difficulty in

planting one there. Again and again we find him, in reference to a passage that seems to contain nothing beyond its *primâ facie* meaning, urging that for the explanation, "We must have recourse to allegory, which is dear to visionary men [men of sight or of insight], for truly the sacred oracles do most manifestly offer us inducements to the pursuit of it." (De Plantat. § 9.)

Or again:

"The literal statement here is plainly fabulous." (Leg. Allegor. II. § 7.)

In a number of passages Philo endeavours to do away with imperfect anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, which no doubt to some extent were due to expressions in the older sacred books of his race. The following, for instance, very considerably enlarges the idea of creation, which is so often represented as a series of disjointed or intermittent acts:

"God never ceases at all from creation, but just as it is the property of fire to burn, and of snow to chill, so it is of God to be creating. . . . He makes things to rest which appear to be creative, but are not really endowed with energy; but he himself never ceases from creative action." (Legis Allegor. I. § 3.)

"Thou shalt take away, O soul, everything created, mortal, changeable, profane, from thy conception respecting God the uncreate and incorruptible, and immovable, and holy, and only blessed." (De Sacrif. Ab. et Caini, § 30.)

The following is a splendid passage from first to last, and will help to show why men are to be found who will painfully thread their way through the uneven paths of error and turmoil, in the consciousness that there is indeed a promised land, one brief glimpse of which through the moun-

tain mists will be unspeakable reward:

"Neither is God a being of the form of man, nor is the human body of the form of God; but the resemblance is spoken of with reference to the mind which is the sovereign of the soul. For the mind, which is in each of those who are in part, was made after the likeness and in relation to that one mind of the universe, its archetype, being in some sort the god of that body which bears it and holds its image. Whatever rank hath the great Sovereign in the whole universe, such, it seems, hath the human mind in man. . . . Led on by love, which is the guide of wisdom, it surmounts all the existence that is perceptible by the senses, and then longs after that which is perceptible by the inner mind. And beholding therein, and of surpassing beauty, the patterns and the ideas of the things perceptible by the senses which it saw here, it becomes possessed with a sober intoxication, like those in the Corybantian fervour are seized with ecstasy, and becomes filled with a desire of a different order, a more excellent longing, by which it is conducted to the topmost arch of things inly apprehensible, and appears to be reaching the great King himself. And while it strives with eager desire to behold him, pure and unmingled rays of divine light are poured forth like a torrent, so as to bring a dizzy bewilderment upon the eye of the mind by the radiant splendour." (De Mund. Opif. § 23.)

The road on which the pilgrim soul so often stumbles, and from which it is so often enticed into the bye-paths of vice, whence it emerges lame, and able to proceed but slowly,—this road, in a beautiful expression of Philo's, "ends at the Father of the universe." Such an ending is indeed a beginning.

Another similarly inspired thought is thus expressed, "after the world, there is not place, but God." (Qu. in Exod. II. § 40.)

The assured manner in which Philo enunciates broad views of spiritual things must lead us to a conclusion that he was not the first to affiliate himself to a religious philosophy drawn from both Plato and the Hebrew Scripture indiscriminately, but that a school possessed of a large traditional learning must have been in existence for some time.

The following is quite from a teacher's point of view, and singularly parallels the Parable of the Sower, as regards the varied reception of the seeds:

"Those that seek after philosophy, breathlessly, as it were, go through with one prolonged discourse about virtue. What advantage is derived from what is said? For instead of giving heed, men turn their mind upon other errands, some to shipping and market, others to rents and agriculture, others to honours and politics, others to the gains accruing from each craft and avocation, others to revenge upon their enemies, others to the indulgences of the amorous appetites, and in fine everyone is under the influence of some distracting idea or other. So that, as far as the subjects under illustration are concerned, such persons are become wholly deaf, and are present with their bodies only, but are far removed with their minds, differing not a whit from images or statues.

"And if some do attend, they sit for the length of time listening, and when they have got a little distance away, they do not remember a single word of what was said; in fact they came rather to be pleased through the sense of hearing than to be advantaged. So their soul has not availed to

comprehend anything or to become pregnant with an idea; meanwhile that which was the moving cause of pleasure becomes inoperative, and their attention is extinguished.

"There is a third class of persons in whose minds the things said find some answer while still fresh in their ears, but they turn out to be sophists rather than wisdom lovers; their speech is praiseworthy, but their life is blameable; they are mighty to speak, but powerless to do that which is the best.

"It is then hardly possible to find a man both attentive and remembering, giving honour to deeds before words." (Cong. Erud. Grat. § 13.)

We have spoken of the light which Philo's philosophic expositions may throw upon the subject-matter of the parabolic literature of his time. We cannot here enter at length into the analysis of the parables, but a comparison of the following passages (if we take them in conjunction with others that portray those subordinate functions of man which at times get the better hand of the higher part which ought to be regnant within him) may afford a key to the meaning of the parable of the Husbandmen who slay the heir sent to redeem the vineyard.

First we may glance at some expressions of revolt against the higher law: "Kings of the earth range themselves, and men of mark band themselves against the Eternal, and against his Anointed, saying, 'Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us:'" (Ps. ii. 2.) "Touch not my Christs, and deal not wrongfully with my prophets:" (1 Chron. xvi. 22.) This conception of despite to the messengers of God Philo carries away from the political plane to the field of combat within the soul:—

"If any one cleaves asunder and

destroys that upright, and sound, and steadfast Word, which testifies to God alone that in his power are all things, if any one be found in the act of breaking in upon it, that is to say, in the act of wounding and destroying it, because he acknowledges his own mind as the source of energy, to the exclusion of God, he is a thief, taking away what belongs to other. For all possessions are of God." (*Legis Allegor.* iii. § 10.)

The lower qualities, which as the event proves are but for a time, seize upon the divine messenger of conscience that makes its appeal, and cry, "This is the heir, let us seize him, that the inheritance may be ours."

The vineyard in such a parable has been taken in a semi-political or sectarian sense. No doubt a parable was composed so as to have an ostensible meaning, which on a deeper plane of thought conveyed an inner sense and purport. Philo takes such an ostensible meaning in the passage that follows, but immediately proceeds to convert it into a more exoteric one:—

"The vineyard of the Lord Almighty is the house of Israel: (*Nam.* xiii. 18.) Now Israel is the mind devoted to contemplation of God and of the universe; for the name Israel is interpreted 'seeing God,' and the abode of the mind is the whole soul." (*De Somn.* ii. § 26.)

It does not follow that in a given parable containing the term vineyard, that symbol would signify the mind regarded in its faculty of contemplation. Another spiritual aspect might be the presentment of the parable, which would be interpreted according to the reciprocal relation of all its parts. As Philo says, "Those who apply themselves to the study of the sacred Scriptures ought not to fight over

syllables, but ought first to look at the spirit and meaning of the nouns and verbs employed, and the occasions on which, and the manners in which each expression is used; for it often happens that the same expressions are adjusted to different things at different times, and on the contrary, opposite expressions are at different times applied to the same thing without any lack of poetical consistency." (*Fragm. Damasc.*)

The symbol of a husbandman Philo himself uses to signify "a mental disposition unchastised and unsound," bringing forward "nothing useful for its fruit," but rather vices.

The Husbandmen, or faculties which usurped a proprietorship beyond their proper function, it will be remembered, were to be replaced by others. In the following, the imagery is different, but the principle is the same:

"That which is announced as the husbandry of the soul makes this profession. The trees of folly and intemperance, of unrighteousness and cowardice, I will wholly cut down; I will also cut off the shoots of pleasure and of lust, of anger and of passion, and of like affections, yea, though they should reach as high as heaven. I will burn down their very roots, launching the rush of flame to the very bowels of the earth, so that no portion, no trace or shadow whatever, should be left behind. These things I will assuredly destroy, and I will plant in the souls of such as are of a teachable age, young sprouts whose fruit shall nourish them. They are these: the practice of writing and reading with facility; the diligent study of things to be found among wise poets; geometry, and the study of rhetorical arguments, and the complete scholarship acquired by encyclical education. And in those

souls which are now arrived at the period of youth and manhood, I will implant that which is better and more perfect, the shoot of wisdom, of courage, of temperance, and righteousness, and of every virtue." (De Agric. § 4.)

In the following, again, a different set of images represents the soul as not refusing the divine messages, but seeking the presence of God within itself:

"Seeing that he doth enter invisibly into this [the inner and intellectual] region of the soul, let us prepare that place, in the finest way possible, so as to be worthy of becoming a dwelling-place of God. For if we do not, he will imperceptibly remove to another abode which shall appear to him to be of more excellent workmanship.

"For if when we are about to receive kings we prepare our houses in the most splendid way what sort of abode ought we to prepare for the King of kings, the sovereign God of the universe? shall we prepare him a house of stone or of wooden material? Avaunt! such an idea it is not guiltless even to utter. For not even, were the whole earth to change its nature and on a sudden be turned to gold or something more precious than gold, and were it then to be used up by the arts of cunning workmen who should prepare porticoes and vestibules and apartments, and precincts, and temples—not even then would it become a footstool for his feet. And yet a well-inclined soul is a house worthy of him." (De Cherub. § 29.)

The following shows a special aspect of this divine possession, and accompanied by some noble images:

"The best kind of trance (ecstasis) of all is a divinized and most possessive madness, which the prophetic race has to do with. . . .

A prophet utters nothing of his own, but all things that he utters are strange and foreign and prompted by some one else 'about the setting of the sun a trance fell upon Abraham' (Gen. xv. 12). . . . As long as our mind still shines around and revolves, pouring as it were a noon-tide light into the whole soul, we are masters of ourselves and not possessed; but when it comes toward setting, then in all likelihood there falls upon us a trance, or divinized and most possessive madness. For indeed when the divine light shines, the human light sets, and when the divine light sets, the human rises and dawns. This process is wont to come about with the prophetic race. For indeed the mind that is in us is removed from its place at the arrival of the divine Spirit, but is again restored at the departure of the Spirit. . . . In very truth the prophet, even when he appears to be speaking, 'is silent,' and another is using his vocal organs, his mouth and tongue, to make known what things he will." (Quis. Rer. Div. Her. § 51, 52, 53.)

"Intellect," says Philo in another place (Qu. in Gen. I. § 50) "is a divine inspiration." The humblest man who is without the pride of self, may hope for the entrance of the spirit:

"To speak succinctly, as for all things whatsoever that are good, whether of soul or body or circumstances, the man who is not a self-lover shows forth the only true first-cause God as the first-cause of them. Let no one therefore of those that seem to be somewhat obscure and humble, from a despair of any better hope, shrink back from becoming a suppliant to God. Even if he no longer looks forward to greater blessings, let him give thanks according to his power for such things as he has already.

Countless are the gifts which he has received—birth, life, nurture, soul, senses, fancy, inclination, reason. Reason is a very short word, but a most perfect miniature thing, a fragment of the soul of the universe, or. . . . according to those who follow the philosophy according to Moses, a faithful impression of the divine image.” (De Mut. Nom. § 39.)

Merely human pride Philo holds in much contempt, as indeed might anyone who considers what pretensions it makes, and for how small and uncertain a time it can maintain itself.

“If thou, being a man, shouldst be cast out from the land, whither wilt thou turn? Wilt thou dive under water, imitating the aquatic nature? Why then thou wilt die forthwith that thou art submerged in the water. Or wilt thou take wings and float in mid air, and so yearn to traverse the welkin, changing the character of a terrestrial for that of a flying animal? Well, if thou canst, change and remodel the divine sanctions. Nay, but thou canst not. For in proportion as thou dost raise thyself more soaringly; so much the more rapidly wilt thou be borne from that loftier region, and with the greater impetuosity to the earth, the place of thine affinity.” (Qu. Det. Pot. Insid. § 41.)

“It is shown to be most natural that elevation of the soul through conceit is its real descent, while its true ascent and height is its subsidence from arrogance.” (Fragm. Monac. MS.)

From Philo’s manner of reference to the name *Jeschua* or *Jesus*, we have noted the probability of the conclusion that he never met the prophet of Nazareth. Or if, on his pilgrimage from the south to Jerusalem, he ever encountered the then obscure master on one of his

journeys thither from the north, the inference may fairly be drawn either that he knew him under some other designation than that of *Jesus*, or that he thought so much more of the man than of his name that interest in the latter was never markedly aroused. For example, Philo gives a minute account of the manner of life of the *Essenes* and *Therapeuts*, with whose unworldliness he is evidently much in sympathy; but he does not give the name of a single one of their leaders. It is to be remembered that the name *Jesus* was so common as to be scarcely a distinctive mark by itself, as is evidenced by the balance alleged to have been made of the claims of “*Jesus*, called a *Messiah*,” as compared with those of the outlaw whose name according to some readings was “*Jesus*, the son of *Abba*.” (*Jesus Bar-abbas*.) No doubt it was not until long afterwards that the name *Jesus* came to be regarded as appropriate, significant, or important in itself. Still, as Philo had pressed a recondite meaning into the name in honour of the memory of a great Israelite commander who bore it; if his memory of having done so served him, he might have been the first to see a sacred suggestiveness in the name of the Galilean Rabbi. Being a man of many words, as he devoted none to *Jesus* or his name, the inference is, on the whole, a fair one, that he knew of neither.

The preceding remarks are by way of preface to the fact that the title, the *Christ*, is once brought in with a doctrinal significance in a work bearing the name of Philo.

To one who had imbibed the Christian dogma, the slightest of touches seemed necessary to complete and render edifying a Jewish thinker’s writings. In the apocryphal book of *Baruch*, for example, attributed to a writer of about the

middle of the second century before our era, we find a strictly Jewish thought thus manifestly added to by a pious commentator, probably where the end of a chapter left a convenient gap in his manuscript: "God invented every way of assured knowledge, and gave it unto Jacob his child, and Israel his beloved. After this he was seen upon the earth, and lived along with men." (III. 37.) This is a little too like "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." A more palpable modification is to be found in the "Wisdom of Sirach," where the sentence, "By his counsel he calmed the deep, and planted in it islands (nesous)," is found in some MSS. to terminate thus: "And Jesus (Iesous) planted it." (xliii. 23.) Another passage from the same book (li. 10) shows either an interpolation or the Philonic view of a mediate deity, "I called upon the Lord, the Father of my Lord."

There are certain works of Philo which are lost in the original Greek, and only known in an Armenian version. The fact that fragments are existent in the Greek verifies the general authenticity of the Armenian version, which shows nevertheless trifling local interpolations. There is however a continuation of one of the books of comment upon Genesis, evidently by another hand than Philo's. Therefore, when in one of these books (Quest. in Exod. II. § 117), we find an argument upon "Christ the Lord," as having the world under his feet, and being enthroned close to his Father, there is little difficulty in regarding it as an after addition. A writer like Philo, even if, according to the story told by Eusebius and Jerome, he had encountered Peter at Rome, and if he had accepted the Christian extension of his own doctrines, would scarcely have contented himself with so slight an indication of his

conversion as a single bare enunciation of Christian metaphysics.

Another passage is perhaps open to suspicion of a gloss, owing to its having come down only as a fragment attributed to Philo in a monkish manuscript:—

"The things of creation are remote from the Uncreate, even though they should be brought exceeding near, following upon the magnetic [attractive, drawing to one's self] love-influences of the Saviour."

In Philo, however, may be found passages in which the expression Saviour is a title ascribed to God. If, however, in the passage just quoted, Philo is designating an intermediate divine personification, akin to that of the Word, or manifest activity of God's wisdom, by the name Saviour, he comes here singularly close to the Christian use of the term which is so familiar.

The following will serve for example of his use of the title of Saviour:

"The kind Saviour allows a space for the repentance of sinners. . . . The divine nature remembers not the evil, and is a lover of virtue; when therefore it beholds faithful virtue in the soul, it bestows upon it wondrous largesse of honour, to wipe out from the first all ills that are impending over it from sin. (Quest. in Gen. II. § 13.) The term Saviour, as a title belonging to God, is found in the older Hebrew scriptures, but there is a gentleness and benignance in Philo's use of the phrase that brings it nearer to the Christian conception. In the older writings the conception is somewhat more austere: "I, even I, am Jehovah; and beside me there is no Saviour:" (Isaiah xliii. 12.)

In the same way generals or other protectors are spoken of: "According to thy manifold mercies thou gavest them Saviours, who

saved them out of the hands of their enemies:" (Nehem. ix. 27.)

"Saviours shall come upon Mount Zion to judge the mountains of Esau; and the Kingdom shall be Jehovah's:" (Obadiah 21.)

How it came that Philo wrote in Greek, yet made his main appeal to persons of the Jewish persuasion, a few words will show, and show also how his writings could come to be circulated among the early Christian divines in different parts of the world.

In the travels of Paul, we may remember as one instance of his contact with Greek-speaking Jews, that he visited a part of Macedonia, where there was a Jewish synagogue, and strongly impressed a large number of persons described as "observance-keeping Greeks." His "discourse from the scriptures" would have had small relevancy to such auditors as these, had they been of pure Greek race. They were probably of Hebrew origin, expatriated in an early dispersion, and lapsed from strict Judaic customs.

The immense colony living about Alexandria spoke Greek, read the Septuagint, and would be hardly distinguishable from Gentiles by the old Jerusalemite orthodoxy.

The passage which follows is one evidence out of many that these Hellenised Jews did not wholly lose their connection with the mother country, but that such as could made, at least once in their lives, a pilgrimage to the Temple at Jerusalem.

"There were certain Greeks among those that were coming up to worship at the feast: these came to Philip who was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and asked him,

saying, Lord, we desire to see Jesus:" (John xii. 20.)

If we were writing in the romantic style in which it is the modern fashion to recompose the legends of the founders of our churches, we might draw a fanciful picture of the possibility of Philo having formed one of these polite inquirers. We might show how Philo did come to worship at the Feast in this very way, and imagine how the courtly philosopher and diplomatist in his kindly condescending manner might have inquired curiously about the new light that had shone out from the north—from Galilee beyond the pale. We might pourtray how the young prophet was found interesting, but 'impossible;' so simple and spiritual as to have the appearance of dogmatism to the cultured Alexandrian, and too pronounced to be worked into any philosophic series, with any comfort to the critical mind. We might add how the princely Greek and his friends kept silence thereafter upon the subject; and how, nevertheless, when the genial gnostic came to his writing table once more, the recollection of that new prophet's face, the effect of the gentle flame of his eyes, the unconscious divinity of his mien, stole in to inspire full many a rhetorical period with a new and moving emotion. There is that elevation now and again in the interminable commentaries of Philo, and he did visit Jerusalem after the manner of his devout countrymen, and would have been fitly styled a Greek, though not—as one of the most popular of English bishops a few weeks ago described the inquirers after Jesus*—a heathen Greek. This, however, is

* The Bishop of Manchester at the opening of St. Andrew's Church, Dearnley, May 8, 1880:—"There were some heathen Greeks there, intellectually speaking highly educated men, but what their motive had been in coming to see Jesus did not transpire, possibly it was mere curiosity, but sometimes even this is productive of a large amount of good."

all we know ; the rest is mere romance.

Philo had before him as the one great object of his life "the promulgation of a catholic system of religious belief, of which Judaism should be the basis." In all sincerity he loved the teachings of Plato; and, finding with his thirsty openness of mind that he could drink in spiritual thoughts equally well from these as from the inner heart of his own scriptures, read as he was taught to read them, he unconsciously blended and made one the Hebrew and Greek philosophical tradition, until Plato could be regarded as a sort of "Attic Moses," Moses as at heart a Plato; while scholars smiled and said, "Either Plato Philonizes, or Philo Platonizes."

With this broad and grand work in hand, how little he knew that his own fate, outwardly at least, was an eternal neglect; that a new spiritual impetus was being given to the world through the work of a man whom if he had seen he might have dearly loved; and that the followers of this great apostle of a new faith, acceptable alike to Jew and to Gentile, would actually borrow secretly from his (Philo's) commentaries the very lines of reasoning by which he had formulated his catholic system. And this to build up into a popular creed a doctrine which Philo would have found no difficulty in accepting in his own way, though not in the manner of some of the patristic divines, the doctrine of their master's divinity. K. C.

The authorised version is not quite clear, and may be responsible for the slip; it reads, "And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast." This might be understood, Among the crowd of Jews that flocked to Jerusalem for the celebration, there chanced to be (for their own purposes) certain Greeks. The true sense of the original is, Among the arrivals for the purpose of worship at the feast, were certain Greeks. On the subject of such Hellenised Jews, who no doubt were too broad and cosmopolitan to find favour with the rigid conservative Judaisers, we may call to mind the taunting query of the Pharisaic officers in reference to Jesus himself (John vii. 35)—"Is he about to go unto the dispersed among the Greeks, and teach the Greeks?"

QUATRAINS FROM THE PERSIAN.

I. "MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PRÆVALEBIT."

Though, like the bats', some feeble eyesight may
Endure not well the brightness of the day,
 Shall yon great Sun, to spare such weakling eyne
Be darken'd, even by a single ray?

No! If the love of truth be truly thine,
Before one beam thereof less bright shall shine
 An hundred thousand eyes, with thy good leave,
Shall into everlasting gloom decline.

II. "QUOD QUÆRITIS HIC EST."

"I've lost my child!" a father rends the air
With cries, and roams the city in despair;
 Meantime the babe, without or stir or start
Safe on his shoulder, sleeps forgotten there!

So some unto the wilderness depart,
And leave their home, their husbandry, their mart,
 To seek in vain at distant shrines the God
Whose chosen temple is in each man's heart.

THE LAND OF TINTED SPECTACLES.

THERE was great excitement in the Palace of King Humanus, on the christening day of his first-born, the little Prince Humanitas. All the nobles were assembled in the great hall, attired in their robes of state, while the ladies-in-waiting on her Majesty the Queen-mother were clustered round the cradle of pure gold in which the beautiful babe lay. The vast hall was hung with flags and trophies, and festooned with tropical flowers which perfumed the whole air, while the fountain in the midst plashed gently into the marble basin beneath. Outside the palace wall crowded the subjects of the realm, eager to catch the least word which might fall from their good king's lips. Before proceeding with a description of the ceremony, one peculiarity must be noted. Everyone within and without the palace, and in fact all the inhabitants of the land, wore spectacles, down even to the tiniest babe. Not that children were born into the world in that condition, but owing to a curse of short-sightedness which had fallen upon the nation at a very early period of its history, everyone must perforce wear them from infancy. Children took to them as a matter of course, just as we go through the operation of teething. Now, not only was the court assembled to witness the christening of the prince, but also to see spectacles fitted on to him for the first time. Great was the

anxiety of all as to what spectacles would be found to fit him. Some declared the shape of his head and eyes would entitle him to a pair of blue ones, which would mark him as a student for life; others averred that rose-coloured ones must of necessity be his fit, for were they not worn by his royal parents, and did it not follow that a prince must look through them all his life? Further suppositions were prevented by the entrance of his Grace the Archbishop. All rose, and for the space of half an hour every eye was fixed on the good old man and the lovely babe in his arms. Scarcely was it laid again in its cradle when the herald announced with a blast of trumpets the arrival of Fairy Fate with her cases of spectacles. She walked nimbly into the room, and went straight up to the child, without apparently being conscious of the presence of anyone else. She was a slight, active little creature, attired in a cloak and hood, with a white cap shading her healthy old face. Her smile was stern, but kindly, and her eyes bright and piercing. Her spectacles, unlike those of anyone else (for strange to say she chose to wear them) were composite in colour. One flash of her eyes changed them from black to blue, a second from blue to green, and again from green to rose colour. With an air of tender compassion, she bent over the now sleeping child, and murmuring these lines,

If you through these glasses see
Happy will you always be,

attempted to adjust them. But to the horror of all, these rose-coloured ones could by no means be made to fit. The Fairy did her utmost, urged by the entreaties of the king and queen, who in great consternation had rushed to her side. Quietly she beckoned them away, and took out of another case a pair of white ones.

If these glasses fit you tight
All things shall you view aright,

proceeded Fate, as she again laid her hand gently on the youthful brow. But, alas! not even these would fit. Blue, green, and many others were successively tried, but none would do. At last, with great reluctance, the Fairy drew from her pocket a pair of yellow ones. A loud groan burst from the assembled court, and was echoed outside by the crowd. Distinctly, but sadly, the next sentence was pronounced:

If these glasses you must wear,
Doubts and torments you shall share.

One moment of suspense, and then with a sharp click, the spectacles were heard to clasp round the head of the child. For several minutes an awful silence ensued, which was at length broken by a pitiful wail. Then all seemed to regain consciousness, and realise what had really happened. Meantime Fairy Fate had vanished, and nothing remained behind but the pair of yellow spectacles. . . .

Months and years fled away. Doomed as he was, the princely boy grew up reckless and peevish. Even when only four years old he would sit for hours on his little stool, with his head in his hands. He was both conscientious and industrious, but never really happy. Whatever was done to please him, there always seemed to the eyes of the prince some flaw in the enter-

tainment. He was most contented, indeed, when hard at work at his lessons; then his mind was busy, and his eyes ceased to wander from object to object and to view things—*outward* things at least—through his gloomy medium. His sufferings may perhaps be more readily understood from the prince's own words when he pitifully asked his mother, "Why is there always a yellow fog over everything?" His royal parents surrounded him with everything that heart could wish, but however bright the colour of his toys, they all looked to him enveloped in gloom. His little playmates, chosen from the merriest children throughout the land, and all of course wearing rose-coloured spectacles, did their utmost to please him. They romped, laughed, and chatted, and sometimes succeeded in drawing him into their sports. But somehow, wherever he came he seemed to bring gloom with him, and cast a damper upon everyone's spirits. Feeling this, and believing there was no remedy, the young prince daily withdrew himself more and more from the world. He liked best to wander alone in the park, and indulge his melancholy reflections. By the time he was twenty years of age he had become completely miserable; life seemed a blank, he could see nothing worth living for. He would lament for days the folly of some little indiscretion, instead of seeking opportunities for repairing the wrong done. He thought himself the most singular person in existence; in fact, quite a unique specimen of humanity, for his parents—more loving than wise—gave strict orders that all persons similarly afflicted should keep out of his presence. At last, one day as the prince was taking his solitary ride, unattended even by a groom—for he hated company of any sort—he saw peering aimlessly

about a very poor and tottering old man. He drew rein and watched the stranger, who, bareheaded and with a long flowing white beard, stood in the middle of the road. After a time the old man, who had been groping for something, lifted up his head, and Humanitas saw to his intense astonishment that he wore no spectacles. Anxious to ascertain how this was—for he had never heard of anyone losing them—he rode up to him and wished him good day. The stranger seemed now first conscious of the presence of someone. “Who are you?” asked he. “Cannot you see, your prince?” was the rejoinder. “Alas, no,” replied the old man, “I can see nothing. I have just had the misfortune to lose my white spectacles, and now I am stone blind.” On making further inquiries the prince elicited from the miserable man that he was friendless and homeless, and depended entirely on his eyesight to enable him to go round the country begging. So touched was Humanitas that he dismounted from his horse and commenced a vigorous search; for hours he hunted amongst the grass by the road-side, but with no effect. Meanwhile the old man had sunk on a stone utterly exhausted. What was to be done? The prince could not leave him there to perish, and it was now so late that there was little chance of anyone passing by that way. After deliberating a few moments Humanitas swallowed what little foolish pride he had, and, after lifting his new acquaintance on to his horse, jumped up behind, and set off home. The guards looked somewhat astonished—although they were accustomed to their prince’s eccentricities—as they opened the palace gates, and a faint smile might be seen to lurk beneath their moustaches when ordered to carry the poor beggar

upstairs to one of the royal chambers. So interested was the prince in his guest that he waited upon him with his own hand, and gave quite a lively description of his adventures at the dinner-table. Last thing he went to wish his new friend good night, and retired to bed in an adjoining room in a happier frame of mind than he had ever been in his life. He woke next morning with the sun, but, before he had time to collect his thoughts, the sound of groans and lamentations fell on his ear. “Alas!” thought he, “the poor man is sadder even than I. I can see the sun, and appreciate it at least in some degree, but he is debarred from it altogether.” Filled with compassion, the idea seized him to go in search of the spectacles again. He got up, and dressing quickly, let himself out by a private door, before the king’s household was astir. He ran as quickly as he could to the place, and recommenced his tedious work. Hours passed, but he would not give in; meanwhile dark clouds were gathering, and almost before he knew it Humanitas was drenched to the skin by a tremendous thunder-shower. The storm lasted a long time, and it was several hours before he ventured out of the shelter which he had taken beneath an overhanging rock.

When he did so, he found the brook by the road-side grown to a miniature flood, and the water dashing down the hill-side in little Niagaras. He stood for some time watching the dead leaves and bits of wood whirled by in the stream, and presently fell into one of his mid-day meditations. He roused himself, however, just in the very nick of time, for as he was turning away with a heavy heart he caught sight of, amidst the rubbish, the much-longed-for spectacles. Heedless of consequences he sprang in

after them, and ran dripping but triumphant through the midst of the astonished guard, up the grand staircase into his friend's room. But . . . he was gone, and in his stead, sitting before the fire, was once more the Fairy Fate. She seized the white spectacles from the prince, waved her hand, and in an instant he felt his yellow ones drop off, and saw clearly through—what

do you think?—the old man's white ones. Before he could in any way recover himself, the Fairy was gone, and Humanitas found in his hand a scroll inscribed with these lines :

You for griefs of others care,
So their pleasures you shall share ;
Take these glasses, keep them bright,
Then you'll view all things aright.

F. B.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

May 26, 1880.

YOUR readers must be sick to death of the University College scandal, and I have no wish to add to the literature of that particularly painful subject. It is, however, necessary to say one word upon the general feeling in Oxford on the question. Public opinion—that shadowy and undefinable, but none the less potent, element—is particularly strong in Oxford, and it is well that it is so. Our constitution is unwritten, the relations between tutor and pupil, between Don and undergraduate, are defined by no code of laws, and are necessarily and allowably different in every college. Everything depends upon good feeling and consideration, and where these are wanting, discipline must very soon be at an end. Where there is, as Spenser tells us was the case at Pembroke College, Cambridge, in his time, a feud between the head and the members, a succession of hostile encounters, with at best but brief truces between them, nothing but drastic reforms can prevent absolute collapse. That this unfortunate state of things has existed for some while at one or two of our colleges is only too certain; and signs have not been wanting that the storm was gathering. The disgraceful *fracas* at Wadham last year might have acted as a warning, but it was forgotten; and this summer has seen a repetition, in an exaggerated form, of a particularly unpleasant episode. Without for a minute defending the conduct of the undergraduates in the recent disturbance at University, there is hardly anyone in Oxford who does not feel that the chief blame belongs to others. The lesson has been a sharp one, but it is to be hoped that it will have its effect, and that a *modus vivendi* will at length be established between Dons and undergraduates in the college which boasts King Alfred as its founder.

This term has been a very broken one, and, at all events during the week of the election, it was absolutely impossible for the most studiously inclined of men to get any satisfactory reading done. Day and night were alike made hideous by the shouts of the partisans of the respective candidates, and even the classic quiet of the Bodleian was rudely disturbed by uncouth and discordant sounds. It was expected, and not unreasonably, that these facts would have weighed with the examiners, and that, in the pass schools at all events, the standard would have been somewhat lower than usual. But the reverse has been the case. Never has the standard been higher, never have the papers been more difficult, and, as a natural consequence, never have the failures been more frequent. In one school, on a certain day, no less than twenty-seven

out of twenty-eight men were "ploughed;" and in the Pass Law School things have come to such a state, that the very unusual course has been adopted of the tutors making a formal representation to the Vice-Chancellor on the subject. The result will probably be that the examiners will take the hint, and the latter part of the alphabet will fare better than the first. But the ruthlessness of the examiners, and the sudden and unexpected raising of the standard, point to the fact that we need (what has frequently been suggested) a Board of Supervision, whose duty it should be to revise the papers where necessary, and to whom there might, in extreme cases, be an appeal.

We have hardly ceased talking of the visit of M. Renan when another distinguished theologian of a very different type has made his appearance in Oxford. Some two years ago Cardinal Newman was elected an honorary Fellow of his old College, Trinity, and this year he has honoured that society with his presence at the annual "gaudy." The Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses were specially invited to meet him, but fears of being led astray by the Cardinal's eloquence deterred them, and three only, among whom were the Warden of Keble and the Master of Balliol, were bold enough to accept the invitation. Possibly the non-appearance of the others was intended to mark their disapproval of Dr. Newman's certainly somewhat curious conduct in preaching at the Roman Catholic Church while the guest of an English clergyman. The evening sermon was, moreover, distinctly polemical. Taking for his text the words of our Lord, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold," the Cardinal endeavoured to show the necessity for unity in the Church under one head, and that head the successor of St. Peter, to whom alone of all the apostles the Saviour gave the command "Feed my sheep." One cannot help contrasting the Cardinal in the modern Roman Catholic chapel, with the tutor of Oriel in the great University Church—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Commemoration is rapidly approaching, but, with the exception of Sir Richard Temple, no one has been as yet designated to receive an honorary degree, though there seems every probability of the honour being conferred on the Postmaster-General, whose services to political economy certainly demand some recognition at the hands of the University. If only the fine weather continues—which we hardly dare hope for—Commemoration will be particularly brilliant this year; the election broke in upon the Eights' week, and Oxford had fewer visitors than it has seen for many a year, but our guests have only postponed their coming, and already lodgings for Commemoration are at a decided premium.

Considering that the two Universities are but seventy-seven miles apart, it is wonderful how little communication there is between Oxford and Cambridge; as far as knowing anything of what is going on at Cambridge we might be as the poles asunder, and Cambridge men profess a similar ignorance of our doings. The railway companies have much to answer for in this respect, and the fact that it is impossible to get to Cambridge from Oxford before 1.5 p.m. is sufficient to prevent much intercourse; besides which, the adventurous traveller has the horrors of Bletchley Station to face. This being the case, I am very glad to see that the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society has organised an excursion with special fast train to Cambridge next Friday. Their programme is an ambitious one, and it will be difficult to

do justice to the sister University in a flying visit of some seven or eight hours; still, the excursionists will get some idea of what Cambridge is; and, under the able guidance of Mr. Lewis, of Corpus, who is to act as *cicerone*, they will be sure to make the most of their time.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

May 24, 1880.

THE Queen's letter authorising superannuation allowances to Fellows disabled by age or infirmity is out at last. Power is given to the board to allot annual sums, not exceeding 5000*l.* in all, to this purpose; and the retiring Fellow, if a senior, is to receive two-thirds of his net average annual income; if a tutor, his allowance is to be the equivalent of his emoluments for the year immediately preceding his retirement. Dr. Toleken sent in his resignation shortly after the promulgation of the letters patent. Mr. Galbraith was accordingly co-opted to the Senior Board, Dr. Stubbs taking his place as Junior Bursar. The further arrangements consequent on these steps have not yet been made, but they will probably include considerable shifting among the Professorial chairs. It is not improbable, for instance, that Dr. Ingram may vacate the Regius Professorship of Greek, in which case his chair will most likely be filled by Mr. Tyrrell, and Mr. Palmer will succeed to the Latin Professorship. But these things are uncertain as yet.

Dr. Toleken, the retiring Senior, was a man of considerable mark in his day. Although his name is not attached to any publication, few men have rendered more valuable services to the University in its teaching capacity. John Toleken, M.D., was elected a Fellow in 1836. Under the old ecclesiastical organisation he would have had to take holy orders, had he not been chosen *Medicus*; he did not, however, so far as I am aware, ever practise the medical profession. He was appointed Lecturer in Modern History in 1841, and Trinity College has had no better lecturer in that or any of the subjects he treated. Dr. Toleken knew how to awaken the interest of his pupils in a way that it is given to few men to attain. As an examiner, too, he was well-nigh without a rival. No amount of cram or of mere rote knowledge would secure marks from Toleken; but no man was more acute to detect the presence of real thought. In short, he was the very model of what a teaching Fellow should be.

His work was by no means confined to the chair of modern history. He taught philosophy and political economy with rare success. Indeed he may be said to have revived the study of philosophy, which had languished for many years until he took it in hand. Our younger expounders of Kant, such as Professor Tarleton, would be the first to acknowledge their obligations to Dr. Toleken. His classes for the Indian Civil Service, held in 1855-60, began an era in College history. I know of not a few men who almost trace their intellectual birth to their attendance on those lectures.

I regret to say that it has been decided not to fill up the Professorship Extraordinary of Classical Literature, vacated by Dr. Brady. I regret it, because the chair seemed almost marked out by nature for Mr. Davies;

but, as he is not to hold it, there seems to be no reason why anyone else should.

Kottabos is unusually good this term. Almost everything in it is of merit, and some of the translations are remarkable. The versions of *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* are those which were done during the examination for the Tyrrell medal; a prize recently instituted in commemoration of William Gerald Tyrrell, University student. This young gentleman (cousin of Professor Tyrrell) died in 1876, just at the close of a college career of the most brilliant promise. His contemporaries subscribed a sum of money to found a memorial in the shape of a biennial gold medal for Latin and Greek composition, and the first examination for this medal took place this year. The creation of a special prize in honour of a comparatively junior contemporary is, in a manner, a distinctive feature of Dublin University. There is a Cluff Memorial Prize in Ancient English History, founded in 1872. And since the institution of the Tyrrell medal, a prize at the University examinations of women has been founded in memory of the late Charles Wilkins, who died while still an undergraduate. The Tyrrell medal and the Wilkins prize will keep up in the University the names of two remarkable families. In one, three brothers and a cousin, and in the other, three brothers, were always at the head of their classes; and it is a curious additional coincidence that the Tyrrell speciality was classics, while that of the Wilkins family was mathematics.

The University is in a high state of literary activity. The Press Series has had two valuable additions, and the promise of a third. Professor Abbott's reprint of the *Codex Rescriptus Dublinensis* (fac-simile of a palimpsest of S. Matthew's gospel, originally edited in 1801 by Dr. Barrett) is a very beautiful and most interesting volume. Dr. Haughton's *Lectures on Physical Geography* is a remarkable work, not only in itself, but as a testimony to the intellect of a Dublin audience. Delivered before a mixed assembly of both sexes, these lectures teem with demonstrations and illustrations requiring a profound insight into mathematical science even to follow their drift. The forthcoming work of the Series is Professor Monck's *Introduction to Logic*. It is hoped that this will supersede the extremely old-world treatise of Murray and Walker, which is at present our only text book for undergraduates.

There is a movement on foot to revive the "College Races." I fancy it will not be successful. Indeed, the behaviour of certain undergraduates on recent public occasions hardly encourages one even to wish for success. Nevertheless the "Jibs" are not quite such rowdies as a slanderous writer in the *World* would fain make out. But there are certain wild birds that take a pleasure in befouling their own nest. All the same I doubt the expediency of reviving the annual sports until the undergraduates come to a better mind.

The result of the Fellowship Examination has just been declared. I am happy to say Maguire is the winner.

Thomas Maguire, LL.D., the first Roman Catholic Fellow of Trinity, entered College in 1851, taking a Sizarship in Hebrew, and also qualifying by his marks for a Classical Sizarship. During his undergraduate course he was three times first of the first honour men in Classics at the Term Examinations, and obtained first honours also in Logics and Ethics. Being a Roman Catholic he was precluded from competing for

scholarship until the conditions of its tenure were modified. At his degree (1854) he took the second Gold Medal in Classics, and third Gold in Ethics and Logics. He had also obtained the Wray prize in the latter subjects. It was not until after his degree that he was enabled to obtain a scholarship, by the institution of the Non-Foundation scholarships in 1855. In that year he was first, and thus he is the first Roman Catholic to write himself Fellow and Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin.

In 1857 he obtained the Berkeley medal, a prize founded by the great Idealist Bishop for the encouragement of the study of Greek. Subsequently he was called to the English Bar, and obtained the Law Studentship of the Inns of Court in London; but preferring a literary to a forensic career, he returned to Ireland and was appointed Professor of Latin in Queen's College, Galway, which office he still holds, and will probably continue to hold until he is promoted to a tutorship in his own College and University. The passing of the statute known as Fawcett's Act in 1873 removed the religious tests for holding University offices; and Dr. Maguire immediately became a candidate for Fellowship, which he has now obtained on third trial.

Just before his appointment to Galway Dr. Maguire published a small volume on the Platonic Idea, and shortly after, another on the Platonic Ethics. They are both recognised as standard works, as well in Germany as here. He has also contributed many valuable papers on classical and philosophical topics to *Hermathena* and other periodicals.

Altogether Dr. Maguire's election is the best piece of news Trinity has had for many a day; and with it I may as well conclude my letter.

UNIVERSITY OF COIMBRA.

In attempting the subject of the state of public instruction, literary and scientific, of Portugal during the reign of D. João III., I cannot do better, in order to give you a faithful account, than to quote the words of the erudite Coelho da Rocha, who says on this point: "The reign of this monarch was undoubtedly the age of letters in Portugal. This result was rather due to the advanced state of the nation itself, its fast amassing wealth and love of display, and luxury, and, above all, to the influence exercised by the famous pontificate of Leo X., than to the intellectual capacity of the prince. The University was re-established in Coimbra in the year 1537, and moreover reformed with new provisions and statutes (although these new statutes were not enforced, indeed only a few stray provisions were given), and it was richly endowed. By the side of the University rose up wealthy establishments which were founded for the study of the Humanities, and to which were also invited the best and most learned professors, both native and foreign. The study of the ancient languages was cultivated with such signal results and success, *'that Homer was therein explained no longer as a mere translation from the Greek into Latin,'* says a wise sage, of those times (Nicoláo Clenardo), *'but neither more nor less than as though it were read in Athens itself.'* In poetry and history alone there appeared in Portugal during the course of that century some works and compositions of the highest merit, rivalling those of antiquity, and these works are even in our own day read and studied as models of composition and wisdom.

Great lights illustrated the sciences of mathematics, of medicine, and other studies. Literary foundations, and others established for that end, were the objects of ambition of those who desired to leave an illustrious name."

The fortunes of the University, placed as it was in the hands of, and at the beck of the capricious favours of, an absolute king, could not be otherwise than as inconstant as were the ideas and sentiments of a man who manifested himself so easily influenced by fanatics and ambitious persons. Hence from the apogee of the University glories of Coimbra at the middle of the sixteenth century, and the commencement of its decadence, there seemed to have elapsed no appreciable time. There was scarcely any transition state: the very individuals who had mustered together to illustrate and render brilliant the state of the University with their enlightened teaching, beheld its own fall.

It required but an absurd order from the King for the first movement of decadence of the University to commence, and this continued with a terrible rapidity that was equal only to its sudden elevation.

All the facts and existing evidences of that epoch would lead us to infer that the decadence of the University was due principally to the war, which at times was openly manifested, and at others smouldering, that was carried on against the University by the Jesuits. The Marquis de Pombal and other writers have desired to take advantage of every occasion in their power to render odious the Society of Jesus, and have maintained that to them must be exclusively attributed the decadence of the University at the latter half of the sixteenth century, and with this end in view they wrote their treatises on the subject, but they so openly manifest in a clear light their bias and hatred against the fathers of the society, that their assertions in a great measure lose their authority.

The Society of Jesus came to establish itself in Portugal in 1540 at the invitation of the reigning monarch, and within two years they founded in Coimbra a college, and continued to establish later on colleges and seminaries in all the principal cities of the kingdom for the education of youths. The College of Arts of Coimbra was at once ceded to the Jesuits with most ample privileges. These establishments rivalled the University and the Episcopal Colleges, and acquired such high repute above those of other religious orders, that they drew towards them all youths of promising talents and hopes.

Unhappily the notable decadence of public affairs during the reign of D. João III., the imprudent undertaking, and subsequent catastrophe of D. Sebastião, the unwise policy of the Cardinal King, and the low state of commerce at the time, all contributed to effect the fall of the University.

The entire separation and independence of the College of Arts, which had been bitterly resented and opposed by the University, was sanctioned by order of D. João in 1557.

On the 11th of June of that same year the King D. João died, leaving as his legitimate successor his grandson, D. Sebastião, but he being under age, the government of the State was delivered to the Queen D. Catharina as Regent until her abdication in 1562, when the Regency passed into the hands of the aged Cardinal the Infante D. Henrique, which he continued to hold until 1568, when the minority of the King terminated.

These changes in the supreme direction of public affairs materially

diminished the influence and fortunes of the University. The war continued unabated, and burst out afresh this time against the rents of the establishment. During the reign of D. João III. the expenses of the College of Arts had been defrayed by royal finance, and not from the rents of the University either before or after the cession of the college into the hands of the Jesuits. But at the commencement of the Regency of the Queen, the University received an intimation that a portion of its rents must be ceded to the fathers of the Society for the maintenance of the staff of masters of this college. The University endeavoured to oppose this spoliation under the plea that it could not dispose of its rents which had been granted to it by apostolic bulls with the object of defraying only the expenses of the officers and professors of the actual University, and that therefore, unless the College of Arts became incorporated with the University, it could not receive any emoluments from the said rents. This plea was rejected, and the University was at length compelled to pay an annual rent of \$1,400,000 reis (313*l.*) the rest being defrayed out of the Treasury.

From the commencement of the campaign, the details of the history of the successive assaults directed by the Jesuits against the University, until they altogether obtained the direction of all the studies throughout the kingdom, become wearisome to follow.

The statutes of 1578, with their additional clauses of 1612 known under the name of the *Statutos Velhos*, remained in force until 1772, when they were superseded by those famous statutes which are to this day held in such repute as monuments of wisdom, and that effected the great reform initiated and directed by the first Marquis de Pombal.

With this we bring to a conclusion the second period in the history of the existence of our University, simply referring to the more notable events which followed the reign of D. João III.

Towards the end of this reign all things had begun to decline in Portugal. Intrigues at court, open hostilities and manifest dissatisfaction among the great and learned men who had so zealously worked towards the aggrandisement and good of the State, and who had met with nothing but ingratitude; increase of fanaticism, corruption of customs, the low state of national spirit; all things prepared the ruin and downfall of the country. The wealth of the East and the glory of the new conquests had intoxicated and corrupted the national spirit of cities and towns as well as of individuals, since it is rarely that men can support the favours of fortune without becoming inebriated by them.

During the short regency of the Queen Dona Catharina, nothing worthy of note occurred in relation to University affairs, with the exception of the above-mentioned obligation imposed upon the University of contributing from its rents towards the maintenance of the College of Arts, which was then in the hands of the Jesuits.

The regency of the Cardinal the Infante D. Henrique followed, and he taking advantage of the opportune visit of the reformer, D. Antonio Pinheiro, the Bishop of Miranda, to Coimbra, issued a royal letter dated September 14, 1564, in which he ordered that in future all professors should, at the commencement of the lective year, be obliged to take an oath of profession of the Catholic faith as decreed by the Council of Trent. This oath is taken with all solemnity every year on the first of October in the chapel of the University.

The Cardinal Regent manifested a considerable interest in the well-

being of the University, notwithstanding that on the other hand this interest was not very deep, for it is impossible to suppose that he could be ignorant of the great opposition which he had met with from the University as regards the realisation of his favourite project, that of founding in Evora another University, and which should be entirely governed by the Jesuit Fathers who were his friends and advisers.

This scheme of founding a University in Evora was not a new one. It had been projected in the mind of the King D. Manuel, who, it appears, had actually ordered a piece of land to be purchased in that city upon which to build the schools. But this project was not then realised, nor is it known what was the extent of the plan desired by that monarch; but most certainly it was very far from his thought to found a Jesuit University. This glory was reserved for his son the Cardinal, who began to carry out his plan by founding in 1551 a college for the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, in which later on public halls were opened for the study of Humanities and Moral Theology. In order to turn this college into a University, it was necessary to obtain permission from the King, but this permission was refused on the plea of the certain opposition which the University of Coimbra would offer to this new foundation. But later on, after the death of D. João III., the Cardinal finding himself more free in his actions owing to the important part assigned to him in the government of the State, began to carry out his projected scheme. From Rome he obtained a bull from Pope Paul IV. empowering him to erect in Evora a University, "subject to the Society of Jesus, in which should be taught all the sciences known in those days, with certain exceptions, such as medicine and others; and where degrees should be conferred preceded by their respective examinations and scholastic ceremonies."

The University of Evora was solemnly opened on the first of November, 1559, and on the following year it received with much pomp and joy the visit of its founder.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Joan of Arc, "The Maid." By JANET TUCKEY. London: Marcus Ward and Co. 1880.

To this volume of the charming "New Plutarch" series we can accord unqualified praise. The strange story of the inspired maid is told in the modern historical method, in which verified facts are introduced, not to encumber the narrative, but to give it point and force, and reality. The story is a romance from beginning to end—a romance, however, not merely founded on fact, but made up of fact. Joan's simple life, her peasant dignity, which made her take her place without embarrassment in the presence of titled persons, her extraordinary respect—a characteristic of a bygone time—for the inheritor of the blood royal, her bravery, her successes, the sloth and knavery against which she had to fight, are all vividly brought before us. With the concluding scenes of the drama all the bright colours fade. The mediæval assessors, with accusation of heresy and unscrupulous subtlety of intellect, are brought together to condemn, not to try, the heroine of France. The poor girl, lest one foul accusation should fail of its purpose, is accused of everything that the priestly mind could imagine of shadowy sin; for the maid had done no outward act of evil whatever. Nevertheless, she is "liar, pernicious, deceiver of the people, sorceress, superstitious, blasphemer of God, presumptuous, disbeliever of the faith of Christ,

boaster, idolatress, dissolute, invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic, heretic." The conclusion of the painful drama rests with the English soldiery, glad to have seized upon the magical charm which had brought success to their adversaries, and so to have restored their own courage.

Miss Tuckey writes well and without prejudice, which is an important qualification in depicting so rare and unusual a life as that of Joan of Arc. —

Sanctorale Catholicum, or Book of Saints; with notes critical, exegetical, and historical. By the Rev. ROBERT OWEN, B.D. London: C. K. Paul and Co., 1880.

This is a work enabling us to associate each day of the year with the birth, death, or main circumstance in the life of one or more saints. There is a fine plenty of saints to choose from, for the compiler has not restricted himself to the narrow ways of history. He says, "I have not undertaken to discriminate between history and legend, or to decide when legend is tantamount to fiction. The attempt would be futile. Their intersecting lines blend imperceptibly. Yet while I have criticised or rejected palpable impostures, ample allowance has been made for that gem-work of imagination, which our Catholic forefathers wove around the memory of the saints."

The question arises, "What is a Saint?" And some of the answers to the question might still further

broaden the field which Mr. Owen purposes to fill. When we find in juxtaposition with S. Symon Stylites the more robust sainthood of William Shakespere, when we find Isaak Walton hob-a-nobbing with Simon and Jude the Apostles, and John Wesley side by side with legendary mortals of much more miraculous achievements, if incomparably less fruitful memory than his own, we are led to perceive that Mr. Owen's conception of a saint is a broad one. But this being the case, we have the more cause for puzzled inquiry, upon what plan he has made his selection. The robust saints of historical position to be found in his pages are comparatively very few, the shadowy saints of mythical legends are comparatively very many. Are we to suppose that the true flavour of sainthood is best reached when long lapse of time has rendered outlines somewhat dreamy and indefinite, while "gem-work of the imagination" is not easily made to form an aureole arounds the heads of sturdy workers for good, whose flesh tints are still too vivid, as are the marks of pain and toil which their labours have left upon them?

Legenda Sanctorum. Compiled by JOHN DE GRANDISSON, Bishop, 1327. Edited by HERBERT EDWARD REYNOLDS, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1880.

THE first No. of this reprint, if so it may be called, has reached us at the moment of going to press. Being the proper lessons for Saints' days, and originally "compiled," for that purpose, its interest for most of our own general readers would be slight. At the distance of five centuries and a half, however, that takes another aspect. Not merely are there certain lessons read only in the Church of Exeter, which marks the state of ecclesias-

tical independence, and is of historical value, a testimony on a very vexed question; but the reproduction to-day of such a work is itself a matter of high bibliographical interest. The two MSS., on which it is based, unique and singularly perfect, the Ordinale and Lectionaria of Bishop Grandisson, the pride of Exeter Cathedral and of its library, are here in effect made over to the public. This, the first part, is introduced by a fac-simile of the first page, with its initial letters and illuminations, duly in colour, with other copies; thus giving a very competent idea of the original. The reprint itself has so far the abbreviations of the original; a satisfaction to the antiquarian, but not to be continued in the future numbers; wisely so, for the inconsistency and irregularity in the system of this abbreviation is a discomfort to the reader, and fatiguing; though as a specimen it is curious and valuable. There is an admirable critical preface, with the intimation that its continuation in subsequent numbers will give a brief history of the festivals and the like, with other points of interest relative to the compilation.

In another point of view we cannot but consider the publication of this precious relic of liturgical archæology very opportune. It is quite evident that the various "Uses," such as Sarum, York, Bangor, and Hereford, give us many hints as to freedom amidst substantial unity. We can now add the example of Exeter and of her large-hearted bishop, whose munificence has hitherto been his main distinction. This Lectionary is a proof of his originality and independence, boldly here cutting out a new path; e.g., in his choice among the canonical books; keenly too appreciating, as Mr. Reynolds points out, the imperfection of the Vulgate—*nos autem atten-*

dentes difficultatem textus. It is not only the direct bearing of such a reprint that makes it valuable, but these incidental illustrations which it offers. We refer to Mr. Reynolds' preface for examples of many such.

We cannot close our notice of this the opening number without mentioning the admirable way in which the publisher has brought it out. Type, paper, and, as might be expected, the fac-simile, are all that could be desired; the low price has not stinted the care with which this "*Legenda Sanctorum of Exeter*" has been added to our bibliographical treasures for general reference, and made available to students.

Poet and Peer. By HAMILTON AIDÉ, Author of "*Penruddocke*," "*Rita*," &c. Hurst and Blackett. 1880.

Not very long ago "novel reading" was understood to mean almost waste of time over something, if not extremely frivolous, altogether useless; the only end amusement—a writer aiming at no more, and a reader hoping for nothing more than "an entertaining novel." More lately indeed a novel has become a very serious affair. Polemics of all kinds, theological, moral, social, have all been aired in the guise of fiction. Ethics and sanitary science, the rights of animals, and specially of women, the whole code of humanity as well as the conventional code of society, have all been debated in dialogue, and by development of characters. So that while one used to fly to a novel to relieve the strain and stress of thought, one has almost realised, like Mrs. Sarah Battle relaxing her mind with a book after her whist, that a grave dissertation is less difficult to follow out than some of our modern elaborate fictions, wrap-

ping up, as they do, such an array of principles, and such a vast amount of teaching. We are not objecting to all this, though one rather misses light reading as an escape from the real anxieties and problems of life; it is aggravating to have them all there reproduced, and even, it may be, intensified, by a vivid imagination, till they surpass all actual experience. This is the vexation of a novel with a purpose. The novel now before us, however, combines the pleasant opposites of instruction and amusement. Instructive, but not didactic, it delineates a young man, as are many young men nowadays, enamoured of a theory, or a set of theories, and reducing his theories to practice, carrying them out into real life. Amusing, but not trivial, light reading here puts into some of its delineations the force of reasoning with a brilliant sketch of life and society, and a keen appreciation of foibles. Mr. Aidé has been perhaps misconceived as having drawn from life, but it is a tribute to the *vraisemblance* of his pictures that they have been taken for portraits. To our thinking it would not enhance them if they were, as it certainly does not detract from them if they are not.

The story, as story, is of the slightest. The materials are slender; and these slender materials are not even new. A peer's young son falls in love with a village child, who grows rapidly into a charming young woman, and receives an education by the goodness of a grocer uncle, which fits her to educate herself as a teacher, and afterwards as governess in a family. She visits Rome. There she again encounters the young lord, now there, after his father's death. The result is the usual one. This is the thread of the story, but the warp is so richly wrought with the woof of brilliant, piquant, discourse and

disquisition; the "peer" and his surroundings is so contrasted with the "poet" and his imaginations, the exigencies of rank with theories of equality; the highflown æsthetics and transcendental art of Professor Spooner is so matched with the Bohemianism of Briggs and his studio,—that the combination, it may be readily supposed, yields in the competent hands of M. Aidé a set of very telling sketches. With the exception of the young American lady, nothing is in caricature, but drawn with delicacy as well as precision. Miss Decker, with her "vurry clever Amurrican go-a-head" (p. 301), we regard as *broad* to a fault, though amusing; perhaps being so evidently caricature, it is less likely to offend any susceptibilities; too broad, as it is, to be mistaken for an accurate sketch of personal or national characteristics as are evidently some other of the personages in the book. Mrs. Tullia Whiteside, the lady of a distinguished philanthropy and an enlarged mind, with no prejudices, untiring, enthusiastic, eloquent, is exactly the character of ill-considered impulse, which does much good, but more mischief. The courtly bishop, tolerant, and above all a master of tact and of repartee, gives occasion for some telling complications, for which, and for the foreign salons, we refer to Vol. II.

To make good the "Poet" of the title page, this young "Peer," a radical lord, who gained the "Newdigate" after being only not "rusticated" at Oxford, publishes a volume of poems; some of which are reproduced as drawing-room recitations, and also as subjects for discussion. Scattered up and down the three volumes are snatches of song, which in the way of well-understood imitations, Swinburnian mannerisms, and the like, afford a very fair text for much entertaining

criticism. Miss Brabazon, for instance, at p. 288, in epigrammatic prose, neatly describes the specimen given as illustrating a young man's inner life, his discouragements as to this world, his doubts as to any other. "I do not hear in your verse the throbbing pulse of real passion any more than I hear the cry of a soul's real anguish; to me it seems clever imitation of both;" a piece of criticism which many will apply to the prototype of the verses in question. We will only regret that our circumscribed space does not allow the transferring even a specimen to our columns.

We can quite promise our readers, in Mr. Hamilton Aidé's "Poet and Peer," something better and higher, as well as a book for the season and a novel of society, in the best meaning of those phrases. It is emphatically a novel of "culture;" touching lightly on the many topics that well-used word is considered to include; and not without an oblique satire which gives piquancy to the subject.

We have only to add that "Peer and Poet" is in three volumes. We do not say it should have been condensed into one, but assuredly it would very well have borne compression into two, and would have been in some respects greatly better for it, as well as more conformable to the growing desire for brevity.

Amalie von Lasaulx, an Old-Catholic Sister of Charity and Confessor. By H. LECOUTRE, translated by Lady DURAND. Rivingtons, London. 1880.

Besides an interest of its own, this slight memoir will have an interest for the readers of "Sister Dora," from its points of resemblance, and of difference, as an analogue in more than the form of active benevolence adopted by each. It is based on the "Beken-

nerin" of Herr Reinkens; and has received an introduction from M. Loyson, whose high-flown *éloge* claims for Amalie v. Lasaulx "a high place of honour in contemporary martyrology." English people, who take words for what they mean, will be at a loss, even after reading the memoir, to understand how this ever came to pass. We need hardly say that Amalie v. Lasaulx was not burned at the stake; neither a hair of her head was hurt, nor did the smell of the fire pass over so much as her garments; it will, however, be found (p. 40) that "threats were used that her Sister of Charity's dress would be taken from her;" and she herself is recorded to have said (p. 42) "some morning on arising I shall not find my old black gown." This, and perhaps something more of the same kind, seems to have earned for her the "Confessor" of the title page. It added no doubt a zest to her position; she trod with the air of a martyr, and was not much the worse. The truth seems to be that, excellent woman as she was, and truly admirable in very many ways, Amalie v. Lasaulx, endowed with a strong will, was, if it may be said so, in the softest of whispers, sometimes refractory, and that just where she ought to have been obedient. It is, however, rather too much that every refractory freak is to be treated as a struggle for conscience. Then, again, not very unlike those amongst ourselves who hanker after "Popish Priests," or Moody and Sankey maudlin sentiment, Sister Amalie hankered after "Protestant Pastors, who possessed her full confidence, and were her admirers and friends" (p. 24), and she "had a great liking for

Protestant hymns, and made use of them during mass to aid her devotions (p. 44). Still more, it was her unhappiness to be greatly exercised about the Syllabus and the Vatican decree; she seems to have thought herself, in her obscurity, at Unkel, a village on the Lower Rhine, personally aimed at—"felt herself condemned by the sixteen articles," (p. 32); but at p. 34, "I will not despair if only the good God would make Döllinger Pope," seems to have stayed her soul with the hope though that mercy itself was not vouchsafed her. A controversial Sister of Charity, it may be allowed, would be an inconvenient, uncomfortable anomaly; and in the troubled theological time of 1870 it was the misfortune of this good woman to be in the hands of a small clique of the Alt-Katholik party, itself a fraction. So far it marred her life. Let no one, however, imagine it did more than impair it. Even those most out of sympathy with Herr Reinkens and M. Loyson cannot fail to mark in this biography the record of good deeds and high intentions and admire them. No one can miss the real edification which thinking over such a character as that of Amalie v. Lasaulx, must bring with it. Her virtues were her own; their drawback was due to her surroundings, and to her friends. Lady Durand has done well to translate the memoir for English readers.

We commend it to all who may be rightly called our intelligent readers. Besides a record of good deeds, it carries with it a moral and a lesson between the lines; we only fear those who most need it will be the last to find it out.

